

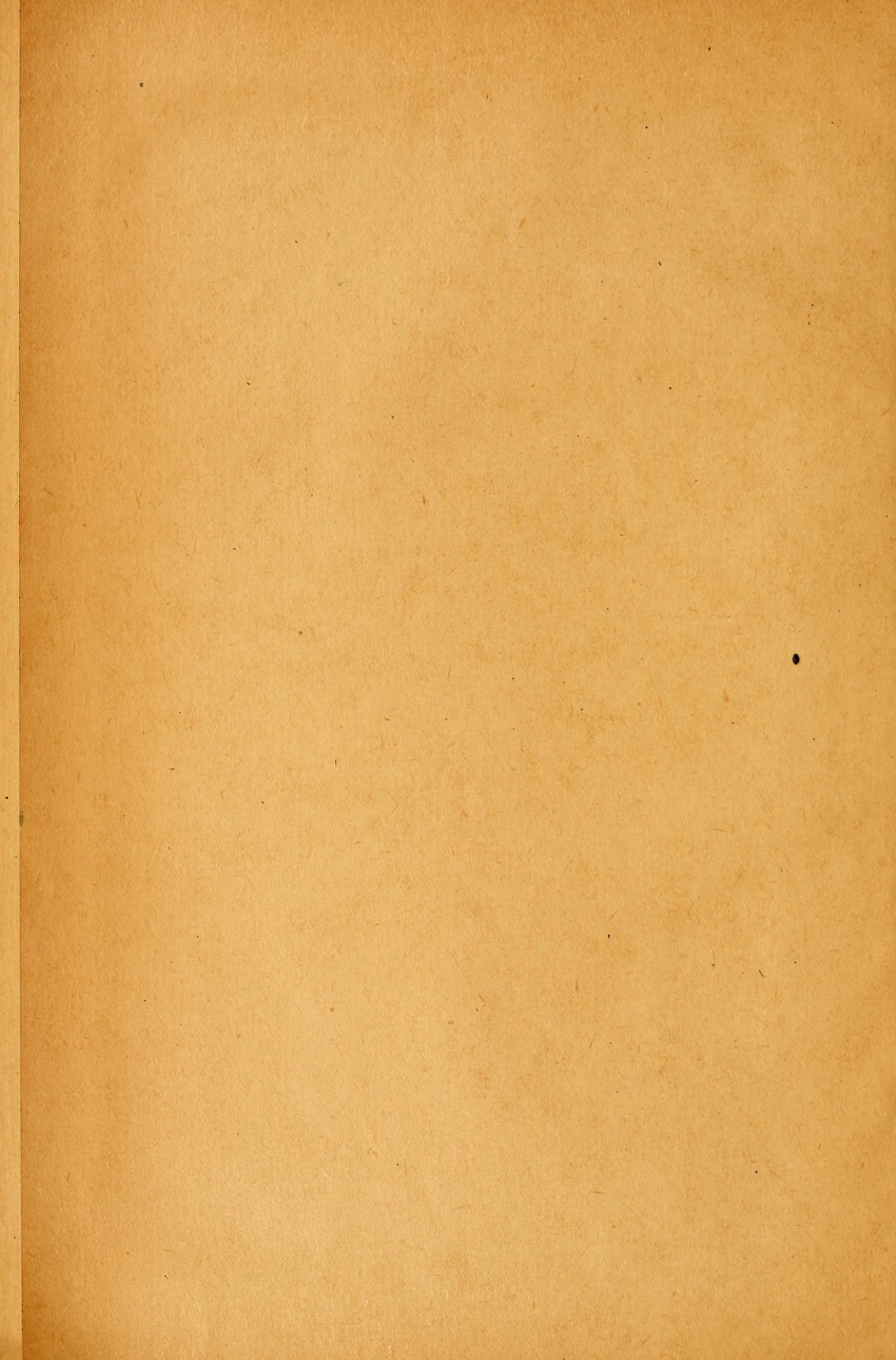
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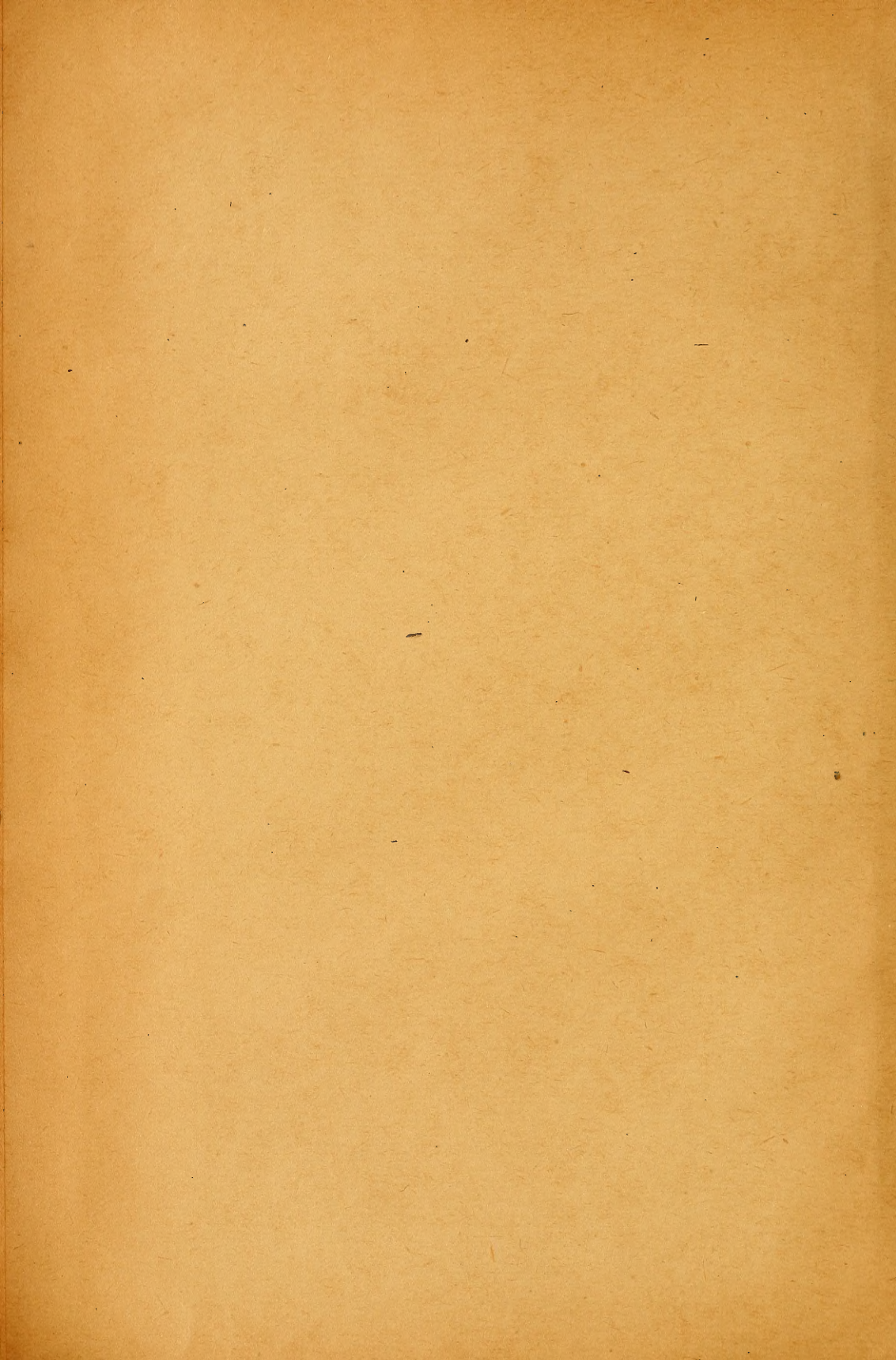
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Sounding His Note of Defiance,

Drawing by Carl Rungius

OUTING

VOL. XLV

OCTOBER, 1904

No. 1

THE LAST CHALLENGE

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

DRAWINGS BY CARL RUNGIUS

IN the year of the great hunger, the rain came before its time, driving in sheets across the rotting snow, and after it there fell a bitter wind from the north. Underfoot, the herbage of the range lay cased in ice for many weary leagues, nor was there browse left uncovered in the bare foot-hills. It was a grim season, and the elk fell dying of starvation among their bands. By day and by night, driven by the pitiless gales, the great herds drifted ceaselessly, hunting the food they could not find, yet ever ranging and at every turn leaving behind the dead hulks of the victims to mark the sorrowful way. Uncounted thousands fell in the open—or some, with that striving decency of all creatures of the wild, turned aside into the niches of the hills and there sought for secrecy to face the last mortal agony. They say that in the following summer time, their bones lay white like snow upon the desert's dusty face in every gulch and gully of the range. It was a time when the patient coyote no longer waited, ringed about the dying thing, but hurried gorged from meal to meal, dining only on the best. So of the first horde that came down into the foot-hills with the gathering of the snows, only a few weakened bands returned to the high ground.

screaming like an eldritch thing and strove along the flat. The flying, frozen snow-dust blew like a cloud in its train, and staggered by the blast, the band huddled closer, their eyes red and streaming, and the clotted ice hanging to their hides. Overhead, the night sky gleamed with its myriad of lights, and above the sharp edges of the mountain's shoulder stared the moon, its bland whiteness adding to the bitterness of cold. Again the blast roared down the passes; crooned sobbing away among the trees, and in the following lull, a wolf-pack howled upon the hill. The herd shook with a sudden movement, each wearied creature crowding upon the other. In the time when the hills were open—when there was strength and vigor among them, the one cry of a cowardly wolf-pack was not a thing to seize them with dismay; but now—there was no longer strength nor vigor in the band; starvation was among them and that was first of all to strike the key-note of many terrors to their hearts. The babbling cry of the hunter-wolf; the sharp, eager yelping of the coyote; the croak of a raven in the trees—these were but requiems, each one running before the call of death. Terror shook them and with thudding hooves, they broke and fled through the darkness.

The gale, flying down from the bald tops of the Tetons, swept through the hills, heavy with her young. Her front was bent

low to the wind, and bravely she fought her way along. Flying in their terror, the band strung out along the slope of the hills, clouded with the steam of their gagging breath, and the snow-dust drove flying high above. In full flight, they passed, stampeding, hunting sanctuary now; and in that mad race, the weaker swung fast to the rear. The cow was among them. In her ears was the terror of the wolf-cry, the sing-song babble of the hunting beasts; and then, keeping pace with hers, she saw a black shape loping along the crust. A mad fear shook her; she pressed on and still that inexorable shadow kept abreast, watching, waiting. Her breath roared, driven by terror and exertion; she edged away and sought to throw it off. But it was watching, waiting, its bright eyes gleaming in the night, drawing closer—closer to its beleaguered prey. There was a cry behind, a sudden uproar, a babel of sharp tongues—some quarry she knew had been stricken in its flight, and around it, pressed close, like the litter to the she-bear, hung the black shapes of death.

Her pursuer halted for an instant, looked back, and again raced on. He was running silent now and edging near. Death hung close to the cow-elk's flank and she knew it. She ran as she had never



The Calf.

run before; it sprang toward her and in the agony of the moment she threw her head in the air and struck. Something there was beneath her feet, a shapeless form, now, of fur and bone and gristle, and aflame with desperation, her sharp hooves struck again and still again. There it was beneath her feet, yelping and helpless; and spurning it away she fled, gasping and convulsed with terror, yet free.

The band was gone. She heard it somewhere ahead, rushing through the night with a din of thudding feet, but the

cow was too far spent to follow. Close at hand was a gully between the hills; and turning, she fled by this opening, till the cries of the wolf-pack and the thundering of the driven herd had passed into the silence of the distance. Before her lay the open flat, new ground, an unknown land. But in that pitiless time, all was alike and she wandered on alone. Dawn found her far out in the open; and in the gathering light, she stood there, her



The Antlers of His Prime.

crest hung low, staring with dogged eyes at the outlook.

Far beyond were the hills, lifting step upon step into the towering pinnacles of the Tetons. There were the upper passes where the bands ranged during the summer months, the heights once of freedom and plenty, now hung about with unbroken palls of white. Grim and forbidding, they stared down upon the lower world, and the wind, whipping along their crests, mantled them with clouds of flying snow that only the sheep of the crags might face and live. Death lay there for whatever else might face them; yet death lay everywhere.

There was a rounded mound lying on the plain before her, and to this she drifted. Behind its bulk, she was sheltered from the wind, and so she stood in the dawn, swaying weakly on her feet. But as the light grew stronger, she nosed into the gale, sniffing, drawing her breath deeply, once more all a-quiver with life. There it was—she knew; the mound behind which she had halted in the night was fodder piled on high—a hay-stack set there by the rancher whose hut lay in the bend of the creek beyond. He had set a barrier, too, about his hay; but the cow, frantic with hunger, tramped it underfoot, and gorged. She ate till her ragged sides grew round, and then lay beside, almost too full to move, oblivious to the gale and the flying snow clouds, and hour after hour falling famished upon the stacked-up hay. It was her life and the life of the calf within her. At night, she wandered to the timber and again lay down to chew her cud, returning again by the morning. Thus the days passed. She had eaten heavily into the hay when the rancher came and found her at it. But his hasty bullet flew wide and she was gone. After that she came only by night, and as easily trampled down the barrier he had set again. Spring came, and only a little was left; but up among the hills was the cow, strong and life-renewed, and browsing, now, upon the green buds springing on every twig or delicately cropping at the green blades of tender grass springing from the hollows on the southern hill-sides. There in a thicket among the timber, she dropped her young, and the sun shown down upon it, gleaming warmly among the pinnacles of the Tetons.

It was a bull calf, but in no sense a thing of beauty. Its disproportionate legs tottered weakly when it walked; it was slat-sided and woefully hollow about the loins. Something it was to treasure and to guard and in a sense an heir to all the ages, predestined and quite beautiful to behold. So thought the cow, swaying over her young, her eyes suffused with all the tenderness of crowning mother love. It was hers—hers all alone, and terror paid the



The Spike Bull—His First Horns.

price of her tenderness. Every unwonted sound among the hills, the cry of a night-bird, the roaring of the wind among the trees, the creeping of a mouse among the leaves—these and every other sound lent an agony to her heart. Dumb ignorance, the blessed calm of inexperience was an infant heritage for the weakling—yet not for long. Instinct came hard after its first few days, and first so bold and overconfident, skipping in its play, it took to sudden uneasy tremors, to falling flat like a hare in its form, hiding at every shadow and cringing at every sound. This was its real heritage from ages of unrest. It



The Messenger of Death.

was learning sadly and of the sadness of existence. There was growing forced upon its mind some sense of the bitter, primal fight for life. Caution followed upon the heels of its first few days of infancy—caution—care—suspicion—craft. In its heart was eternal fear, and no feeling of the complacent peace that affects mankind in the heart of nature. Death lurked amid the thickets or on the open plain; the wind blew and death might be flying on its wings, or the night fell and destruction came enshrouded. Still there were times when it skipped upon the hill-sides, its infant animation outpassing all its terrors.

Somewhere on the upper ground, the cow and her calf joined in with the moving herd. There were other calves in the band, many cows, a rabble of yearling bulls and over all, a trio, perhaps, of the bigger ones—royalties, each with a price set upon his head. In this milder season of summer, a time of peace, they slouched about together in stupid amity, yet waiting only for that one touch of frost to bring them to a sudden battle-frenzy. Together, they mounted into the heights, drifting by the way the thousands had gone before and reaching into those acclivities where the timber faded into a land of ragged stone and of terraces where the grass grew crisp and verdant to the edges of dizzy cliffs. Abreast of their way, the eagle floated in the clear, scanning the depths that lay hazy in the drop beneath; conies whistled from the crannies of the rock, and they saw the sheep trafficking upon the verges of the abyss. Much the growing creature learned, and first of all, the sense of eternal danger. There were times, when without warning sound or shadow, the band closed in swiftly, bunching, its leaders on the alert and the weaker within the ring. Like the others, then, the youngling lifted its head and stared, its wet, black-brown muzzle trying on the wind to find the scent of terror. Yet as these fears passed one by one, it fell again to its unabated feeding—for its appetite grew apace; its activity ever enlarging. Under the lee of the mother cow, it whisked about, dancing on its stilts, though in its moments of wildest play never forgetful of the perils near—trying the breeze or whirling its ears like vanes to every quarter of the world.

There were times, too, when a sudden frenzy seized the herd, and it ran, due, perhaps, to some evil taint in the breeze or to some unwonted sound. Bruin, perchance, got between them and the wind, or it was some carrion creature prowling beyond its accustomed haunt. Or there were times when the avalanche fell roaring from the mountain or a dead tree toppled on its base. By day, they sometimes wandered among the timber to lie down in its moist, cool depths, their dun bodies merging into the monotone of forest tints and all invisible but their flapping, mulish ears. Or again, they lay in the open, again and often rising to look about or to turn around in their beds. What little peace was theirs came in this season.

The months passed and the calf grew. It changed its infant garb for one of sleek and genteel brown, and it felt in the vigor of the sharpened air the stirring spirit of the Fall. In the crisp night, it heard the hordes moving on the ridge and the call of bull to bull, the ringing challenges to the fray, and at these its heart was stirred anew. There was in its breast the lust to deeds of battle, unknown yet moving. It skipped again upon the hills, and with its puny voice echoed the bugling of the leaders of the herds.

This season passed and it had grown stout. When the first snows of the dying year came upon the mountains it followed in the train of the herd bull and journeyed into the lowlands. It heard now the lifting cry of the wolf-pack and the blood-chilling scream of that yellow shape of death, the cougar, lurking on the game trails or waiting, perched upon a tree, sudden and violent destruction for the unwary. It learned, too, of the death that lies in the lust of the heart of man—the thirst to kill. On every side the herd was harried, and a season's living taught the growing calf every form of death. Yet though it slunk with all its fellows from cover to cover, trafficking among the parks and thickets of the lower ground with heart uneasy, ever eager and suspicious, there was a certain growing majesty in its bearing, a sense of strength, of power in its form, that betokened coming grandeur.

The winter was an evil one; again the weary fell by the way. The squalls swept down from the peaks with great, blinding



Seeking Refuge from the Storm.

shrouds of snow in the wake; the whole world turned white, and a heart-wearying blight of cold fell upon the land. By day and by night they were harried—first by the killing weather, again by the merciless creatures of the wild whose life lives only in death. A roaming, poaching band of tusk hunters ran upon them, a greasy, all-destroying pack, meaner, more heartless than the starving wolves, killing, maiming, raging in a riot of death among

their numbers. The elk fled on all sides, and the echo of the shooting dinned from every hill. Behind, the white plain was dotted with the forms of the dead; and the snow shone balefully red—redder than the glow of any storm-sun that ever set above the hills—all for the sake of some vulgarian's vulgar vanity. Spring ended this carnival of death, and with the survivors the yearling again went up among the hills. It climbed till the thin airs burned



Even the dreaded wolf is often worsted and trampled to death by the formidable forefeet of an enraged cow elk.

within its nostrils and until its heart was like to burst. But up here among the cloud-fringed peaks was liberty—a freedom from the terrors of the lower world. It had survived, too, one among the few—one among the last, the fittest, left to carry on the struggle, yet doomed inevitably in the end to disappear. Where were the great bands of bygone times—the multitudes that tracked their way upon the ranges? Where the myriad of former

years? Here were the diminished few, lingering in a twilight of the past, relics ranging upon the brink of immolation.

The young bull had grown now into a spike-horn. It passed fretfully that early stage when its horns lay soft in the velvet, and by the time they hardened on the pedicels, the sharp airs of the coming winter blew upon the range again. Once more it felt the spring of vigorous life, and

heard with growing passion the strongest call of Nature. Its voice rose in the night; or in the fog of the mornings blared from hill to hill. The challenges of the herd bulls mocked it to fury until it stamped the earth and roared defiance in its turn. On every bush and tree-bole, it whetted the glistening poignards of its horns, clearing the tattered velvet from the beams, and was red-eyed with passionate resolve. Its madness grew apace, until even the instinct of craft, suspicion and fear was overborne—reckless it rushed forth to the call to war.

Upon a hill-crown across the gulches stood a master of the range, a great bull whose branching antlers rose like an abattis above his head. This over-lord of the herds arose in the morning fog, and trumpeted his challenge. The young bull heard and answered, driving to the fore, his mane set forward and his neck gross and swelling from the rut. One call, and he launched down the hill, thrusting amid a riot of sound through the intervening thicket, and with whistling breath, came challenging to the challenger. Short and sharp was the fray. He launched himself upon the other, roaring, and passing the wide-spread guard, roared him upon the neck. It was a yeoman stroke, well struck, but its effect was well nigh disastrous to himself. Venting a roar—anguish in part, yet still of greater rage—the old bull fell upon the weakling and beat him down by sheer brute strength. The first blow gored him cruelly; he was struck full in the face by the dog-tines and raked fore and aft upon the withers and neck by the sharpened points along the beams. It was his first real taste in life of pain, and it came near being his last. He tried to turn—to fly this mad bulk of rage, and was pressed sharply on either side by the encircling horns. Where was his vaunted courage now? It had gone—fled in a passion of fears, and ignominiously he ran, the victor thudding a violent tattoo upon his ribs till by superior agility he had turned and doubled, twisting in and out, in the end, escaping to a thicket where the other could not follow. That ended the season's madness, so far as offering battle to bigger bulls was concerned, though under cloak of darkness, his voice was as mighty as the best, uttering challenge in answer to the challenger. Once, indeed,

he did fall afoul of another bull of equal size, but this fray through outside interference came abruptly to an end. They had but tried the first few parries, this pair of disputants, when the herd bull, after trotting to and fro a while in growing excitement, all at once fell upon their flanks in sudden rage and put them both to flight. Thus the weeks passed, until by a sudden turn, all this uproar and contention among the herds was done, and they passed again among the openings of the hills quietly and at peace.

Following this, came the reaction—the dejection of that bitter fight for life when the snow lay deep upon the world, and death hung upon their trail. Again the browse gave out along with herbage underfoot, and want and misery walked apace with the band. The scourge of Nature fell upon the weakest; only the strongest survived that war of extermination forces. The range had narrowed in—they were hemmed on every side, and step by step as the fight grew on in bitterness, their own resources failed. Once the band, in which the growing bull was now forging to the front, came down again into the cultivated land where the ranchers had stacked their winter hay. They gorged upon this bounty, revelling in the unexpected, but not for long. On their return, they were met by a fusillade of bullets; three of the foremost dropped in their tracks, and one was the mother cow, weltering on the snow, her last journey ended upon the range. They fled, wild with terror, yet only to face another form of death. Starvation waited on the hills; one death was like another in that time, and the memory of that feast hung above all else stupidly in their minds, while they stood about, helpless. So in the struggle had their native resource waned. They returned to the flat and found it guarded, and waiting, patient in despair, lingered till many more had dropped in their tracks. Then God's mercy came in a shift of the wind to the south, and they went again to the hills.

It was a sad company that climbed to the spurs that spring. The grown bull led the way. He had dropped his horns on the last snows, and robbed of this majesty, slunk along, his yellowed winter hide falling in patches from his lean ribs. He was a sorry fellow now, and alive to many terrors. But the spring's reviving



A Duel.

bounty gave him some heart of grace, and he plucked up a certain selfish courage. Driven on every side, he became that greatest egoist of all, the wild thing fighting death at every turn. It was the devil take the hindmost in these days, and he was shifting for Self alone, always and only Self. He went crowding on his way, a swaggering bully, ever on guard for his own sweet safety, hectoring the weaker ones, surly and dominant and ever jealous of his place. In the rut that year he rose to the summit of his power. Wandering afar, the band came that season into a land of deep passes, of stupendous heights where the silences of Nature were broken only by the trumpet of the cataracts or the roar of the wind among the trees. Man seemed far away, and their own wild foes were hunting far below. Relieved a while of his terrors, the bull took unto himself a new majesty of power—force, royal and overmastering coupled to a low, brute cunning. He ranged the parks, a masterful thing, and sounded his challenges from every hill. The strength he had drawn from his mother, that year of the great hunger, was matched by few other bulls. Here in one of the open glades, he came at last upon another bull of equal size, and quiet fled before the fury of their battle. The two, their necks swelling and manes on end, crashed together, their breaths roaring, their eyes glittering and malignant. Around them were ringed the waiting herds, the cows looking mildly on, placidly careless of whoever won; the lesser bulls, trotting back and forth, simulating in their excitement the fury of the two.

The ponderous antlers were locked together, and the two dun figures of might wrestled and fought across the open. Bloody froth stained their fronts, and their sinews cracked in effort. Grappled like wrestlers, they strove to crowd each other down, till in the end, the challenging bull was beaten off, and driven ignominiously away. But when the victor returned, weak from the struggle and the chase, he found new work for himself. There was mutiny in the ranks, and every lesser lordling had usurped some prerogative of the over lord. From then on, he was assailed on every side, and his days and nights were miserable from unending petty encounters. One after the other,

they kept him charging about the herd, fighting off the gallants that sought to cut out the choicest flowers of his flock; and his rage became terrible. He forgot all fear or caution, and his ringing bugle note awakened silences where even the wind seemed fearful of sound and whispered sighing faintly to the trees. He was a thing of fury—mad—overwhelming—grand.

In those last days, the great elk ranged the mountain, the fittest survivor in that survival of the fittest, triumphant yet doomed. Destruction was creeping nearer—destruction persistent because of his very grandeur. Overhead lay the sky cloudless—a deep pacific blue in whose unfathomable reaches a bird of prey soared, drifting in languorous circles. It drooped anear, its eye fixed upon a dot creeping laboriously along the mountain's steep. Again the bull challenged and hoarse with rage, answered the empty echoes of its own voice flung back from the cliffs. Only the eagle aloft saw the coming of the tragedy—that painstaking figure following on the track, climbing slowly, patiently along and clinging like a stoat, hunting, to the cover of every bush. The silences rang with the challenge—beckoned on this creeping death. There was the treacherous wind, once the herald of every passing danger, now added to the agencies of doom. It blew down the pass, away from the challenging bull; the brush rustled and a twig cracked smartly—high warning at another moment, but now unheard.

Thus was working out once more the eternal symbolism of Nature—destruction, predestined and absolute. Time, through all its countless ages, had toiled step by step onward toward the final moment, each year creeping patient upon the other's heels. Yet with all, who in the lust of killing halts to take account? Pride touched the man and his eye glistered. In his thought was no sense of this utter destruction; no reminder of the slow ages piecing, bit by bit together, this sorry climax to it all. Nor had he mind of the doomed quarry's long struggle to endure, nor of the fierce trials of its kind to survive. He had matched, instead, trained intelligence against a mere brute instinct; and winning there was the prize! The moment's whim—inexorable, or—

dained—had come fore-called as the instrument of destiny to work its own appointed end. Today went back to forgotten yesterday; he quivered with the passion of that first primal lust to kill, the undying instinct of the fittest. It was old, as old almost as the rocks about him—as the hills on which he

trod—the desire and power to destroy. Time's two extremes touched one another there.

Silence—a moment's lull—then a flash—a spurt of smoke! The mountains shook with the echo. Death—the inevitable end: the great elk pitched forward across a log, fell, and was still.





STEAMING UNDER WATER

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

AT last the submarine boat for use in war is a success after fully three hundred years of experiment, and may now be described as a well-nigh perfect defensive weapon. When the boat becomes as efficient in offense as it now is in defense then it will be time to declare that naval warfare has been revolutionized.

At present the submarine boat seems to make further improvement of massive harbor fortifications almost unnecessary. One or more of these "sea devils" guarding a fort will not only insure protection to that port, but will be sufficient to prevent a blockade. No great warship would dare approach nearer than twenty miles of a port where submarine vessels of the present type are on guard. In addition to all this, the general acceptance of these boats by the great navies of the world as an essential part of their fighting outfit seems to make the further development of torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers undesirable. The present torpedo boat is a mere cockle shell. It has never done anything until the present Russo-Japanese war but to cause a fright. It is without any protection except its great speed. The smallest missile on a modern warship,

if well placed, might cause its immediate destruction.

On the other hand, the submarine is a torpedo boat, one might say; that is absolutely protected. This protection lies in its invisibility. It is a kind of protection that incites a feeling of terror in the mind of the enemy, a moral force that racks nerves and demoralizes the most potent force in warfare, the "human equation."

That the submarine has come to stay is proved by the fact that Great Britain, the strongest naval power in the world, and once the most bitter opponent of this type of vessel, has adopted them—and to the United States belongs the credit, and to John P. Holland the distinction of making these boats a success. England has simply adopted the American designs, and it is of more than passing interest to note that the American and English boats seem to be vastly superior to the French vessels.

There are few more interesting stories than that dealing with the final success of these boats. It is a story of enormous and at times hopeless discouragement, of duplicity, of bitter prejudice, of unfair hostility for decades, on the one hand, and of intense devotion to science and patriotic instincts on the other. Some of the

opposition has been honest, born of conservatism; a large part of it has been dishonest, prompted by a stubbornness not to believe evident truth; some of it has been cowardly, engendered by a positive fear to serve in such vessels.

The submarine warship of today is simply an enlarged torpedo. Instead of being automatic in action it is guided by human intelligence, and is able to discharge a miniature copy of itself, the ordinary torpedo of war, at a target with almost complete assurance of safety for itself. Indeed, it was the perfection of the automatic Whitehead* torpedo that paved the way for the final success of the submarine boat. The torpedo showed that it was easy and safe to navigate beneath the water; that a fixed depth could be secured without difficulty; that it was possible to steer in a straight line; that a boat could be made to dive like a fish, and that it was not necessary to let it settle beneath the surface on an even keel.

If anyone has been down in the engine-room of an ocean liner, he is in a similar position to one sailing in a submarine boat. The machinery of a liner is under water; the man in the submarine boat is under water in the engine-room of a smaller craft, that is all. He can see the water through the dead eyes; he can see the floor, to use an ordinary word, rise and fall, but it is scarcely different from the rising and falling of a liner's machinery

room when she plunges and rises in a heavy sea. In a submarine the plunging and rising is only occasional and is regulated at will. The submarine, however, never rolls.

It is about four years ago that the United States really got its first successful submarine boat, the *Holland*. More than ten years before that, William C. Whitney, as Secretary of the Navy, started a movement that brought this boat into existence. For several years the Holland Company spent money freely, fully half a million dollars, before it sold this boat to the government for \$150,000. Improvements have been made and the permanent character of such vessels has been practically settled since then. Further improvements will be along the line of speed. Not until there is a great advance in this respect and such boats are able to act independently and maintain their crews in comfort, will they be of large use offensively.

The new submarines of the United States, such as the *Moccasin* and *Adder*, are in round numbers sixty-four feet long as against fifty-four for the *Holland*. They are twelve feet in diameter, an increase of nearly two feet over the *Holland*. Their displacement is 104 tons when running light as against fifty-four for the *Holland* and one hundred and twenty tons when submerged to the *Holland's* seventy-four tons. The electric power for running under water shows no increase,

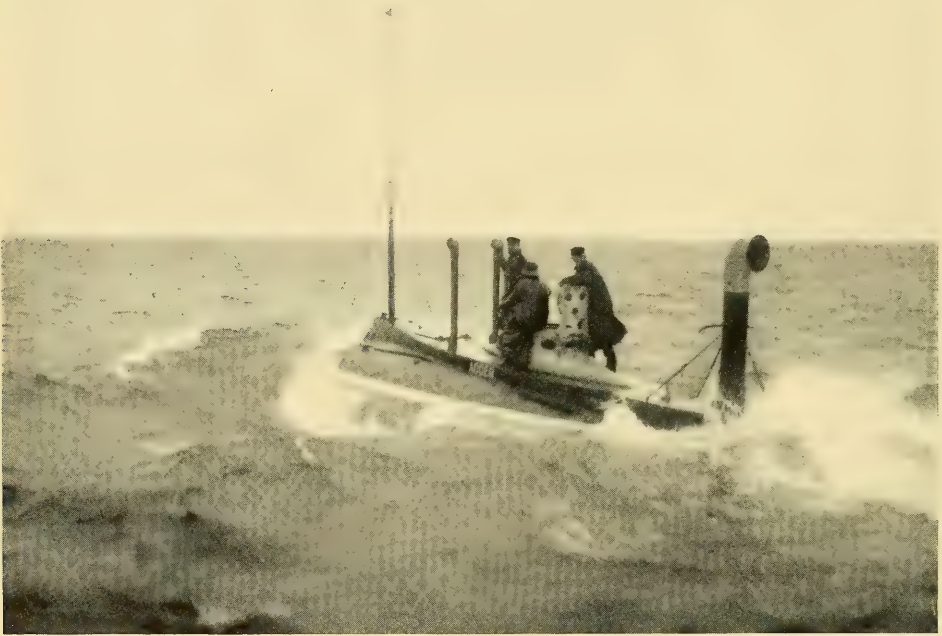


All Under but the Lookout Tower.

being seventy horse-power from a storage battery of sixty cells.

It is doubtful if submarine boats will ever be made any larger than at present. Ship designers have found that in order to make a boat steer up and down easily, it must be only from five to six times as long as its diameter. Now a submarine boat's diameter can hardly be more than twelve feet, for the reason that it must be able to work in from twenty to thirty feet of water and must have a clearance from

right or left. The rudder and screw are protected by a huge round ring of steel, to protect them in case the boat touches bottom or strikes some obstruction. A little forward of the centre is a turret about two feet high, in which the upper part of the captain's body is protected as he steers the vessel; through little slits, covered with heavy glass, he can see as the boat runs in what is known as the awash condition and also when the boat is brought to the surface as it rises from a submerged condition



Reconnoitering Before Going Down.

the bottom and also be covered with water. Consequently it cannot have a diameter of much more than twelve feet, and it follows that the length must not be more than seventy feet at the most. It is probable that the dimensions of the American boats are about correct, considering the work that has to be done. The fish shape is necessary to secure diving facility. In the midship section the craft is practically round.

On the outside such a vessel has the ordinary three-bladed screw at the stern, and the usual rudder for steering to the

to take an observation. The bow is covered by a hood-like contrivance which is thrown back to let the water into the torpedo chamber so as to let it float before it is forced out on its errand of destruction. There is a horizontal diving rudder on each side of the boat near the stern, and ventilator tubes are thrust up to secure fresh air when the vessel is on the surface.

The interior is different from any other craft afloat. There are two engines for propulsion, one a gas engine for running on the surface and awash, when a con-

stant supply of fresh air for combustion purposes is taken into the boat easily, and the other is an electric motor for running submerged, when it is impossible to secure a supply of oxygen. There are tanks for compressed air to discharge the five torpedoes that the vessel has as its sole weapons of attack, and to blow out its ballast tanks that are allowed to fill with water when the vessels are running submerged. The heavy storage battery for electric propulsion and lighting is in the centre of the vessel, and directly over it the captain stands as he pokes his head up into the turret. Under this battery is the main ballast tank, and forward and back are ballast trimming tanks.

The tanks for the gasoline for the gas-engine are situated in the bow so as to be as far away as possible from the sparks of the engine and thus lessen the dangers of an explosion. Then there are all sorts of gauges, the most important being probably the one that shows the exact depth at which the craft is running. There are tubes to carry off the fumes from the gasoline tanks and the storage batteries, thus lessening the dangers of explosions, such as have occurred from these causes. Indeed, the improved ventilation constitutes one of the advances of the new boats over the *Holland*. There are gauges also to allow the compressed air to escape into the boat and supply fresh air to the crew when the atmosphere inside has become vitiated, but this means of obtaining fresh air has been seldom used because the air remains good enough to use, although somewhat stuffy, for several hours under water.

The crew of one of these boats consists of seven men. The captain stands in the conning tower and manipulates the ordinary steering apparatus. At his feet is the man who manipulates the diving rudders, and by watching the gauge keeps the boat at a depth that the captain orders. Two men are forward at the air and ballast tanks, one man runs the torpedo tubes, and two engineers look after the propelling machinery.

It is comparatively easy to manage a submarine boat. One essential thing must be remembered, and then it is realized that it is not very dangerous to move under water unless some obstruction is encountered. That essential thing is that

the boat, even when running submerged, is always lighter than the water it displaces. In other words, if there was not the constant effort to keep it under water, it would come to the surface of its own accord. There is always what is known as a "reserve buoyancy." The boat cannot sink unless the water gets into its main chamber in some way and fills the place. It will always come to the surface of itself when it gets a chance. The reserve buoyancy amounts to about 240 pounds.

When the captain wishes to sink the boat, he opens the valves to the ballast tanks, gives the order to the diving rudder man to set the rudders at the proper angle, starts the boat for headway, fills the forward ballast tank so that the craft will poke its nose downward and in twenty seconds it is out of sight. Before diving the gas engine has been uncovered and the electric motor put in play. The man at the diving rudders keeps the boat at the proper depth. When it is desired to have the boat come to the surface, he tips the rudders the other way and the boat runs in an upward inclined plane and soon is in an awash condition.

If for any reason the diving rudders should become disabled, the captain turns his compressed air into the main ballast tank, blows out the water, and the vessel comes to the surface with a bound. The ballast tanks serve the purpose practically of a double bottom for the boat, so that if it should strike an obstruction, there is little danger that it would fill. And if the side were pierced, it is probable that the boat could be brought to the surface by blowing out the ballast tanks before it could fill with water. Even in a time of severe collision it will be seen that the submarine boat has as good a chance to keep afloat as the ordinary craft whose side has been crushed in.

The American submarine boats have two great advantages over those of the French type. Both types use the gas and electric power, but the American boat can use its gas-engine while lying or running on the surface to recharge its electric batteries after they are exhausted while running in a submerged condition, and to compress its air. Its powers are limited by the amount of gasoline it carries. With the French boats there is no such contrivance, and they must return to their

home station to have their batteries recharged. Again the French boats are submerged by allowing them to sink gradually. This requires from ten to fifteen minutes. The American boat dives out of sight in as many seconds.

The endurance of these boats is remarkable. With all the batteries charged, and air tanks filled with forty cubic feet of air at a pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch, it is estimated that the *Adder* and *Moccasin*, both of whose trials have been acceptable to the government, can run four hundred knots on the surface at a speed of eight and one half knots, and five hundred knots at a speed of six knots. In the awash condition one of these ships could travel three hundred and forty knots at a speed of seven knots, using the gasoline engine. In a submerged condition, using, of course, the electric motor entirely, the boat could go twenty-seven knots at a speed of seven knots, or thirty-five knots at a speed of five and one half knots. Going three knots an hour while submerged, it is estimated that such a boat could travel one hundred and twenty-five knots without coming to the surface.

As to the invisibility of these boats, there occurred what might be called a truly wonderful exhibition about three years ago with the *Holland* in lower New York Bay. The water was exceedingly rough. Two large tug boats were crowded with spectators to witness the evolutions of the boat. It was to run a mile toward the sea and come up three times in the mile. When the boat dived, the wind and water caught the stern and turned the boat completely around. Then it disappeared. After waiting a minute or two the tugs went over the course indicated. Nothing more was seen of the *Holland* for more than an hour. Practically everyone thought it was lost. Here were more than one hundred persons, all keeping a sharp outlook, and knowing exactly what the boat was to do, straining every nerve to keep watch of it, but unable to find it. The boat made the trip all right, came to the surface as directed, but was carried half a mile out of its course by the tide and current, and yet no one could see it. What chance would a battleship have against such a craft, especially if it was not known definitely that there was one in the neigh-

borhood? The government has required a twelve-hours' test of the machinery of these vessels, whereas big warships have only a four hours' test.

Army officers, who protect the ports, have contended that they should have control of some of these vessels. They are run by machinists and could be attached to the army with propriety. A perfect harbor defence, it is said, could be obtained by having a double line of mines with submarine boats lying between them, to advance or retreat, as might be desired.

When one thinks that a modern battleship or high grade cruiser costs today fully \$5,000,000, or more than the entire value of our navy in the glorious war of 1812, the importance of perfecting these smaller boats of destruction, which would hold a fleet of battleships at their mercy, becomes apparent. One of these boats, the sample craft *Fulton*, has remained under water with a gale raging overhead, of which those in the boat were in ignorance, for fifteen hours without discomfort to the crew. The French boat *Narval* in May 1901, traveled two hundred and sixty miles at sea and was submerged for several hours. Those tests prove the serviceability of the boats.

It isn't necessary to recount the long line of men, who for three hundred years have been experimenting with submarine boats, beginning with Bourne, the Englishman, and continuing with Van Drebbel, the Hollander; the Englishman Day, who lost his life; our own Bushnell in the Revolutionary War, the renowned Fulton, the Confederates who ran the *David*, losing their lives in a surface attack on the Housatonic, which was destroyed, because the little boat filled with water; Nordenfelt, Brun and finally Holland, with new men appearing constantly with improvements of various kinds.

One matter of importance, however, seems to have escaped general notice. If these boats are what they seem to be, they will add immensely to the safety and the dignity of smaller nations. They will make weak countries secure from naval attacks by powerful nations. The submarines bid fair to sound the death knell of blockades, and that of itself will bring a new situation for international commerce and international law to consider.

THE QUITTER

By ARTHUR RUHL

DRAWINGS BY HY. S. WATSON



YOUNG Mr. Collingwood sat on the bleachers in a perfectly lovely new suit of flannels and wearing a new straw hat, with a very æsthetic hat-band, which shone airily in the afternoon sunshine. He was looking very fit, he was quite free from every care, all the other admirers of Miss Darrow were gnashing their teeth in envy, and young Mr. Collingwood was convinced that the world was a very comfortable place indeed.

For one thing, he was going to see a race in peace. He had slept like a babe all the night before and he hadn't spent the morning rubbing his damp hands together, and wishing for some hygienic anæsthetic which would put one to sleep the day before the games and let one wake up fresh, and rather pleasantly surprised, just as one's race was called. These were invitation games, so that nothing particular hung on any particular race—unless, perhaps, that mile run in which several of the Mott Haven men from New Haven had entered—and Collingwood could sit at his ease, with a free conscience and with that interest which only an outsider can have, and watch a lot of young men whom he knew very well and whose particular abilities and failings he knew all about, running themselves out for his amusement. It was a very beautiful day, so beautiful—with the fresh green in the grass and the Willows, and the warm May sun smiling down from the blue, and the nice-looking people in nice-looking clothes sitting all

about and chattering quietly, in a garden party sort of way—that he didn't even bother to talk to the girl very much, but just sat back and smiled at her now and then and let himself bask in things. And as he watched the shot-putters poised for the throw, with their right arms drawn back into a tensely coiled living spring and their outstretched left arms outlined against the trees, and the sprinters practising starts at the top of the track below the Willows, and the white figures and the crimson and blue sweaters dotting the green near the starting line and about the field-house steps, he was pleasantly conscious of the fragrant beauty of it all and what a great thing it was to be young and fit and about to jump into the running—which you don't at all feel when you're actually about to race, and you're doubling the knots in your spiked shoes, and licking your lips with your cottony tongue and listening to your heart thump and wondering why that blanked Eli—who, by the way, feels just as you do and is worried to death at your maddening coolness—should look as though he were made of rawhide and steel springs and was ready to eat glass and bite the heads off ten-penny wire nails.

"Whee-ee-eel!"

Good gracious! What was that shiver up his backbone and that quick throb under his handkerchief pocket? And why did he feel as though someone had suddenly called on him for a speech? It was only the hurdlers crouching for the start of the first heat away down there at the other end of the straightaway.

"You must know just how they feel!" cried Miss Darrow. She was sitting very straight and looking out across the field.

"I guess I do!" said Collingwood, taking off his hat and fanning himself. There was a far-away snap, a little puff of smoke floated off over the grass and the four runners were already taking the first hurdle. And how prettily! Thud-thud-thud-clip! Thud-thud-thud-clip! With each

stride perfectly calculated, seeming to step over the obstacles rather than to hurdle them, how the four white figures fairly ate up the ground and sailed toward the finish-line! In the nice calculation of stride and take-off, in the clever lifting of the front and in the trailing of the rear leg, in the swift rush and rise and sail and recover, smoothed into one motion as the notes of a violin are drawn out in one sweep of the bow, what a rhythm and thrill!

"*Pre-e-etty!*" whispered the girl.

"Um-m-m!" murmured Collingwood.

He had never had an idea that track games could be so much fun, that one would watch the runners with thrilled senses as one watches the glorious swing of shoulders and backs, and feels the "beat" of the stroke as the crew rows by on the river. He had run many races in his four years and he knew very well the feeling of numbed legs, and the whistling snatch for breath, and the hopeless, helpless pounding on "upstairs," in the last fifty yards when the track is swaying and the better man sweeps up and on ahead of one toward the tape. And he did not know the other side. He had always been like the man who beats the cymbals in the band, and now for the first time he was out and away from it all and he could catch the tone of the swift sweet music.

How easy and simple it seemed, sitting there in the stands! That quarter-mile dash—merely a swift and pretty bit of running! And yet he could feel even now the tense straining at the start of the only four-forty he had ever raced, the wild fight round the first turn for the pole, the heartbreaking two-twenty down the long side, the sudden dropping-from-under of things as they fought round the turn into the stretch, the wobbling struggle through quicksand to the finish and the tape—and here, watching it from the outside, it was a swift pretty bit of running, and that was all! How easy it was to see that the second man was really all out at the 300 mark, and that if Willy Gray, who was only a scant five yards behind him, had sprinted then instead of waiting, he could easily have had second, and perhaps beat out Davis for first. How ridiculously simple it was to know that that Freshman who went clean up in the air as though he had been hamstrung in the middle of the lower turn, was running himself out in the

first two-twenty. And what a different matter it all was from the way it seemed down there in the track, locked into the stride of the pacemaker, with the cinders from the spikes of the man in front of you splashing your shins and the breath of the man behind you blowing hot on your neck.

This new point of view filled young Mr. Collingwood with excitement and delight; he began to feel most extraordinarily strong and keen, sitting there with nothing to do, in his good clothes, and he started talking to Miss Darrow at such a rate, and with such vivacity and charm, that she was presently compelled to cast him a look from under her eyebrows, which completely transfixed him, and to murmur:

"I'm awfully glad that *you* didn't have to run."

That was, of course, one way of putting it, although he couldn't remember when the team had exactly *had* to have his services, and he was just telling her that although he'd rather run than eat, there were some things that meant more to a man than running when—

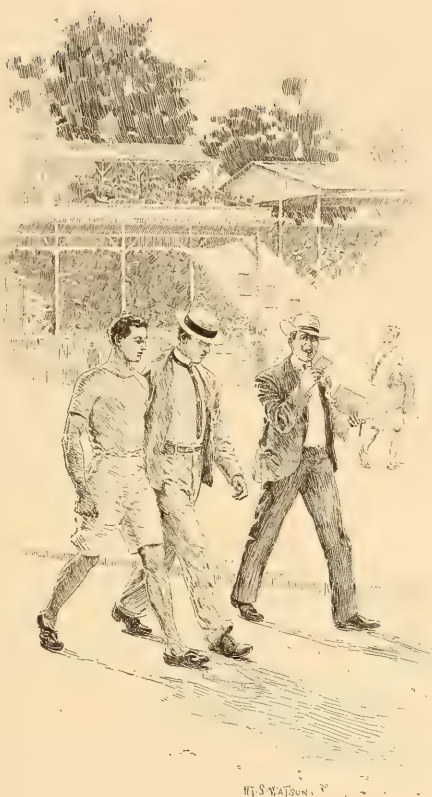
"Whee-ee-eel!" And over the grass came the far away cry of, "All out for the mile!"

As the sound struck his ear he started instinctively, and he forgot on the instant all about the beautiful day and the girl and how fit he felt, and he was back with the rest of them in the contestants' room, back in the close hot air and the smell of sweaty clothes and wintergreen oil, just jumping up out of his blanket with his knees shaky and his heart knocking against his ribs. He leaned forward as the runners, wrapped in their bathrobes, came out of the field-house door and started walking across the field. His heart was thumping so that he could almost hear it. He took out his stop-watch and carefully set it. Was it because this was his own event that he knew all about it; that the men seemed to look more worried as they took their places at the starting line? Young Merriman looked positively ghostly. Collingwood kept his eye on him.

"Do you see that one on the outside?" whispered Collingwood; "I've beaten that man time and again!" It was rather a curious thing to say, particularly as young Merriman was running in what was supposed to be a picked team of four against

the four from Yale. It was the only race that "made any difference," and, although the inter-collegiates were over for the year, to run in this special mile was for young Merriman a sort of consolation prize for not making the team.

"Why—then why aren't you running?" inquired Miss Darrow. They do ask such difficult questions. The truth was that in the trial to pick the four this man Merriman, who looked about as much like a runner as a clothes figure, and whom Collingwood had, indeed, beaten every time he had been in the same race with him before, had hit up the most impossible sprint the moment they rounded the first turn of the last lap. It isn't at all easy, after you have run three laps, to come up into your sprint that far from home and perhaps Collingwood lost his nerve a bit. At any rate, when he finally let himself out—if such an ironical phrase may be used to describe the groggy battle of the last fifty yards—young Merriman beat him out for fourth place by a wabby neck. Their elbows were bumping as they crossed the line and Collingwood had run himself completely out—as he rather had a way of doing after it was too late to do any good—and when everybody cursed him out and wanted to know what the deuce he had been afraid of and why he hadn't sprinted before, he became a bit sore on the whole business and swore to himself that he had had enough of being a tortured mannikin, with spikes on his feet, and that for once he would be young Mr. Collingwood and survey the games like a



"Apley, who wore a scorer's badge, had to trot to keep up with him."

gentleman in his proper raiment and his right mind. It is much easier to put this down here than it was for Collingwood to explain it to Miss Darrow, and he had hardly begun when the starter's pistol snapped and they were off.

Collingwood leaned forward and pressed the spring of his stop-watch. In his mind he had just leaped off the line and he was jostling with the others for the pole. It was a terrific moment. The girl laughed lightly.

"Look at them elbow each other!" she cried. Collingwood glowered at her absentmindedly, and back at the track. There was nothing to laugh

at. It was a mighty serious matter. A man he knew, coming up to get a better view, sat down in the aisle beside him.

"Too bad about Foote, wasn't it?" he said. "Slipped on the stairs in the locker building and sprained his ankle!" Collingwood suddenly saw that there were only seven men running. That meant—it meant, among other things, that with the only real first-class man of the four out of it, young Merriman stood a chance of a place—stood a chance—blank it all—of winning the race!

The line trailed out. Could that be a mile gait they were running? How slow and dog-trot it looked from the stands! And yet he knew that every sense in every man of the seven was stretched taut as a bowstring; every man was squeezing his corks and holding his pace-maker's back with his eyes and "feeling" the whole of those four long laps and the precise part that each succeeding stride subtracted from that precious reserve of strength

which must be hurled recklessly into the running in the final battle for the tape.

Young Merriman was third. As the pack trailed on round the first lap, he pressed his pace-maker and at the upper turn, starting the second lap, he swung out, sprinted a couple of steps and cut in just behind the leader. There was some cheering and polite applause. The boy was evidently out for the race of his life. Collingwood knew him well enough to see, by the look of his face as he strode past, that he was pretty well up in the air. Two things were likely to happen. He might go to pieces all at once, or his over-wrought nerves might carry him through to win as he had never run before. Collingwood settled back with a pleasantly barbaric satisfaction at what he was about to see.

Round the second lap they strode, in Indian file—slow enough it seemed to the eye, but the stop-watch second-hand told only too plainly how they were keeping up the pace. On and on, *thud-thud! thud-thud!* to the five-eighths, round the lower turn, and up past the Willows toward the finish of the third lap. The order had not changed since Merriman took his nervous jump ahead at the beginning of the three-eighths. Collingwood glanced at his watch.

"Good heavens!" he whispered, "that's a pretty stiff pace!" There had been no let down in the third quarter. It ought to be run slow. The watch showed 3:20 for the three-quarters as they passed the mark.

All at once there were little breaks in the machine-like file. It was that vague premonitory stir which shows that the point is being reached where the race ceases to be a dogged up-hill pound, and suddenly shifts into the sprint for home. To know when this point has been reached is extremely important. If you start to jump a fence tipped with sharp pickets, and you yield for the least fraction of a second to that qualmish feeling which comes just at the take-off you will balk your leap altogether, or land ignominiously tripping. If you blow it aside, leap hard and trust to luck, a sort of outside force seems to come, after you are in the air, which lifts you over handily. There is the same psychological instant in a race. The men who "never know when they are beaten," take it without knowing it. The veteran runner feels it by instinct, or arranges it. From the outside one can easily see the

spot where the change begins; to direct it from the inside, with senses jaded and goaded by the running, is very hard indeed.

Very suddenly, just as they passed the three-quarter-mile stone, the Blue runner who had led all the way, broke into a half sprint. Before young Merriman could hit up his pace he was ten yards behind. Collingwood saw his startled, haggard face, saw his fists go up as he responded to the challenge and his head snap back—a bit too far with a quarter mile yet to go—and he knew that, one way or the other, within the next two-twenty the race would be all over but the shouting.

In an instant the wavering file was disarranged and broken. Gray, trailing at the foot, swung out into the middle of the track and started to cut down those ahead of him. The first man he passed went up and out in half a dozen strides. The man following young Merriman's pace hooked himself into it as it was increased, and stride and stride alike they set out to overhaul the leader. Down the backstretch they all went in a mad run, the three in front keeping their relative places, the others jostling like bumpy shuttles back and forth as they struggled toward the front.

All at once everybody began to yell. Collingwood, beside himself with excitement jumped up and began to shout, too. The leader was weakening. He had set the pace from the breakaway and young Merriman's hysterical speed in the third quarter had not let him lower it as he ought to have done. Collingwood's practiced eyes caught all the subtle signals of distress, and the sight nearly drove him off his seat. All the strength and nervous energy stored up in his two days' rest and lack of worry seemed shouting for release.

"He's got him! He's got him!" he shouted. He wasn't thinking of the fact that at the seven-eighths mark a man is about as well-fixed for intelligent calculation as an exhausted swimmer going down for the second time, but of what *he* could do to that man in front if he could only jump out on the track now.

"Yay-yay-yay!" echoed the crowd. And at that moment the man in third place who had been paced by Merriman all this time, swung out, jostled Merriman's elbow as he passed, and with a burst of speed which he had picked out of the air, so to

speak, began to walk away from him. It was a heart-breaking challenge, coming just then. The boy responded. He held his own for a dozen strides. He looked almost to be gaining, but there were two hundred yards yet to go. All at once he stopped. He didn't fall, he wasn't quite "out." He just stopped. And with his head down and his arms hanging limp and stepping unsteadily he started back across the grass toward the field-house. Something was said afterward about his losing his shoe, but the fact remained for all that that he had quit with the two men ahead of him in distress and two hundred yards yet to go.

"Look at him!" cried Collingwood, "look at him! He's stopped! Why, the man's stopped!" He could not believe his eyes. He had forgotten any jealousy that he might have had of young Merri-man, and from the moment the sprint had started he had been running the race in his rival's shoes. His blood was up, and in each of young Merriman's strides he had felt himself fighting toward and overhauling the men ahead.

"If I could only get out there!" He was pounding his knees in despair. "I could beat 'em—I could beat 'em! Just *look* how easy it would be!" The girl looked from Collingwood to the track and back again anxiously.

"And he's going to win—that Eli—do you see? He's all out and he's going to

win! Here I've beaten that man Merri-man every time I raced him, and I could have beaten him easy enough the other day if—if I'd only known. And I could beat that Eli now—don't you see—I could *beat* him! And there's that man, Merri-man, he's——"

"Maybe he's hurt!" suggested the girl, watching the beaten boy walking slowly across the field.

"Hurt! Hurt!" Collingwood removed his hat and began to give an imitation of a man tearing out his hair. "Had the race in his pocket—could have had 'em dead in another thirty yards! Hurt! He's a quitter—that's what he is—he's a quitter!"

The girl looked at him inquiringly and something of his chagrin and desperation communicated itself to her.

"If only *you* could have run!" she cried.

"Yes!" wailed Collingwood. "If only I had *run*! If I had run I would have beaten him in the trial and been in that race! But I *can't* run! It's too late—don't you see, it's too late."

"Quitter!" repeated the girl in a whisper. She was looking across the field at young Merriman, now stretched on the ground near the starting line, with his face buried in his sweater, and the word was only a sort of awestruck echo of her sympathy, but it came out at a strange instant and Collingwood looked round quickly and flushed. She lifted her eyes to his,



"In the swift rush and rise and sail and recover."

BY S. WATSON.

quite frank and open as the sky, and he was somehow conscious of a sort of remorse and shame.

"O, if you *only* could have run!" she said. There was a lot of yelling about the finish line, which told that the race was being finished out, but Collingwood did not even turn his head. He was thinking very fast.

"I think I shall run!" he said, quietly. And at this he arose.

"Yes," he went on slowly, as though he were talking to himself. "I've got to run. I think that that's about the only thing to do." Of course the girl didn't know at all what he meant, so she merely smiled on him kindly. Collingwood gazed down at her absent-mindedly for a moment, twisting his program between his fingers, murmured something like "who knows?" and then he suddenly seemed to wake up.

"Yes, sir!" he cried, "That's precisely what I'm going to do! I'm going to take off these clothes, and I'm going to run in that open handicap-half with a lot of mucker gentlemen, and I'm going to give them the race of their lives and I think—I think—" concluded young Collingwood, smiling brightly, "that I'm going to win that enormous cup that you can see out there on the table shining in the sun." And with this he took off the beautiful straw hat and bowed pleasantly to the girl and he said, "You see, it's my last year, and my last chance and—I'm awfully sorry, but I don't see how I can get out of it—and anyway I shall be back in a couple of minutes."

"And with the big shiny cup!" said Miss Darrow, who didn't quite understand, but was a very good sort of girl indeed.

Collingwood hurried over to the field-house and burst into the locker room with about the same pictorial effect that would be produced by throwing a basket of roses into a boiler-room full of stokers. He pulled off the perfectly lovely flannels, tossed the new straw hat on top of a dusty locker and jumped into his old running clothes.

There was a two-mile handicap, a 60-yard dash and the handicap-half left on the card, and he chose the latter because it came first. Sherwood, the trainer, had entered everybody for everything, as is the enthusiastic custom in open-handicap games, and there were enough men in the

half, if all of them had run, to fill the track solid.

"Good-heavens, Colley, what's wrong with you?"

"There's nothing at all wrong with me!" cried Collingwood, "that's just the point! What I want to know is, what I get, that's what I want to know!"

"You don't mean to say that you're going to run!"

"O, yes, indeed!" chirped Collingwood, tying double knots in his running shoes, "I'm running the half. Never tried a half before, but going to-day. And what I want to know is where they've put me. Do I get fifty yards, or what do I get, that's all I want to know?"

Collingwood was already on his way down the field-house stairs and his friend, Apley, who wore a scorer's badge, had to trot to keep up with him.

"You get twenty yards," puffed Apley, running one finger down the list of entries. "But the scratch men aren't going in, and that New York A. C. man on the ten yards didn't come up—and you're running scratch, that's what you're doing, you're running scratch!"

"O—great!" cried Collingwood ironically. "Scratch for mine!"

"Jerry Devanny gets twenty yards, too!" piped Apley. It seemed to amuse him immensely. "But that won't bother you much! You know Jerry! Comes from Worcester, or some such place—thirty years old—hard as nails—eats 'em alive—runs all the winter meets—runs all the time—runs in his sleep——"

"O, that will be all right!" waved Collingwood, with polite irony. "Who else?"

"And Corrigan from the Knickerbocker's. Ought to be scratch, but happens to get twenty-five. And that red-headed man from Cambridgeport—*lovely!* And—why—if here isn't——"

Collingwood looked at the card where Apley's finger was pointing and saw a name with a "Y" after it. It was nobody that they had ever heard of, but in that race the unknown stood for his whole college, and the shock was so great that Collingwood could only throw his arms about Apley's neck and muss up the latter youth's hair, while he declared that he died happy and moaned for joy.

And, of course, Collingwood won the

race. At the quarter he had cut down his field. When honest Jerry Devanny, who ran races as methodically as he might saw wood, started to move up at the back-stretch turn, Collingwood, thinking only of how slow the pace would appear if he were looking on, swung out into the middle of the track, where the going was smooth as asphalt, and took the bit in his teeth. At the three-eighths he had fought old Devanny to a standstill, and he felt that same lift coming, which, when you have once got up in the air, seems to carry you over the impossible wall. Rounding the lower turn he pulled away and took the pole, and, with his friends laughing and the trainer nearly falling over in a fit, he romped down to the tape, winning—as expressed in the classic phrase of young Apley, who kept a horse and affected a dialect—“under double wraps and going away.”

“Always thought he had it in him,” rattled young Apley to Miss Darrow, when he and young Collingwood had gone back to the stands; “but trouble with Colly’s been, you know, he was a most awful quitter.”

“Sir!” Miss Darrow raised menacingly her limp and sorry parasol, which, curiously enough, had chanced to break just as Collingwood drew away from his field and swung round the stretch turn. “What shall we do to him!” she cried.

Collingwood tossed Apley a benign acknowledgment of the “we” and, “I don’t believe I would do anything,” he smiled. Then he suddenly squared his jaws, and the lid of the big shiny mug came down with a vicious snap. “Because,” he said, “the grand-stand point of view is very illuminating. Because I’m afraid he’s quite right.”



Throw his arms about Apley's neck and muss up the latter youth's hair.

THE YANKEE HORSE

By HENRY C. MERWIN

NEW England put its stamp upon horses, even more than upon men, and it is probably the best place in the world to raise them. The one thing that it cannot be expected to produce in the equine line is size. Large horses will, of course, be grown now and again in New England, but it is doubtful if any family or breed of large horses could ever be established there. The tendency of the climate, unless counteracted by such warm stabling and blanketing as would impair stamina, is to produce a small, compact animal. Horses yield with astonishing quickness to the influences of climate, soil and treatment. The foals of plains horses, when taken East and stabled, grow up much taller than their sires and dams. A horse foaled in Australia, the sire and dam having been imported from England, can be distinguished at a glance from one foaled in England. Moreover, it is easy to reduce the size of horses, because they were originally no bigger than large dogs, and it is only by long-continued efforts that their size has been increased. In the seventeenth century a pony fourteen hands high was considered a rather tall horse. In 1668 the legislature of Massachusetts passed an act providing that entire horses *under* fourteen hands should not be permitted to run at large in pastures or common lands. It is reckoned that the average size of the English thoroughbred has increased a whole hand (four inches) in the last century.

In fact, the efforts to increase the height of horses have been overdone in various directions. Apart from race horses and apart from draught animals intended to proceed only at a walk, it is doubtful if a horse should ever stand more than 15.2. For ordinary purposes any height beyond that is usually gained at a sacrifice of strength or symmetry. To a lover of the animal it is extremely interesting and not a little instructive to watch the never-ending procession of 'busses in London, and one generalization soon forced upon the observer is this: the smaller horses, those

standing 15.2, or a little under that, are, with very few exceptions, more handsome and in better condition than the others. Immense damage has been done to the Percheron breed by the attempts to increase its size; the very best seldom exceed 15.2.

The bracing atmosphere, the long, cold winters, the deep snows of northern New England contribute to produce a small, tough, hardy, muscular animal, with an abundance of nervous energy,—the Morgan horse. Moreover, the early Morgans shared the privations and labors of a pioneer community. They belonged to poor men who were carving farms out of the primeval forest; and consequently they worked hard, were roughly stabled, and received small grooming or blanketing. These severities tended to make the little horses tough and strong; and, in addition, they were nourished on such hay and grain as only primeval soil will produce. There are no oats like those which sprout among the huge roots and blackened stumps of land but lately cleared; there are no pastures like those mountain slopes upon which the ploughshare has never run. It is a question worth considering, whether some part of the strength and fecundity for which the early settlers of New England are noted should not be ascribed to the fact that they drew their sustenance from virgin soil. In a climate like that of Kentucky, the Morgans would still have been good horses, but they would have been good in a somewhat different way. They would have been larger, and probably faster at the trot and at the gallop; they might have had longer necks and a general appearance of greater breeding. But they would not have possessed quite the snap, the vim, the dash and style for which they are famous, nor would they have walked so fast or stepped so high. Justin Morgan himself had low action, for he was close to the Arabian foundation, and the Arab horse bends his knees even less than does the modern thoroughbred. But among the

descendants of Justin Morgan high steppers, though not then valued, began very soon to appear.

It is a vexed question what produces natural high action, but certainly a prime factor is nervous energy. Almost any horse will step high under the influence of fear or excitement. Let us figure to ourselves a Morgan mare full of spirit and vitality. In the winter she is driven to a sleigh in the deep snows of northern New

that high steppers are most often raised in those towns where the pastures are especially steep and lofty.

And yet, much as the Morgan horses owed to environment, it is probable that they owed still more to heredity. Justin Morgan, the founder of the breed, was not only a wonderful little horse, but he had a wonderful power of reproducing himself. Some horses do not reproduce themselves even in their own sons; others transmit



Photograph by Schreiber & Sons.

Meteor Morgan.

England—under a pull because her impetuosity has to be moderated; and between the restraint of the bit and the heavy footing she acquires the habit of picking up her feet well. Summer comes, and she is turned out in a rough pasture full of stones, stumps and fallen trees, and these obstacles tend also to make her bend her knees. Even more efficacious is that development of the leg muscles which she acquires by traveling up and down the mountain side on which her pasture is situated. Keen observers have noticed

their qualities to their sons, but no farther. The type disappears in the grandchildren of the original animal. On the other hand, a descendant of Justin Morgan is often recognized as such, although not more than one-thirty-second part of his blood is derived from that horse.

But we have two practical questions to ask: Why has the Morgan breed been allowed nearly to die out, and how best can it be preserved and revived?

The neglect of the Morgan family was due partly to the fashionable demand for

larger carriage horses, but principally to the craze for raising fast trotters which swept over the country from about 1870 till about 1890. During that period every farmer in New England who ever raised a colt—and it was the same, I presume, in the West—would have nothing but Hambletonian blood, with a strong preference for the Wilkes branch of that family. A Wilkes sire, however unsound or vicious, and many of them were both, was preferred to a Morgan sire, however good.

However, a few enthusiasts clung to the Morgan horse, and a few are still raising Morgan horses, pure and simple. Among these are Mr. Joseph Battell of Middlebury, Vermont, the compiler and publisher of *The Morgan Register*; Mr. L. D. Ely of Rochester, New York, and Mr. H. P. Crane, the proprietor of Wild Rose Farm, at St. Charles, Illinois, whose beautiful stallion, Meteor Morgan, represents the old-fashioned cob type, the type which it is most desirable to preserve. Mr. James Walker of Coldwater, Michigan, has a handsome Morgan stallion, still living at the age of thirty-two or thereabout, and looking not half so old. No family, indeed, is more remarkable for longevity. In Maine numerous mares and perhaps a few stallions of the Knox family are left, but hardly any other representatives of Morgan blood. Morgan horses are still bred to some extent in New Hampshire, but more numerously in Vermont, and especially in the neighborhood of Brandon, Middlebury, Lyndon, and St. Johnsbury. Some of the most beautiful horses sold in the city of New York are of Ethan Allen stock, raised in northern Vermont, and in the same region may be found the blood of Peters Morgan and other horses of the older, more substantial, but perhaps less elegant type.

It is not too late to revive or reproduce a Morgan or part Morgan family; and it has long been a matter of astonishment to me that some of the rich men in this country who are spending great sums in attempting to raise fast runners or trotters, do not turn their attention to carriage horses, roadsters and "family horses." It is true, of course, that many superb animals, fitted for these purposes, have been raised on strictly trotting-horse farms; but they were by-products, and, comparatively, very small in number.

Confine your observation to the show-ring and the trotting-course, and you would declare that no change in the method of breeding carriage or "general purpose" horses is needed, so excellent are the present results. But go into the market for an all-round, "ride and drive" horse, or visit the farms where trotting-bred horses are raised, and you will find that the show-ring and race-track animals represent a very small minority. In other words, there is no typical horse, such as there was fifty years ago, when the Morgans were at their height. In those days there were certain New England towns in which a dealer could, within a few hours, purchase a dozen young horses from as many persons, and out of the lot he would get three or four salable pairs. Is there a farming town in the country where that could be done to-day?

To establish a family true to type would be a matter not of expending great sums of money and of breeding on a large scale, but rather of taking the utmost pains in selecting a few animals. Suppose, for example, that one should choose a sire either of Morgan blood, or, if greater size was preferred, of some trotting blood other than Morgan. It would not be sufficient to take a horse having himself the desired qualities, such as size, beauty, soundness, action and intelligence, or even one whose sire and dam had them: it would be necessary to find one whose ancestors for at least three generations back were of the same character. Such an ancestry would not add anything to the market value of the horse, because the ordinary buyer, even for breeding purposes, is satisfied with the paper pedigree, and does not inquire into the individual qualities of the ancestors, beyond the first generation. But to find such a horse, or, what would be better yet, to find one whose colts already proved that he had the power of reproducing himself, might take more than one year of careful search. Let the same method be pursued in selecting a band of Morgan mares, as many as could be got together, having regard to the defects of the stallion, for no horse is perfect, and taking only those who, both as individuals, and by their breeding, rose to the desired standard. This also would be a task of much difficulty, and it might be necessary to purchase some mares not of pure Morgan

blood; but when the selection had been made, the foundation would be secured for a family of carriage, roadster, riding, and general purpose horses, such as is now unknown. In-breeding would do the rest.

It has many times been proved that Morgan blood and Hambletonian blood combine with the happiest results, and if a non-Morgan stallion is chosen, he should be of the Hambletonian family. Some years ago a trotting stallion called Pamlico had a short but brilliant career on the track. His dam was a Morgan; his sire a Hambletonian; and Pamlico himself, besides having extreme speed, was in shape and action almost a model coach-horse, though a small one. Years ago one of the most highly-valued "hackney" sires in England was a Maine-bred horse. No dumb animal ever had a more romantic career. He was raised by a poor farmer in the backwoods of Maine, in a country of rough roads and stony mountain pastures, remote from the railroad and from any large town. His dam was a high-strung Morgan mare, and his sire was (like Hambletonian) of Messenger descent, having the size, long gait, speed and sluggishness for which the Hambletonians were afterward distinguished. This Maine colt, thus bred, could trot so fast, and showed so much beauty, both of shape and action, that he was soon sold, and taken to New York. In that city he became well known both on the road and on the track, and after a few years he was exported to France, where he won a notable race against some Russian or American-bred horses. Thence he was taken to England, and the rest of his life was spent there. A cross of his blood is still prized by English breeders of hackneys as tending to give not only speed but also finish and quality. Had this horse been kept at home and bred to Morgan mares, a family might have been founded which would have excelled the Morgans in size, and perhaps have equalled them in other respects.

There are other lines of breeding from Morgan stock which would be well worth a trial. For example, the combination of thoroughbred with Morgan. Many thoroughbreds have the rounded form and the arched neck of a carriage or saddle horse. Such, for instance, is the Duke of

Magenta, who might easily be taken for a trotting stallion. Good action at the trot is also by no means unknown among thoroughbreds. Watch a string of two or three-year-olds while they are taking slow exercise, and you will observe here and there one who bends his knees as prettily as a coach horse. The Morgan and thoroughbred cross is no new thing. The dam of Gen. Knox, as we all know, was by the thoroughbred horse, Searcher; and no family of horses ever proved more useful or more salable than the Knox family. I once drove a Knox mare 147 miles in three days, without taking a pound of flesh from her or lowering her spirits in the least. She was a very easy, elastic mover, going close to the ground, and as supple as a snake. Fanny Cook, the dam of Daniel Lambert, was by the half-thoroughbred, Abdallah; and Lambert mares are famous as the mothers not only of trotters, but also of show horses. One of the most beautiful and attractive animals that I have ever seen was sired by a thoroughbred from one of Mr. Battell's Morgan mares.

In these and various other directions the field is open. The Morgans, like the Arabians, have a capacity for improving almost any blood with which they are combined. In looking up the pedigrees of remarkable roadsters, I have been struck by the frequency with which a Morgan or an Arabian strain occurs in them; and the same thing is true in respect to unusual beauty. There is another thing which the Morgans and Arabians have in common: they are the only breeds of horses—as distinct from individual horses—which excite a real enthusiasm among their adherents. People love them, partly because they are strong, partly because they are beautiful, but mainly for their moral qualities—because they have a noble union of high spirits and docility.

The very names given to Morgan horses, as compared with those bestowed upon other breeds, indicate their lively, spirited nature, and the proud way in which they carried themselves. Such, for example, as Cock of the Rock, Morgan Rattler, Morgan Eagle, Golden Eagle, Mountain Eagle, Farmer's Beauty, Flying Morgan, Flying Cloud, Royal Morgan, Peacock, North Star, Blazing Star, Rising

Sun, Defiance, Comet, Dragon, Boston Tiger, and Wild Tiger.

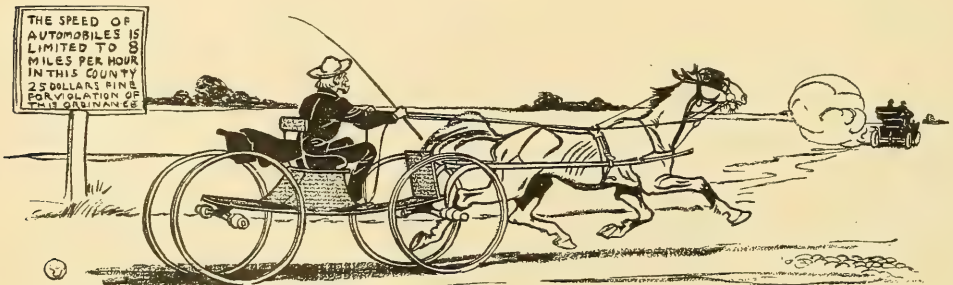
No man would ever dare to call a Hambletonian horse, or a French coacher, or a hackney, "Wild Tiger." But the real Wild Tiger did not belie his name. By blood he was Morgan only in part, but by nature he was Morgan from the tip of his nose to the last hair of his tail. He was a medium-sized bay with a white blaze in his face, and four white legs. He carried his head and tail extremely high, and his action was bold and lofty. He was a fierce roadster; and it is said that no one ever looked behind and saw Wild Tiger's white legs flashing along the road without turning out to let him go by. He belonged to Squire Toothaker of Rangeley, Maine, who once drove him from Phillips to Augusta, a distance of fifty-two miles, in five and a half hours. The snow-drifts near Phillips were so deep that it took him one hour to go the first five miles, so that he drove the remaining forty-seven miles in four and a half hours. Wild Tiger pulled all the way, and came out fresh the next morning. Squire Toothaker had another horse called Troublesome, out of a Morgan dam, that was equally fast and enduring. The Squire had a standing offer to bet \$1,000 that he could drive Troublesome one hundred miles between sunrise and sundown.

A stallion called Morgan Caesar pulled two men in a sleigh twelve miles in forty-four minutes. This horse was also a noted saddler, and was purchased by General John M. Eustis of Maine for a charger. Another Morgan stallion called Joe Renock once drew two people in a buggy

ninety miles on a hot summer's day. He was also a saddle horse, eagerly sought by militia officers. Many, indeed, of those early Morgan horses were sold to military men in various parts of the country, and not a few to English cavalry officers stationed in Canada. Nowadays, on the other hand, we import saddle horses from Canada.

What ride and drive horses these early Morgans were! Clifton, who stood only 14.1, but weighed 960 pounds, won a bet for his owner by walking five miles in one hour and three minutes. Clifton served as a charger, and was killed in the Civil War.

Many of the most elegantly turned Kentucky saddle horses of the present day are descended from Morgan sires. Such was Cabell's Lexington, of the Blackhawk strain. Blood Chief, also a Blackhawk on his sire's side, took the first prize over ninety-three other stallions at St. Louis, about the year 1875, and on the same day won a double-team race harnessed with one of his sons. Indian Chief, of the same blood, won at St. Louis in 1878 over sixty-three other stallions. He was the sire of Lady de Jarnette, the most noted show mare of her day. Few horses have created more enthusiasm in the show-ring than Mr. Lawson's little coacher, Glorious Bonnie; and Glorious Bonnie, though sired by a Wilkes horse, closely resembles in gait and conformation a Morgan ancestor who was taken from Vermont to Iowa many years ago. Let a man build up a family of Glorious Bonnies, with some increase of size, and he will confer lasting fame upon himself and benefit upon the community.



THE YARN OF THE SERPENTS

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

WASH BOZEMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE TOTAL
ANNIHILATION OF MATTER

IT is three miles from the river-bridge to the mouth of the Brianon. For the first two miles there is pasture land and grass and the long reaches of the stream are shadowed by willow trees and by alder. Passing on, one comes to the "bottoms," where in June the lush green corn is already breast-high to a horse and where, according to Wash Bozeman, the pumpkin-vines grow so fast that the young pumpkins are worn flat by dragging across the furrows. At the end of the last mile, covering that narrow peninsula that projects between the river and the creek, the cane-brake lies—a tangle of marsh growth it is, the soil of which, in the time of the summer rains, "sticketh closer than a brother" should.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of approach, however, the junction of the streams forms a notable fishing ground, and the white perch that lurk in the pools below are "gamey" to a degree. It is small wonder then that, on a summer morning when the world was newly washed with dew, and the mocking birds were singing in the thickets, Wash and I should turn our vagrant steps that way; no wonder at all in fact when one remembers that Wash knows the river in all its moods—its call from the babbling shallows, its hoarse low moan when the "rise" comes down, and its song in the bright June weather—and that he had given me a fisherman's word that, "them perch air a gwine ter bite."

So when all was ready we took the "nigh cut" through the hills that led to the place and strode along joyously through the tall field-grass and the wheat-stubble, thus coming in due season to the outermost edge of the cane. Stopping a moment there and being forewarned by previous experience of the mud which was to come, I sat down and drew from my haversack a pair of overshoes. Then, the rubbers being adjusted to my feet, I

plunged in boldly and Wash followed after me.

But the mud of a Southern cane-brake is odd and treacherous stuff; sometimes it holds you fast, sometimes it looses you suddenly so that you fall and bury the tip of your nose. This morning it evinced an attachment for my new rubber overshoes.

Now ordinarily I am a patient man. When my pipe draws well, and the west-wind ripples through the alder leaves, and the sunshine falls on the river, flecking the pools with light and shade, I can endure without a sigh the ills of life and all of my discouragements. But on this particular morning first one "rubber" stuck fast, and then the other, and when, with my usual forbearance, I had recovered them, they straightway stuck again; hence I hold that I was altogether excusable when I stopped and uplifted my voice and called upon the heavens to witness the depravity of the soil and the shoes.

"Wash," queried I, appealing, "did you ever see the like of it?"

"Naw," replied my friend, "I has not—not afore this I hain't. I never knowed a man ter be fool enough ter w'ar them things in a swamp."

I disregarded the personal allusion that spiced my companion's remark and having nothing further to say, I picked up the overshoes and regarded them belligerently.

"Well!" I ejaculated at last.

"Wa-al," philosophized Wash, "thar's aller's some way out'n trubble ef yer'll only take'n look fer hit. I s'pose yer never heerd, now, how ole Unker Barkis Williamson kep' 'is hat f'um a blowin' off?"

I turned with interest. "No," I said, "I haven't heard that. How was it?"

Wash turned his quid in his cheek. "He jest didn't w'ar no hat," he answered quietly.

The hint was obvious. I took the "rubbers" and cast them with oburgations as far as I could into the depths of the cane. Then being relieved, we took up

the march again; true, we got muddy, but what is a little mud when the end of the journey means a grassy spot at the joining of the waters, a great beech tree with projecting roots, and rest and refreshment unlimited? When we had reached the spot and had "set" our hooks, we sat down for a moment to smoke and to compose our minds properly.

Ah, to lean back luxuriously against the big rough bole of a tree, to look upward through the rifts in the leaves at the great blue silent sky, to listen only to the cicada's rasping note and to the tree-frogs crying for rain, this was living indeed! Away to the east I could hear the roar of the morning train going up by Keowee, and I could picture the bustle in Bellville when it drew up at the station there. Is Heaven *all* city, I wondered, *all* golden streets and mansions fair, and gates of glittering pearl? Is there not somewhere in that happy place a quiet stream where the fisherman may go?

My reverie was broken by a strain on my fishing line. "Score one!" I cried exultantly as I dropped a two-pounder on the grass at Wash's feet.

"Easy, Squire, easy!" cautioned he, as he too landed a fish. "Don't yer git excited more now, an' go ter tirin' yerse'f down. Kinder slow an' res'ful lak is ther way with these here perch."

I saw the force of his remark. Moreover that man is no fisherman who takes not his ease becomingly. Nevertheless for an hour the fish bit hungrily, then Wash shifted his position to the other side of the tree, and presently at a tug on my line I cast out on the bank a long round squirming thing with a flat head and glittering eyes. Freeing his mouth from the hook my catch coiled himself and struck at me viciously.

I hate a snake—I jumped backward hastily and overturned a "gourd" of bait. My enemy amid the confusion slipped nimbly into the water again.

Wash looked round the tree. "Eel?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "a snake—he got away."

My friend glanced knowingly at the overturned gourd. "I sees," he returned dryly, "'at both uv yer got away."

Considering this a reflection on my courage, I did not answer immediately,

and for a time we both fished in silence; but, the run of our luck being broken, after a little while we laid our "poles" aside and sat down to smoke again.

"Snakes," ruminated Wash, "is cuyious creeturs—sometimes they swallers one an'urr. I has seed 'em do ther lak o' that."

"Serpents of the constrictor class," I assented, "do crush other kinds and swallow them."

Wash looked at me doubtfully. "Hit warn't none o' them furrin' snakes whut I seed," he answered. "Hit war jest plain blacksnakes an' these here white-spotted king-snakes. They'll swaller one 'nurr shore."

I seated myself comfortably. "For instance?" I suggested.

Wash knocked the ashes from his old cob pipe, laid it carefully aside, and bit off a chew from his plug.

"Fer 'n instance," he went on accommodatingly, "you knows, Squire, ther ole straw-fiel' right down thar behine my shack—that 'un whut is nex' ther road whar hit comes up ther hill f'm ther bridge?"

I knew the field. There are crickets there to which, if they are cunningly cast, even the wariest perch will rise. "I know the place," I replied; "go on."

"Wa-al, suh, hit wuz along endurin' uv ther spring 'at I went down in that fiel' becase I wuz a needin' uv some bait. Hit wuz putty early in ther mornin' too, fer hit air no sort uv a funny joke fer ter be a ketchin' crickets wi' ther sun a brilin' at ther back uv yer neck. Well's I kin reckon' hit wuz jest ez ther mornin' star wuz a fadin' 'at I come along pas' ther bres' uv ther hill a stirrin' uv ther broom-grass an' a watchin' for ther crickits ter hop, when jest thar below ther big rock whar ther sassafac' bushes is, I seed ther straw a shakin' and ther weeds a dancin' jest lak a sort of tumblement wuz a gwine on tharabout. Now inginnerly I ain't cuyious when ther broom-straw's a shakin', but somehow er 'urr on that air mornin' I jest natchully clum ther rock an' looked down—an' thar I seed 'em."

"Saw what?" I asked.

Wash spat at a stone. "Seed ther snakes," he replied. "Thar wuz two un 'em. One wuz a big keen blacksnake, 'tother un wuz a king. Squire, ef you had

a been thar you'd a thort 'at a cirkis wuz a gwine on. When I seed 'em they'd done laid out a regular track—a round track kinder lak a cirkis ring—an' each one wuz a chasin' uv ther 'tother one. Man, hit war a sight! I jest flattened myse'f on that thar rock an' looked tell my eyes bulged out."

"Running, were they?" I inquired by way of parenthesis.

Wash nodded. "Wuss'n racehosses," he said. "Squire, hit's a fac', a man a lookin' at 'em 'ud shorely ha' thort 'at them thar snakes wuz greased. Roun' they went, an' roun'; roun' an' roun'—each one's head a gittin' nigher an' nigher ter ther tail uv 'tother one."

"By lessening the radius of the circle, I suppose," I interpolated here.

My friend shook his head. "Lessenin' nothin'," he said emphatically, "nothin' 'cept ther distance between 'em. Squire, kaint yer see how 'twas. They wuz natchully out runnin' one 'nurr."

I think I sighed. How hard it is to get an imaginative man to be scientifically accurate. "One caught the other, I presume," I remarked as nonchalantly as I could.

Wash looked at me in sudden surprise. "Both cotch ther 'tother," he said.

"Why that was remarkable," I put in scornfully.

"Just whut I says," agreed Wash—"ther whole thing wuz remarkable. Yas suh, each one overtuk ther 'tother un an' then, Squire, yer may dog my cats, ef each un didn't reach right out an' ketch a hold uv 'tother un's tail."

"What happened then," I inquired. "Thar wuz a swallerin'."

"Big one swallow the little one?"

My companion looked aggrieved. "Squire, they 'uz both ther same size," he replied very earnestly. "Hit wuz nigh an hour 'at I lain thar a watchin' uv 'em—the blacksnake an' ther king-snake a swallerin' uv ther king-snake an' ther king-snake a swallerin' uv ther black, an', yer may b'leve me or not, but when ther hour wuz up that thar groun' wuz ez bare o' snakes ez that thar bait-gourd thar."

"Why," I asked in surprise, "whatever had become of them?"

"Squire," said Wash confidentially, "them snakes had swallered on an-'urr!"

A sudden faintness overtook me and I reached for my package of lunch. "Come Wash," I said, "and join me. You need it, I am sure."





Mt. Assiniboine

CLIMBING CANADA'S HIGHEST PEAK

By JAMES OUTRAN

IT is a debateable point whether to Mt. Forbes or Mt. Columbia belongs the distinction of being the loftiest peak in Canada to have been ascended. Their altitude is almost identical, (12,500 feet); and each is monarch of a noble group of mountains, rearing its proud head above a sea of snow-capped peaks and darkly-wooded valleys. But the stories of their first ascents presents as great a contrast as could well be imagined. The nearest approach to Mt. Columbia is by a dozen or more weary miles of tramping over the soft snows that mantle the upper portion of the vast Columbia ice-field, an expanse about two hundred square miles in area, and up steep slopes of purest snow to the broad summit, whence the precipices drop on three sides to the fearsome glacier depths where the Athabasca River takes its rise. Snow and ice, from 3 A.M. to 10 P.M., in a twenty-two hour expedition, constitute the summary of the character of our Mt. Columbia experience.

Mt. Forbes, lying thirty miles to the southeast and so much nearer civilization, provides a most effective contrast. It is a problem in rocks that this magnificent three-sided pyramid affords, rising from a mass of mighty spurs and buttresses, with narrow, broken ridges and stupendous cliffs. This splendid monolith, combining the appearance of the Dent Blanche and the Matterhorn, was named by Dr. Hector in 1859, and has always evoked the admiration of those who have had the privilege of seeing it from far or near. To the mountaineer it is particularly fascinating, and seven climbers yielding to its influence were drawn last summer, as by a loadstone, from England, America and Switzerland, to test its difficulties and, if possible, attain its topmost pinnacle. Ever since 1897, Prof. Collie has had designs upon this interesting peak, which yields to Mt. Assiniboine alone in grandeur of outline, formidable character and isolated majesty. Messrs. H. Woolley, H. E. M. Stutfield and G. M. Weed have been almost as long acquainted with its noble form and as inevitably lured. My

own subjection dates from the first moment that I had set my eyes upon its dark obelisk, towering a head and shoulders higher than its fellows: and then and there, upon the summit of Mt. Habel in August, 1901, I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of measuring strength with this grim giant of the North. Twelve months later, two parties united at the base of Mt. Forbes to make a joint attack. We mustered seven in all; the perfect number being completed by two Swiss guides. The elder, Christian, had been with me for three weeks amongst the mountains farther north, and Hans accompanied the later arrivals. Our tents were pitched in the green bosom of a narrow wooded valley, that heads right under the frowning precipices of the great peak and offers the easiest and most pleasant line of access. Huge firs encircled the open grassy meadow, an eddying glacier stream sparkled amongst the boulders and bushes that line its course, and 7,000 feet above towered the lofty summit.

On a perfect afternoon, all nature being at its loveliest, (except for an undue supply of heat, mosquitos and horse-flies), and the weather promising the very best for our success, a string of hopeful but conspiring mortals threaded their way through trackless wastes of forest trees and undergrowth up the steep flanks of one of Mt. Forbes' mighty buttresses, to bivouac that night at timberline. Next morning we were astir by three o'clock and started on our climb shortly before half-past four. A long and narrow ridge projected to the southwest from the snow-crowned summit, rough and jagged throughout, almost its entire length. It was of the customary disintegrated limestone of the Canadian Rockies and broken near the top by three formidable cliffs, which from a distance appeared quite inaccessible and made the prospect of a successful ascent extremely doubtful. But the more numerous and serious the difficulties, the greater the attraction for the true mountaineer, and the greater the

satisfaction if skill and patience can surmount the obstacles and win a way to the desired goal. It is a mistake to think that danger *as danger* lends any enchantment to the climb: but the mountaineer delights in bringing skill and science so to bear upon the difficulties that would be dangers to the less gifted or experienced, so that their hazards for him are eliminated. The earlier approaches to this ridge were over green slopes carpeted with richly colored flowers of every hue. These soon gave place to barren wastes of *débris*, and a toilsome pull ensued over its sliding scree till the rocks came to our relief, and a more rapid and agreeable progress was possible. Then a long stretch of snow-covered glacier was reached, sweeping from the crest of the *arête* to the icy basin above our bivouac. Up to this point we had proceeded leisurely and in loose order, while keeping within hail of one another. Now the rope became necessary as the more serious work commenced, requiring caution, discipline and order. We tied up in two parties, Christian Kaufmann, Mr. Weed and I leading, and the remaining quartette forming the second contingent. The rope is an indispensable item in the outfit of a climber in the higher alps, both amongst rocks and glaciers. On a snow-covered glacier such as we now had to cross, its use as a precaution against accident is imperative. Though early in the morning there may be comparatively little danger, as the surface is frozen hard, the wise man will take no chances. Many a hidden chasm is masked by that simple-looking mantle of unbroken snow. Often they are impossible to detect, though the keen eye of the expert notes even the faintest of depressions, and marks the line of open fissures, carefully probing with his ice-axe whenever the slightest indication of a possible crevasse is evidenced. Meantime his followers are constantly on the alert. Keeping taut the fifteen or twenty feet or rope between himself and the man ahead, and with a loop in hand to be in touch with the man behind, each member of the party not only watches his own progress, but is ever ready to aid his neighbor should any sudden emergency arise. The spirit of comradeship and co-operation is fostered in all the details of the mountaineering life. Maintaining a general line at right angles to the direc-

tion of the crevasses, to avoid the chance of two or more falling into the same abyss, the string of climbers moves cautiously along, occasionally making a *détour* to round the end of an open fissure or cross it at the least awkward place, and bears steadily towards the serrated ridge by which our route is to be guided thenceforward to the summit. A narrow ridge it is too, with frequent precipices on one or both sides, which increase in steepness with their altitude, until the sheer, black ramparts fall almost vertically to the far distant glaciers that sweep their base. From a distance, there had been little hint of anything but quick and simple progress up the first part of the *arête*, but closer acquaintance revealed the existence of a more troublesome state of affairs than we anticipated. The ridge was very jagged and the cliffs steeper and smoother than they had appeared to be. The substance, of course, being of friable limestone, disintegrated and eroded by the alternate influence of frost and heat, was weathered, loose and treacherous in the extreme. Sometimes we were clambering up the broken, indented rocks right on the skyline: at others, forced to make excursions on to the eastern face, a ledge of varying size but never of striking broadness would be our pathway for a short distance, overlooking a steep descent of rock and snow: patches of hardened snow or loosened scree occasionally take the place of ledges as we work along from gully to gully in the scored face of a succession of escarpments and by their means pursue the ever upward course. These gullies are a most disagreeable feature of the climb for the unfortunate hinder men. Most of them seemed to be a natural track for all the loose stones and *débris* from the rocks above. Small fragments rest on every available projection and have to be dislodged or come down of their own accord as the leader scrambles up. The rotten walls are studded with insecure excrescences, a majority of which fail to stand the strain when tested by the guide, and break away beneath his foot or in his hand. The last man's lot is therefore not a happy one. He has to bear with meekness all the hail of *débris*, often sharp and heavy, and does not have the satisfaction of kicking down his share upon the head of someone else.

Under a raking fire these ramparts had



What the Climber has to Contend with
in the Canadian Rockies.

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in turn to be stormed, but scaled at last they were without serious damage, and by ten o'clock we stood upon a minor elevation on the arête, at an altitude of about 11,000 feet, and separated from the main peak by a slight depression.

With intense interest and much anxiety we scanned the cliffs upon the farther side of this small gap. Our observations of the mountain had revealed three formidable obstacles, barring the approach by this southwestern route, in the shape of three very upright cliffs, two close together just beyond our present situation, and the third still higher and not far from the actual summit. Our powerful field-glasses had left the problem still uncertain. Undoubtedly no possibility existed of escaping them, for the walls on either side rose sheer and the advance was restricted practically to the ridge itself. The fate of the expedition hung on the condition of the rocks. Provided there were a few excrescences firm enough to rely upon and not too far apart, or even roughnesses sufficient to supply friction in the most critical, awkward stretches and thus aid the struggling climber when more desirable assistance failed, we believed that the steepness would be no fatal hindrance. But for these details the glasses had proved inadequate at such a distance. Now we stood face to face with the two lower cliffs, and our eager eyes examined foot by foot the smooth, straight battlements. The weathering of the face, some transverse cracks, and a tiny cleft or two gave ground for hope and our spirits rose accordingly. With such a splendid rock-climber as Christian Kaufmann to lead the way, if there were any possibility of a human being scaling these heights, our success was, I felt confident, assured: but it was going to be no child's play to gain the lofty eminence that made our necks ache as we looked so straight up to its dizzy pinnacles, whilst on either side the black, rough precipices, seamed by gullies filled with glassy ice or hardened snow, fell away abruptly to the white glaciers thousands of feet below.

Unfortunately our supply of ropes was rather inadequate for such work as here confronted us. Our trio possessed a sixty-foot length, and the other party had eighty feet among the four, neither of them nearly long enough for comfort, considering the

difficulty of the rocks. For ordinary purposes, fifteen to eighteen feet is the allotted distance between each pair of climbers, but on tremendous cliffs like those of Mt. Forbes, with a scarcity of proper holds and resting-places, such an allowance is most inadequate. Seldom within so short a space can solid and large enough footholds be found to enable the leader to stand secure and render the needful assistance to the man behind, or be in a position to hold him or to prevent himself being jerked down also should a slip occur. With thirty or forty feet he could attain some firm location and be able to counteract the effects of any *contretemps* to the next climber on the rope. In the same way, again, has No. 2 to cling in an unsafe position whilst the guide again moves upward for another spell. Moreover, the more there are in a direct line the greater the chance of accident from falling stones. Three hundred feet or more of cliff had thus to be negotiated, the greater part of it of the most interesting and exciting nature; all nerves at the utmost tension. Not a moment of slackness or cessation of watchfulness and care possible.

Whether himself engaged in climbing onward, or intent upon the progress of a comrade, a keen look-out is constantly imperative, a readiness for any possible emergency, however seemingly unlikely its occurrence may appear, a knowledge and forewarnedness of what to do if that emergency should suddenly arise; these thoughts must dominate one's whole attention. Lives may depend upon the action of a single moment. A single second's relaxation may be fatal to an entire party. The practised forethought that grasps the possible contingency, the quickness of eye that notes the sudden need, the instant application of the proper remedy in the immediate correspondence of hand and foot, may prove the safety of all in time of danger. No true mountaineer takes anything for granted in such a place, except the fact that everything is unreliable, and that he must live in expectation of an accident. To those who climb like this, there rarely if ever comes the realization. In mountaineering, as in many other things, to despise is criminal, to relax is dangerous: and it is to those who do not expect an accident that it will come. Here lies the value of education in the



Mt. Forbes from the Author's Camp at 5,500 Feet Elevation.

science of the sport, and the necessity of serious study. The body as well as the brain is likewise called to exercise its fullest powers and energies. The almost sheer cliff rises into space above: how is it possible to scale so smooth and treacherous a wall? Once again, practise is the main secret, though the real mountaineer

is born not made. Gymnastics often enter largely into *the* climbing of a rocky citadel. Five, six or seven feet up a decent hold is found, and all below is glassy: or perhaps the upper portion overhangs. A pull up, sometimes a hand-spring, is required: or far away a little footrest may be found about the level of



Bow Valley, Canadian Rockies.

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one's shoulder, and the climber swings across to get a moment's purchase which enables him to plant his other knee upon the tiny rocky shelf that he is gripping tightly with his straining hands. Perhaps a comrade's back, a lusty push, or an impromptu step formed by an ice-axe held securely by No. 2, is needed to hoist the leader within reach of a specially lofty and difficult ledge or crack, by which he pulls himself up with an acrobatic effort. Another time we find ourselves in a sort of chimney, with one side open, and force our way up largely by pressure against the slippery parallel walls and by the aid of any cracks or protruding fragments that may happen to turn up. Again, we are swarming up a rugged buttress, with arms and legs embracing its opposite sides, hugging it painfully with every portion of the body that can get some grip. Knees and arms cling to the roughened surface when holds for hands and feet are absent, and here, as well as on many a slab and steeply inclined face of rock, friction affords assistance which is astonishingly valuable. A broken edge of rock, a finger's size, is hailed with delight as a most ample basis of support; for almost anything that finger-tips can grasp or two or three inches of the nailed edge of a boot rest upon is quite sufficient to help the practised climber one step farther on. Occasionally we are reduced to progress by the hands alone, as on a section of the second cliff, where, on the rapidly descending ridge, precipitous on either side, our bodies spread upon the western slabs of rock, our fingers clutching the sharp knife-edge that formed the skyline, we hang and cling as we work sideways and upwards foot by foot until at last our feet again find somewhat of a ledge to stand upon. Traversing, in another place, along a narrow ledge, face inwards, or rounding a projecting buttress to reach a cleft or more accessible piece of rock face, brings the art of balancing into play, and this feature is one of the most notable tests of the expert climber. The marvelous results obtained with comparative ease and small output of strength and energy by the skilled mountaineer by means of a perfect equipoise, are most astounding to the novice: speed, safety and success are the rewards of mastery in balancing.

All this climbing we had upon the face of a stupendous precipice. There was not much opportunity to enjoy the wonderful effects and striking details suggested by a fleeting glance down the sheer mountain side up which we climbed tediously. Every attention had to be paid to the work before us, if we desired to escape the risk of a still more fleeting glimpse of these details in a hurried and involuntary descent to the white glaciers that gleamed suggestively below, apparently so close, but in reality thousands of feet away. Such visions as we got of vertical escarpments, jagged points of broken rock, icy gullies or tremendous drops into the far abyss were thrilling enough as we clung to the treacherous cliff like flies on the wall of a house. At length, a strenuous effort landed us on the pinnacle which crowns the upper wall. We stood as it were in mid-air: on two sides, nothingness for many thousand feet: in front, three hundred feet of cliff, so steep we wondered how we ever managed to ascend, dropping to the narrow ridge of our approach, that stretches away to the distant forest valley, where our tents glisten in the sunlight. Beyond was a vast alpine panorama, upon whose countless ranges, with scarcely an exception, we could even then look down. From this sharp rocky apex we passed along a narrow causeway, with a marvelous polished precipice straight below us on the left and gained a temporary resting-place soon after eleven o'clock. In another hour we were all once more *en route*, the pure white, corniced crest right before us, close at hand, and only one remaining problem between us and victory.

This is cliff No. 3, the base of which we speedily attained by easy slopes of snow and scree, to find it abominably rotten. Despite the fusillade of falling stones, however, our storming of the fortress proceeded successfully; on the same lines as previously, the battlement was finally won. But on our arrival at the top we encountered an unexpected difficulty which proved one of the most trying and certainly the most dangerous pieces of work of the ascent. A very narrow causeway, perhaps eighteen inches wide, between two fine precipices, connected the head of the cliff with the final snowy mass of the summit. It was composed of rock in an

advanced stage of disintegration, topped by a loose agglomeration of strange plaques of stone, from twelve to twenty inches long, two to four in width, and about half an inch in thickness, piled in wild confusion. This was backed by a wall of winter snow, fully as rotten as the rock, ready to sheer off at the slightest touch an avalanche in one tremendous leap to the mountain's base. Whether the rock held up the snow or vice-versa, or the support was mutual, seemed a moot point, both looked so frail and tottering. A violent wind, moreover, which had been a supplementary difficulty to contend with all the morning, caused the entire place to quiver and did not aid our equilibrium or the stability of this fragile pathway. Happily the distance was not great, and Christian warily advanced. The snow one dared not even touch: the rattling stones scarcely allowed of any pressure without sliding underfoot. With catlike tread each balanced step was taken till he gained a firmer stand upon the farther side, though even there the prospects of an avalanche were not convincingly remote. Then Mr. Weed's turn came, and, as he stepped from the worst place, a huge mass of rock detached itself from the main ridge, and, with a rattling accompaniment of loosened fragments, thundered down the sheer western precipice, leaving a shelving slope of rotten débris even more awkward to traverse than the original narrow and shaky path. However, an elongated stride and a convulsive effort accomplished the most treacherous portion of the undertaking in safety, and, after a little journey along a sharp snow arête and up a steep face of rather doubtful consistency, a few hundred feet of firm and easy snow brought us in triumph to the sharp-pointed summit.

The wind was boisterous and piercingly cold, and we huddled together, a frigid group, on the exposed white cap that crowns the apex of the lofty pyramid. A heavy cornice overhangs the black eastern precipice: on the west, the slopes trend sharply to a grand wall of cliffs: and to the north, the pure white face tilts downward at a tremendous angle to the glaciers and buttresses that overlook the still dark depths of Glacier Lake. The panorama was magnificent. Our mountain-top, pre-eminently loftier than any of its neighbors,

has no peer until Columbia's snowy head rises from the mighty sweep of its grand ice-fields thirty miles away: and probably but a single peak—Mt. Robson—exceeds in altitude this splendid giant of the Canadian Rockies. In the pure atmosphere, mountains far and near stood forth with clear-cut outline in all directions to the horizon, a full hundred miles away, and the line of the continental watershed could be traced for scores of miles, a vast section of its complicated valley system lying map-like at our feet. Deep wooded ravines intersect the countless broken ranges, whose bold escarpments, battered towers and jagged pinnacles present a splendid contrast to the vast areas of ice and snow. Such visions are alone a thousand times worth the toil and effort expended in gaining these peerless natural observatories.

Finding the snow upon the northern face to be in magnificent condition, thanks to its sheltered aspect and the icy breeze from that direction, we resolved to return that way, as this plan had the double advantage of avoiding objectionable places on the S.W. arête and of enabling us to cross the mountain, acquaint ourselves more thoroughly with its character and environment, and have the interest of an entirely new route exactly opposite in its nature to that of our ascent. For greater security, in case of slips or footsteps giving way or possibly a minor avalanche, both parties roped together during the descent, and a long, tedious affair it proved. It was terrifically steep and steps had to be cut with the ice-axe in the hard snow or ice almost the whole way down. A swift glissade down the steep snow slope to the névé on the southern side was quite a luxury: and then came a steady tramp for forty minutes across the snow beneath the heights of Forbes' western wall, sinking frequently well above our ankles, and traversing more than once the hard rough débris of a recent avalanche. Bearing gently upwards, we struck the ridge of our approach at its lowest point, and soon after six o'clock unroped at the spot where we had tied up nearly twelve hours before. An hour later we straggled back to bivouac from the first ascent and traverse of Mt. Forbes, perhaps the loftiest and certainly one of the most fascinating climbs in Canada.



The nest under the logs.

THE DOMESTIC TRIALS OF BOB WHITE

By HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was good quail ground. Grass land, meadow, stubble, pasture, fringes of shrubbery and the edge of timber-tract all were inviting and afforded excellent forage; and Bob White showed his appreciation by occupying it in considerable numbers. Best of all, man was not inimical, for the farmers loved to see the striped flocks pattering across their very door-yards; and were content to eat domestic poultry, preferring the greater enjoyment of the wild in life, rather than on the table. Every morning pompous little husbands whistled love-songs, while patient wives, hidden away in the grass, brooded the treasures they were later to lead forth in nimble bands of tiny brown puffballs.

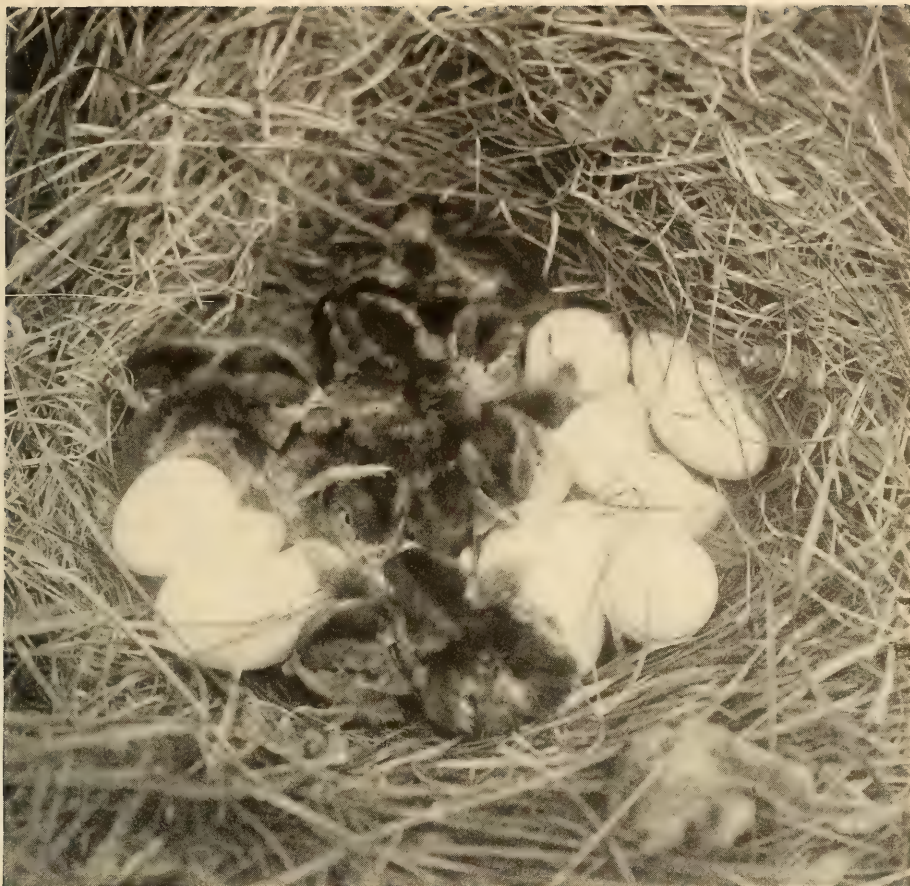
Though a season of joy and exuberance, it was, like all others, fraught with many anxieties and consciousness of danger. There were the prying fox, the creeping snake, the lumbering skunk, the darting hawk, the softly flying owl, ever to be guarded against, yes, and the heavy unrelenting tread of man. Likewise the weather, which in winter often smites with chill and starvation, may even in summer turn unfriendly, and wet and cold bereave them of their treasures. However the June grass was long and thick and well hid the little mother whose color so blended with the surroundings, as to give her a wonderfully perfect concealment. Of this she was well aware, and at the approach of an enemy she did not retreat.



There she sat, undismayed by passing wagons and laborers.

Her little heart might thump hard, yet she would remain motionless, and, though her foe might almost step on her, the chances were that he would pass none the wiser. Clearly do surroundings create differences, even of character and temperament. So, here, west of the river, where there was greater seclusion, the quails were more timorous in their simplicity than their friends the family upon the east side, where there was more human travel. Seldom did dull human eyesight distinguish a quail from the surrounding grass, and so it was that the bird family upon the east bank became familiar, almost to the point of recklessness. The little mother, though, had one lesson that should have been more effective, for, one hot noon, she led her brood out into the road to dust themselves, and all were so occupied with their sport that not even the

old bird noticed the approach of a half-grown boy. At the same instant they saw each other. With an exclamation the youth leaped to seize all he could of them. The mother quail uttering sharp whistles of warning, fluttered before him in the dust as though on the point of expiring. The young upon the instant were away. Some fluttered up on tiny pinions, though none would have supposed such downy tots could fly, and then dropped like stone into the tall grass and weeds beside the road. Others ran like little witches and disappeared almost instantly in the same friendly cover. The old bird, naturally was the most desired prize, and it seemed so easy to catch her. When the boy attempted to do so, she fluttered just a little out of his reach, then a little further, and presently she flew quickly and vigorously away. Then the pursuer turned to re-



Just Hatched.

trieve his fortunes with the young, but for the life of him he could not discover a single one. After some search he decided that they had all run away, and gave up the quest in great disappointment. Yet all the time the whole brood, every mother's son of them, was within a yard or two of where he stood, cunningly squatting under the old dead grass or beneath some leaf. It was a wonder that he did not trample half of them to death. By early July both families of young quail, though not yet of full growth, were well able to forage for themselves. The typical mother quail is a motherly soul indeed. The southern New England summer is long enough for a double crop of grass and of quail, and of this fact our little friends took advantage by selecting each another spot in the grass and laying a goodly litter of eggs. Meantime the father

took the half-grown progeny upon their rambles while his wife brooded the new eggs.

Now, while the Bob Whites are a fairly sagacious tribe, as birds go, they are hardly capable of generalized reasoning, or anticipating the devious ways of man; for after all the seasons of experience, they seem not to remember the scythe of mowing machine which cuts down the luxuriant cover and exposes them to danger, if they make nests in certain places. In fact our particular friends in this quail breeding ground erred in this respect, and underwent trial and anxiety in consequence. All summer the mowing-machine had been clattering in the hay fields. One day, the twenty-fourth of July, a workman told me that a quail's nest had been left bare on the west side of the river. A clump of weeds had been left standing,



The mother quail stepped forth from her nest.



The tiny quail chick making its first venture from the nest.



The Favorite Haunt of Bob White.

in kindly consideration, and at the foot was the nest. Approaching very carefully, I tried, with my opera glasses, to discover the mother bird, and from a little mass of brown, I gradually made out her form and head. When within twenty feet of the spot, there was a movement, and then the quail stood up and almost immediately flew, dropping down into the bushes on the other side of the wall. The nest was a simple little hollow in the ground well lined with grass, and no less well filled with white, pointed eggs, sixteen of them, a notable effort for the second attempt of the season.

While I examined and photographed them, I could hear the mother whistling and whining, as she ran about in the grass or on the low wall, but I could not get a single glimpse of her. This being done, I thought to entrap her with the camera, and secure a picture as she finally returned to the nest. So I set the instrument upon my carrying case a few feet away, focussed, attached a thread to the shutter, and, covering everything well with grass, went away for about an hour. When I returned, I could see with my glass that the bird was not on the nest. Then I again retired, and, upon returning, was again disappointed.

The sun was setting so I went to remove the camera, and in so doing flushed the bird from the short grass only a few feet from the nest. Next day, it was reported to me that she had deserted the eggs, and to avoid their almost certain destruction by prowling animals, I covered them with a good bunch of hay, wishing to show them to a friend.

On the fourth of August word came that the quail had not deserted after all. She had burrowed in through the hay, and had a fine and cosy retreat underneath. Next day I approached, and when close by saw the quail raise her head out of the hole and fly. And then I saw a nest full of eggshells, and a swarm of the most cunning little brown striped chickens I had ever set eyes on. The ordinary chicks of the barn-yard look small enough, but these were tiny. All the eggs but two had hatched, and the fourteen, all dried off, were moving actively about.

Unfortunately I had not my camera with me, and in the hour's time it took to fetch it, they had all gone from the nest. But

as I stood there in chagrin, how my feeling changed when up flushed the mother quail from the weed-clump only two feet away, and there was the whole family in a compact bunch, nestled in a hollow of the ground. I had a bird-loving youth with me, and we each made a grab to secure the young quail to replace in the home nest. We each got one, but like a flash the rest were out of sight.

Where could they have gone? Pawing over the grass and weeds did not unearth a single one. Finally I found one down under the last year's growth squatting motionless. Then one by one, they kept coming to light, until in the course of a quarter of an hour we had ten of them; not another one could we discover.

Keeping them in my cap, I focussed the camera carefully on the nest, and then returned the family to the home which otherwise they had probably left forever. Conditions were very unfavorable; the afternoon was dark and showery, and the young were exceedingly active. Looking at this squirming, heaving mass, I felt quite in despair of securing a good picture. An exposure of at least a second was necessary. The loose hay had been removed, and, covering the nest and brood snugly with my cap, I waited till they all seemed about asleep, when I suddenly raised it, and at the same time squeezed the bulb. The plan worked well, and most of its half-dozen exposures were good. I tried this also with a single chick, at close range, outside the nest.

Many of the shells in the nest one would have thought solid eggs upon casual observation. The chick in emerging had simply lifted a round section of the large end, about as one would break a soft boiled egg to eat, English fashion. Only, the lid remained attached by a little skin and shut down again when the chick had crawled out. Of two unhatched eggs one was addled or infertile, the other had in it a dead fully formed chick which somehow had not been able to break its prison walls.

Meanwhile the little mother was very anxious, running about and calling plaintively, showing herself boldly on the wall—the further penalty for nesting in a hay-field. But happily her fortune had fallen into kind hands. Of all the readers of this account, who has ever seen a brood of quail before they left the nest? They

run almost as soon as hatched, probably as soon as they are dried. Now we withdrew, and hardly had we gone thirty feet when the anxious little mother, who could not longer restrain herself, fairly rushed to her family. She rolled over the grass, and with a glad chatter of welcome jumped into the nest to meet her darlings. This was my last glimpse of my west-side quail and they have gone forth, I trust to happiness and to success in quail-life.

Meanwhile, upon the east side of the river interesting events were also maturing. Maternal longings had likewise continued in the breast of another Mrs. White. She was an inquisitive body and had a well developed feminine curiosity as to what was going on. So she chose for her nesting-site a cozy little nook under the end of a pile of old fence-rails, amid long grass, only a yard or so from a much-traveled highway. Carriages, wagons, automobiles and foot passengers were frequently passing, which served greatly to relieve the monotony of the long period of incubation. Through the grass she could see everything and yet run no risk of being discovered. But one day a mowing-machine passed along with a terrible clatter, very close indeed. Bravely did the little mother stick to her post of duty, till she felt something swish close by her head, and the grass fell prostrate all over her. This was more than her nerves could bear, and away she fluttered, disclosing her secret to the farmer, who stopped his horses to examine with interest the eleven eggs in the defenceless nest. When the frightened mother at length dared to return, she found her surroundings greatly altered. As she sat upon her nest, the traffic of the road was in plain view. It was all she could do not to fly when gangs of swarthy Italian laborers came tramping along and almost trod upon her. But no one saw the bird whose color and markings so wonderfully blended with her surroundings.

After a little the young farmer told me of his discovery, and I drove there next morning post haste. Very cautiously we approached the indicated pile of rails. It was hard to distinguish anything, but finally I made her out. More conspicuous than all were the bright, round, dark eyes, even though they never moved or winked. Very cautiously, at some distance I set up

my camera on the tripod, with a long-focus lens, and moved it nearer and nearer. At ten feet I stopped, fearing that the bird would leave, and took her picture. Then I did this nearer still, and nearer, until I had the lens within two feet or so, making an image that about filled the plate. The quail was absolutely motionless, so I stopped down the light, and took timed exposures, lasting fifteen to twenty seconds so as to secure great sharpness of detail. Next morning I returned. After taking some more views of my obliging subject, in a changed position, the next thing was to see what she would do when disturbed. This time I had with me a Reflex camera, for snapshots. When all was in readiness, my wife began quietly to poke the little mother with a short weed-stem. I hoped that she would stand up and step out of the nest, but feared she would suddenly spring. Far from adopting the latter course, she proved to be a typical little brooding hen. Ruffling up her feathers, she pecked at the offending hand, and stuck bravely to her post. It took quite a little persuasion before she arose and stood irresolutely on the edge of the nest. I made one exposure, and then she started afoot, scurried along for some yards through the grass, and took to wing. In the afternoon we tried it again, and the boy was stationed so as to somewhat block the way. This time she stood at the edge of the nest long enough for me to snap her twice. Then she came clear out and stood in the grass, uncertain what course to pursue. Twice more I fired the harmless shots, as she assumed different positions, and then, just as I was ready for the fifth, she scooted between us, and took to wing across the road, over toward the river.

That evening, at dusk, I was driving by, and stopped the horse opposite the nest. There was the little mother brooding peacefully, defying all the danger and alarm of her now conspicuous post, that she might save her soon-expected brood. Next day came a driving rainstorm and I did not visit the nest. The following afternoon I took there a friend to see the remarkable sight. We were too late; scattered egg-shells told of the triumph of the little mother. She had led forth her chicks into the happy activities and luxuriance of fruitful surroundings.

THE KING'S MAHOUT

By CASPAR WHITNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LENZ AND THE AUTHOR

HE was not impressive as to face or figure, yet Choo Poh Lek was a notable character. Of his class he was one of the few energetic, and the only ambitious, native little man that I encountered in the Far East. And, quite as wonderful, he did not gamble. Unquestionably he came honestly by his active qualities, for Choo was a Sino-Chinese; his father, Lee Boon Jew, being one of many thrifty Chinese to find their way, thirty-five years ago, from the crowded Canton district of China, with its desperate daily struggle for mere existence, to Bangkok, whose half million people prefer mostly to leave the business of life to Chinamen. Lee began his commercial career humbly as a peddler of fruit and vegetables; and he prospered. In the very beginning he had carried his daily stock in two heaping bushel baskets hung from a bamboo pole which he swung from shoulder to shoulder, as, staggering under the really heavy burden, he called aloud his wares through the Sampeng and other narrow land streets of the poorer quarter. In one year he had done well enough to enable him to buy a small dug-out, which he paddled through the klawngs and on the Meinam River, making new acquaintances and new customers, while a plook-pee* compatriot in his employ supplied the already established trade from the baskets. In three years he had a shop in Sampeng and four boats, and in two more, or five years from the day of his landing, Lee Boon Jew had a shop in Sampeng, one on the Meinam, which, in addition to a general stock, did a little trading in bamboo and rattan, a small fleet of boats—and a Siamese wife. In due course a son came to gladden the Chinese heart, always made joyful by boy children, and by the time the fond father was permitted to

pridefully exhibit the gaudily dressed infant in the nearby floating shops, the little son came to be known as Choo Poh Lek, after a celebration which quite dimmed the customary New Year festival.

Meantime not only did the business develop, but Lee Boon Jew, who was now one of Bangkok's merchants, attained to such prominence among his fellows that by the time Choo was fifteen, he had become Collector in the Bird Nest Department of the Government Revenue Service; a post for which he was eminently fitted by both name and nature.

The cares of office did not, however, necessitate abandonment of the trade, grown now to an extent that kept several large boats of his fleet engaged solely in rattan and bamboo, for which they made long trips up river. It was Lee's dearest wish that his son should succeed to the commercial enterprise which so confidently promised to make wealthy men of them both, especially since his most intimate associate, Ho Kee Peck, had been recently appointed Farmer, under the Government, of the Onion, Bees Wax and Rattan Department.

Truth to tell, Lee had dreamed rosy hued celestial dreams of Choo Poh Lek's opportunities, and the possible prosperity that might easily come to a business so firmly established and having two silent partners in the local revenue service. Between the good offices of the Bird Nest and of the Onion, Bees Wax and Rattan departments, how much profitable trade might not, indeed, and readily, be diverted to the boats of Lee Boon Jew & Son!

But Choo proved a sore disappointment to his ambitious father. He had, it is true, given all of his boyhood and much of his young manhood to Lee's boats, and in fact, was accounted among the shrewdest traders and most skilled boatmen on the river. There were even those who thought the son more astute than his non-talkative but deep thinking Cantonese parent. At all events, Choo attained to

* Plook-pee is the poll tax exacted of Chinamen who emigrate to Siam and do not enter government service. It costs four ticals and a quarter with a tax seal fastened about the wrist, or six ticals and a half (about \$3.90) for a certificate instead of the wrist badge. As you may imagine Lee had paid the extra ticals in preference to wearing the visible sign of emigration.



Choo let them bathe and wallow in the river to their hearts' content.



Driving the herd in from the river towards the gate of the kraal.

such efficiency that his father sent him frequently up the river on the more important mission of trading for rattan and bamboo. And it was on one of these trips back from the river that Choo crossed the trail of the elephant catchers, and fell under the influence that was to govern, not to say guide, his life's star thereafter and forever more. From that day, it seemed to Choo that boats were the most uninteresting things in all the world, and trading the least ambitious of all professions. He felt the spell of the elephant catchers, the silent mystery of the jungle, the excitement of the chase; and then and there he determined that an elephant catcher he would be. Choo was naturally of an adventuresome temperament, which is decidedly unusual in one of his race. But Choo was an unusual type, as I have already indicated. The humdrum life of the fruit and vegetable boats, of haggling over trades in rattan, and of, between times, pulling a heavy oar, had become iron in his soul long before he found the real trail in the jungle. Deep in his heart had been the realization that life for him lacked the spark which makes it worth while; yet until that eventful day far in the forest, he knew as little of what he really wanted as did his father. On the day he found the elephant encampment, however, Choo found his spark and his vocation.

Now filial duty rules strong in the Asiatic son, and Choo had no thought of deserting his father; but by Oriental cunning he brought it about that the rattan business, necessitating up-country trips, became his chief concern in the firm of Lee Boon Jew & Son, while the vegetable and fruit end of the firm's interest fell to the duty of subordinates. Thus it was that Choo took up the double life of elephant catching and the more prosaic, if profitable, occupation of trading rattan. It must be recorded that he neglected neither and prospered in each; to such a degree, in fact, did the rattan and bamboo interests develop that Lee, the father, found his position in Bangkok raised from a small trader to one whose shipments were solicited by the local steamship company.

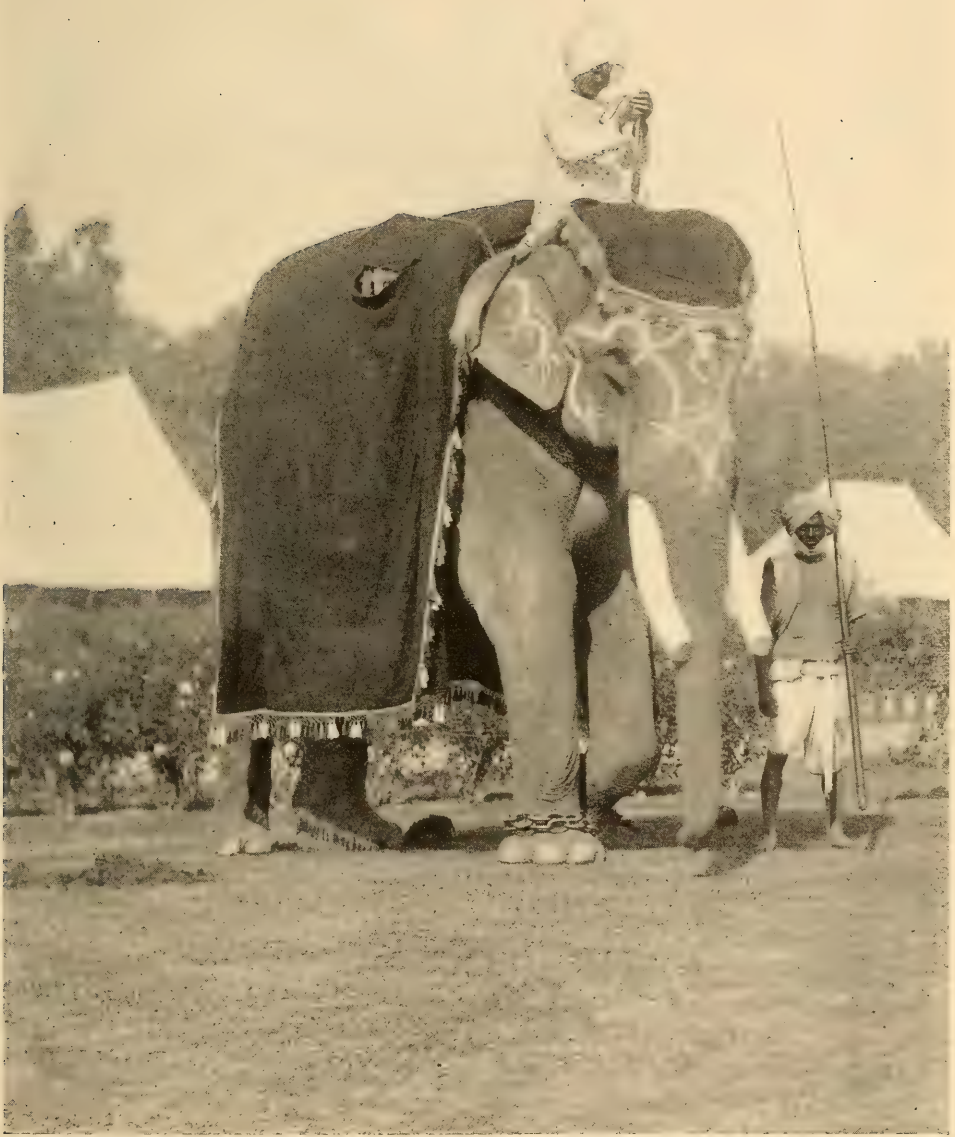
Meantime the son rose from one of the half hundred beaters employed in elephant catching to mahout, for which he seemed to have marked aptitude, showing immediate and sympathetic understanding of ele-

phants, together with a comprehension of management which convinced the head man, who had served the king for twenty years, that in Choo he had found a mahout of exceptional promise.

It came to pass one day that Chow Chorn Dumarong, who was a cousin of one of the children of one of the forty-seven wives of the king, and something or other in the War Department, chanced to be at the encampment of elephant catchers and a witness of Choo's really remarkable handling of a tame tusker that was just ending a period of "must,"* during which it had been particularly difficult of control. Choo's work astride the neck of the unruly bull, which he had finally subdued, had been so courageous and so intelligent, and had so much impressed the king's cousin—by marriage—that he forthwith commanded Choo to be regularly engaged in Government service. So it came about that Choo did more elephant than rattan hunting, increasing his prowess and reputation in one as his activity in the other decreased, much to the mental anguish of his father, Lee Boon Jew, who, although waxing wealthy between his own post in the Bird Nest Department and the silent sympathy of his wise and understanding friend Ho Pee Peck, the Onion Farmer, was aggrieved to the depths of his frugal Chinese soul by the unexplained falling off in the rattan and bamboo branch of his up-river business.

But one day, after two years more of mental perturbation, and gradually diminishing rattan profits, the father's heart thrilled under the word brought him at Bangkok, that Choo had been summoned into the presence of Krom Mun Monrtee Deeng—another one of the king's multitude of cousins, as well as a high man in the Interior Department—and regularly enrolled as one of the king's mahouts who drive in the periodical elephant catch or parade on festive occasions, or take charge when one of the several dozen of the king's children goes forth on an official airing. And so ended the double life of Choo Poh Lek; for henceforth, of course, there was no further pretense of his attending to the rattan business. Choo's soul was freed from trade bondage. Incidentally I should

* "Must" is the temporary madness which now and then, though not invariably, overtakes the male elephant when kept apart from his mates



A rogue elephant of India which ran amok and had to be shot four times before subdued; the "express" bullets remained in its body, with no apparent inconvenience to their bearer, when this photograph was taken.



Enjoying themselves.



Sometimes an elephant makes a short rush from the herd to reach its human tormentor.



Drawn up in review at a native

like to add, however, because I became much interested in Lee, quite a character in his way, that the reflected honor attaching to the old man through the appointment of his son to the royal household of elephant drivers, and the employment of a capable man to look after the up-country rattan interests, which really had been lately neglected by Choo, combined to place the name of Lee Boon Jew & Son among the foremost traders of the city.

I knew Lee weeks before I knew Choo; and the first time I saw the latter was in

the royal stables within the king's enclosure where I was giving rather disrespectful scrutiny to the sacred white elephants, which, notwithstanding surroundings and attendants, impressed me only because of seeming insignificance in their washed out hide and pale blue eyes. I immediately lost interest in the elephants on discovering Choo. Even had his obviously at home air failed to attract my wandering gaze, his dress would have arrested my eye, for it was the most resplendent thing in the way of native



Pad elephants of the Maharajah of Durbungah (India)



celebration in the Malay Peninsula.

costume I had seen outside the royal family. Not that it was so rich or remarkable in itself, but because the average Siamese is poor and dirty and inconspicuously, not to say somberly, clad, whereas Choo was clean and brilliant and well fed. Hewore a red and blue check silk panung,* a yellow silk jacket fastened to the chin, with buttons made from silver half ticals; and was bare of head, legs from knee down, and feet.

He was an important looking personage; nothing like him in fact had I met in the

royal enclosure, where I had gone seeking the unusual. But my attempt to engage him in conversation was a failure, for he spoke no English.

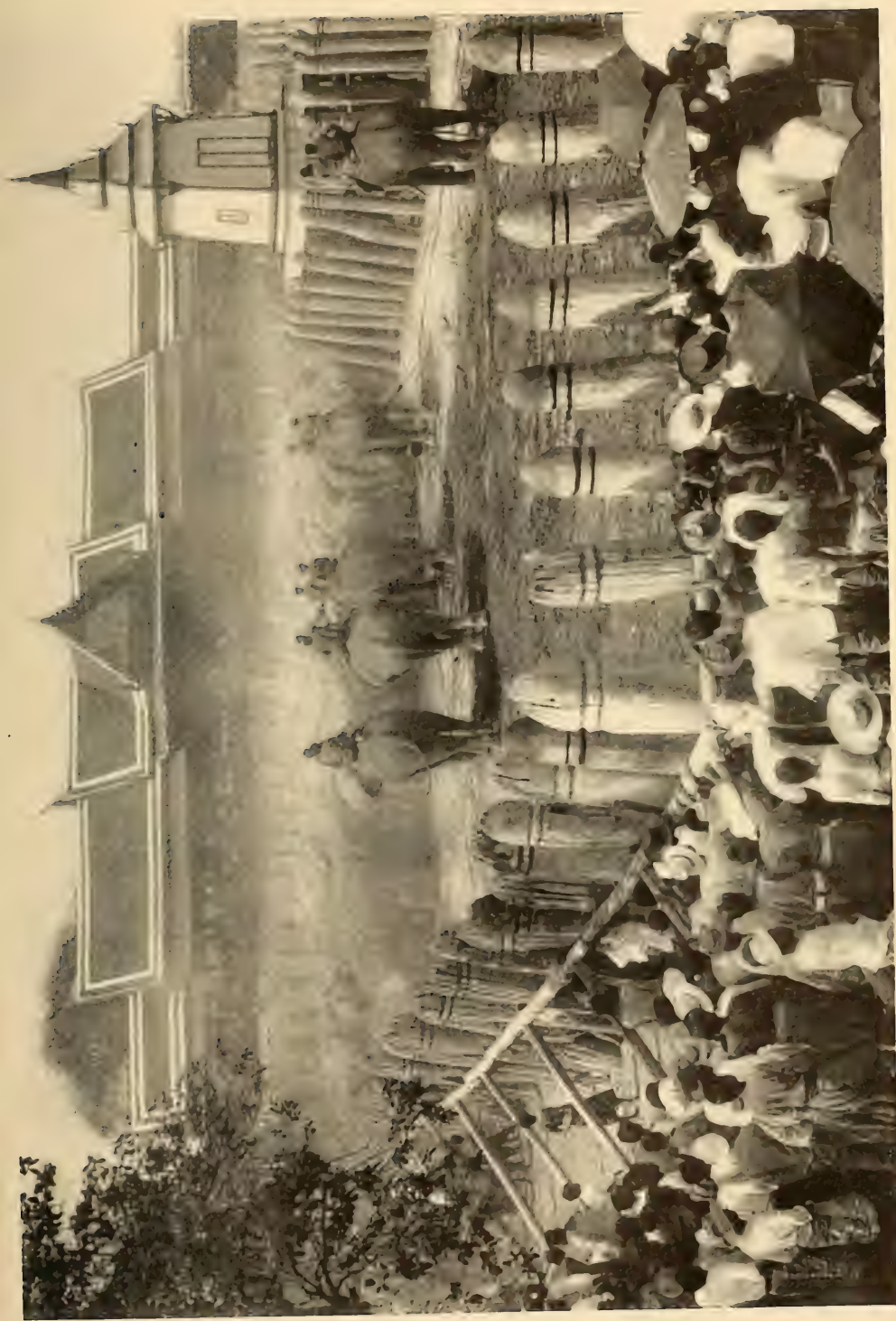
The second time I saw the king's mahout was a few days later, in Lee's shop on the river, where I was making purchases for my hunting outfit which I was then getting together. Lee knew English fairly well and I often chatted with him, though he had never spoken to me of his distinguished son, so that when I saw Choo walk into the shop and make



decorated for a native festival.



One large female broke from the herd and created considerable commotion before brought to a proper understanding of the situation by one of the trained tuskers.



Noosing the elephants in the kraal.

himself very much at home, I naturally asked about him; then Lee opened his heart, for he was very proud of the boy, and told me the whole story as I have told you.

Choo at once became a very interesting personality to me; on his own account for the unusual type of Asiatic he represented, and on my account because, having seen something of elephant catching in India, I wanted also to see the work of rounding up the elephants in the jungle preparatory to their being driven into the kraal at Ayuthia, the old Siamese capital, for what is called a "royal hunt," but what is really a method of adding laborers to the royal stables.

Lee comfortingly assured me he thought it could be arranged that I make a trip with Choo to the elephant encampment; and sure enough it came about in due course that as his Majesty, Phrâbât Somdet Phra Paramendr Mahâ Chulalongkorn Klou, otherwise and more briefly known as Chulalongkorn I, had commanded a royal hunt, Choo and I in season set out on our way up the river in a canoe, carrying no provisions, for we were to stop the nights *en route* with friends of the firm of Lee Boon Jew & Son.

Choo's journey to the jungle resembled the triumphant march of a popular toreador. 'Twas fortunate we had given ourselves ample time, for we tarried often and long; not that I objected, because I am always on the lookout for human documents, and this trip was full of them, many of them not altogether agreeable, but interesting; for these were the real people of Siam that I was seeing. Now, the real people of Siam are not always pleasant to live with; too many of them are poor, and dirty, notwithstanding the river flowing past the door: though, speaking of dirty things, it would be difficult to find water farther from its pure state than in these rivers which serve to sewer and to irrigate Siam. Also the houses as often as not are in wretched condition, for it seems to be traditional with the Siamese not to repair them, but when

they have tumbled about their ears, to vacate and build another: not a particularly expensive plan, since the house consists of loosely put together bamboo raised on stilts six to eight feet; and bamboo grows at everyone's back door in Siam.

Siamese food principally consists of dried, frequently rotted fish, and rice, done into curries which comprise a little of about every kind of condiment, and especially a very popular sauce called namphrik, a chutney-like and thoroughly mixed thing made of red pepper, shrimp, garlic, onions, citron, ginger, and tamarind seeds. The only reason for the fish being putrid is because the natives like it so, for fish are plentiful in the rivers and fishermen numerous, though their ways of catching are rather amusing and antique. One favorite method, borrowed from the Chinese, is beating the waters with long bamboo sticks to frighten the fish into an eight or ten foot squarish net which is lowered into the river from a framework on the bank by a system of wheels and ropes and pulleys, and hoisted up again when the catch is complete. I must confess that when the fish in the curry chanced to be dried instead of decayed, I found the concoction decidedly toothsome. In fact a really good curry is in a class apart, and one must go to India or the Far East to get it at its best. Sometimes the natives eat pork and oftentimes chicken, but for the most part, rice and the fish curry constitute their chief diet, supplemented by the fruit of the country, of which there are many kinds—mangosteen, mango, pineapple, banana, orange, bread fruit, and that most healthful and serving of all Siamese fruits, the papaya, which grows back from the water and is a greenish oval melon that suggests cantalope when opened.

We did not get really outside of Bangkok the first day of our up-river journey, as we spent the night at the home of one of Choo's admiring friends, in the center of a little floating community, where a "poey" was given in honor of The King's Mahout. Now a poey may take several different directions of hilarity, but is always an excuse for eating and gambling. The poey in honor of Choo appeared scheduled to include about everything on the entertainment catalogue. First was a feast which overflowed from the house of Choo's friend into adjoining ones, attended by two dozen men and women who

* The panung is a strip of cloth or silk three yards long and a yard broad. It is put on by a turn about the waist, the end being then carried between the legs and up through the waist and down through the legs again before fastened finally to the waist, to thus make a pair of loose, baggy knee breeches that, however, open up the back of the leg as the wearer walks. Fashioned in this way, the panung is worn by both men and women.



The tame tusker sometimes plays the role of bouncer.

sat in groups on the floors eating a loud smelling fish sauce with gusto—and with their fingers; neither wine nor spirits were in evidence—the Siamese as a rule sticking to water. Then came adjournment to the river bank, where on a raised platform, roofed, but open on its four sides, three girls danced and posed after the gracefully deliberate Siamese fashion, accompanied by the melodious, always quick time, though

dirge-like music of a small native orchestra. Nearby, and attracting at least an equal number of spectators was another platform level with the ground, where gambling proceeded industriously.

Siamese silver money seems to have been fashioned to meet the native passion for gambling. It ranges in value (gold) from six to seven cents up to sixty cents, and in shape, beginning at the sixty cent piece

which is called a tical, from about the size of a small marble with its four sides flattened, down to the size of a French pea. There is, as well, much copper money, also money made of glass and china, ranging to fractions of a cent. The favorite game is a species of roulette and the money is admirably suited to the rake of the croupier. Comparatively recently the government has been issuing flat ten cent silver pieces, and the extent of gambling is suggested by the great number of ten cent pieces coming to one in the ordinary course of the day's business, that have been cupped to facilitate their handling on the gaming board.

After four days on the Meinam we turned off on a smaller river somewhere below Ayuthia, and took a northeasterly direction through heavy foliage and more monkeys than I had ever seen. The first night we stopped at a house dilapidated rather more than ordinarily, where inside a lone old woman sat weaving a varied colored cloth, while outside on the veranda-like addition, which is practically half of every up-country Siamese abode, were a girl and a boy making water buckets and ornaments of bamboo.

I often wondered what these Far Eastern people would do without bamboo. It is



Thus handcuffed the captive is led away to the royal stables and toil.

everything in life to them. Bamboo grows in groves ranging from twenty to forty feet in height, though I have seen some higher, and varies in diameter according to the height from two to fifteen or sixteen inches. The tender shoots of the young bamboo are good eating, while the tree in its different sizes and conditions of growth provides a valuable article of export, the timber for house making, the fiber for mats, and baskets, and, in hollowed sections, is used for buckets, water pipes, and such things.

Another day's travel on the smaller river brought us to the encampment of the elephant catchers. Here I found about one hundred men, bared to the waist, and a score of tuskers in service, the men divided among a small colony of elevated bamboo houses, and the scattered elephants at graze in the surrounding jungle, wearing rattan hobbles around their feet, and a bell of hollow bamboo about their necks. This was what might be called the home camp, and preparations had been making in leisurely and truly Oriental fashion for the start toward the interior, but on the evening of our arrival all were stirred to a moderate state of excitement by a native bringing in the report, which he had got third hand, of a large white elephant seen in the jungle.

The day was in Siam when the lucky man who discovered a white elephant was raised to the rank of nobility, and in case of capture, very likely was given one of the king's gross of daughters in marriage. In the old days the catching of such an elephant was a signal for general holiday-making and feasting; nobles were sent to the jungle to guard it, and ropes of silk were considered the only suitable tether for an animal entitled to such deferential treatment.

When My Lord the Elephant had rested at the end of his silken tether sufficiently to have become reconciled to his encompassed condition and respectful man, he was taken in much glory to Bangkok, where, after being paraded and saluted, he was lodged in a specially prepared palace; he was sung to and danced before, given exalted titles, shaded by golden umbrellas and decorated with trappings of great value. In fact the white elephant was once made a great deal of, but never really worshiped, as some writers have declared. It is still very highly prized by

the king because of its rarity, and though capture is unusual enough to create excitement, yet popular rejoicing and honors for the catcher do not nowadays attend the event.

But the white elephants continue to stand unemployed in the royal stables at Bangkok, where western ideas are becoming evident in electric lighting and trolley cars. There were four in the royal stables at the time of my visit, leading lives of luxurious ease. The real local consequence of the white elephant rests in it being to Siam what the eagle is to America, the lion is to England—the national emblem. On a scarlet background it forms the Siamese imperial flag, and gives name to one of the highest orders of merit in the gift of the king.

So while the little colony of catchers in the jungle lost no sleep and missed no fish curry on account of the reported white elephant, which, let me say here, did not materialize, yet the movement toward the interior began on the day after our arrival. We moved slowly—very slowly, for the elephant normally does not travel over about four miles an hour—through heavy, rather open forest, and stretches of thinnish woodland, where the jungle undergrowth grew so dense even the elephants avoided it. Quite the most interesting jungle thing I saw on these several days' of inland travel was the Poh tree, sacred to the Siamese because, it is said, under its shade Buddha had his last earthly sleep.

At night we camped in groups; the mahouts in two, the beaters or scouts, who walked, in a dozen others. The whole formed a large circle, the inner part of which was covered with little bamboo platforms raised four or five feet above the ground for sleeping, while on an outer yet larger circle flamed the fires of each group, first for cooking, later as a danger signal to prowling beasts, and an inadequate protector against mosquitoes, of which there were myriads. Choo and I made a group of our own, and although the mahout did not exactly fill the rôle of servant to me, he did my cooking, and kept the fire burning. Outside the circle of fire in the nearby jungle grazed the hobbled elephants.

The King's Mahout had offered me a seat behind where he rode on the elephant's neck, with his knees just back of

its ears, but I preferred to walk, and was well repaid by the little side excursions I was thus able to make, and the various flying insects and birds, and many closer inspections afforded of small red deer. For a week we continued our northeasterly travel by day and our mosquito fighting by night, slowly drawing closer to the section where the scouts reported wild elephants in several herds; for always as we moved in the day the scouts kept well ahead, prospecting. Finally one night Choo made me understand that our outposts, so to say, were in touch with the enemy.

And now began the, to me, only interesting work of reconnoitering the elephants; of obtaining positive knowledge as to the number of herds, the location of each herd with relation to the surrounding country and to the other herds, the number of elephants in each—their size, and their apparent temper collectively and individually. Elephant catching in Siam differs quite materially in procedure and in difficulties from catching elephants in India, where also its economical value is appreciated. The Indian Government maintains an official department, with men well paid to study the ways of the elephant and the best method of catching and subsequently training them; which means training schools scattered over the country. In India no systematic attempt is made to consolidate two or more wild herds, but when the scouts have discovered one it is stealthily surrounded, and held together by a ring of men, two about every forty feet, who keep the elephants intact, as well as in control, by days of exploding guns, and nights of crashing gongs and blazing fires. Meanwhile a log keddah (corral) is building close at hand with all the speed possible to be got out of several hundred natives by a terribly earnest white headman who sleeps neither day nor night. In fact no one sleeps much in the few anxious days between surrounding the herd and constructing the corral. From two to four days are required to build the keddah, which when completed is an eight to ten foot high stockade formed of good-sized logs, one end planted firmly in the ground, and the whole securely bound together by rattan, thus enclosing about an acre of partially cleared jungle, with big trees left standing. Into this keddah,

through a funnel-shaped runway reaching to the human circle, the frightened, scrambling, grunting herd is urged by the beaters on tame elephants; once within, the wild elephants are noosed one by one by the legs and tied to trees by the catchers mounted on the tame elephants. All the while the human circle is in evidence around the outside of the keddah to help on the deception, played upon the huge beasts, that they cannot escape.

The native way of catching elephants both in India and in the Far East, is usually by the simple means of digging pitfalls along their routes to the rivers; for the elephant is a thirsty beast and when in herds makes beaten paths to water, always returning by the same way. Thus easily they fall into the waylaying pits, which are about eight feet wide on the top, six feet wide at the bottom and eight feet deep.

In Siam, catching elephants is a different and an easier game for several reasons; because (1) the region over which they roam is much more confined than in India, and (2) as the so-called hunt is a periodical event of many years standing, large numbers of jungle elephants have been rounded up and corralled so comparatively often as to have become semi-tame. Of course there are many in every drive that have not been corralled, and some that do not take kindly to the king's utilitarian and amusement making scheme. Aside from the white elephant, which is an albino, a freak, there are two varieties in Siam: a smallish kind with tusks, quite easily broken to work if not too old; and a larger, stronger, tuskless species that is not so easily handled, is something of a fighter and avoided in the royal hunt in favor of the smaller, some of which, however, carry ivory of splendid proportion. The Siamese elephant belongs, of course, to the Asiatic species, which in size both of body and tusks, is inferior to the African. Of the Asiatic, the Siamese averages neither so large as the Indian nor so small as the Malayan; and sometimes it has very respectably sized ivory. The largest tusk ever taken from a Siamese elephant measures 9 feet, 10½ inches in length, and 8 inches in diameter at the base, and is now in the Royal Museum at Bangkok. Incidentally I wish to say that almost never are tusks of the same length, one showing

usually more wear from root digging or tree stripping than the other.

So soon as the scouts brought back word of our being in touch with the herds, camp was pitched and the tame elephants hobbled; and then the entire force, spread out so that a full one hundred yards separated one man from another, made a painstaking and wide survey of the country within a five-mile radius. The camp and the scouts were kept some distance from where the elephants had been located, and withdrew from their immediate neighborhood so fast as others were discovered, because the elephant, being mostly nocturnal and hence with its senses of smell and touch very acutely developed to enable it to distinguish the various kinds of trees and shrubs upon which it feeds, would be warned by the man scent and move off. For that reason our advance party, through all the maneuvers of locating the elephants, became a thin brown line of scouts. It was not so difficult to find the elephants, moving casually in herds of varying sizes up hill and down, for they are very noisy and destructive; the difficulty was to escape detection, which, in this preliminary survey might result in frightening them away.

Working in this way the scouts had within two days located one fairly sized herd and two smaller ones, besides some scattered, making altogether about two hundred and forty. And this successful and rather speedy result was not to be credited entirely to their efforts on the present hunt; a large share being due the system in vogue. These men are more or less in touch with the elephants most of the time; in fact, in a measure they are to the elephant range what the cowboys are to the cattle range. In a large way the elephants are practically always under their eyes—not immediately of course, but they know where to find them and the direction of their migrations. Yet some times weeks and months are spent by these elephant catchers in rounding up and heading straying herds preparatory to starting the final gathering for the drive towards Ayuthia.

With the three herds located, perhaps five miles separating the one on the extreme north from the stragglers at the extreme south, the plan of consolidation was begun. For this purpose the thin

brown line stretched its two halves, one across the north and the other to the south of the herds, while the tame tuskers and their mahouts covered the east approach. As the big herd was at the south, the plan was to form a juncture by driving the two smaller ones and the scattering individuals down to the larger. Beginning unobtrusively, it was three days before the individuals had joined the smaller herds, and it took two days more before all these were headed south. Short as was the distance, it required six days longer to consolidate those herds; patient days and anxious nights, for the danger in elephant catching is the beast's nervous, fearful temperament which subjects him to ungovernable fits of panic. Romantic writers to the contrary notwithstanding, the elephant is a most undependable beast. Hence everything is done quietly, with no sudden movements to startle the elephants, or any unnecessary directness of approach. The entire movement in gathering scattered herds is furtive as much as the circumstances will allow. Once the elephants have been got together into one herd, the thin brown line of scouts becomes a circle with a human post and a lurid brush fire alternating every ten yards around its length; but no noise is made except in cases where elephants move too closely to the limits of the enclosure. Elephants have broken through and escaped, but rarely.

Choo's fitness for the post of head mahout was evident from the day of leaving the home camp back on the little river; but only when the drive of the consolidated herd toward Auythia began, did his consummate skill manifest itself. His handling not only of his own elephant, but his executive ability in placing the other elephants, and the beaters, made perfectly easy of comprehension why he had advanced so rapidly among his fellows. Although he was kind to his elephants, Choo never showed them the slightest affection; holding them under the strictest discipline and exacting instant obedience under penalty of severe punishment. A trainer of reputation with whom in my boyhood days I was on terms of daily intercourse, once told me that there are two things you must never do with an elephant if you wish to control him: First, never disappoint him, and second, never show

him any affection, as the animal's own regard for you will be sure to diminish in proportion as you are demonstrative. Certainly Choo achieved brilliant success with just such methods. Often, however, he talked to his elephant, sometimes encouragingly, sometimes sharply, as the occasion warranted, but never affectionately. His usual tone was a complaining one, and though I could not understand what he said, I have heard him for several minutes at a time in an uninterrupted high-pitched oratorical effort, which suggested a father reading the riot act to a sluggard son. Perhaps it was my imagination—and at all events I don't offer it as a contribution to the new school of animal story-tellers—but it always seemed to me that Choo's mount showed unmistakable contrition in the, as it appeared to me, absurdly abashed expression which came into his face, and the droopiness of the pendant trunk. Often I went into roars of laughter at sight of Choo leaning over the elephant's ear solemnly lecturing, while the beast blinked its uninviting little pig eyes. At such times The King's Mahout included me in the tale of woe he confided to his elephant's great flopping ear. Always Choo wore an amulet of jade and now that he had doffed his yellow silk jacket and, like the others, wore a cotton panung, and, more often than not, bare upper body, I noticed that he also wore around his neck a tiny human image of a kind I had seen Buddhist priests making of tree roots and selling to ease native superstition.

Choo's plan of driving the herd was masterful; there was no confusion, nor any sign to indicate the task a difficult one. Perhaps a quarter mile area was occupied by the gathered elephants when the final drive began, and it was not possible from one side of the herd to see the other in the jungle. Choo placed four of his largest elephants, two at each opening, as extreme western outposts of the driving line, and somewhat closer to the herd. The remaining elephants were divided among the north and south sides and the rear, with more of them at the sides than in the rear, where on the contrary were the most beaters. So far as I could see, the only apparent anxious moment was in getting the herd started, and that was finally accomplished by half a dozen tame

elephants taking positions at the head of the lot. In fact, Choo kept several of the tame huskers at the head of the herd, throughout the drive to the river. Sometimes the elephants would move right along as though really traveling somewhere; again they fed along leisurely, scattered over the considerable enclosure inside the driving lines. Sometimes several would come against one side of the driving line and be startled into sudden retreat, or stand in questioning attitude before backing into the main body. But always the herd moved on, day and night, though sometimes not over five miles would be covered in twelve hours. It was a leisurely saunter, but never a moment did Choo relax his vigilance.

There was not the amount of trumpeting some of us have been led to believe. Once in a while the shrill trunk call of fear would be heard, but more often the low mouth note, a sort of grunting or questioning sound, and not at all on the drive toward the river was heard the throat roar of rage. It was, in fact, because of Choo's generalship and individual skill, a very well behaved herd of elephants that pursued its snail-like course river-wards without accident.

On the tenth day Choo brought the herd to the jungle at the river's edge just in front of Ayuthia, and early the following morning four Siamese imperial flags floated above the kraal as signal for him to begin the final drive into the enclosure. Instantly the camp was in a buzz of serious-faced preparation for the final, and in some respects the most difficult, stage of the elephant catching; weeks of patient toil and a successful drive might be lost by a mishap in getting the herd across the river and remaining couple of miles. The King's Mahout prepared for the test with the apparent confidence and thoroughness that had stamped all his work on the drive. First he put two men on each of his score of tame elephants, the second carrying a bamboo pole; then he sent three of the tuskers thus equipped into the side of the herd nearest the river. These made their way slowly, never hurriedly, yet always unswervingly among the wild ones, cutting out a group of eight which they headed riverwards. Then two other tuskers entered the herd and began similar tactics; and simultaneously

the tuskers guarding the outer circle, and the beaters crowded forward. Sometimes one of the wild ones, being moved outside of the herd in the lead, would escape and return. Then shone out in bold relief Choo's unflinching grasp of his business. There would be no chasing of that escaped elephant, no hustling movement by anyone to suggest that the unusual had occurred; but three other mounted tuskers would work into and through the herd in apparent aimlessness, yet always toward the truant. The escaped one might shift about among its fellows, might dodge, but sooner or later it found itself between two of the tuskers, with the third at its stern; and eventually it was back whence it had broken away, all without fuss or excitement by either the tuskers or the mahouts on their backs. Sometimes an hour would be consumed returning such a one; but the return was certain.

Choo knew, with the river once in sight, at least half his troubles would be over, for elephants take to water like ducks; so he maintained the arrangement of beaters and the several tuskers in the lead, the lot traveling at not more than a mile an hour, until the bank was reached, where the tuskers slipped to one side and the entire herd was soon in the river, bathing and blowing water through their trunks, to indicate in elephantine way their joy of living. With spectators on the banks and afloat in numberless small craft, the drive out of the river into the wings running down to the kraal entrance is always a critical period, so Choo permitted the herd to wallow and squirt water over themselves to their heart's content; for nearly an hour in fact. Then he placed fully half his tuskers at the head of the herd and with the remainder covering its rear, began the move toward the kraal, less than a quarter mile distant. Happily for Choo the elephants had been made content and moved forward, following the tuskers unhesitatingly out onto the bank, despite the fact that all Ayuthia and many besides were holiday making within a few hundred yards. As the herd swung along ponderously into the funnel-shaped enclosure, which is made of massive twelve foot high posts firmly planted every two feet and leads directly to the gate of the kraal, Choo withdrew from the lead to the

rear all save two of the tame elephants. Still the herd moved along peacefully until a big female, with its little calf walking almost concealed under the mother's stomach, endeavored to break back from the side, and made quite a commotion when checked as she reached the rear guard. Although no general panic resulted, the row appeared to get on the nerves of the elephants, whose questioning, expectant expression of countenance suggested painful timorousness. As the herd neared the kraal, getting more compact all the time in the narrowing runway, the elephants appeared to sense a trap, crowding together and breaking into groups against the heavy posts, so that Choo had to bring up several of his tuskers whose mahouts prodded the obstreperous into harmony. It was pretty much of a rough-and-tumble scramble at the kraal gate, large enough to admit only one at a time. Perhaps a third of the herd followed the leading tame tuskers into the kraal, but the remainder got jammed, and the ensuing scene of confusion and wild endeavor to get somewhere, tested the rear guard to its limits and must have given The King's Mahout at least a few uncomfortable moments. At length, however, the kraal gate closed on the last elephant, and Choo had brought his part of the royal hunt to a successful conclusion.

The Ayuthia elephant kraal was built over one hundred years ago, not long after the seat of the Siamese Government had been moved from this ancient capital to Bangkok. It is an enclosure about two hundred feet square, surrounded by a brick wall averaging perhaps fourteen to fifteen feet in thickness, with a height of nine feet. On each side is a parapet forming an excellent promenade under the shade of some large trees.

About twenty feet inside the brick wall is a smaller enclosure made of huge teak logs, planted firmly, so as to leave about space enough between each two for a man to squeeze through, and standing above the ground full twelve feet. In the center of the kraal is a little house strongly surrounded by logs, which sometimes the superintendent in charge uses to direct the selection of elephants to be caught, and sometimes becomes a house of refuge; and always it serves to break

up the herd rounded about it. Three sides of this great square are reached by steps and open to the public. Along one side of the wall and over the center of it is a covered platform which holds the royal box, and more democratic accommodations for natives of nobility and foreigners. There are two entrances to the enclosure, both guarded by very strong heavy timber gates hung on pins from crossbeams above, which, closed, reach below the ground level, where they fit into a groove. Opened, they make an inverted V, just large enough to permit the passage of one elephant at a time.

The attitude of a herd when first it realizes that it has been trapped and cannot escape, varies according to the temperaments of its members, and is enlightening, not to say enlivening, at times, to the onlooker. For the herd which without serious opposition has permitted itself to be taken from its jungle and driven, uttering scarcely an objection through days and nights, when once in the kraal, throws off its good manners and becomes rampant. Some fight the posts, some fight one another; in groups they surge against the stout sides of the enclosure, grunting prodigiously, and wherever a venturesome spectator shows a head between the posts, it is charged. Not all the herd are so violent. Some show their perturbation by thrusting their trunks down into their stomach reservoir and drawing forth water which they squirt over their backs; others express contempt for things generally, by making little dust piles which they blow over everything in sight, including their own legs; some utter the mouthing low note; some rap the ground with their trunks, which let out several peculiar rattling crackling high notes. The calves squeak through their little trunks shrilly and frequently.

The programme extends over three days; on the first, after the herd is corralled, the head mogul of the royal stables points out the young elephants to be caught; on the second the selected captives are noosed, and on the third day the remaining elephants are driven out and across the river and into the jungle to wander at will, unguarded until such time as His Majesty issues commands for another royal hunt.

The most interesting feature of the

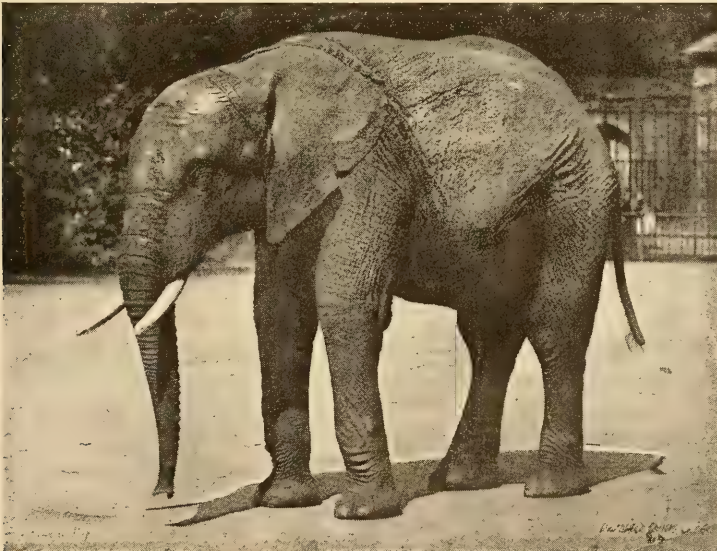
performance in the kraal is the work of the trained elephants. You would never think from the peaceful, open countenance of the trained tusker, that he is in league with the men on his back. He is the most casual thing you can imagine, sidling up to the victim in manner unpremeditated and entirely friendly. It is the same unhurried, unfailing work he did in the jungle under the eye of Choo, who is now no doubt viewing proceedings critically from the covered platform. Sometimes a cantankerous elephant is looking for a fight; and then the tusker is a business-like and effective bouncer, and such "rough house" as results on this occasion you have not elsewhere seen. The tusker moves not swiftly but with overwhelming momentum, and not infrequently an offender is sent quite off its feet surprised and wiser, rolling in the dust.

The actual catching consists in slipping the noose, held at the end of the bamboo prod by the second mahout, over the elephant's foot, when it is at once pulled taut, and the end attached to the tame tusker's rattan girdle let go, to be subsequently, as occasion offers, carried by a dismounted mahout to the edge of the enclosure, where other attendants fasten it to the post, and take in the slack as the captive is pushed back by the tuskers. When the victim is snubbed fairly close to the post comes the putting on of the rattan collar, which is accomplished by the mahouts while two tame elephants hold the victim between them. With the collar lashed on, the captive is butted out through the gate, where he is pinned between the tuskers and fastened to them by the collars they also wear for this very purpose. Then, thus handcuffed, with noose rope trailing and a third elephant behind to keep him moving, the captive is carried off to the stables and securely tied up. And that is the last of that elephant's liberty.

Sometimes the mahout drops to the ground under cover of his tusker and slips the noose; and it is not so easy as it reads. The elephant's foot must be caught off the ground before the noose is thrown, and sluggish as he seems, the elephant kicks like chain lightning; and the kick of a mule is a love pat by comparison. It is a curious but substantiated fact that, while at times there is much fighting, with mahouts, tame tuskers and the wild ele-

phants in mixed *mêlée*, it is rare that a mahout, so long as he is mounted, is injured. Although the mahouts could easily be pulled off their perch, the wild elephants never make even an attempt to do so in the kraal; but the dismounted mahout needs to look out for both trunk and feet. Accidents are rare, although sometimes when the elephants are being driven out one will break away and require a great deal of prodding and rough handling before brought back into line. Sometimes in little groups of twos or threes elephants will rush at the shifting spectators who crowd near them; for the Siamese are rather fond of running up by way of a dare, to an elephant coming out of the narrow gateway, and dodging its short-lived pursuit before the mahouts head it back into the herd. This is not so dangerous a game as it seems, for the elephant is by no means the swiftest thing on earth and a man can easily dodge it if the ground is smooth and firm. Yet fatal accidents have occurred to the over-confident who did not dodge fast enough. And there have been times, too, when, enraged at their failure to catch the tormentor, the elephants have wreaked their vengeance on nearby fences or buildings or anything happening to be within reach.

The process of elephant catching in India as well as in Siam tends to rather undermine one's settled notions of elephant sagacity, and to create instead the feeling that a lot of sentimental tommy rot and misleading, ignorantly conceived animal stories, have been put forth about My Lord, the elephant. The literal truth is that the elephant, for all its reputed intelligence, is driven into places that no other wild animal could possibly be induced to enter, is, in its native jungle, held captive within a circle through which it could pass without an effort, and bullied into uncomplaining obedience by a force the smallest fraction of its own numbers. Part of this is, no doubt, due to its exceedingly suspicious nature; the other part to its lack of originality, to which latter defect, however, its notable amenability to discipline is attributable. Apropos of amenability Sanderson records mounting and taking out of the keddah, unaccompanied by a tame elephant, a female on the sixth day after her capture; and I saw on the lower coast of Siam an elephant, that had been captured in a pitfall by natives three weeks previously, rowed out on two lashed sampans to a small coasting steamer and successfully made to kneel that it might get through the port door between decks.



The African Elephant.

Copyright photographic study by Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.



Passing the Time of Day.

Photo by A. B. Phelan.

TWENTIETH CENTURY DEER HUNTING

By T. S. VAN DYKE

IN the saddle at four o'clock and miles into the hills by the time it was light enough to shoot—such were the requirements, for now the deer has learned what settlement means and is well up on modern rifles, and, though he still lingers on the open slopes where his fathers spent so many blissful days, it is only in the night. If you find fresh tracks in the low hills that break away from the higher and more rugged ranges they will probably lead you a weary trip far beyond where once you could find the game dozing away the day beneath nodding live oak, from which he could gaze upon the sweeping plain. If you will dally with these tracks the best part of the morning will be gone before you can find where the game is, and the chances are that then it will no longer be on foot, but hidden in the depths of the chaparral in some secluded glen where it can hear your step afar and lie still with perfect confidence that you will never get near enough to see before it can sneak away.

One of the venerable tricks of the mule deer of this country is retiring into the heavy cover very early in the morning and remaining there during the whole of the day. During the full of the moon, when they are on foot most of the night and well fed before daylight, they are so certain to do this that it is almost useless to hunt. Especially is this so in the early part of the summer. There is little trouble in finding fresh tracks enough at daylight, straggling, too, in a manner that shows the deer are on the point of lying down for the day. Yet the more certain you become that they cannot be more than a few hundred feet away the more you are overcome with wonder at your inability to see one or even hear one run. If patient enough to work out a single track you may possibly start a deer just near enough to see or hear but not near enough to see long enough for a shot. I have had them almost throw the dust in my face from their plunging hoofs, yet could see no hair long enough to make sure of getting the rifle sights upon it. But even seeing one

in this way is the rare exception; for the deer instead of waiting until they are certain you see them, more often sneak off with silent step and lowered head, so that while you are wondering where they are, they may be but a few yards away knowing they are perfectly safe. For the evergreen robe of lilac, manzanita, and buckthorn that covers much of the hills of California is so dense and stiff that a man makes slow progress in it, while deer, that can crawl under a fence about as readily as leap it, find it almost as easy as the open.

Formerly the deer confined this trick mostly to the early part of the season, and as summer waned moved about more in the open and remained on foot longer during the day so that even the tenderfoot had a chance of seeing one. But now the game plays it still later in the season, so that without a good dog it is often impossible to rouse one from a very small patch of brush—even a single acre being often enough to enable the largest buck to amuse himself all day at your expense although it may be nowhere as high as your head. To drive deer out of such a place a fast dog is of little use unless there are enough in the party to guard most of the surrounding ridges and saddles as well as the deep gulches that break away below. For deer have here no established runways but dash and smash through anything, plunging into the roughest and steepest ravines, clattering through piles of rock and clearing big bowlders as gaily as a circus horse leaping hurdles. And a fast dog often loses his scent from the heat and dryness of the air and is always hard to restrain until the proper time comes. The only reliable dog for such work is a slow tracking hound, or a bird dog trained to point deer the same as birds, neither of which should ever be allowed to chase a crippled deer, no matter how great your anxiety to secure it. Deer are now too scarce to keep such a dog in training, so that a young collie and a dachshund that were with us to take their first lessons were of no use.

The consequence of this change in the

habits of the deer is that one should first find in what portion of the hills certain deer are ranging. Early in the season their daily range is seldom over a mile from a common center and often much less, so that in a range of several square miles there might be a dozen bunches of deer, each keeping on its particular tract of rough ground with few or no tracks between. We had to explore a long range for several days before finding what we wanted—a big buck. And we succeeded in locating him so late in the day that we could not move our camp that evening to his vicinity as we should have done, so as to avoid the long ride before daylight.

About the time the rocky islands of the Pacific began to rise clear cut from the shimmering floor of water far below us, we found fresh tracks of our game leading back into the rougher hills where the ridges that ran toward the ocean broke from the main chain. Here we left the horses and went afoot. But though we had located the whereabouts of our game we were still a long way from seeing it. By the time the sun was up the deer were likely to be in cover or very near it and the amount of brush was so great that even with high ridges to look down from it was much like looking for a flea in a Persian rug. The only reliable way was to track them and the tracks were winding about so much that it would take too long time to work out the crooked trails they had made here and there. Tracking without snow is never easy, especially after a dry, clear night with nothing to dampen the surface of the open ground and make tracks plain at a distance by causing a change in the shade of the light that plays from them. We had to track by cutting off—that is, to spread out and by circling around on the sides find first where the deer had not gone and thus narrow up to where they were. By so doing we avoided being together, which three should never be in still hunting; two in a party are bad enough. After circling several patches of brush and examining the tops of several ridges, with the connecting saddles and the sides of the gulches that broke away below, we met to compare notes, and decided that the deer were to the northeast. We then went off on the sides again, but soon came together to decide that they had not gone off on either side and that the

trail was somewhere in the center. In the thirty-five years I have been hunting deer, I have never seen a meeting to compare notes more fortunate. For scarcely had we started to go ahead when that curve of brownish grey that so quickly brings the rifle from one's shoulder gleamed scarce one hundred yards away, followed by the smashing of brush and the thump of plunging hoofs that tells so truly the lofty spring of the mule deer in full headway.

"It's a doe," I yelled, for I was the highest on the hillside and had the best view. It ran with almost perpendicular jumps straight away up the opposite hillside, giving the greater part of its length as a margin for the sights of the rifles to play on; yet not a rifle was raised though the temptation was extreme. We had spent days in sifting the big hills to find in what portion the slippery game was keeping, for there is now little use in wandering at random over them in hopes of seeing something, as could once be done. Our business also required some immediate vension and for all we knew this was our last chance for a shot. We had, all our lives, been in the habit of shooting at anything we wished and at any time of year. It is quite incredible, I know, but we actually held our rifles down and let that doe bound away in plain sight. No, it was no grand moral exhibition. The motive was not lofty sentiment, but only plain business. We had deliberately made up our minds that the time had come for us to keep the laws for which we ourselves had been most loudly clamoring. Hunters are becoming so numerous that the old-time way will no longer do, and if we are to have anything to hunt we must recognize the fact that we are living in an age vastly different from that in which our best years were spent.

Just as this deer vanished through the green sumac that fringed the crest of the ridge beyond, another sprang from almost the same place where the first had risen. Though it took a different course, I could plainly see it and called out:

"Another doe."

Just then the collie broke away from his master and started after this second doe as she went up a rising piece of ground in plain sight. Instead of making her run faster the lively yelping of the dog only

made her stop, prick up her ears and look back upon her trail. Only her neck and head were visible above low brush which hid the dog entirely. But his yelping was so much like that of a coyote, of which these mule deer have no fear, that she must have mistaken him for one. Otherwise it is impossible to account for her action. I have seen deer play before slow dogs many a time both East and West, but they generally run a piece and then wait for the dog to come up. This deer, however, actually started out to hunt the dog, which had lost the scent in the hot sun and dry air after a run of some seven miles behind the horses, so that he could not locate the deer exactly, and as she made no noise he could not locate her by sound. So he ran round and round in a circle trying to catch the scent, with the deer in the center running out here and there like the spokes of a wheel, trying to get sight of him and paying no attention to us, who were in plain sight not over a hundred and fifty yards away. Finally she broke away and skipped gaily up the slope with the dog in full chase, for he could now follow by the sound of her plunging hoofs. Then he suddenly lost her trail and went whimpering about in semi-circles to find it, whereupon she stopped, looked back at him in a very inquiring manner and walked back several steps to find him. Then with lofty bound she smashed through some heavy brush to the top of the ridge, over which she disappeared. But in another moment she came in sight on a connecting ridge while the dog was laboring up the slope with despondent yelps. Here she seemed disappointed at his non-arrival and actually walked back several yards to look for him, acting in all respects like a deer that had been raised with a dog and had played with him for years. The rest of the play was spoiled by the glitter of big horns and the beamy grey of a deer's late summer hair rising into a lofty arch at about the same place from which the first deer had sprung. Fearing that the other two, who were lower down the hill, might not see it I called out:

"There's the buck."

Nothing better illustrates the slyness of this mule deer and his ability to outwit the keenest mortal than the action of this buck. The first doe had been running in

plain sight for fully a minute with all three of us talking about what a fine shot it would make. The second one was in sight and playing with the dog fully five minutes. During that time the dog was yelping his best, and we were laughing and talking in our loudest tones. I have known deer lie still with the same amount of noise much nearer, in fact so close that one could almost touch them, but in each case it was a single deer or, where it was a group, as a doe and fawns, all lay still. But it is very seldom that one will remain after the rest have run, yet this old buck knew well enough that we did not see him and was lying still in the expectation that we never would. We had concluded he had gone his way leaving these does behind, probably in quest of other fair friends, for deer are often fickle; and that being so, these does would no doubt take the same course, the sound of their plunging hoofs sending him flying long before we could come in sight. Consequently we thought the hunt ended and were standing with rifle on our shoulders and talking and laughing over the deer and dog. Why a deer often changes his mind when he has a good enough certainty on hand can be explained when one can tell why man does the same. Perhaps this one became uneasy after finding the does gone and concluded they knew best how to dodge us, as some men consult their wives in business. Or he might have been so intensely human as to share their fate whatever it might be. Whatever it was there was enough of the human element in it to suit the most exacting city snipe who wants nature spoiled by dragging "the human element" into the middle of her best pictures.

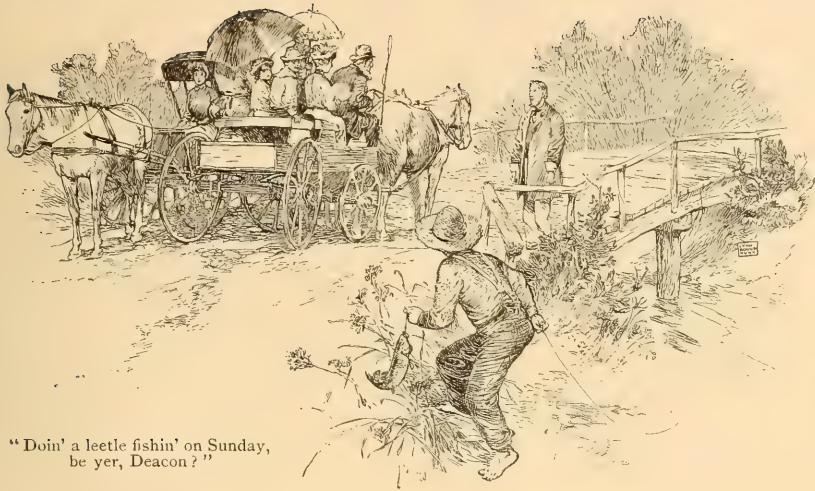
Out he came in a whirl of grey tinged with brown, fat and shiny as an army mule, with big, brown horns pointing forward over his black nose. By contrast with his black forehead his white cheeks and the white necktie around his throat seemed almost snowy in the brilliant sunlight, which glistened on his broad swelling back and even on the tawny legs grouped close beneath him as he swung high over the brush at the first bound. As I called out "there's the buck" I whirled the rifle over from my shoulder and it dropped beautifully into place with the front sight sparkling full upon the proper spot ahead

of and below the big shoulder at about the right place for the ball to meet his onward dash by the time it should arrive on his course. Only a dull click followed the fall of the hammer. Why the one bad cartridge out of a million happens to get in the rifle at such an important time is one of the mysteries of the field. As I sent that cartridge flying high over my head and another from the magazine into the barrel, fire opened all along the line. Anyone of us could have done better alone, for no amount of experience will enable one to shoot a rifle with perfect coolness in the presence of others, as may generally be done with the shot-gun. Moreover we had seen so many big bucks slip out of sight into some little gulch, twist around some rock, or vanish through a bush just about the time we thought we had a certain shot on open ground, that we did not incline to take any chances even although the brush on the hillside along which he was running broadside was not very heavy. So each staked his hopes on speed of fire and for a few seconds there was a slam-bang-rattlety-bang from three repeaters that sent the dust flying in red puffs from the hillside all around the glistening undulation of the deer's flight. But at almost the first rattle he slackened the proud pace at which he led off, the glittering tines drooped from their place on high, and the curve of his thick neck was no more like that of the sculptor's warhorse. Still he struggled nobly on, but the high sweeping bounds sank fast to a broken canter, and that changed quickly to a limping trot and then, with horns tossing proudly aloft in a last effort, he sank back out of sight as the seventh ball struck him fair in the shoulder.*

* The weight of deer is a matter of much dispute and of great interest to many. The following figures can be relied on. This was the first deer I ever actually weighed, a pair of steelyards being on a tree at the first house we came to. I have, like others, guessed at many. I guessed twenty pounds too low on this one. Thoroughly dressed and without the shanks this buck weighed one hundred and sixty one pounds. As he was very fat inside he must have weighed as he stood very near two hundred. The fat showed plainly that he had fallen off and as June is the climax of fatness here he probably weighed then ten or even fifteen pounds more. I have seen larger bucks than this but not many. It was an average big buck of the mule deer variety as found in Southern California and Mexico. I have bagged several that would probably go twenty or even thirty pounds more but it was from excess of fat rather than difference in size. I have seen eastern deer that would weigh as much as the very largest of these and probably a little more. But that was also from ex-

To many it will seem incomprehensible that, with this one buck, we should have felt repaid for nearly a week's hunt. But we had all reached that stage in the life of a sportsman when he cares very little whether he kills anything or not. In that stage there is more real enjoyment than in any other. I never saw the time when I cared a cent for records or anything of the sort and have always despised the "trophy" business which too often means beastly murder. I never kept a head or a skin of any kind in my life, or made an entry in a game record. I never had an Indian or a guide hunt any game for me to pull the trigger on, and would far rather do the hunting and let the Indian pull the trigger. But I did have a weakness for shooting at more game than I could utilize, though I never shot a pound of anything to throw away. If I was not where I could give it away I have always let it go. But I have outgrown even this, and I find many others the same. What we wanted on this hunt was not that particular bit of meat or that head of horns, but to know whether we could get that buck or he get us. The pleasure in resolving this problem begins with the very first attempt to play your wits against the wits of the game. For this purpose anything like deer in a park or preserve would simply have disgusted us. Anything that could be pointed out by a "gillie" would have sickened us instantaneously. The very scarcity of the deer is an element in the sport, where not too great, and the remote rough and brushy ground on which our campaign had to be conducted, added to the difficulty of tracking on dry ground, all of which would have seemed so disheartening to the mere "trophy" hunter and so ridiculous to the "record" hunter, only intensified our pleasure. It may not be modesty to say that this is the highest type of sportsmanship, but it is what the revolving years will bring one to unless he is a market hunter. And whether creditable or not, it is what the twentieth century hunter will have to rely on for amusement unless he wants to play butcher in a park.

cess of fat. One that will dress one hundred and fifty pounds without being extra fat is a good deer anywhere.



"Doin' a leetle fishin' on Sunday,
be yer, Deacon?"

WHEN THE DEACON FISHED ON SUNDAY

By WILL HUTCHINS

THE bell in the little white meeting-house in the valley was tolling out its last warning to tardy worshippers. Even the ancient vehicle containing the seven souls of the Peters household, who were always the last to get to church, had already disappeared over the hill, and the dust raised by its passing had quite settled on the sumacs and birches beside the road. Perhaps the minister himself was late, for the tolling seemed unusually prolonged.

At any rate so it appeared to one person, for whom the unchanging flight of time was swift indeed on ordinary days of hayrides or berrying, but to-day woefully slow. For John Ebenezer Griggs, left at home with a toothache, was debarred from the spiritual uplift of the sermon, the droning hymns, and the almost insuperable drowsiness produced by the odor of meadow hay drifting in through the church windows, or perchance the humming of a June-bug over the heads of the congregation. Accordingly, left to his own devices, he must meet in his own strength the ills of the flesh. But there is no loss without some small gain, and life seemed by no means wholly dark to John as he gazed with satisfaction at his bare feet and thought with pity of his comrades who worshipped under disadvantage in shoes and stockings; aye, and even jackets, although the weather was hot. "Pilgrim's

Progress" and the family bible shared with the household bottle of celebrated extract the task of soothing the troubled member; and the former were calculated to supply help to the soul no less than to the body. If rightly taken, indeed, to be almost equivalent to the Sunday service in benefit derivable therefrom. Nature worship, however, has its votaries even in Puritan New England.

And so the red squirrel who persisted in disregarding the Sabbath and played hide-and-seek with himself all day in the big chestnut opposite the house, found in John an interested spectator. And then a flock of crows stalked knowingly about the pasture, but with an ill-fitting dignity, like rogues in purple, and offered food for reflection. For when did any bird demand more attention than the crow, and when did any bird deserve or repay it less? But John's gaze was finally diverted towards the brook, and just in time to see, in the edge of the haylot beyond, a brown bunch move in an undulating motion for a few yards. A woodchuck! John knew him of old, and he knew, too, that the brown bunch was far, too far, away from his hole. If one were swift enough, the hole might be reached in time to bar out its rightful owner, and the wily woodchuck would be forced to take refuge in the stone wall, where his capture would be inevitable. The temptation was irresist-

ible. But the woodchuck was well underground before John had fairly crossed the bridge. Distances are deceptive, these warm summer days.

Disappointed and puffing from his run, he must needs pause on his way back to look down into the brook from the bridge-rail. For one should never cross a brook without looking into it. Alas! All brooks are of the earth, earthy. We always look down at them, and no man of us except Isaac Walton ever found spiritual good there; perhaps he was only trying to persuade himself that it was right to fish so much. Under the bridge the brook had formed a famous deep pool, gliding from the yellow sand at one side to the cool depths among the black rocks directly underneath the roadway. Suckers! Three, four, five, and they had stopped right under the bridge. And one was a big one, "most two pound," as John observed to himself. Instinctively his hand went to his trousers pocket. Thank fortune, the detested Sunday trousers were safe in the closet at home, and the every-day articles with full equipment now graced his legs. With a chuckle he produced a hook and line, weighted with a strip of lead, the whole wound upon an alder stick. A piece of turf torn hurriedly from the bank produced a worm, and lo, the outfit was complete.

But how to get at the suckers was the next question. To reach them from either side was impossible, but if a line could be dropped directly from above, success was sure to follow. And why not? The cracks between the planks were wide enough to put the bait through, and soon the worm was squirming temptingly before the nose of the largest sucker. But the sucker is not usually a carnivorous fish, and this one betrayed no signs of an appetite for a diet of worms.

John discovered, after some minutes, that the bridge was a very hot place. Then he painfully recalled that he had a toothache, and the fact became a prominent figure in his field of consciousness.

In spite of the excitement of the piscatorial art, his pleasure-pain concomitant leaned strongly to the pain side. He shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He kneeled down and surveyed the bottom of the pool. The suckers were still there, but the worm, formerly so active, had become more motionless than the fish

themselves. John kicked the planks restlessly. A small pebble rolled through the crack, and dropped almost on the very nose of the largest sucker. The great fish moved lazily, slipped forward an inch, hesitated, and then sucked in the bait. John felt a twitch, then a tug, and he knew that his fish was hooked. With a squeal of uncontrolled joy he pulled in the line feverishly, hand over hand, till the sucker hung splashing above the water. Horrors! Alas for a lack of foresight! He who fishes on Sunday must expect a retribution. The sucker was some ten times larger in diameter than the widest part of the crack.

The sermon was a long one. And the excessive labors of the week in the hay-field had so fatigued the worthy deacon, Ezekiel Griggs, that he was wholly unfitted for considering sobriety as a temperate virtue, upon which subject the minister had prepared a discourse convincing if not stirring. And while for an indefinitely long period of time the ancient bleak walls had resounded with periods as round as the deacon's bald head, summoning the evidences of history, the testimony of the holy-writ, and the careers of just men made perfect, as incontrovertible proof of the excellence of sobriety, so long had the deacon slept the sleep of the just. What need had he, forsooth, for admonition! Well had it been if the Peters girls had paid more heed to the sermon, for the lesson of the day held a message for them. But they, heedless, had been occupied only with amusement, watching the deacon's head tilt ever farther back, and his cadaverous face grow longer and longer as his jaw dropped in sleep.

When the sermon was finally ended and the worshipping body dismissed, the deacon had no mind for lingering about the place, as did some, exchanging in current idiom of the realm the mental stock-in-trade, mostly small wares, which even a discourse on sobriety could not dispel. And since Mrs. Griggs was of a dutiful disposition toward her lord and master.

On the way out of church he, the deacon chanced to overhear from some irreverent villager that potatoes were bringing sixty cents a peck in the city. This fact had seized his attention, and after a brief con-

scientious struggle, he had allowed it to remain undisturbed, nay, he even flirted with it, and finally took it into his very heart of hearts. Mrs. Griggs and her four-year-old daughter sat behind him in the two-seated buggy, the former keeping up a silent continuation of the sermon, with added local color, the latter wondering intently what would become of the clouds if they should burst through the sky and get away. The absence of John from his accustomed Sabbath place beside his father completed the list of circumstances which made the deacon's ride homeward almost devoid of Sunday character. Potatoes at sixty cents a peck! What a rare chance! But even at such a price, potatoes were not food for Sabbath reflection.

So it happened that as the deacon drove over the brow of the hill, and perceived a youthful figure writhing on the bridge, he experienced no surprise. It was no unusual sight for him to see his son and heir, with brown bare legs and nondescript trousers, in close communion with the brook. Sixty cents a peck for potatoes had lent an unwonted cheerfulness to his mind: he could just remember fishing in the brook himself on just such a day, in far-off boyhood time, and potatoes brought only twenty cents then.

John looked up with fright at the sound of a team approaching. The first conception of the awfulness of his crime blanched his tanned face and made his knees to shake for very terror. He said nothing, but simply held his line and looked at the bridge, studying the arrangement of the nails with great care. The sucker had been allowed the questionable relief of swimming about just below the surface.

Mrs. Griggs was paralyzed with surprise. She had not seen her boy until they were upon him. Accustomed to make no laws or comments in the presence of John's father, she said nothing, but waited in awful suspense to hear a rebuke as stern as it was well deserved. Miss Griggs alone was in her right mind. The wine of life had not so far evaporated for her that she was aware of any harm in fishing on Sunday. It seemed a delightful innovation. She was prepared to meet the situation with a calmness which re-

quired all of her mother's sternest discipline in self-control to equal.

"Waal, Johnnie, my boy, what yer got there?"

John's countenance brightened visibly, for the tone was not a harsh one.

"Big sucker, but I couldn' get 'im through the bridge."

"Sixty cents a peck," thought the deacon, and leaped lightly forth. John trembled.

"Yew gimme th' line, an' yew wade in below th' bridge and grab hold of it, when I leggo."

John hastened to obey, stumbling over his own feet in the stress of his emotion.

"Waal neow, he's a buster, I tell yeow, nigh onter tew pound, by Gum!" An idle word adds no grace to Sabbath breaking. *Facilis descensus averni*. The deacon at this moment heard a team rattling over the hill, and looked up. The Peters' outfit was bearing down on them. In the same glance he saw his wife, pale and with firm-set lips and eyes glistening with tears. *It was Sunday!*

He dropped the line, but John caught it below as planned, and returned triumphant with his sucker. At last!

The deacon simply could not look unconscious; he was too old to learn to act; a life long sincerity could not be shaken off in a single instant.

"Whoa," drawled pater-familias Peters. "Doin' a leetle fishin' on Sunday, be yer, Deacon?"

"No, I hain't, an' yeow knew it, Bill Peters!"

Anger, discourtesy, and untruth, come hand in hand with Sabbath-breaking.

"Humph! G'lang," said Peters.

There are melancholy things enough in life which we have to contemplate, whether or no, without prying into the sad and secret histories of other people's domestic infelicities. Here let us draw a curtain of ignorance over facts unpleasant to contemplate. Was the deacon's fall from grace any excuse for allowing John's youthful but pernicious error to go unpunished? Certainly not. And yet the deacon was not without a sense of the beauty of mercy.

"He shall hev a bicycle, by Gum," said he to his wife, always his confessor; "n't sarves me right fer thinkin' on 'arthly treasure on the Sabbath day."



The Cloud King.

Drawing by A. J. Baker.

HOW TREES ARE TRANSPLANTED*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

“**W**HERE can I get trees for transplanting?” land-owners seeking to import a little wood to their estates are constantly asking; and the answer “From a nursery” invariably disappoints them, because, strangely enough, they mostly appear to fancy themselves as easily engaged in selecting portable trees from generous forests. Tree-transplanting has mystery for many to whom the allied magic of flower-growing is an open matter. I have heard people ask, in all seriousness, whether old forest trees, gnarled and four-square to the winds as is a tower, might not be transplanted to their home grounds. On the other hand, when fine sugar-maples or trees under ten years old were in process of transportation for transplanting, I have heard astonished travelers, learning that the trees had been some weeks en route and that they were to lie outside the ground still longer, inveigh against those in authority.

Therefore it is plain a few general rules cannot be amiss here.

First: A tree that is to be transplanted at all must be transplanted several times before moving, and left in each spot at least a year before it should find a permanent growing-place. This is because a tree which is commonly supposed to derive its nourishment from its sturdy roots, in reality finds sustenance through the offices of the hundred little tangled fibers that reach down from the roots. With each transplanting these fibers increase, and when the tree takes its place for the last time, there are enough of these to find immediate nourishment in the new ground. Therefore it is easy to see with what tenderness these fibers are to be treated. Second: No tree can be successfully transplanted for the first time after it is ten years old. Third: So long as the roots are covered by a little earth or even old sacking or carpet, the trees about to be transplanted may remain out of the ground for some time without harm,

especially if they be not exposed to the sun. Fourth: It must be borne in mind that there are many peculiarities of special varieties and special ages and special conditions of trees known only to those who have mastered the subject; and the attempt of a layman, unadvised, to transplant trees may result in the entirely unnecessary death of the tree. Fifth: It is by no means the smallest trees that are always most successfully transplanted.

Because of these limitations it is rarely that a land-owner, even with the advice of an experienced nurseryman, can go into the woods and choose and transplant directly to his grounds, a tree that will thrive. The year of life in a nursery seems absolutely essential, for in a forest the tree is protected by other trees from sun and wind, whereas a sudden change to its own permanent future plot of ground results in conditions of sun and storm with which it cannot cope. Time in a nursery, away from the larger trees, is the first requisite; and a period of not more than four or less than two years should elapse before the final growing-place is entered. For these reasons, the average land-owner and gardener, if they be wise, appeal to a nursery in choosing trees for transplanting.

The nurseries themselves are supplied by professionals, who usually raise the trees from seeds, cuttings, grafts and “layers,” or making their selections from open woods. In general it may be said that a desirable, though entirely conventional, measurement for elms, maples, lindens, oriental planes and ashes suitable for quickest effect and healthy growth on lawns is—four feet to seven feet to the first branches, six feet to the point of greatest length of branches, and fourteen to summit. For the street, the space to the first branches should be more. By no means are the specimens which most appeal to the eye always the healthiest and most suitable trees for transplanting. Yet a tree of the right age and quantity of fibrous roots may die, or, if it live, may not attain to full growth because of errors made in the process of

* Written under the supervision of the well-known landscape architect, Mr. Samuel Parsons.



The roots must be kept carefully intact.



A large, deep trench must be dug for the young tree.

transplanting. The most usual cause of failure arises from planting the tree too deeply; it should finally stand at the same depth as in its first home. An inch or two may be allowed for settlement; not more. To set trees many inches lower in the ground than they had been growing, will kill some and always check their growth.

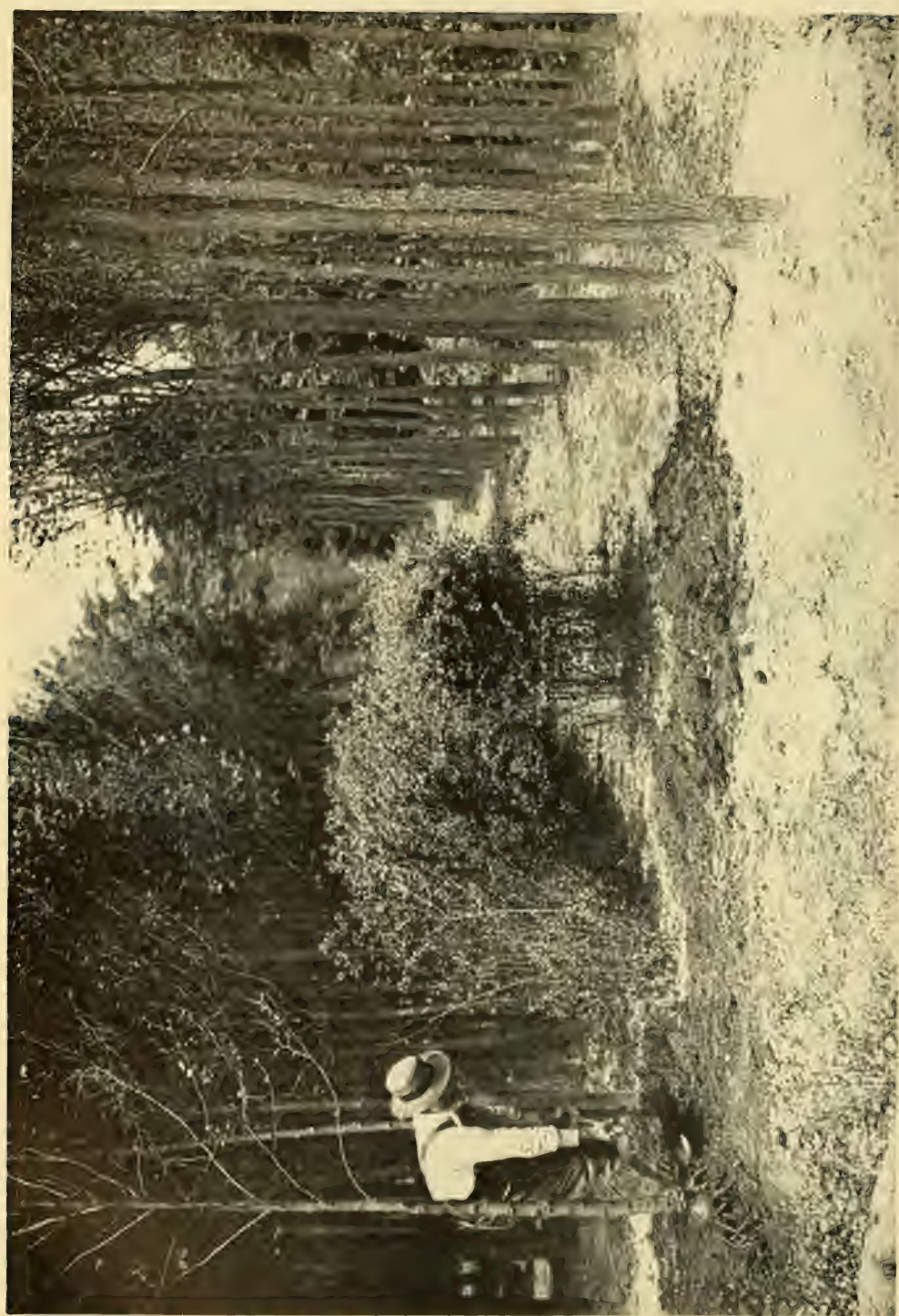
A tree may be taken up with very little earth clinging to its roots, but it is most necessary that the fibrous roots—the little tentacle-like growths from the great roots—be not severed; for it is these fibers which reach out in all directions, draining the soil of its nutriment and when they are severed the tree dies. Especially does it need them when placed in a new home. Care must be taken therefore in raising the tree from its original position, and the new setting must be amply large to give full spread to the roots and fibers. An important detail is that the hole be larger at the bottom than at the top; and yet the reverse is usually true. It is very important that the soil placed about the tree, especially in sandy ground, be carefully improved. It is not too much to recommend twenty loads of rich mold filling a hole about a shade tree, when the native soil is poor, and the placing of the mold by the planter is most important. Upon his knees he should work the fresh mold under the fibers of the larger roots, shaking the tree sideways and up and down, until the spaces about the roots are filled with fine earth. Afterward the earth should be trampled down, a layer at a time, about the tree. This will keep the air away and start the growth with vigor. Sometimes it is well to prepare a special system of irrigation and drainage below the surface, to feed the trees until they have struck so deeply into the soil that they can care for themselves. The cost of transplanting and irrigating each tree is about sixty dollars, which indicates the pains and expense and patience the lover of trees must possess if he would succeed in tree-transplanting. Such special systems of drainage are only necessary, however, when the soil is light and sandy and the trees require exceptionally tender care. Much attention, however, should be given to watering, since if this be neglected, at first a stunted condition will result which

will take a long time to overcome; and tree guards and stakes for protection from wind are imperative.

The selection of trees to be planted cannot be governed entirely by taste, for soil and climate are both important factors. On the whole, the sugar-maple is one of the most satisfactory trees, for it grows easily, is long lived, and is rarely unsuccessfully transplanted. In New York, New England and through the northern and middle states its beauty and thrift are great. The Norway maple is also dependable and thrives in any kind of soil, and none of the maples requires pruning, excepting for dead wood. The sycamore maple is also a desirable tree to transplant, and its foliage is fine. The scarlet or swamp maple will usually do excellently when not transplanted to too dry soil. The only maple tree, indeed, that is not to be recommended for good ultimate results in transplanting is the silver or soft maple. Attractive as this tree is, swift as is its growth and easy as is its transplanting, its foliage after a time becomes sparse, while its very brittle branches are broken by ice or wind. Early decay often sets in also. Soft maples are transplanted frequently, however, simply because a desirable landscape effect can be so quickly obtained, but there are swift-growing trees like the oriental plane and the American elm which are long lived and quite as picturesque. The American elm is one of the most dependable of trees; it lives to a great age and grows in both dry and wet soils. The English elm and the cork-back and Siberian elms are also desirable. Then there are the splendid lindens—those great symmetrical trees that have made one city famous. They are easy to transplant and grow rapidly, the American linden making quicker progress than the English or European variety. It adapts itself readily to all kinds of soil, and is free from insects and disease. Of all the family of trees it is the plane which stands a little apart. It is the tree of magic, the tree with which familiar spirits have intercourse, the tree of Greece and Olympus. Hence, it is pleasant to know the American plane is one of the most vigorous and healthy of trees, growing rapidly from the very moment of its transplanting. The honey-locust, too, will thrive anywhere on the sea-shore, or in crevices of rocks or in



Be sure to remove the weed and grass from around the tree.



Ready for a second examination.

cities. The poplars are easy to transplant, but they die or lose their beauty in a short time; even so, however, the Carolina and balsam poplars produce an effect that will last for a number of years and they are very beautiful while they retain their vigor. The Lombardy poplar, when set among shrubs and large spreading trees to hide the lower part of its own trunk, is valuable for landscape effects and easy to transplant. There is a general impression that oaks are difficult to transplant, but they really require only very careful handling in order to be as successfully removed as the maple itself. If an oak is moved once within five years after the first transplanting, so as to get new and abundant fiber, and is carefully planted in rich soil it will usually grow. But a tree from four to eight feet high must be used, however, and not a large stunted tree. The pin oak is one of the best growing varieties, but the red oak, black oak and chestnut oak are also excellent. Other trees that thrive when properly transplanted in soil of some richness are: ash, horse-chestnut, beech, birch, liquid-amber and tulip trees. The birch and the liquidamber, however, are less likely to do well than the maples and lindens, and the hickory and pepperidge trees cannot be depended upon. Yet given good soil conditions, plenty of root fibers and plenty of water, the most discouraging specimens may become large and thrifty trees.

Fruit trees are, after all, perhaps nearer the heart of the gardener and land-owner alike, for fruit trees in bloom breathe the very essence of spring. And fruit trees are not difficult to transplant, only they must be handled understandingly. The apple varieties most nearly certain to give satisfaction are early Baldwins, and Newton pippins. Among the pears, the sickel, Burre d'Anjou, Sheldon and Bartlett are hardy and easily moved; and among cherries the black heart and ox heart. Early and late peaches, the Crawford and Smock, and also quinces transplant satisfactorily as a usual thing. There is more

likely to be difficulty with the plums, which are frequently stung by the curculion, a little worm that infests them more than other fruit trees.

The evergreens, hardy as they are, do not transplant well, because their weight of leaves and needles and heavy bark collect so much dust and other foreign matter, that they do not adjust themselves readily to new conditions. Still, under favorable conditions, firs and other evergreens when transplanted, attain to a thrifty growth.

Who, after reading Richard Jeffries' delightful description of the fir-trees, would be without a fir? At the beginning of "Wild Flowers" he has:

"A fir-tree is not a flower, and yet it is associated in my mind with primroses. There was a narrow lane leading into a wood where I used to go nearly every day in the early months of the year, and in one corner it was overlooked by three spruce-firs. The rugged lane there began to ascend the hills, and I paused a moment to look back. Immediately the high fir-trees guided the eye upward, and from their tops to the deep azure of the March sky, it was but a step; from the tree to the heavens! So it has ever been with me, by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath the trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within reach of thought. To the heaven thought can reach, carried by the strong arms of the oak, or carried up the ascent by the flame-shaped fir."

It is wonderful that there are not great societies for the proper transplanting of trees, since they respond so eagerly and beautifully to the practiced hand, and are so shy and niggardly when ill-treated. For the Dryad who lives within the tree, leaning from the door of bark to hear the talk and note the touch of the hand that is to uproot her home—knows, and she will reward only those who treat her beloved tree as if it were her spirit!



Plenty of water is essential.



A circular trench for water is thrown up.

THE COTTON PICKERS

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was early October. I had gone South at this season with the desire to see the cotton patch in harvest time and had selected at random a place in South Carolina a hundred miles or so from Charleston. This place proved to be a scattered, raw, half-wild little town.

And I did not have to go far to find cotton patches, varying from those containing an acre or two neighboring a negro cabin, up to fields of a hundred acres on some large plantation. The number of pickers in the different fields varied likewise. There might be only a single person picking, or there might be a scattered score or more. The crops were good, bad and indifferent—mostly depending on the care bestowed and the fertilizing. "That's a nigger's cotton," said a man to me when I asked him about some earth-hugging little stuff that had not attained one-fourth the normal growth. The really good crops grew waist high and the plants were snowflaked all over with the bursting bolls. Such fields were a sight to rejoice the eyes.

One day I rode with a negro driving a single ox harnessed like a horse and hitched between the cart shafts. The ox wore a bridle, had a bit in its mouth and was guided with rope reins. The negro kept gadding on the beast with the rope ends and we progressed at a brisk, jerky walk. The negro had only lived in this section a year. He had bought a piece of forest, built a cabin, cleared up a patch of "new groun'" by grubbing out the underbrush and "deadening" the big trees and he had raised a crop of corn. Next year he would plant a portion of the land to cotton.

My ox cart ride coming to an end presently, I trudged on alone, and by the time I reached the pinelands the night shadows were beginning to thicken. Here were only half a dozen scattered homes, mostly out of sight of each other, set hit-or-miss in the thin pine woods. Where two roads met was a tiny church, but it stood as

isolated and lonely amid the trees as did the homes.

The interior of the little house in which I spent the night resembled a small barn, for it was a single apartment with timbers exposed, and open above to the roof. The walls were whitewashed and the apartment was roughly furnished for a combination chamber and schoolroom.

In a twelve-acre cotton patch in one of the forest clearings next morning, a few negro girls were picking. Each had come furnished with a bag which she suspended from her shoulders to receive the cotton as she plucked it from the bolls. Each picker also had a blanket or something of the sort spread in a convenient place, and on this from time to time, was emptied the contents of the bag. When the day's work was done the picker gathered the blanket up about the cotton and knotted the ends. Then all the parcels were taken in a cart or on the pickers' heads to the weighing place at the border of the field and later to the barn. But not much was doing in the cotton patch on this particular morning, for it was Saturday and colored help is always difficult to get on that day. They have a habit of reserving the final day of the week for work on their own little places. To one of these negro homes I presently wandered. Its surroundings were unusually neat. The hard beaten earth in front of the house, and the path that led to the road were swept very clean, and vines and shrubbery grew about the porch. A woman, a young girl and a boy came to the door and greeted me. The woman was anxious I should have no mistaken impression of them. "I was brought up in the house among quality," she explained, "and I learned manners and got some education. My ole man, he was a field worker. He's a good man, but he's rough and low down. I'm shore married to him though, and I got to make the bes' of a bad bargain."

The woman carried her superior airs into her work; she picked cotton in a



Digging Peanuts.



In the Cotton Patch



Old-time Plantation Quarters.



A Local Conveyance.



At His Cabin Well.



The Rice Mill.



On the Way to Work.

basket while everyone else picked it in a bag, and she never would use the rice mill or the rice fanner. When the rice had to be pounded and cleaned, her daughter did it. This work was done at the rear of the house where there was a section of a log about three feet long with one end scooped out into a bowl-like hollow. Into this mortar or "rice mill" the rice was put and then was crushed with a wooden pestle. That done, it was transferred to a shallow basket called the "rice fanner," and shaken free of hulls. The rice sheaves were stored in a barn about six feet square along with the cow peas and "blade fodder," the last being bundles of corn leaves pulled off while green from the stalks standing in the field. Adjoining the barn was a pig-pen of rails that barely allowed the porker room to turn around, and beside the pig-pen was a cart of aboriginal pattern, with wheels made of solid discs of wood sawed off the end of a large log.

The family raised cotton and corn as their chief crops, but I noticed they also had considerable patches of sweet potatoes and peanuts. Each peanut vine spread out in a close network over a three-foot circle. Some of the vines had been pulled and turned roots upward to allow the peanuts that clung to them to ripen and dry. Later these nuts would be picked off and those that remained in the ground dug. The crows like peanuts and had been making regular raids on the patch; "and while they were getting the peanuts," said the woman, "one ole fellow stay up in the top of that daid tree there, and soon as he see anybody comin'—'Awk!' he cry—and away they all go. But now we made this scarecrow yo' see hyar. We jes' set up a stake an' put a hat on top, an' to make the rest of the man we fasten together these New York Sunday papers my son in Brooklyn send us; an since that the crows come an' set on that daid tree and have their pow-pows, but they doan' dare come no maur. Yes, those Sunday papers from New York make the bes' scarecrow what ever there was."

While I was admiring the scarecrow, a hatless and patched old man came in from the field and I knew he must be the wo-

man's husband. He sat down on the porch and in a chat I had with him he gave me his impressions of freedom as compared with slavery.

"It was like this," he explained, "we wa'n't all equally please' to be free. Yo' take the kerridge drivers and house servants an' sech—they had an easy time in slavery, an' they was ve'y sorry to have freedom break up their kingdom. When they free they have to go to work for a livin' an' be no better off than the rest of us. But the people what work in the sun an' the rain in the cotton fiel', they all glad; and yet I seen some good times in slavery. You could get through your day's task by two or three o'clock, and if you were smart your master'd give you a piece of groun' to plant for yo'self. We each had jes' so much rashions ev'y week, and it was enough; but now there's a whole bunch of colored folks earn so little they have to live off of scraps. I done so well I was made lead hand, but when I was seventeen master whip me for stealing, and that taught me a lesson. I never give no mo' trouble an' if they jes' praise me I work myself to death. I reckon thar's some now that a whipping would do 'em good. They git as sassy as a cow-fly without it. But it's better that the whippings an' slavery are all gone. I like to think of what the Bible says that, 'the day will come when every tub shall set on its own bottom.' We're all free an' that day *has* come."

The plantation home was a colonial mansion of brick, large and imposing, standing amid some enormous live oaks on a knoll that commanded a fine view of the broad marsh-lands along the river. On these marshes the rice was raised and the planter had to keep up nine miles of levees. The land was ploughed with mules wearing broad shoes of wood on their hoofs to keep them from sinking into the mire. The reaping was done with sickles and the rice had to be carried by hand to the embankments where it was loaded on carts. Often the negroes had to work in mud up to their knees. They were considered immune to malaria. To a white man such labor would soon have proved fatal.

ONE WAY TO PACK A HORSE

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

SOME subjects seem especially adapted to the development of wild-eyed dogmatists. The proper riding-seat is one. The correct way to hit a golf ball is another. The method of building and securing a pack on a horse's back is a third. No matter how carefully you explain your particular manner of

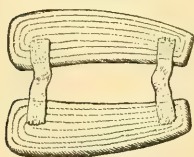


Fig. 1



Fig. 2

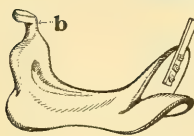


Fig. 3

doing these things, an accusing chorus is sure to assail you in tones variously of contempt, indignation, and sorrow, telling the public that you do not know anything about it, and then going on to explain just how it should be done. I have heard more discussions over the Diamond Hitch than over the Panama question, or the doctrine of original sin.

"That thing the Diamond Hitch?" shrieks a son of the foothills to a son of the alkali, "Go to! Looks more like a game of cat's cradle! Now *this* is the real way to throw a Diamond."

Certain pacifically inclined individuals have attempted to quell the trouble by differentiating the various methods. Thus one can throw a variety of diamond hitches, provided one is catholically-minded, such as the "Colorado-Diamond," the "Arizona Diamond," and others. The attempt at peace has failed.

"Oh, yes," says the son of the alkali, as he watches the effort of the son of the foothills, "That's the *Colorado* Diamond," and he gives the word "Colorado" the inflection one would use in mentioning something spurious, like paste jewels.

The joke of it is, the result is much the same. Most of the variation consists in the manner of throwing. It is as though the discussion were whether the trigger

should be pulled with the fore, middle, or both fingers. After all, the bullet would go anyway.

Exactly the same bitter partisanship obtains in the choice of saddle, in the choice of alforjas or kyacks, in their abandonment entirely in favor of the army aparejo.

So, be it promised, I do not offer this method of packing a horse as the only method, nor even as equal to your best method. But it is *a* method. I am going to try to tell you a means by which you can transport your plunder safely and securely.

To begin at the very beginning, your saddle blankets should be thicker than you would use under a riding saddle, and should be folded wider so as to cover more of the horse's sides. Over this I usually lay two ordinary collar-pads sewn together by short strips of canvas in such a manner as to lie on either side the backbone (Fig. 1). This takes the weight from the withers and small of the back, places extremely likely to become sore.

The pack saddle can be one of two sorts. You can either stick to the old-fashioned "saw buck," or you can adapt the tree of an ordinary Mexican saddle to your purpose (Figs. 2 and 3). The former is better,

provided you can get it fitted to the individual animal, but as ordinarily employed—direct from the arbitrary pattern of the shops—it is a vicious instrument for the gouging of a horse's back. The latter fits well, but unless you take pains to get a very low tree,

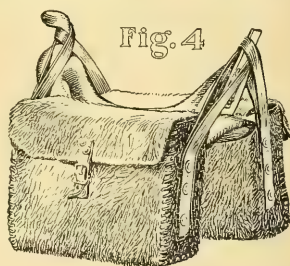
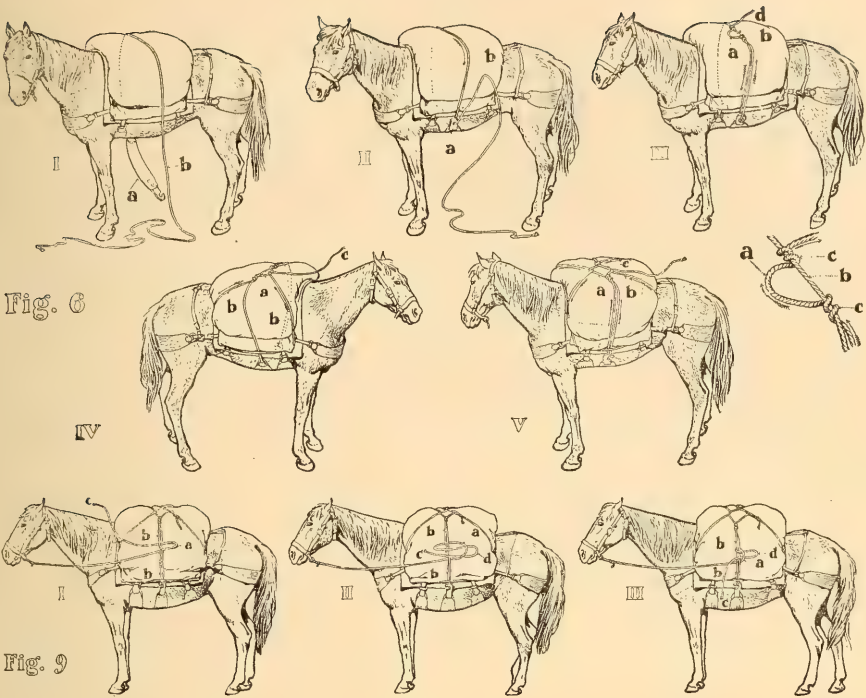


Fig. 4



Fig. 5



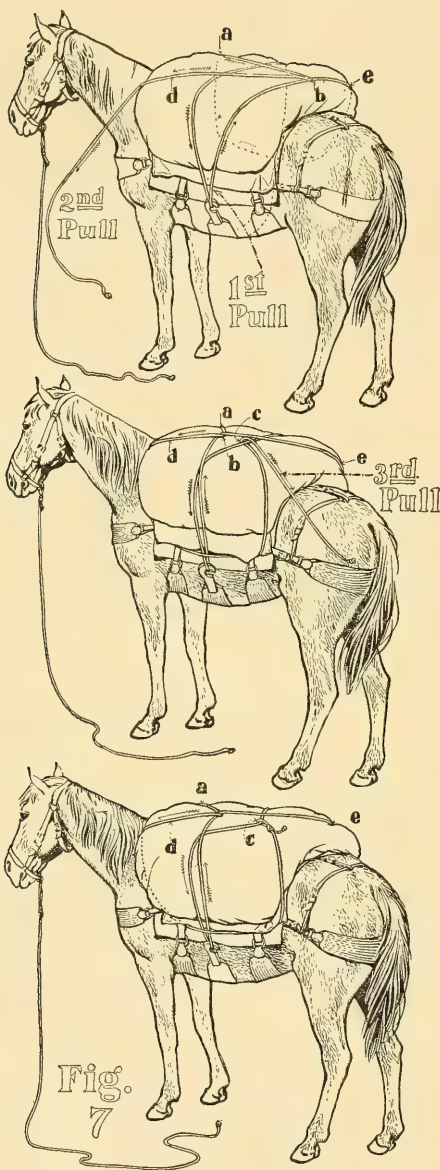
is apt to turn to one side or another if the cinches loosen in the least. Whatever the kind, it should be provided with adjustable breasting and breeching for steep up and down hill work. I believe in two cinches rather than one. You do not then need to cut your horse in two in order to keep the pack from turning. You hoist this saddle into place, then lift it slightly and loosen the blanket along the length of the backbone, so that the weight of the pack will not bind the blanket tight across the horse's back. In cinching up, be sure you know your animal. Some puff themselves out so that in five minutes the cinches are loose. Fasten your latigo, or cinch strap, to the lower ring. Thus you can get at it even when the pack is in place.

From the "sawbuck" arms, or the horn and cantle-iron, (see Figs. 4 and 5) of your saddle are hung on both sides by means of rawhide or leather loops the kyacks or alforjas. These are capacious sacks for the reception of duffel. They may be made either of rawhide—with the hair out—or of canvas. In the former case they are stiff, square like little trunks open at the top. In the latter case they are more

like sacks, with a broad strap running around both of them and over the top of the horse to keep them closed.

The rawhide variety undoubtedly protect better their cargoes and stand more grief, but the canvas possess the advantage of transportability. They can be rolled up in small compass, while the rawhide stays always stiff and square.

You are now ready to begin packing. For a party of two going on a long trip, three pack animals is about the right number. The packs of these three should be as nearly invariable as possible. One horse should be known as the cook animal. He should carry the axe, the matches, all the kitchen and eating utensils, and little bags containing samples of every kind of provision you have with you. Number two should transport the main stock of provisions and whatever meat happens to be in your possession. Number three should be assigned the miscellaneous duffel, such as the ammunition, fishing tackle, shoring outfit, repair kits, extra parts of harness, and so forth. Your own personal outfit and bedding will go on the top packs, of which more later. For the present we are filling the alforjas.



When you distribute a horse's assignment in the pair of alforjas, see that you get the weight distributed with great accuracy. "Heft" them again and again. The least preponderance on one side will cause the saddle to sag in that direction; that in turn will bring pressure to bear on the opposite side of the horse's withers; and that will shortly chafe to a sore. Then you are in trouble.

When you are quite certain the alforjas weigh alike, get your companion to hook

the straps of one on the saddle at the same time you hook the straps of the other. If you try to do it by yourself, you must leave one hanging while you pick up the other, thus running a risk of twisting the saddle.

A good pack animal will stand quietly while you do these things. If he is not a good pack animal, blindfold him. This will impart a temporary air of virtue.

The affair of the top pack must be one of expediency. It will depend on what you have to pack. In general, try to make it as low as possible, and to put your blankets on top where the pack rope "bites." Over all you will throw the canvas tarpaulin that you use to sleep on, or a square made especially for the purpose. Tuck it in around the back and front to exclude as much as possible the dust. You are now ready to experiment with your pack rope.

The pack rope is thirty-three feet long and a half-inch in diameter. It is attached permanently at one end to the ring of the pack cinch. The latter is made of webbing or hair and is supplied at the other end with a large wooden hook through which has been run a bolt to assure its solidity.

I first met with pack ropes when I was entirely alone and unprotected. The fellow I was going out with packed up our two horses with instructions to peg along the trail, and he'd catch me before noon. I pegged along the trail, all right, but he did not catch me before noon. So when I came to water, I got off, unsaddled my riding animal, and prepared for lunch. The pack horses looked sad and annoyed, so I unpacked one horse, grazed him and repacked again. For fifteen minutes I vibrated between the two, comparing my chum's handiwork with my own attempt, amending and correcting, until finally the thing held properly. Then I unpacked the other, grazed him, and copied my copy. In this manner both horses got a rest, and we resumed our journey not very far behind schedule time.

Perhaps my necessity might be exemplified as the best method of learning a pack hitch. If you have to, you will. Certainly I was ever after, without effort of memory, able to throw the Square Hitch, which that happened to be.

Now we get back to our question of the Diamond Hitch. It is a pretty hitch, and

famous, and effective, but it is by no means always the best hitch to use. It is not so good as a modification of the Square called the Bucking Hitch, to hold down a pack with alforjas when your horse is inclined to pitch badly. Also, with heavy alforjas likely to rub and abrade the animal's sides, you would be wise to employ the Lone Packer hitch. The beauty of this is that the tightening pulls the alforjas directly out from the animal, thus relieving his flanks. And when you have a soft pack and a gentle horse, there is no need plunging into complication when the Square Hitch is so quickly thrown and holds as well as it does.

The great point in throwing any hitch is to keep the rope taut. To do this, pay no attention to your free end, but clamp down firmly the fast end with your left hand until the right has made the next turn. Remember this: it is important. The least slip back of the slack you have gained is going to loosen that pack by ever so little; and then you can rely on the swing and knocks of the day's journey to do the rest. The horse rubs under a limb or against a big rock; the loosened rope scrapes off the top of the pack; something flops or rattles or falls—immediately that cayuse arches his back, lowers his head, and begins to buck. It is marvelous to what height the bowed back will send small articles catapult-wise into the air. First go the tarpaulin and blankets; then the duffle bags; then one by one the contents of the alforjas; finally, after they have been sufficiently lightened, the alforjas themselves in an abandoned parabola of debauched delight. In the meantime that horse, and all the others, has been running frantically all over the rough mountains, through the rocks, ravines, brush and forest trees. You have ridden recklessly trying to round them up, sweating, swearing, praying to the Red Gods that none of those indispensable animals is going to get lame in this insane hippodrome. Finally between you, you have succeeded in collecting and tying to trees all the culprits. Then you have to trail inch by inch along the track of the cyclone, picking up from where they have fallen, rolled, or been trampled, the con-

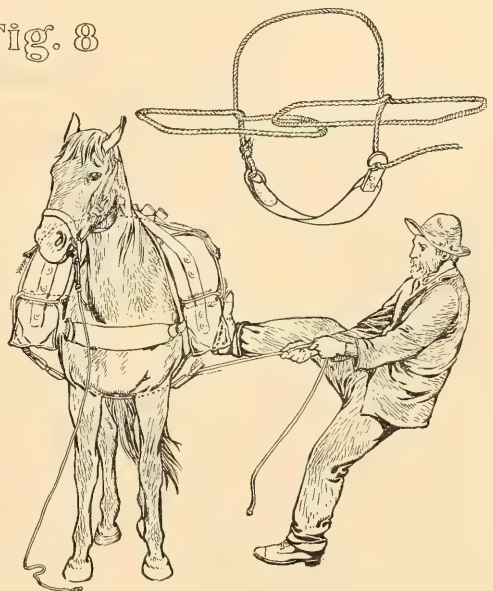
tents of that pack down to the smallest. It will take you the rest of the day; and then you'll miss some. Oh, it pays to get your hitch on snug!

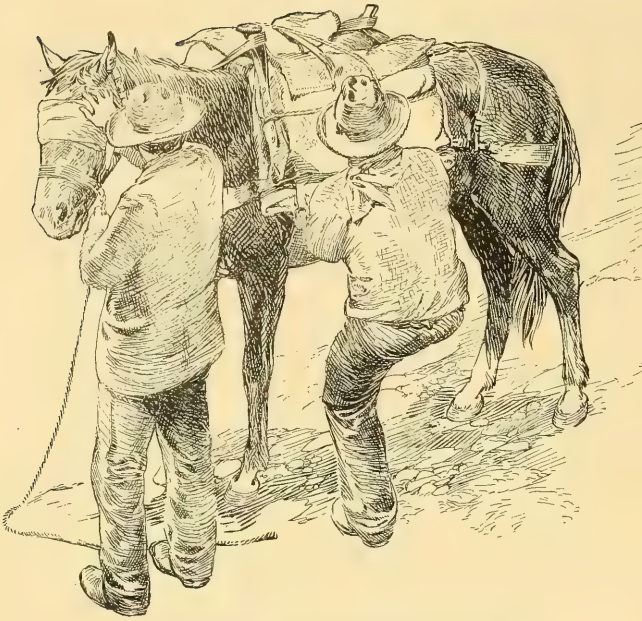
The Diamond, as I throw it, ought to be understood from the following diagram and explanation (Fig. 6-I). Throw the pack cinch (a) over the top of the pack, retaining the loose end of the rope. If your horse is bad, reach under him with a stick to draw the cinch within reach of your hand until you hold it and the loose end both on the same side of the animal. Hook it through the hook (Fig. 6-II-a) and bring up along the pack. Thrust the bight (Fig. 6-III-a) of the loose rope under the rope (b); the back over and again under to form a loop. The points (c-c) at which the loose rope goes around the pack rope can be made wide apart or close together according to the size of the diamond required (Fig. 6-V). With a soft top-pack requiring flattening, the diamond should be large: with heavy side pack it should be smaller.

Now go around to the other side of the animal. Pass the loose end (Fig. 6-III-d), back, under the alforjas, forward and through the loop from below as shown by the arrows of direction in Fig. 6-IV.

You are now ready to begin tightening. First pull your cinch tight by means of what was the loose end (b) in Fig. 6-II. Place one foot against the animal and

Fig. 8





"When your animal won't stand, blindfold it."

heave, good and plenty. Take up the slack by running over both sides of the loop (c-c Fig. III). When you have done this, it will hold by pressure until you go around to the other side. There take up the slack on (b-b Fig. IV). Get a good ready. With all the might that is in you pull the loose end (c) Fig. IV, in the direction of the horse's body, toward his head. Brace a foot against the alforjas. Pull: pull a lot. It will sag the whole hitch toward the front of the pack, but don't mind that: the defect will be remedied in a moment.

Next, still holding the slack (Fig. 6-V), carry the loose end around the bottom of the alforjas and under the original main pack rope (c). Now pull again along the direction of the horse's body, but this time toward his tail. The strain will bend the pack rope (c), heretofore straight across back to form the diamond. It will likewise drag back to its original position amidstships in the pack the entire hitch, which you will remember, was drawn too far forward by your previous pull toward the horse's head. Thus the last pull tightens the entire pack, clamps it down, secures it immovably, which is the main recommendation and beautiful feature of the Diamond Hitch.

The Square Hitch is the easiest thrown

and is a very good fair weather contraption. You start by throwing the cinch over the pack, as before; pass the end through the hook; and then cinch just as tight as you can. Holding the slack firmly you lead the loose end around the back of your pack, beneath the alforjas on the farther side, up over at (a) (Fig. 7). The end here passes beneath at (b). You will find that at the very outset you can, when you cinch up, throw a loose loop over the pack comprising the bight b, e, d, so as to leave

your loose end at d. Then, holding the slack from the cinch hook, you can go around the horse to place the loop b, e, d in position beneath the alforjas. A moment's study of the diagram will show you what I mean; and will also convince you that much is gained by not having to pass rope (a) underneath at (b) by means of the naked fingers. Now pull like thunder on what is the loose end at (d), taking care to exert your power the lengthways of the horse. Pass the line under the alforjas toward the rear, up over the pack, and under the original rope at (c). Pull tight on the loose end, exerting the power this time toward the rear of the animal. You cannot put too much strength into the three tightening pulls, (1) in cinching through the cinch hook, (2) the pull forward, (3) the pull back. On them depends the stability of your pack. Double back the loose end and make it fast at (f). It is astonishing how quickly an expert packer will throw this hitch.

After you have caught your bad horse and picked up the scattered articles of belonging, and unsaddled him, you will probably first cinch him to a finish, and then apply to him the Bucking Hitch. You will do so as follows:

Pass the pack rope around the alforjas

on one side and over itself (Fig. 8) to form a half hitch below which hangs the cinch. Lead the pack-rope over the top of the pack, around the other alforjas, and through to form another half hitch. Now cinch up your pack rope. These two half hitches will clamp the alforjas tight to the horse's side, and the harder you pull, the more immovably will they be held. Proceed from then on exactly as in the Diamond or Square Hitch.

There are many other hitches, but these three will get you through. You have now one for easy, one for security, one for tribulation. Others are extremely handy for especial shaped packs, and some for especial emergencies; but these three will answer all purposes adequately. I might also go on to instruct you in detail as to aparejo-packing. In that the alforjas are left off, and are replaced by heavy canvas pads. Sling ropes from fore and aft the pack saddle receive the burdens, which are then secured ordinarily by the Dia-

mond Hitch. It is the best method of transporting boxes and odd-shaped packages such as you, in the role of camper, are not likely to bring. I am not trying to make a freighter of you.

Your animal is packed. Sometime, perhaps many times during the day, you are likely to want to stop the train for the purpose of adjusting the harness. Therefore you must attach your lead ropes in a manner easily to be thrown loose. Thrust the bight (a) Fig. 9—of the lead rope beneath any portion of the pack rope—b-b. Double back the bight (d) of the loose end (c) through the loop (a) thus formed (Fig. 9-II). Tighten the knot by pulling tight on loop (d), (Fig. 9-III). A sharp pull on (c) will free the entire lead rope. In unpacking at night, never fail to bathe your animal's back with cold water, if any is to be had. It will save you difficulties with sore backs.

Above all, *balance evenly the weight; pull hard; and hold your slack.*



"It is marvelous to what height the bowed back will send small articles catapult-wise into the air."

HOW TO FIND UPLAND GAME BIRDS

By EDWYN SANDYS

A LONG field experience has taught that the sportsmen who know the most actually kill the least, not from lack of ability, but because their intelligent observation has revealed the truth that clean sport is a beautiful thing of which the mere killing is a minor feature. Killing to excess, like almost anything carried beyond reasonable bounds, surely will bring its own punishment by totally unfitting its victim for the enjoyment of anything short of excess. The good of the broader method in sport is this: by following hints concerning the habits, etc., of the game mentioned, the young reader needs must either consciously or unconsciously, develop his powers of observation. Once fairly started along that trail the end is sure. While reading the story of the bird pursued, he will absorb fragments of other stories, of this or that creature which inhabits the same haunts as his favorite quarry, and it may be, nay, it frequently is true that the other stories prove more interesting than the one first selected. Sooner or later he acquires the habit of keeping a shrewd lookout for every story there may be; there are many of them and in this out-door reading, before he realizes it, he has developed from the shooter into the naturalist-sportsman—that blessed mortal who not seldom is the best informed, happiest and—poorest man in his county!

And now the shooting, and because the manipulation of the gun is about the same in all upland sport, very few words will suffice. All grouse, the Bob White, pheasant, and woodcock, rise with a sudden spring and vigorous, more or less noisy wing-action; and all, when fit, are rather swift. The real difficulty, however, is the noisy flushing which seldom fails to affect the nerve of a novice. But owing to the fact of these birds almost invariably flushing within easy range, there is no real need for the too common hurry on the part of the gun. Let the novice remember two important points—first, that his gun, rightly held, will stop any upland game at sixty yards,

and, second, that probably nine-tenths of all dead upland game hit the ground between fifteen and forty-five yards of the gun-muzzle. Thirty-five yards would be a longish range for ruffed grouse, cock and Bob Whites, yet the eager novice is apt to forget that his gun actually was tested for pattern and penetration at forty yards, or five yards beyond what he would consider a long shot. The moral is, don't hurry, for any good gun, in the right hands can stop the smartest upland bird that ever flushed within thirty-five yards, to say nothing of fifteen or twenty.

Only practice can insure that valuable thing, the smooth, rapid handling of a gun, but because a man is swift at this does not necessarily mean that he should be as quick at pulling trigger. They also serve who occasionally stand and wait, in fact my ideal field shot is that seldom-met artist who can get on like lightning and then, if cover and other things allow, coolly hold on till the bird has approached that distance at which the shot-pattern is at its best.

While it is extremely difficult to lay down hard and fast rules for good shooting, I would say—get on the bird smartly, then hold if too close, for there's no sense in blowing a fine bird to bits. Hold high for birds going straightaway about the level of the eyes and the same on everything flushing near and going into thick cover. Hold low on a fast bird skimming the ground straightaway; hold a trifle high and well ahead of quartering birds and dead on the head of an incomer. Most beginners fail on fast quartering birds, which should be the easiest because they offer the biggest marks. The chief causes of the failures are not enough allowance and the stopping of the swing of the gun as the trigger is pulled. The remedy is to get the gun well ahead of the mark and to maintain the even swing until the shot has started upon its journey. Very few indeed are the birds missed through shooting too far ahead. Finally, never balk at a bird which rises close by in thick cover. Shoot anyhow. Get the habit of

smashing through all sorts of stuff so long as one inch of game is visible. More times than not, cover which appears a hopeless mass of tangled stuff is nothing more than a lot of soft leaves and slim twigs through which shot can plow a path for many yards. Make up your mind that where a bird can pass through, shot can readily follow and even should the bird vanish as you pull, don't despair. Many a choice bird falls to the veteran who shoots just ahead of where the mark disappeared.

While, of course, accurate shooting has much to do with the securing of a reasonable bag, it is by no means all of the needful for that purpose. There are many more bad shots than good ones, but I know men who, by experts, would be rated rotten bad shots, yet they get their full share of game and by the fairest of fair shooting. They are poor performers who for one reason and another, oft-times a defect of eyesight, or elsewhere, never could be top-notchers, yet they can hold their own with many a better-equipped competitor for this reason. They know their weakness and how slim is their chance in anything like the dashing method of a strong, perfectly-trained and keen man, and so they go what the mightier one would term "potterin' about," and they get there, just the same.

Now the secret of such a man's success lies in the fact that he is an accomplished observer who has closely studied his game and mastered small points which over-eager, or careless folk miss. In field-shooting, as in other affairs, very often the student of the almost innumerable small details—the taker in of trifles—is the true artist. To a careless companion such a man appears to have all the luck, to blunder into the best of everything, while in reality he is a skilled scientist working sure ground along tested lines. There is very little of luck about it. The man knows the quarry, its habits, preferences in the matter of food, day and night shelters, etc., and what influence the weather is likely to have. So, when he enters upon ground which he may never have seen before, he shrewdly scans the prospect and almost instantly decides where lies the best chance for that day and possibly for that hour. Let us in fancy follow such a man.

Suppose the game is woodcock, the first to come in. Our expert knows that the cock feeds upon worms which are secured mainly at night. Worms are plentiful only in good soil and are at or near the surface of moist land and no other. Immediately after heavy rain, worms by the hundred will be on the surface of well-cultivated corn-land, and of this fact the cock is well informed. Thus, immediately after a heavy rain the expert sportsman looks over the ground before him and decides to try every creek-bed, swale and corn-field, because he knows there is no use looking twice at poor, or very high ground. Should the low places prove too wet, with only a comparatively dry spot here and there, he surely will try every one of those places because there is more than a good chance of birds being on them. Should they all prove blank, the next choice is the standing corn, or the nearest extensive thicket, because it is odds on that birds temporarily flooded out will be in those shelters for at least several days. The man knowing this can look over mile after mile of country and go direct from one good point to another without wasting time over unprofitable ground. After the ground has dried, the lowest spots are most promising. Should there be plenty of "sign" *i.e.*, the borings and white droppings of the game in a corn-field and birds be not present, it is sound reasoning that the field is a feeding ground visited only at night. At such times the cock spend the day in the cool shade of a nearby heavy woodland, or dense thicket, and all such ground within a mile should be carefully worked. Late in the fall when the ground is apt to be very dry, the cock should be sought in almost leafless thickets and withered corn of the levels, and upon the brush-covered hillsides of a rolling country. The man working in tall corn should move with, not across the rows and he should shoot at the merest glimpse of a feather, because corn will not stop shot.

The Bob Whites favor wheat-stubble, weed-grown fields and standing corn. The birds act a good deal like domestic fowl, stirring about sunrise and usually walking from the roosting-place to the feeding ground. Because they dislike exposing themselves too much, they are apt to be near bushy fences, or in that part

of the field where the weeds are thickest. Send the dog into the field from the leeward side and to save time beat the heaviest cover first. If there be brush, or thick briars at any side of the ground, send the dog along the edge of the growth, for the odds are in favor of the birds having roosted in the cover and walked from it to feed. A dog striking this trail, probably will at once turn to the open and promptly locate the bevy. Flushed birds almost invariably make for the thickest cover within easy flight. Once there, except upon wet, or blustering days, they usually lie like stones. Accurate marking down by the sportsman will save much valuable time and useless work by the dog. Should the dog fail to locate marked birds, don't get impatient. Very often birds give out no scent for many minutes after pitching, and the best of dogs are unable to find the game. When this happens, it is a good plan to order the dog to heel and go away about one hundred yards and wait for about fifteen minutes, then try calling.

The calling is straight whistling—*Ka-loi'-hee!* *Ka-loi'-hee!* *Ka-loi'-hee!*—three times (emphasize second syllable) and occasionally four, with the proper pause between. Indistinct and too hurried calling is bad. As each bird answers, mark its place by the sound, then send the dog on. There will be no further trouble about scent. When a bird calls, it has moved—it won't call from its hiding place—and once it has moved it has betrayed itself to the dog, for it then has left both foot and body-scent to guide him. If the birds have pitched along a brushy fence, or in a narrow strip of baffling thicket, send the dog to leeward of the cover and walk at the windward side yourself. Most novices make the mistake of dogging the dog, which in this case is wrong, because the dog will go up-wind to his birds and naturally, in the great majority of cases, will drive them to the windward side of the cover. A thick hedge, or fence, is a hard proposition, even to an expert and the sticking to the windward side is about the only way to solve it. Not seldom quail will tree, often many yards from the ground. A sportsman, of course, will not shoot them while perching and about all he can do is walk far away and try to call down the skulkers,

or else abandon them for the time. I have moved them by firing into the tree, also by hurling a sizable club about where it would do most good. Birds driven from a tree usually pitch upon the ground and after that behave in a reasonable manner. Once in a while birds will flush, pitch, then run on and on in an exasperating fashion. This usually occurs during damp weather and about the only remedy is to rush them up and shoot, *i.e.* give them a scare. The sound of the gun seems to suggest to the small rascals that it's a good time to hide under the first convenient cover.

The ruffed grouse is one of the uncertain birds to which no hard and fast rules will apply, yet he has a few small peculiarities of which advantage may be taken. In wild, heavy woodland, his original haunt, he has a weakness for two things—an old tote-road, or any seldom used road, and the bank of a stream. A man trying a bit of woods with which he is unacquainted, probably will see more grouse near an old road, than anywhere else. In hilly country, the lower slopes of the ravines are apt to be the best of ground. In level country, the long strips of thicket bordering large blocks of standing timber, are ideal places and if the thicket happens to mark the edge of a clover field, so much the better. Never pass even a small thicket which stands out in a clover field with a wood upon any side. Grouse are fond of clover, and until winter sets in, are apt to be in any fair shelter near the field. Later, in snow-time, the borders and interior of large woodland swamps are the chosen places. If there be a region of thick, low-lying forest, having close-grown beech ridges here and there, these surely will repay the labor of beating them, for they are almost certain to be the strongholds of all the ruffed grouse of the neighborhood. Old windfalls and slashings are good because they afford acres of the sort of shelter the birds prefer in cold weather. Should a single bird flush, proceed warily and ready for instant action, for a second and perhaps three or four stragglers may be within gunshot of the spot. Ground good for one bird may be as attractive to three or four, although each individual remains some slight distance from the others. When beating border thickets

with a comrade, I prefer to work in the cover about along the line where thicket and forest join. Most men will choose the outside, but ruffed grouse almost invariably dash for the wood, hence across the line of fire of the inside man. Such shots are none too easy and trees have a knack of getting in the way, yet, as a general thing, the inside position means the most fun.

There is no calling, nor anything but crafty scouting and quick, accurate gun-work about ruffed grouse shooting, and for this reason your keen, tireless man delights in it. All things considered, it is the most difficult of our shooting. The flight is full of dash and power. The bird rises with a tremendous whirring, gets at once to top speed and hums through the thickest cover at hand. In some mysterious way the swift fellow manages to avoid collision with trunks and boughs, and fast as he goes, he is apt to whisk behind the nearest trunk and keep that trunk between himself and the gun. This trick is best baffled by going up to the flush a bit to one side of the pointing dog. This partial flanking movement means a more or less quartering shot—more difficult than a straightaway, but less liable to interference. A flushed grouse is apt to fly straight away from the gun and in ordinary woods, not very far. Should the bird keep low, the chances are it will pitch upon the ground, but if the last view of it shows a rising flight, the bird probably will tree. A thorough scrutiny of the trees about where the bird disappeared is then worth while.

A treed grouse is hard to make out.

The safest plan is first to scan the trunk from the lowest branches to the top, because the bird often perches quite close to the trunk. If this fails, the only sure way is to begin with the lowest limb, examine it from the trunk to the tip and repeat the process limb after limb. This method must eventually locate the bird, and the wise man will hold himself ready for swift action, for a treed grouse seems to know the instant it is discovered. It at once takes wing, and that hurtling dash from a tree is the most difficult of all shots at upland game. The great majority of sportsmen do not hesitate over shooting a treed bird. The reader can suit himself. If he must let the quarry fly, he at least will have the consolation of knowing that he is a genuine game preserver. In all upland shooting and especially in ruffed grouse shooting, the less talking to the dog the better.

The prairie grouse, or "chicken" need not be dwelt upon. The shooting is a very open game, singularly free from those little wiles which aid so much in cover. If I were suddenly set down upon a prairie and told to find grouse, I should look for stubble and bluffs, or whatever cover there might be. The pinnated grouse favors the stubble and the grass bordering it, while the sharptailed species loves the wild grass, the choicest ground being that which is marked here and there with clumps and strips of medium-sized timber. The winning trumps on the prairie are a smart, reliable team, a brace of fast, wide-ranging dogs and a hard-shooting gun that knows the trick of getting onto the proper spot.



THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Remember, as you go afield with gun this autumn that wild animal and bird-life suffered severely from the bitter cold and the storms of last winter. Suffered so severely as to be annihilated in some sections and exhausted in all. Therefore be moderate; not more than to quail for the day; and no deer unless its head is a lordly trophy or you need meat. Moderation in 1904 will give life and plenty for 1905.

**Canadian
Small Boats
Too Swift
for America**

THE racing this year for the Seawanhaka Cup between the American challenger *White Bear* and the Canadian defender *Noorna* was the most exciting yet held on Lake St. Louis. The St. Paul club representative, sailed by Mr. L. P. Ordway, made a close contest of it, but the Royal St. Lawrence Club's boat, sailed by Mr. Charles Routh, was too swift and won three out of five strictly on merit. The distance was twelve miles, alternating over a windward and return and a triangular course; the first, third and fifth races—all to windward and return—being won by *Noorna*. The event passed without controversy and furnished the finest sport.

White Bear is the best of five boats built this season by its club for this contest, and the best of all the many good boats on the inland lakes of the Middle West.

Noorna, designed by Mr. F. P. Shearwood, long associated with Mr. George H. Duggan—the Herreshoff of small boat designers—is 25 feet l. w. l. and 36 feet 9 inches over all, with a beam of 8 feet 6 inches. She has an easier bilge and fuller lines than has been usual with these boats, and her double fins or boards are let down vertically, instead of being of the usual dagger type, hung on a sling pin. She also has double rudders, and winches to work the peak and throat halyards; but the winches are an addition of doubtful value.

The Seawanhaka Cup is the *America's* Cup of small racers. It was founded in 1895 by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club and successfully defended that year against an English challenger. In 1896 the Royal St. Lawrence Club sent a fifteen-foot challenger to Oyster Bay, which had been designed and was sailed

by Messrs. Duggan & Shearwood. This boat took the cup to Canada; and America ever since has been trying annually to win it back. Meanwhile the little fifteen-footers have become twenty-five footers, carrying five hundred feet of mainsail, and are undoubtedly the fastest boats, size for size, in the world. For instance, the average speed attained by *Thorella II.*, the Royal St. Lawrence Club's successful defender of last year, was 12.6 miles the hour; and it has been carefully estimated that the average speed of *Reliance*, successful defender of the *America's* Cup, with its tremendous sail area and ninety feet of water line length, was 12.10 miles the hour.

The Canadians have perfected the little racer as we have the ninety-footer; and I commend to the attention of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club the example of Sir Thomas Lipton, who is about to challenge again for the *America's* Cup. To retire because unsuccessful is not the usual characteristic of Americans, and we believe the Seawanhakas to be good Americans.

**Reciprocity
in Sport**

THE joyless possibilities that may encompass one who confidently discusses a coming contest four weeks before publication, were convincingly illustrated by my last month comment on the Newport lawn tennis tournament. At the time I wrote we had been assured by the National Association of the coming of the Dohertys to defend the doubles and singles titles, won by them last year. Subsequently, and while what I had written was being printed, another announcement declared the first in error. So the Dohertys did not come; and thus showed no more sportsmanly bearing toward these honors than did our players

toward the international ones represented by the Davis Challenge Bowl that the Dohertys captured in 1903, and for which no challenge from America was forthcoming in 1904, as was to be expected. Perhaps the English, or rather Irish, experts believe in reciprocity.

And it is too bad from several points of view that we had no international play this year in this game; first, it is wholesome for both sides, despite unpleasant squibs that occasionally find their way into the press, despite even the disappointing, unwholesome beating-the-game spirit which the Palma Trophy controversy disclosed; and second, because we had a look-in for one championship. Had the Dohertys been at Newport I believe we could have regained the doubles title, for Ward and Wright—Eastern champions by defeating the Western champions, Collins and Little—showed a game that appears to be the strongest an American pair has ever developed; and it looked strong enough to give the foreign pair the game of their life, if not a beating. Let us hope that 1905 will see this newest and most formidable of American teams preparing to recapture the Davis Bowl. Collins and Little easily rank next, and both pairs have shown a decided advance over the play of the leading teams of 1903.

**Once Again
the Tortoise
and the
Hare**

IN singles the season has demonstrated the lack of dependable first-class talent beyond Holcombe Ward, William J. Clothier, Kreigh Collins and R. D. Little; and Ward, Clothier and Collins appear to be the leading three, as they are the most dependable three among American players. There is, of course, no question as to Ward and Clothier ranking first and second, and I dare say the National Association will place W. A. Larned third; but for an international team, or for three out of five matches, I should prefer Collins. My ranking, which never pleases the Association, perhaps because it does not regard Newport results as necessarily decisive, would read Ward, Clothier, Collins, Larned, Little, Wright. At Newport Clothier beat Larned (6-4, 3-6, 2-6, 6-2, 6-3), Larned beat Wright (6-1, 6-0, 6-3), Collins beat Little (13-11, 3-6, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3), Ward beat Collins (6-2, 8-6, 6-2), and, in the All Comers, beat Clothier (10-8, 6-4, 9-7).

Though Ward thus ranks American players, no game he has yet shown, improved as it is, suggests present ability to outplay H. L. Doherty, who overwhelmed Larned in 1903 and won the national championship, which he this year defaulted to Ward. But Ward has shown continuous development since he first came into prominence, and as he is steady he may and very likely will in another year attain to skill equal to that of the very clever younger Doherty. The record of Ward's last six tennis years in the national tournament at Newport suggest his possibilities of improvement, and his temperament. In 1899 he was beaten by L. E. Ware in the third round and ranked ninth; in 1900 he ranked seventh; in 1901 also seventh, and D. F. Davis beat him in the first round; in 1902 he ranked fourth; in 1903 second; and in 1904 he is first. Clothier's record is also worthy of consideration. In 1901 he was beaten by R. D. Little and ranked at the bottom; in 1902 he ranked fifth; in 1903 third, although he beat Ward in the fourth round; and this year he is second—at least that is where he rightfully belongs, whether or no the National Association so place him.

As for Larned, he is a brilliant, erratic genius of the racket whom none can beat when he is at his best, but whose uncertainty of temperament may make of him a broken reed in performance.

**Shoot
More
Dance
Less** The victory of the New York militia rifle team over teams of the regular army and navy in the national match at Fort Riley, Kansas, ought to give and no doubt will give the encouragement needed by American militia organizations to raise the average standard of marksmanship. It proves what can be accomplished with only a little but faithful and *regular* practice; and it establishes beyond possible question the utility of the state rifle ranges concerning which there has been such an amount of wrangling. Every state in the union should have its range and every regiment of the National Guard should by state law take its practice, or be mustered out of service. Militia unqualified in marksmanship is worse than useless for serious work; America, which on occasions must rely so largely upon its volunteer soldiers,

cannot afford to countenance sham in its state troops. In the match at Fort Riley the number of points possible for each team to make was 6,000; the scores made were as follows:

New York, 4,332; Navy, 4,294; Army Infantry, 4,250; Army Cavalry, 4,158; Marine Corps, 4,078; District of Columbia, 3,994; Pennsylvania, 3,983; Rhode Island, 3,977; Massachusetts, 3,950; New Jersey, 3,807; Washington, 3,746; Maryland, 3,723; Georgia, 3,631; Connecticut, 3,614; Iowa, 3,524; Florida, 3,357; Michigan, 3,158; Kansas, 2,685; Alabama, 2,178.

These scores, although creditable in the case of the leaders, show unmistakably how much practice is needed; as does also representation from only fourteen states emphasize the indifference of American militia to this vital part of their duty. When the great states of Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, California, send no teams to so important a match, it is time for the people of those states to look into the spirit of their citizen soldiery.

**Better
Late
Than
Never** THE official encouragement which the War Department is about to give our militia is of incalculable value. It has been unpardonably long delayed, but is better late than never. And the government must lend much, frequent and material aid to its citizen soldiers before it has made amends for the criminal blunder of sending them into Cuba and the Philippines armed with a black powder burning rifle, having an extreme range of 1,000 yards, against an enemy carrying a rifle with a range of 3,000 yards and burning smokeless powder. Some of the time and thought expended on the canteen question would better be given to considering whether out-of-day weapons form a suitable, not to say intelligent, equipment for a nation of the first class. The Government Arsenal is conducted on lines appropriate for a crossroads grocery shop.

The proposed plans for the encouragement of rifle practice in America extend to military and other schools, individual citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, and of course the militia, and include aid in establishing shooting galleries and field ranges. A method of grading and rewarding marksmanship is also included, with decorations representing different degrees in the

qualification as an expert shot. With the coöperation of the citizens, this plan carried out faithfully will make America a nation of sharpshooters within three years; and for the promised help of the Government thanks are due to the National Rifle Association.

As it is true of almost every game that a good big man is better than a good little man, so in first-class golf it is also true that, other play being equal, a consistent long game will beat an accurate short game. Yet the facts remain unchanged that the long game of any given number of first-class golfers varies but little—one drives a few yards more or less than another, perhaps—while their short game varies considerably. Hence it is on the short game that matches are more often won, because it is the one in which the average player of even the first flight, is least perfect. The driving of Travers is not phenomenal and does not account for his uninterrupted list of victories; Mr. H. C. Egan did not win the Western amateur championship because of his long game; nor even is his course record of 70 to be solely credited to wooden clubs.

YACHT Designer George L. Watson appears to have second sight.

NOTHING in all the racing year of 1904 has given sportsmen so deep a thrill of satisfaction as the Futurity victory of Artful, bred by the late William C. Whitney. How it would have rejoiced his heart to see the success of his son's and the Duryea colors! for nothing awakened that delightful smile so promptly as the good fortune of "the boys," as he invariably called them. It will be many a day before that smile is forgotten by those who knew this liberal patron of the turf; he was a keen and a genuine sportsman, of whom there are few enough in the racing game. Clarence Mackay is one of those few, and I hope he will get back soon again, to join Herman Duryea, Harry Whitney, Thomas Hitchcock, the Messrs. Keene and some others in building a class to rank fittingly with the Old Guard of the turf, of whom only John Hunter and Stephen Sanford now remain of the group which included Lorillard, Jerome, Harper, Travers, Belmont, and Withers.

MR. MORTON F. PLANT'S schooner *Ingomar* returns to home waters with a foreign racing record of which he may be proud. In 22 starts she won 12 firsts; 4 seconds; 1 third; and 2 special prizes. She might also have brought home on her bowsprit a bit of the poop rail of the Kaiser's yacht *Meteor* had *Ingomar* clung tenaciously to her clear right of way on one occasion.

WILLIAM RENSHAW who died the second week in July was the first to make a big name in lawn tennis, and during the eighties he and his brother Ernest were as supreme as are the Dohertys now. From '81 to '87, William held the English championship, Ernest winning it in '88, and William regaining the title in '89. But these expert brothers will longest be remembered perhaps as the ones to have introduced the volleying and smashing which so radically changed and improved the game.

ARE there not enough sportsmen at Saranac Lake to put out of countenance the fisherman whose idea of sport rests entirely upon number of pounds killed?

FIRST and last the best work of the polo season so far has not been done by the highest goal men, and the poorest comparative work was shown by the supposedly best teams. Bryn Mawr 1st, for example, exhibited some very weak work for a four of such experience: and I saw no team work to excel that of Bryn Mawr 2nd, even despite the upsetting independence of its No. 4, who, though brilliant, was a disturbing factor, though Myopia, in winning the championship from Bryn Mawr 1st, showed some strong combination play. Rockaway 1st held the most consistent form through play on the Point Judith Club Field, which this year, as usual, furnished the best of the summer tournaments and has entirely captured Newport's one-time sporting glory.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON is on the verge of again challenging for the *America's Cup* with another *Shamrock* fourth of the name to be built for that purpose. Whether he declares to race under the old rule of the New York Yacht Club or the rule recently adopted by that club, mat-

ters little to us on this side, and cuts but small figure in calculations on the other side also, although the English press raises the usual cry about the handicap the boat bears which must sail across the ocean to the racing waters. *Shamrock III* was towed over and so were some of the others—but that does not still the cry.

WHAT does interest us in a forthcoming challenge is the likelihood that Alfred Mylne, a younger designer, and one, I believe, with ideas more adaptable to the occasion, will be responsible for Lipton's next boat. He has turned out no ninety footers, but some fast models up to the fifty class, and in his choice there is prospect of a new era in British Cup yacht building and closer contests for us—perhaps.

I BEG to remind those hunters who are complaining so bitterly through the columns of "sportsmens" papers (which ought to live up to their names and waste-basket such communications) of the shortness of the Colorado open deer season (September 15 to 30) that the law was made for the protection of the deer and not for the benefit of the market hunters or the butchers.

WHEN the engines of an automobile will run 3,000 miles without an accident, or fifteen days without cessation, it means that the manufacture of motor cars is approaching perfection, both as to durability of initial material and quality of workmanship. The recent trip of F. A. La Roche, to St. Louis and back, is a record in which the experience and cleverness of the driver shares at least in part the splendid triumph of the car's mechanism. And, after all, such tests as these which show of what stuff the machine is made, are the ones to appeal direct to the average purchaser, rather than the high speed trials that can never be of practical interest to but comparatively very few automobilists.

SPORTSMEN should be very moderate in their bags this autumn, the terrible cold and storms having drawn heavily on both bird and animal life last winter. In the South quail appear to have suffered least, but all through the North, East and West,

Bob White and grouse are less plentiful than usual. The same is true of deer and of elk, though happily the latter are better off than reports made out in the spring. Unless great moderation is exercised by hunters this season, and extraordinary care and precaution taken by clubs and associations and wardens to restock, to protect and to guard against the depredations of the butchers, there will come such game exhaustion as to result in annihilation in some sections and depletion in all.

Which Shall It Be? The failure of American colleges to support the Olympic Games at St. Louis is chargeable to the blundering International Committee of the Olympic Society. First it blundered in granting the event to Chicago with the latter's circus-like plans; it blundered again by indorsing change of date and place in favor of St. Louis, as suggested by the Chicago local committee that had fallen in dire funk when plans of a rival athletic hippodrome were put forth by the Exposition; it added discourtesy and irregularity in office to its second blunder by making this change without consulting the American Committee of the Society—Prof. William Sloane, James H. Hyde, Caspar Whitney—who presumably had been appointed to safeguard the games from just such mistakes of officious and half-informed foreigners; and from first to last the International Committee, with Pierre de Coubertin as Chairman, showed little more conception of the significance of the classic event committed to their care than might have been expected of a "barker" on the Pike.

Both Chicago and St. Louis sought to hold the games, not because of an appreciation of their traditions or a desire to nourish and perpetuate them, but for strictly business purposes. Chicago had planned an athletic "Midway" with the games as excuse for the venture; St. Louis thought them a profitable method of advertising the Exposition, and raised money so liberally they had the erstwhile magniloquent Chicago committeemen's teeth chattering from sheer fright. So the games went to St. Louis along with the "Pike," and the air-ships and the

merry-go-'rounds; but, despite much epistolary effort, university support was withheld in America as in England. On the last Olympiad the same International Committee and the same Chairman made the games a side-show of the Paris Exposition, at the sacrifice of much prestige and many entries; this time in again making the games an exposition side-show they entirely lost the support of the university world, for the games, and its respect for themselves. Thus, of the three revivals of these ancient sports, only one, the first at Athens, was in sympathy with tradition. If these games are to be held in the spirit which ruled the ancients, and the spirit which also ruled the moderns at Athens, one of two alternatives must be taken—either the International Committee and its Chairman must change their spirit, or the Olympic Society must change its International Committee and Chairman. Which shall it be?

While the absence of college athletes from St. Louis was rather hard on James E. Sullivan, who worked so diligently for success and whose management was all that could be asked, yet it was the result of praiseworthy revulsion against using this classic event as an advertising side-show. It is my deliberate judgment that these games should invariably be held under college or club auspices and never under city or citizen committees that can not resist making it an occasion for booming town lots. And this is no criticism of St. Louis, which handled the athletic events creditably and made a success of the meeting despite the entire absence of college support. But that does not lift the indignity put upon the games by the International Committee, of being one of many side-shows to a great fair.

If there is not enough interest or sufficient of the spirit of sport to permit of these Olympic Games being given, as such and alone, on traditional lines, let them rest undisturbed in an honored past.

MAINE appears to have some farmers that should attend night school—on the subject of the relation of bird and animal life-protection to agricul ure. Ohio can tell them a few interesting and valuable things about its worth-whileness.

A TENT WITH A FIREPLACE

By M. C. NINDE

THERE are two ways of spending a summer in camp. An ample boat can carry all that is necessary for two persons, and, in a journey along some of the Northern waterways, a tent can be pitched each night and packed next morning. The pleasure of this kind of trip is often greatest in the planning and anticipation that precede it, and in the recollections that follow, when time has softened some trying experiences, too commonplace to be counted adventures, or out of keeping with a life near to nature.

When man attempts to live like creatures of the wood, his complex habits and needs surround him with difficulties opposed to simplicity, and, in this peregrinating style of camp, to cleanliness; but the muscle training developed by constant rowing, and a perennial appetite that is indifferent to hastily prepared and indigestible meals are compensations. Such is the out-of-door weariness on these journeys, that, to roll up in a blanket and sleep by a camp-fire, one half the body roasting the other half freezing, seems a luxury, even when the ground is damp and only the prospect of a cheerless breakfast awaits. If a tent be pitched each night, more muscles are used, more weariness results, and sleep seems, more than ever, the only thing to be desired. This is "roughing it," as experienced by the strenuous camper in search of health and recreation, and there is much good in it, perhaps most important of all the great joy and relief, usually unconfessed, in the return to home and tablecloth.

The still camp, called, somewhat slightly, by the more energetic, "cottage

camping," gives to those whose love of nature is judiciously tempered with conventionality, the most satisfactory combination of necessary comforts and great freedom from care.

This summer's camp was the most successful one we have ever made. The two tents were pitched on a sandy, grass-covered bluff, high above a small lake near enough to Lake Michigan to have the benefit of its bracing air. Just below the bluff was a fine, cold spring that we used for drinking water and a refrigerator for perishable food.

The small tent was our dining-room as well as kitchen when it rained too hard to sit at the table under the trees. It was most conveniently furnished with dry-goods boxes made into cupboards by being nailed to stakes driven into the ground. Here we stored our food and dishes so that they were unmolested by ants, mice or any other enemies to tent dwellers.

The living tent had a floor about a foot from the ground to allow a plentiful circulation of air, and, incidentally, of those small animals politely called pole cats which are often so objectionable unless hospitably received. Some of them spent the summer under the hearth in front of our fire-place without giving us any lasting evidence of their presence so long as they were left to enjoy their cosy quarters undisturbed. A visitor, however, energetic in our behalf, or, over-keen for sport, used a long fish-pole to disturb the daytime slumbers of this happy family, and we were punished in the usual way.

We had no lack of comfortable furniture.

The ever-useful dry-goods box in various sizes furnished us with wash-stand, book-case and table, with only the expense of a little time and planning to make them available. A woven wire spring and mattress, always a part of our outfit, set on legs made of a log sawed into four equal lengths, made our bed, which was protected at night by a mosquito netting fastened to cords hung from the roof.

Sweet-smelling fir balsam boughs make a more romantic couch, but it is unfortunately too lumpy and unresponsive for the average back.

During the long summer days in the



A hole is ripped in the tent to meet the stove.

bracing air, camp life seems to lack nothing. It is perfection to lie in a hammock under the trees in the morning stillness and listen to the gentle lapping of the waves on the pebbly beach below the bluff, to watch the birds and squirrels come close because they have not learned fear in this wild place, to drowse idly as noon comes and birds seek shelter under the darkest branches.

The keel of the boat grates on the beach and the fisherman has come. Soon there is dinner under the trees. Such a dinner! Or, perhaps one should say, such appetites!

To do nothing in particular except to prepare one's food and burn such scraps of it as are left each day, and to keep as clean as is consistent with comfort are all the duties that should be allowed in camp.

The secret of pleasure in an out-of-door summer is the friendly relation that comes from an intimate association with the trees and every living thing. We found it a delight that began with the sunrise and singing of birds and lasted all day long. But our joy went down with the sun, and, no longer at home with the wild creatures, we realized that we were just two humans, far from civilization, alone in the woods of Northern Michigan, darkness coming on and only a cold, cheerless tent lighted by flickering candles, or, more doleful still, a kerosene lantern, to keep away the glooms for the two hours until bedtime. It was at these times that we were moved to tell each other how much we liked it—with an insistence born of opposition to the feeling of loneliness that would cry out against such desolation after the brilliant days.

For a short time we have to confess to a very large amount of strong language called forth by a very small kerosene stove which did not give out heat in proportion to its smoke, and which reproached us with a most dreadful smell whenever we left the piney air outside to sit in its fumes.

That was the reason the fireplace came to be built. It may be that other people have had fireplaces in tents, but we believed not, so had all the joy of discoverers at having invented so paradoxical a thing. One day the inspiration came, for it could have been nothing less, and the next evening as we watched the sun go down behind the lake, we lighted a great fire of pitch pine knots and the place glowed with light and heat,



Next the tent an opening was left.

and gave us such joy of our own creation that we sat, worshipping before it like pagans, until midnight, rejoicing that gloom was banished forever from tent life.

The hive-shaped stove was built of stones laid up in mortar made of Portland cement and sand from the lake shore. On the side next the tent an opening was left to fill one breadth which was ripped and tacked to the mantel, a rustic affair, of beautifully weathered driftwood. Some cement spread over the board floor made the hearth, and our fire screen was a piece of wire netting fastened to two pieces of lath and hung in front of the fire. Three lengths of stove pipe gave the required heights for the chimney, which was firmly held in place by wires fastened to the tent poles.

In every summer camp there are cold, rainy days, when it takes courage and pride to keep "game" in spite of damp air and damper bedding, when morning after morning one may be awakened by the rain pelt-ing unmercifully on the roof of his frail dwelling, and begin to long in secret for civilization. The fireplace has "changed all that," for the gloomy evenings and rainy days are filled with recollections of many books read aloud by our genial, fragrant pine-knot fire.



FAKE NATURAL HISTORY

By JOHN BURROUGHS

THE number of absurd things about the animals that intelligent people stand ready to believe, and, in fact, do believe, would fill a volume—many volumes. Any thing that looks like reason or forethought in bird or beast—any suggestion of human mentality, we snap at eagerly and accept without a moment's reflection. I plead guilty of having sinned to some extent, in this respect myself, and on more than one occasion, but a more careful consideration of the question of animal instinct and intelligence has now put me on my guard.

The past season a robin began its nest on a bit of slanting shingle roof where another roof formed a shelter above it. Her first mouthful of straws and dry grass, disturbed by the wind, slid off; so did all her first morning's work, so did her second and third morning's work come to naught. The ground beneath became littered with the rubbish the bird had brought, still she persisted as if all were going well with her undertaking, yet on the fourth day not a straw remained to mark the site of her nest. Then it seemed as if the bird began to appreciate the situation, and was struck with a new idea; she began to bring mud with which the plaster the dry grass to the roof. Then her building prospered; the mud did the work, and the nest was soon completed.

Now it looked at first sight as if the bird had taken the step of reason which meets a new difficulty with new and adequate means. She had paused to reflect and had mended her ways. But when I came to look deeper into the matter, this was the result: All the robins about the place, wheresoever their nests were placed began them with dry grass and straws. They usually occupied about three mornings carrying rubbish of this kind, and then they would begin with the mud—a foundation of straw and a superstructure of mud and straw. So that my intelligent robin followed the course of all her neighbors, and used the mud at the proper stage of her work, irrespective of the loss of her straw foundation. She had not reflected after all; she had simply followed the method of her race, guided by instinct, and not by reason.

The robin is a very adaptive bird certainly, it adjusts itself readily to new conditions, but it falls far short of the intelligence that is often ascribed to it. Thus there are persons who seem to believe that when mud is scarce the robin will bring water in its beak to the dust of the road and so make the mortar that it needs. This notion is, of course, absurd. How could the robin know that water and dust will make mud? This knowledge is the result of reflection and experiment, and is not within the reach of an animal. More than that, if the robin could find the water, he

could certainly find the mud somewhere. I have seen robins nests with little or no mud, and I have known them to use a substitute for mud furnished by the cows.

Another equally absurd claim for the robin comes from a correspondent. A robin had her nest in a tree under his chamber window in such a position that he could see all that happened in the nest. He says that when the young robins were nearly grown he saw the mother bird take them one by one, by the nape of the neck, and hold them out over the rim of the nest to teach them to use their wings! I suppose "our modern school of nature study" would accept this statement without question. It is such preposterous natural history as this that furnishes the stock in trade of this "school." Some persons deceive themselves in what they think they see, and not a few, I am convinced, are deliberate falsifiers.

The young man who reported to me that, one day after a violent storm of wind and rain, he found a robin's nest upon the ground holding two half-grown birds, that were tied to the nest by a "tiny ligament fastened to a leg of each just above the knee joint," "thus holding the birds very securely until such time as the mother bird chose to release them for the purpose of testing their wings," this observer, I say, deceived himself. The birds had simply got their legs entangled in the material of the nest, and were probably fatally held. I have known a young bird to have a leg amputated in this way—cut off by a horsehair. That birds sometimes tie their young in the nest, as a mother ties her babe in a chair to keep it from falling out, is a discovery worthy of the "school" of nature study I have above referred to. The statement of a college student who says he saw a robin throw a dead bird from her nest in a tree near his window, I can accept. The instinct of cleanliness or the sanitary instinct, so well marked in most birds, would prompt her to do this. Such an instinct seems necessary to the continuance of the species.

Animals know what they have to know or perish, and they know very little more. They do not have to know the use of strings to tie things with, or the mystery of knots, or the effects of poison, or many other things, the knowledge of which is so often ascribed to them. On the other hand, it is of vital importance to them that they should know their natural enemies and how to escape them, that they should know their proper food, that they should know their nesting material and how to use it, that young birds should use their wings without instruction or example, etc. Most brook fish seem to know enough to roil the water on the approach of danger, and the cuttle-

fish to throw out its inky cloud beneath which it hides. The instinct of self-preservation develops most of the wit the animals possess.

ADAPTABILITY IN BIRDS.

The more adaptive any form of life is, be it plant or animal, the better it succeeds in the struggle for existence. The miscellaneous feeders among the birds, such as the robin, increase far beyond that of birds that are more restricted in their diet. I have often wondered why the Baltimore oriole was so much more abundant than the orchard oriole. The former is at times a fruit eater, and the latter is not. The Baltimore oriole is also a pea eater. This season I caught him in the act of slitting open the pods of my early peas and helping himself to the contents. No doubt he varies his insect diet with still other products. The orchard oriole, so far as I have observed, is not an offender in either the vineyard or the garden.

Then the nesting habits of the Baltimore oriole tend to greater safety of eggs and young than those of the orchard. I have never known a crow or a squirrel to break up a Baltimore oriole. The slender pendant branches to which the deep, pocket-like nest is swung, make it very difficult for any of the natural enemies of the birds to gain access to it; while, on the other hand, the more open nest of the orchard oriole, usually placed amid the upright branches of a maple or an apple tree, at no great distance from the ground, falls a prey much more easily to crow or snake and squirrel.

The "high hole" is the most abundant of our woodpeckers. It again is the most adaptive. It migrates and thus avoids our severe winters. It gets a large share of its food upon the ground, in the shape of ants and probably crickets. It is also a fruit eater. To offset these advantages, its field habits make it a prey to small hawks—a danger which the more arboreal species seem exempt from.

A NOVEL WAY OF FISHING.

My son Julian furnishes me with this account of a curious manner of fishing which he saw in Jamaica.

"After spending even so short a time as one month in the tropics, one can readily understand the possibility of such a strange—to us—performance as that Mr. Charles Kellogg and I witnessed one night in Kingston harbor. We were idly lounging about the wharf of the United Fruit Company, waiting for the *Admiral Sampson* to take us back to Philadelphia, our cameras, with every plate already exposed, having been stored away with our baggage. Otherwise we might have gotten some kind of a pic-

ture, even in the failing light, of the strange scene before us. Two negro fishermen had put out their net, as the great circle of buoys or floats indicated, and had stationed themselves at one side with their boat. All would be quiet for a few moments until suddenly with a great shouting, which was taken up by a crowd of coolies on shore, the two negroes would rap loudly with their paddles on the side of the boat. Instantly mullets would flash out of the green water, trying to jump over the boat into the water beyond both boat and net. They jumped out of the water six feet or so from the boat, and would surely have cleared everything had it not been for a net which was hung on poles like a fence, and which invariably threw the mullets back into the bottom of the boat. This was repeated over and over until the catch numbered dozens, from two to six or seven being caught each time the pounding and shouting was resorted to. Certainly nothing could be more characteristic of the tropics than such a performance, yet our friends at home have always called it a fish story. The mullets are a silver fish, about the size of herring, except that they are rounder, being in shape like our chubbs. They were great jumpers. When we drew a seine for alligators in the Salt Ponds at Port Henderson the mullets jumped all over the net, in and out, just for the fun of it apparently. Great numbers of them are caught with dynamite by simply priming it and throwing it into the water, when the silly mullets at once dart up and swim around and around until the dynamite explodes and kills them all. At Port Henderson I threw stones from the dock when in the clear water I could see the mullets appear as if by magic, darting about the stone in a whirling circle. How such habit originated it is hard to imagine.

"At any rate it made a beautiful picture; the green water below flashing forth the silver fish, the old dugout with its half-naked, muscular negroes, the coolies in their flowing robes of every color on shore, the cocoanuts of barbaric splendor rising against the Blue Mountains that in turn rose into the very clouds."

BLACK CHIPMONKS

I have lived in a chipmonk region all my life, and have never seen a black one, yet black ones do occur. I have just received a photograph of one seen in the Catskills, and a correspondent at Bath, N. Y., writes me of one she has seen there for two seasons. I have not yet heard of a black red squirrel, though black gray ones are occasionally seen. Black woodchucks and black foxes are probably the result of the same law of variation.

TRAINING AND CARE OF THE SPORTING DOG

By JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

MOST writers advise amateurs not to train their own shooting dogs, on the principal of every man to his trade. In the general interest of field education the contrary advice should be given. The amateur who trains his own dog may not queer the dog, and cannot fail to do himself a world of good. It is a fact of statistics that nine dogs are well trained for the field where one man is qualified to associate with either a dog of good field manners or a sportsman of discretion. Graduates in the school of experience will agree without dissent that the training of dogs is a lesser problem than that of training the men who do the shooting. Among the drawbacks of the sport is the misfortune that in almost every party there is an individual who acts the rôle of salt in the ice cream and fly in the ointment. He yells at every new movement of the dog; he breaks shot; he cannot let the dog retrieve in peace, but must rush up and grab the bird; he will shoot at rabbits and larks; he does everything to make the dog commit the faults which a year of education has barely corrected; then he spreads reports about your "no good" pointers and your cheating trainer.

There is the man who sends a young dog to a trainer; lets the latter work just long enough to establish a yard obedience; writes in a hurry for the dog to go on a "hunt"; does not take the trouble to learn what methods and orders the trainer has used or whether the animal is in a physical condition for endurance; swears at dog and trainer because he doesn't find an exact machine in work and a trolley car in staying power.

Dogs could do with less schooling if the men who used them had more. There would be more dogs of the *bien élevés* class if nobody might shoot over them except those who could prove a character for at least letting them alone.

But these corrupters of dog youth are not to be exterminated or cured. It is rather a waste of time to discourse upon their shortcomings.

Training dogs for the gun is an art of some detail, and this chapter can only mention the leading principles. If the amateur wishes to master the art as it is practised in America, he can find the directions in the books of Mr. Waters, or in the smaller but excellent treatise of Mr. Haberlein.

Upon one general proposition I should like to lay especial emphasis. It is that a dog should have a chance to ripen under experience. Lessons hurriedly crammed do not take root in either the human or canine mind. Slow development is nearly always the best development. It should be the rule, if one desires his dogs to be really finished

and perfected, to leave them with a reliable trainer for two seasons. Some of the best dogs reach their form slowly, preserving their natural good qualities only by coming under discipline without the severity of a rushed education. When Mr. Burdett bought Cincinnatus's Pride as a young dog, the selection was made on account of the dog's beauty and attractive disposition. Mr. Burdett expected to get a shooting dog for his Southern trips. Richards, I think, was his trainer at that time. Mr. Burdett owned Anne of Abbotsford, one of the best field trial winners of the day. After the trainer had had the two together in the Northwest for several months, he wrote to Mr. Burdett saying that, unless he was mistaken, he would have a surprise ready in a few weeks. A little later came a letter saying that Pride was beating Anne in the class of his work. Mr. Burdett was indeed surprised and doubtful; but permitted the trainer to have his way, and the dog world knows the flashing career of Pride in the Southern trials of the next season.

The pointer, Jingo, was another case of late development. In his first experience he had not a great deal of speed and almost no style. The superficial observer would have called him a good, reliable shooting prospect. Under sensible training he gradually increased his range and speed until he reached the form which made him the crack pointer in both his derby and all-age years.

A finished dog retrieves promptly to order from land and water; "heels" at a word, and remains until ordered out; it is quiet in buggy or wagon; respects the whistle and obeys the hand of his handler at any distance; is steady to shot and wing; neglects rabbits and all fur; backs at sight of a decisive point.

Comparatively few dogs are polished to the extent of being perfect in all these respects. Field trial work calls for the least allowable restraint. In America the tendency is to break dogs, even for the gun, as little as comfort and efficiency permit. The main proposition is that the dog must find birds, and without delay. An American shot will pardon mistakes and lack of polish; incompetency, never. Fancy accomplishments only irritate the American when the "get there" abilities are weak. Still, a really educated dog does all these things I have named, and does them cheerfully. Since American shooting calls for a higher class of efficiency than the sport demands in Great Britain, it is the more imperative that a trainer should have plenty of time in which to inculcate the self-control of education without diminishing range, speed, and zest in the search.

A trainer cannot give knowledge to a dog; that comes only with natural intelligence and experience. What the trainer does is to establish habits contrary to the dog's natural inclinations. This can be done by lessons many, many, many times repeated. The principle is stated in the phrase, "steady coercion, sympathetically applied."

What the bow is to the fiddler, the hammer to the smith, the color-box to the painter, the check-cord is to the dog trainer. There are men who will tell you that they train by stinging their dogs with bird shot when not obedient. Others tell you that thumping with a stick, or punching with a gun-barrel, or a few kicks in the ribs will do the work. For that kind of men that kind of training may be all right. A dog often becomes good by mere experience in spite of such obstacles, but his goodness must not be credited to the mistake in treatment. The many uses of the check-cord, combined with the spike collar, need not be recited, but, in a general way, the amateur can make no mistake if he understands that the check-cord is used in establishing nearly all the acts which a field dog learns to perform as a part of training. With the cord you make a dog understand precisely what it is you want him to do. If he disobeys or makes a mistake, he realizes what you mean when he receives correction.

Retrieving is the main trouble of the trainer, and may be said to include nearly all the other things in his repertory. That is, in the course of teaching a dog to retrieve, you could incidentally teach him to obey almost any other order.

The great central rule is to make the dog obey one simple command at a time and not confuse him with anything else. Patiently compel him to follow a simple direction over and over again until he connects the order instantly with the act. First make him sit on his haunches until he hears the word of release; then make him hold a pad in his mouth until similarly relieved; then make him pick it up from the floor; then fetch it from a little distance. After this yard breaking is satisfactory, take him in the field and make him go through the same performances many times with a dead bird. Even then, when he gets under the excitement of regular hunting, he will forget the lesson.

Here is where the amateur often demoralizes the dog's education. He becomes interested in hunting and wants to shoot and get birds. He indulges the dog's disobedience and piles up trouble for subsequent efforts at education. The imperative rule is not to mix the human desire to get game with the process of teaching the dog. You must let the birds be entirely secondary until the dog retrieves not only reliably but with good manners.

Nowadays, nobody cares for a natural retriever. Natural retrieving means that

the dog recovers birds when he feels like it and that he falls into many bad habits. A modern trainer does not regard a dog's natural retrieving as having any bearing on the subject. The animal must retrieve under a force system and strictly to order.

Many sportsmen do not permit their dogs to retrieve, believing that it interferes with the class of the work, and that it leads to such annoyances as the chewing of birds and constant pottering after imaginary dead game. Some like to shoot with a brace of high-class dogs which do not retrieve and a quiet old chap which does nothing else. As a rule, however, the American field shot does not own many dogs and insists upon retrieving.

Backing is often naturally or quickly acquired, but more often it is a matter of compulsion to make a dog promptly recognize another's point. Some dogs otherwise excellent are extremely jealous, and are unhappy unless they can carry their noses a little in front. Llewellyn setters are especially erratic in this respect. A good trainer has his dogs stop quickly at a word or whistle and practices them with a cord in the field until they obey without question. The order generally consists of some definite word, such as "whoa," accompanied with the straight holding up of the hand. In this way backing can afterwards be quickly taught in actual work; the whistle signal to stop being accompanied with the hand command.

Dealing with a timid or gunshy dog is a necessary part of the art. It is a fact that a great many of the very cleverest dogs, both pointers and setters, are at first gunshy. The usual method of treatment is to fire small pistol loads around the yard until the dog ceases to pay attention. Some trainers use the pistol whenever the dogs are called out to feed. Making this a regular practice, young dogs are supposed to associate feeding with the noise and do not require any special lessons.

Modern training does not expect a dog to "charge" or lie down to shot or wing. The idea is that the dog handles his work better if he is permitted to observe where the birds go. This, however, is a matter of taste and some owners still wish their dogs to charge.

In nearly all American country there is a great deal of early annoyance on account of rabbits. Many dogs cease of their own accord to pay much attention to rabbits after a few birds have been shot over them, but as a rule a bird dog will point on rabbit. The chief trouble occurs less from the rabbits themselves than from the presence of scent where rabbits are at all abundant; certain dogs being prone to pother over it and false point.

A watchful trainer with a few sharp orders to "go on" is generally able to get rid of this difficulty after a short time. The main thing is to never shoot a rabbit or to pay any attention to it yourself. If you do

not mind it, a dog will not be slow to follow your example.

Foxhounds and beagles are not trained. They are "entered," or practised, when young by having short runs with the old hounds.

Greyhound training is a fine art of itself, but rather resembles the management of a racehorse. The object is not discipline but to put in the highest possible physical condition. The only teaching consists in slipping a few times on hares to inculcate readiness in leaving slips and in scoring. The trainer avoids unnecessary work on hares, as the greyhound is likely to learn too much and become "cunning."

In the matter of caring for dogs the general theory is simple. Every dog is naturally a vagabond and is the better for a bit of opportunity to loaf and wander. But in the case of valuable animals the liberty is rarely permissible. As far as the dog's welfare is concerned, the simplest form of kennel is as good as any. That consists of cheap wire fence and a rough board sleeping-place. The only necessary points are that the sleeping-place be free from draughts and dry. If it can be made deep and dark, the dog will be happier. From that provision up to the most elaborate and ornate kennel is a matter of the owner's taste and has little to do with the good of the dog. I would rather have a cheap, rough kennel and change it from one piece of ground to another at least once a year, than to have the most expensive affair so situated that dogs must remain on the same ground for many years. If a man undertakes to raise puppies, he will find that in a year or two one piece of ground becomes a hatching-place of distemper and of distemper in the worst form. I really believe that it is better to leave puppies on the open ground without a roof over their heads than to place them in a kennel where other dogs have been kept for any length of time. The most lavish use of disinfectants will not secure immunity, though it reduces the danger.

A great physician said last year in a convention that with only four medicines nearly all diseases could be treated in common practice: calomel, quinine, carbolic acid, and iodide of potash. Dogs have exactly the same diseases which afflict men, and respond to the same medicines. With some changes these four standard remedies are all that the owner will ordinarily find necessary. The dog physiology is particularly susceptible to calomel, and that mineral should never be used. Substitute castor oil or cascara for calomel, and the medicine chest is pretty nearly full, except for santonin and areca nut against the great enemy—worms. Santonin is used for young dogs and in the case of common worms; the areca nut for tapeworm. Carbolic acid, of course, is for external skin troubles and wounds. Salicylate of soda should take the place of iodide. It is an intestinal dis-

infectant, or "blood purifier," and while not a specific for distemper, is by all odds the most valuable among the simple medicines so far applied to that disease. The dose is from three to eight grains, according to the dog's age, three times a day. Hyposulphite of soda is used for the same purpose. It would be useful also if the owner could have at hand a bottle of salad or olive oil. Dogs are prone to eat bones and other hard substances, and these cause frequent obstructions. The oil is given in wine-glass quantities as a lubricant. It has been for years an honored belief that dogs should be fed on bones. No doubt they can digest bones much better than can other domestic animals. Nevertheless, a dog risks his life when he swallows sharp-pointed bones, and the wise kennelman will not permit risks in the case of valuable animals. The well-known setter, Kingston, died in that way, and hundreds of other deaths can be traced to the same cause.

It is easy to give a dog liquid medicine if one person will hold his jaws shut while the other pulls out the pouch of the mouth and pours in the liquid.

If there is but one dog, ordinary table scraps are the best food. In a large kennel it is better to follow the usual greyhound practice of feeding "stirabout," which in this country consists of corn meal thoroughly boiled with some kind of cheap meat scraps; usually, in the West, cracklings from the packing houses. For puppies the best food is milk, or soup, thickened with graham bread. A very cheap and most useful variation for all ages is ordinary beans or peas, thoroughly boiled with pork to impart the meat flavor and relish.

In active training field-dog men could learn a great deal from greyhound trainers. There are few handlers of shooting dogs who know how to get, or keep their dogs in good condition. For the last week of a greyhound's training and when he is at a meeting, he is fed on a manufactured biscuit in the morning and solid, raw, lean beef in the evening. A greyhound seems to get both blood condition and nervous energy on this feeding, and I have no doubt that a setter, or pointer, on the eve of a field trial would come to a sharper edge if fed something the same way. While field dogs are not as delicate or as liable to suffer from exposure as greyhounds, they have their susceptibilities and need some care, other than they get at field trials, to guard against congestions, exhaustions, and the effects of extreme weather.

In a field trial kennel is usually a tank filled with "dip" to destroy fleas and prevent mange. The favorite solution—liked because it does not hurt the eyes and facilitates the quick work of "sousing" the dog, head and all—is lye and sulphur. A box of extra strong concentrated lye is dissolved and into the water is stirred four or five pounds of sulphur over a fire. This

mixture is diluted with about a barrel of water and is ready for use. Some kennelmen add an ounce or two of sulphuric acid.

These are the essential accessories of the regular kennel. Nothing else needs to be said except that it saves money and trouble to call a veterinary when serious sickness first appears. While that advice is good, the owner of a dog should also have the books of Dr. Wesley Mills and "Ashmont" in his library.

One crime of the kennel the humane societies should place among the objects of their labor. It is the severe working of a pregnant female—a practice due to a superstition about the hunting instinct being strengthened in the pups. After the life of the young mammal has once begun, all the dam will ever do is to furnish nutrition and guard from enemies. Cold science knows that a fœtus is as much a parasite as a tapeworm. Severe work and excitement interfere sadly with nutrition, and a bitch so treated is very likely to have puppies so weakened that they will develop rickets or other diseases. Shun the man who would sell you puppies nourished by a mother overworked in her pregnancy. He would as well be praising blind or idiotic ancestry. Good dogs may come from such an unfortunate mother, but they do not start with a square chance.

Another superstition which causes as much troublous apprehension to the breeder as any, is a belief that when a female is mated with an undesirable male, subsequent litters by other males are affected. Without going into the reasons, it may be said conclusively that this is a physical impossibility and that breeders need never give it a thought. If there were anything in it, the Hanover family of race-horses would not be thoroughbreds, for Bourbon Belle had a trotting colt before she foaled Hanover.

One more superstition—the mad-dog scare. Personally I do not believe that there is such a specific disease as hydrophobia from a bite. There are tetanus, meningitis, strychnine poisoning and a rabies which can be communicated by contact. In practice such things are all to be dreaded. Don't be alarmed about hydrophobia, but keep your eye on a dog which begins to act queerly. Isolate him, give him a purgative, and, send for the veterinary.

KENNEL NOTES

Distemper is not yet under the mastery of science. Every good practical hint is to be circulated. While not convinced, I am inclined to think that the open-air cure, winter or summer, is the indicated treatment; with, necessarily, the best available medicine. I can mention one of several examples within my own knowledge. Prince Hal, a greyhound which afterward won

some stakes in California, was afflicted with a virulent case when I had him at my house in St. Louis. He was kept in a dry and heated place, not a draught being allowed to reach him. This was, I thought, the correct method. The case became hopeless, apparently. The dog was so weak that he literally could not lift his head. Mr. E. J. Brown, then his trainer, removed him, as I did not wish to have him die at my place. Mr. Brown believed in open air. He placed the dog in an outbuilding and simply forced him on milk, eggs and sherry. Hal not only recovered, but so healthfully that not a blemish or weakness remained as a reminder of the distemper. And it was, too, a wet and cold March, the worst of distemper weather. I may also add, however, that Mr. Brown lost two good dogs in the same epidemic.

As to medicine, I rather think now that quinine is none too good for a dog. In addition to intestinal correctives, like sulphur or salicylate of soda, I should use phenacetin or some other coal-tar depressant to lessen the heart-exhaustion of the terrific fever which attends a severe case. Everybody knows that dogs do not die of distemper itself, but of consequent weakness. If you can avoid that you can nearly always effect a cure.

If there is one trick more than another now needed in the professional training of dogs for the gun, it is that of dealing successfully with sensitive dispositions. Most modern setters, and fully half of the pointers, are liable to damage from rough treatment. And nine out of ten country "breakers," with a goodly proportion of high-priced trainers, are anything but tactful in their handling. Few people know how many dogs are more or less addicted to blinking; a bad habit resulting from a fear of penalty for doing some wrong thing about birds. I know some of both breeds which will work with apparent industry hour after hour, and never notice a bird if there is a noisy and meddlesome stranger along. I am just sending south a young dog which was accustomed to the gun from weaning-time. He was, and is, no more afraid of the gun than I am. A friend to whom I gave him last fall sent him to a rural trainer, whose only way with dogs is to yell and fight when he objects to anything of omission or commission. The youngster promptly proceeded to become handler-shy, and that included a species of gun-shyness. The owner mournfully reported to me that the dog was of no account. It came back into my possession, and will next season be one of the best shooting dogs in my State. This is not a single case. I know of hundreds in some degree similar. I could tell of a field-trial dog which cost \$1,000 and was worth more at the time. He is an animal which will break his heart trying for anybody who pets him, and hacks into the commonplace under

severity. He has been very nearly a failure in field trials for two years, though a phenomenal winner in his early form. Maybe nobody should own anything but bold dogs which can take coarse discipline. Still, since that rule would throw out a big proportion of the very best pointers and setters, it seems better to teach the trainers a little discrimination.

When amateurs are about to take up for themselves the training of dogs for the field, they always make the mistake of trying to do too many things in a hurry. Even if they have the patience to persist, they put the dogs and themselves in a state of confusion. A dozen things are half done; and that is scarcely better than not doing at all. An amateur should always remember that if he can once make a dog stop at command—using the spoken word when near-by and the whistle for distances—he controls the situation. When using the check-cord it is time well spent if he puts in a half an hour a day for a month simply making the dog stop to order and wait for further sign of action. Never argue with a dog. Use one simple word or one simple signal of the whistle, and use it with patient repetition until the dog obeys reliably and cheerfully. Achieve that much of perfect control, and you have a fairly good shooting dog; because with that discipline you can apply the command to backing, to steadiness before and behind, to ranging and to the subsequent more intricate process of retrieving. The amateur cannot too firmly remember that the entire business of training a dog for shooting rests upon the principle of stopping to order and waiting for the next command.

It is useless to apply to dogs the modern theory of child instruction which looks to the calling forth of the higher faculties. To tell the truth, even in the case of children, my own impression is that the old-fashioned drudgery of the English schools, with its many hours at Latin and Greek verses, was better than the modern fad. That, however, calls for argument, and argument is not needed here. Certain it is that for a dog the establishment of discipline by a cool, constant, patient, interminable repetition of a definite order is the effective plan; and that the basis of it all consists of instant suspension of action to command, which makes everything else comparatively easy when it is once established.

In English setters, the Laveracks have in the past two years reached a command over their classes in the bench shows as complete at that which has been attained for years in the British shows. From Seattle to Boston the Laveracks win wherever they are

shown, under every judge who has reputation enough to be worth while.

On the other hand, the Laveracks simply make themselves ridiculous in a field trial, where the Llewellins hold a supremacy challenged only by the best of the pointers.

It seems inconsistent to the point of absurdity that a breed supposed to be perpetuated for active field purposes should be thus separated into two varieties. There is, however, a reason behind it. Beauty and symmetry should be an aim in type; so should the highest powers in field competition. Since the two things have no natural connection, it is inevitable that if the competition in each line is severe the extremes will widely differentiate. Each extreme type can be used by the gentleman-owner, modifying his kennel to suit his own fancy.

This suggests a word or two on the limitless topic of how to breed. There are no absolute rules in breeding, but there are two which stand out among the others. One is that success is most likely to lie along the path of breeding every year to the latest and best winners. The initial expense of so doing is a comparatively small item, and all the subsequent disbursements of time and money are the same for worthless dogs as for the best. The history of all animal breeding is that progress lies in selecting winners for mating. In dogs this applies to breeding for bench type as well as for field performance.

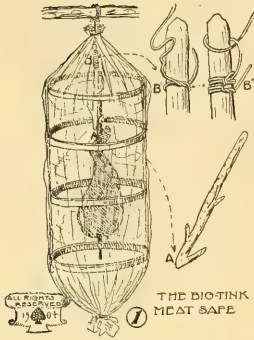
The other rule is that for bench purposes the best results are likely to follow from breeding for head qualities. If we were discussing entireties it might not seem wise to choose a mere outline which has no relation to functional vigor or to any practical activity. But the practical fact remains that on the bench nearly every breed stands or falls by the perfection of head outline; and also that perfection of head is the most difficult point to reach. Of course, the rule is to aim at perfection at all points, but the proper practice is to be absolutely certain about head first, and then do the best you can with the rest.

The observer at bench shows will easily recall how true this is of bulldogs, Boston terriers, collies, cockers, setters, pointers and about all the other leading breeds.

In breeding for field trials the first necessity is speed and high spirit. Here again, though you must wish for every other excellence which the judges watch in the trials, the difficult point to attain, and the one which catches the judges first, is the combination of speed and unslackening hunt. In breeding the practice is to get that quality at all hazards and take some chances with other things.

HOW TO KEEP GAME AND FISH IN CAMP

By DAN BEARD



DAMPNESS, heat and blow flies are all enemies to fresh meat, nevertheless butchers often wrap their meat in wet cloths to preserve it; but, after the cloth is adjusted they are careful to place the meat in a cool spot, where the damp cloth protects it

I always hang this in the shade, high enough to be out of reach of predacious animals, and where the wind blows the hardest.

To get the meat or fish, it is only necessary to unfasten the "pucker" string at the bottom, reach up, unhook the meat and remove it. For the benefit of the helpless fellow, one always finds in every group of men and boys, I will add that barrel hoops are not necessary although very convenient, and if there be no such material in your camp, hoops may easily be made of slender branches bent into the form of a circle and bound in that position with a piece of string. The camper who goes into the woods without a supply of twine and string, will be likely to go shooting and leave his shells at home. Accidents on the trail sometimes deprive one of many things which were thoughtfully provided for the convenience of camp life. The man who goes supplied with string in his luggage, will have odd pieces in his pockets, and if these fail him he will be sufficiently resourceful to manufacture his own twine from tamarack roots, the inner bark of trees, rawhide or similar material as described in a previous number of OUTING.

The Big Tink Safe protects its contents from the attacks of blow flies, allows a free circulation of air around the meat, which soon dries the outer surface and forms a paper-like coating or skin that preserves the inside meat from decay.

Never allow two pieces of meat to hang touching each other, for the point of contact will remain moist, be sought by flies, and be the part that first becomes tainted. Cut away all bloody portions and pieces where the juices of the meat collect; such places invite decomposition and blow flies.

The small boys are our most practical naturalists, and when an urchin wishes some large blue bottle flies for his pin and cork cage, he seeks his prey down the area-way of the outside cellar steps, he knows that these flies avoid the upper air. If you have no mosquito netting in camp take a hint from the small boy and hang your meat as high as possible where there is wind and shade.

Nature is full of apparent contradictions,

from the flies, and at the same time helps to retain a low temperature. There are other people who immerse meat in water and seal it by a coating of melted butter, lard, or tallow on top of the water, the jar is then placed in the coolest available spot. Few campers, however, carry stone jars to the woods with them, and none have jars of sufficient dimensions to hold a haunch of venison, a saddle of big horn, or a large hunk of bear meat. Personally, I have never tried either of the above methods, but at my permanent camp in the Appalachian highlands of Pennsylvania, I have had great success with some old barrel hoops and a piece of mosquito netting. By the way, the latter should form part of the dunnage of every camper, it takes up but little space, and is useful as a minnow net for securing live bait, as well as a bar to keep flies off of meat and mosquitos from the campers. The construction of

THE BIG TINK MEAT SAFE

is very simple, the stick, *A* (Fig. 1), is cut leaving the stumps of branching protruding, from which to hang the provisions; a bit of twine is tied to the *A* stick at *B'* (Fig. 1), and then knitted on by a series of half hitches, as shown by *B''* (Fig. 1), and fastened to a support (*B*, Fig. 1). Several hoops are now fastened to a piece of mosquito netting, and the netting gathered at top and bottom, where it is secured with a bit of string.





but they are only apparent and are caused by the modifying influence of unconsidered trifles; an instance of this apparent contradiction is

THE McDONALD LAKE MEAT SAFE

which, in place of being high and dry, is low and necessarily damp, for it is suspended over a mountain stream. A framework, representing in form a cubical box, is covered with mosquito netting, and hung over one of these cold mountain streams of the McDonald Lake country just as the Big Tink Safe is suspended in a dry, windy place, but in the former case the water is so cold that it chills the atmosphere immediately above it, forming a cool and even temperature. At some of the lumber camps in the State of Washington, is built a regular little shanty of boards over the water and the meat for the camp is hung in this dark, cool place.

In a hunter's or fisherman's camp, however, one seldom has boards or planks with which to construct shanties, and Fig. 2 shows a simple method of building a meat safe of the rustic material furnished by the forest, and Fig. 3 the same partially thatched with bows, the bottom or floor in each case is omitted to better show construction.

Such meat houses when finished should also have thatched floors, which shut out the flies, but admit a free circulation of air.

Up in the north woods the campers are wont to suspend their meat about six feet above the camp-fire, C (Fig. 4), where the smoke dries the outside and preserves the inner meat. A and B show a simple arrangement for this purpose, but the overhanging branches of a tree is often handy and saves trouble.

Another instance of the use the cool air produced by cold water is shown in

THE KOOTENAY FISH SAFE,

or Kootenai, as it is often spelled, which consists of nothing more than an ordinary packing box set in the bank of a stream, where the cold spring waters trickle through and chill the soil. The diagram

shows the box without a lid and with the front removed to display the interior. The box should be set in the ground only at spots where the water will drain off without filling the box, as it will in the sloping bank of a stream.

In some parts of the South, the market fishermen dig holes in the beach and bury their first catch in the cold, wet sand, and there allow it to remain until they have secured a sufficient number of fish for the market, but the Kootenay method is neater and better, and is used successfully by the group of market fishermen at Slocan Junction near the outlet of Kootenay Lake. These men catch all their trout with a fly and ship them to Nelson, B. C., for the consumption of the citizens who do not fish. Slocan Junction is a wild spot, with ripping, booming waterfalls, and is one of the most picturesque fishing spots on the continent. It is too bad that the market fishermen should have settled there, but since they have, the sportsmen proper can at least be benefited by adopting the market man's idea for keeping trout fresh in camp. One will probably not have a packing case to use as a cold storage room for one's fish, but a box is not necessary, for

A BIRCH BARK KOOTENAY FISH SAFE

will answer all purposes and be sweeter than an old packing case which has been knocked about in dirty freight cars and dirtier depots.

To make a fish safe of birch bark is simplicity itself (see Fig. 6). After the excavation is made line it with a carpet of birch bark, then drive in the stakes, as shown in the diagram, then wind a piece of bark around the outside of the stakes, make a cover of a flat stone or another piece of bark, and the cold storage room is finished. The fish, as may be seen in Fig. 5, are strung on sticks, and the latter are laid in notches cut to receive them. The trout are first cleaned and then strung on



sticks. When hung in a cold receptacle of this kind, separated from each other so as to allow a free circulation of air, they will keep fresh and sweet a remarkably long time.

Should there be no convenient birch trees, the green bark from some other tree will answer, although it will probably be more difficult to handle.

But one may be fishing in a country devoid of big trees, or where they are so scarce that it would be almost a criminal act to mutilate or kill one, and in that case

A STONE KOOTENAY

may be constructed in a few moments after the plan shown by Fig. 7.

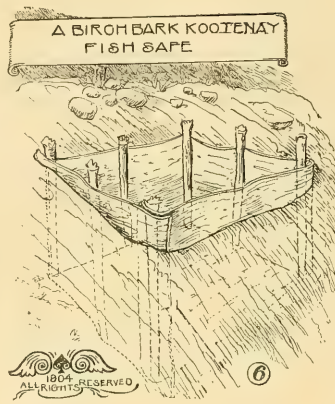
Every angler knows that heat and flies are not the only dangers to which his catch is subjected, for the woods are full of little creatures which delight in stealing the angler's fish. Probably the worst thief among the camp prowlers is the mink, and therefore your fish safe should be built mink proof. If the lid to the box is of light material, it must be held down by stones or logs of sufficient weight to keep out trespassers.

I have seen water snakes carry away fish which exceeded the dimensions required by the game laws. The American white-footed mouse will steal a fish much larger than himself, and do it out of pure mischief, for I have proved by experiment that he does not eat them. In the Western moun-

tains, along such streams as dash down the canyons and gulleys which furrow the almost perpendicular sides of Lake Chelan, there are many large wood rats with squirrel-like tails, known to the natives as "pack rats." These mischievous mountain brownies will not hesitate to steal anything from a revolver to a set of false teeth, and, as may be imagined, one's fish should be securely housed in a country where the pack rats abound.

It is a mistaken idea that fish are not good unless eaten fresh from the water.

Black bass, pickerel and perch are improved by keeping from twelve to twenty-

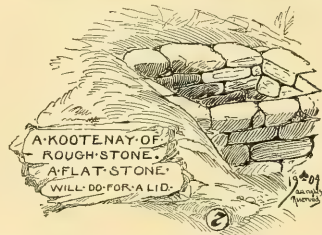


four hours. Under favorable circumstances I have kept them three or four days, and found that it had improved their flavor. There is a muddy, dead leaf taste frequently present in black bass which even onions will not conceal, but if the bass are cleaned immediately after being killed, and then hung by their tails (Fig. 8), and allowed to drain for twenty-four hours, the mouldy flavor is removed. The same treatment will remove the mucous-like slime so abundant in pickerel, and

leave the white flesh firm and dry, giving it a flavor suggestive of lake white fish.

Wash the fish well, string them through a hole made in the roots of their tails, and hang them in a dry, shady, but windy place. If the wind blows with force, the place need not even be particularly dry.

Prepared in this manner fish keep well, and in cold, windy weather they keep a



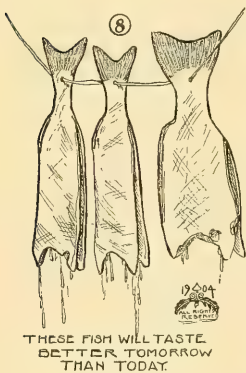
remarkably long time. I have little doubt that the treatment will work equally as well with the spotted beauties as it does with alligator-like pickerel and the gamey black bass.

The reader must not suppose that any one of these preservative methods will keep meat as long as does ice, but neither will it incur the same danger that the cold storage does of supplying an unhealthy amount of ptomaine poison. It is a notorious fact that game kept by dealers in cold storage is very dangerous to eat, and that many cases occur each year of ptomaine poisoning from banquets where cold storage game is served to the guests.

I once suffered severely from this insidious poison which was contained in some delicious canned goods that we had at camp, but I have yet to hear of a case of ptomaine poisoning caused by eating fish or game preserved by any of the methods here suggested.

I have omitted to mention the fact that fish should be scaled before they are allowed to dry.

The practice of hanging birds with their entrails unremoved is disgusting, and not at all essential to produce a gamey flavor.



THE LEAP OF THE TROUT AND OTHER FISH

By WILLIAM C. HARRIS

IT will doubtless be remembered that in the August issue of *OUTING* a brief letter from Mr. W. H. Blake, of Toronto, Canada, was printed under the general caption, "Do Trout Leap on a Slack Line?" In this communication, which was in response to the appeal of the Angling Editor to the fraternity at large for opinions and experiences on trout waters, Mr. Blake made the rather startling statement that the large trout of the Laurentian streams and lakes seldom failed to jump, when hooked, clear of the water. He had seen those of three to six pounds frequently do so, and one of them cleared a space of "six feet from the point where the fish broke water to the place where he returned to it." He also informs us that "one seldom sees small trout come out of the water when hooked."

Now, the fact, as was stated in a former issue, that trout do or do not jump out of the water on a slack line when hooked, is of far more importance than the ordinary fly-fisherman is apt to consider it to be, for an accurate knowledge of the fighting tactics and resources of a fish to escape capture is as necessary to the angler as the baits he uses to lure them. Hence the welcome given to several correspondents, earnest and intelligent anglers, who write freely their opinions based on stream observation and experience about the leap of the trout on a slack line when hooked. Mr. William B. Lee, of Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"That the speckled trout of small weight will leave the water under pressure of the rod and a short line, has been the observation of every fisherman, but that the older and larger fish of the same family (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) when given the opportunity of a long and consequently slack line and the slighter and more intermittent, because more remote, pressure of the rod, will deliberately employ as a method of escape the well-known tactics of the black bass when he leaps from the water in order to shake the hook from his mouth, is not, I think, in a line with our traditions.

"While my experience as a fisherman may possibly not be so extensive as Mr. Blake's, yet I have taken trout for many years and in many waters, including Laurentian streams, and I am so amazed at the novelty of the ideas expressed that I am constrained to say I believe they are those of an observer whose facts are exceptions which prove the rule.

"I have known many a good-sized trout take the fly when it is off the surface of the water; never have I known one to deliberately leave the water when hooked except possibly when surprised or under the pressure of untoward circumstances."

Mr. Edward L. Morse, of Chocorua, N. H., contributes some very interesting experiences of trout fishing in Europe, and takes a very sensible view of "the leap." He writes:

"Some of the best trout fishing I have ever had as regards size and number, was in Germany. It is true that in many of the best streams the fishing is carefully preserved, and the angler is compelled to let himself be accompanied by an attendant, who carries a tub on his back or trundles it on a wheelbarrow. This tub is kept filled with fresh water, in which the trout are retained alive.

"The streams flow partly through highly cultivated fields and past villages and towns. This is notably the case with the Ilm near Weimar, a famous trout-stream, and the Nesse near Eisenach. In both of these streams the trout grow to a very large size. They are, of course, the German or brown trout, and not our *Salvelinus fontinalis*.

"I have seen a trout of ten pounds caught in a net, and trout of from three to seven pounds are very common. I might mention parenthetically that netting was allowed under certain conditions, because there was such an abundance of fish, that the number caught by anglers made no apparent impression on the quantity.

"It has been my experience on several occasions to have these trout leap clear of the water, on what you designate a slack line; sometimes the instant they felt the prick of the hook, sometimes after a long rush. I well remember that the very first trout I caught in German waters, a fish of about a pound in weight, jumped several times. This fact, I believe, I mentioned in an article written for *OUTING* in 1885 or 1886.

"It is true that this leaping of the trout was the exception and not the rule, but some of them did undoubtedly come clear of the water, not with the fierce shake of the black bass, but with the clean leap of the land-locked salmon.

"In fishing for so-called sea-trout in the Saguenay River, I remember one trout of about a pound which jumped as the German trout had done. There may have been other instances which have escaped my memory, but this one case I am perfectly sure of.

"Last summer while fly-casting for bass in Silver Lake, N. H., I hooked and landed a small trout, a true *fontinalis* of half a pound in weight. He also leaped clear of the water soon after he felt the prick of the hook.

"I have only cited those instances which stand out clearly in my memory. There may have been many others which made

no particular impression on me, as I had come to look upon it as a by no means extraordinary occurrence.

"From my experience, therefore, I would draw the conclusion that the brook-trout, as a rule, fights below the surface, but that he will occasionally leave his native element in his efforts to escape."

In a later letter Mr. Morse continues on the subject: "I do not remember ever to have seen a *fontinalis* leap clear of the water on a slack line in the mountain streams east of the Alleghanies. The other day while trolling for pickerel and black bass, a pickerel of about half a pound in weight jumped clear of the water after his first rush. Now the pickerel, as you know, almost always fights below the surface, but he will sometimes jump out of the water. I think you will find that what is true of the pickerel is true of the trout. His instinct drives him to seek safety in the depths, but sometimes, for some reason not clear to us, he will seek to rid himself of the hook by leaping clear of the water.

"Both the pickerel and the trout will leap when in freedom, the trout, of course, more often than the pickerel, so why not when goaded by the prick of the hook?"

The pickerel of Eastern waters, by which is meant the fish with reticulated but irregular cross bars, not known in waters west of the Alleghanies except in the Ozark section of Missouri, is credited by our resident anglers with a sulky disposition, a determined down plunger, and the letter of Mr. Morse throws a new light upon his traits. I have caught possibly many hundreds of these fish in Greenwood lake and other New York and adjacent New Jersey waters, and have never known one to leave the water, unless forced by the tension of the rod or line. The experience of Mr. Morse forcibly tells us how little the most experienced of us know of our quarry that lives in an element that we cannot exist in.

Mr. A. M. Hicks, of Pocatello, Ore., had a fine fight with a big cutthroat trout which had the leap trait. He writes:

"I have caught a good many trout in Idaho, my largest weighing seven pounds and two ounces. He took the fly just as it touched the water. I had him well hooked and a tight line, and that trout leaped clear of the water three times in succession before he ran down stream. The last jump he made was at least two feet above the surface of the stream. . . . Rainbow trout always leap from the water many times before you land them."

It is conceded that the Rocky Mountain trout, the cutthroat, because of the crimson slash under the throat-latch, frequently leaps when hooked out of the water, and that of all aerial acrobats the rainbow trout is the representative fish, but the angling reader will bear in mind that this social talk is about *fontinalis*, the brook beauty of the mountain streams.

Mr. Otto Luyties, of Chattolancee, Md.,

writes: "Is there an authenticated instance on record of salmon leaping a fall of ten feet?"

The ultimate reach of the leap of the salmon has been a subject of much discussion for several decades among anglers. It has been contended with much force of reasoning that when a salmon is found above falls that exceed six or seven feet in height they do not go by the perpendicular route. They are said to climb up, as it were, the abutments at the edges of the fall. A prominent angling writer, Mr. Charles Hallock, writes on this subject from personal observation. He says:

"These abutments are full of pockets and crevices and projections over which the lateral overflow is constantly spilling in greater or less quantity, and it is not a difficult matter for a salmon to mount these steps gradually, stopping to rest his muscle and moisten his gills in the little basins which present themselves conveniently at hand. In a word, the salmon surmount the perpendicular falls by wriggling eel-like up the rocky sides. I have taken salmon weighing fifteen pounds and over with the hands while on the way up."

This personal assurance by Mr. Hallock of his taking a salmon "in the act," as above described, establishes the fact that salmon can "wriggle up" falls of very great height, for they have been found above those of thirty to forty feet in the perpendicular, over which it would be impossible to leap, under any condition of the waters. So far our correspondent is still in the clouds, but the mists are cleared away by Professor A. Landmark, Chief Director of the Norwegian Fisheries, who some years ago published many interesting particulars of his studies of salmon jumping waterfalls. He is of the opinion that the jump depends as much on the currents below the fall as the height of it. If there is a deep pool right under the fall where the water is comparatively quiet, a salmon can jump sixteen feet perpendicularly. He states that this feat has taken place at the Hellefos in the Drams River at Haugesund, when two great masts were placed across the river for the study of the habits of salmon so that exact measurements might be made. The height of the water in the river, of course, varied, but it was, as a rule, when the salmon are running sixteen feet below these masts. The distance between the two was three and a half feet, and the professor states that he has seen salmon jump from the river below across both masts.

He also records other measured jumps of twelve feet, and further states that when a salmon jumps a fall nearly perpendicular in shape, it is sometimes able to remain in the fall, even if the jump is a foot or two short of the actual height. This was proven by evidence of the eye, as the fish was seen to stand, as it were, trembling for a minute or two a foot or so below the curl of the waters in the same spot, and then

with a strong switch of the tail dart above the crest of the fall. But, it was said, that only the fish which struck the fall straight with the snout were able to remain in the falling mass of water.

The discussion on the leap of the trout has brought forth a very lively one among our correspondents as to the leaping of the small and large-mouthed black bass. The subject has become almost "worm-eaten" from being so long pigeonholed by experienced anglers who have as a body known for years that the small-mouthed black bass will almost invariably leap on a slack line when hooked, whether fastened in running or in quiet waters; that the inward rush of a small-mouth, with the resultant looping line and the wild aerial leap, is a condition that must always be expected and met with skill, nerve and speed. The large-mouthed has been relegated into the class of sluggards on the rod, lacking the *verve* and vivid energy of fight that his more spirited congener possesses, being, however, under certain environments, gifted with all the fighting qualities of his small-mouthed brother.

Mr. J. Winchell Forbes, of Cincinnati, sends a very interesting letter on the subject of the leaping traits of fishes, particularly the basses, and he then relates two experiences which were certainly unique in their results. As illustrations of what we don't know and can't account for about fish they are given as Mr. Forbes described them:

"Bass fishing is at best but slow business in this section, and we find it more conducive to our peace of mind and restful to our muscles, to practice 'still fishing' and let the bass hunt us instead of our hunting them. In the instance to which I refer, my pole was 'set,' and I was *dolce far niente* on the bank. A small-mouth took my bait—rose to the surface within a foot of the float—jumped straight up into the air and—what is a mystery to me to this day—snapped the slack line. The breaking may have been caused by the sudden jerk against the half-ounce sinker, as there was no other possible fulcrum. I happened to be looking at the spot at the time—saw the fish plainly, and know that it was a small-mouth.

"Another instance, in which a large-mouth leaped on a slack line, occurred while I was fishing in a pond, about ten miles from Cincinnati. I had three poles 'set,' and was using large minnows (young silver fish); I had no faith in the prospects, and took unwise chances. One of my lines was armed with No. 1 Sproat. According to my custom, when 'still fishing' and using a float, the minnow was hooked under the back fin, so that it would rest naturally in the water and be able to swim freely; for if there is any one thing that I detest more than another, it is a motionless float, when I am fishing with live bait.

"After a time my float started off, evidently propelled by a bigger motor than a three-inch minnow. I struck, and knew that I had a good one. Suddenly the good one made an inrush, and before I could reel up, he rose near the bank—leaped into the air, in full view, and threw the minnow out. On examining my bait I found that the small hook had turned and was buried in the back of the minnow. Now, as the bass, which was about a three-pounder, fought vigorously for some moments, he must have been held by something, and that something was not the hook. I do not think it probable that he held the minnow in his mouth and was fighting for its possession, but I believe that he had gorged it, and that I held him by friction, until he became convinced that there was something wrong about that minnow—deliberately jumped into the air, and relieved himself after the manner of sea-sick people. In addition to these two instances of deliberate leaping with a purpose, it has often happened when I have been fishing on the bottom for any old thing that would be useful for the frying pan, that both small and large-mouthed bass have been hooked, and the first intimation given me of a 'bite,' was a leap into the air on an inrush.

"The leaping maneuver is not peculiar to bass and trout by any means. Owing to the dearth of real fishing in this neighborhood, I amuse myself sometimes by fishing for carp, and some of my experiences with this well misunderstood manipulator of fins and tail would paralyze some of our bass and trout experts; one of the variety which is claimed by Muth, the fish breeder of Mt. Healthy, near this city, to be an overgrown silver fish, being somewhat on the order of an automobile with the bit in its mouth (to use an Hibernicism). I have known this fish to leap the instant that he felt the prick of the hook. The next move is always an inrush, followed by a slack line, but I have never known them to make a second leap, either on a slack or a taut line, until they see the landing net, when they make up for lost time with a vengeance. I have often had a five-pounder leap over the net a dozen times before I could get him into the inside and be sure that I'd caught a fish.

"Such experiences lead me to believe that all fish that leap when hooked, do so with a purpose, and the vicious shake of the head that a bass gives while he is in the air, is such a perfect imitation of an attempt at throwing out the hook, that I am inclined to believe that it is not an imitation at all, but the genuine article, and hence, even throwing aside my actual knowledge that they *do* leap on a slack line, I would conclude that the condition of the line in that respect would make no difference."

The leap of the carp, when hooked, is certainly a unique experience.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE BEGINNER

II—THE LENS

By L. W. BROWNELL

AS the lens is rather an important factor in photography, although by no means absolutely necessary to the taking of a photograph, it is well for every one, who intends to do any work with a camera, to have at least a working knowledge of it. Many pictures are lost through ignorance, on the part of the operator, of the possibilities and limitations of his lens, when a very little study upon this subject would have taught him the things he should know.

In the first place we must understand that the lens does not form the picture, the rays of light do that, and, therefore, it is possible to take a photograph without any lens; simply by the means of a small aperture in the place where the lens should be, but of this method I shall not speak now. The lens, however, serves to sift and alter the rays of light, permitting a few to do what many would not, intensifying them so that their action on the coating of the plates is extremely rapid.

Of course there are many different makes of lenses on the market, from the cheap, single lens, composed of but one piece of glass, that is placed in the cheapest of hand cameras, to those which are the outcome of the highest skill of the lens makers and are correspondingly expensive. The first kind I should advise no one to use for any purpose as they are absolutely worthless, the latter is often too expensive for the uses of the amateur, but there is a happy medium found in the ordinary rapid rectilinear lens that is suitable for nearly every purpose for which a beginner would be apt to require it.

All lenses are fitted with what are called "stops" by which the aperture of the lens can be made larger or smaller. There are three different styles of these stops: the Waterhouse stop, which is made in separate plates that can be slipped into the barrel of the lens; the rotating stop, made in a round plate that rotates in the barrel of the lens, and the diaphragm stop, formed by a set of thin plates which open and shut like the iris of the eye. This latter is the most common and the most desirable form.

The principal function of the stops is that which any beginner in photography discovers, to overcome the fact that it is impossible, with the lens at full aperture, to get objects in different planes equally into focus at the same time. In order to do this the lens must be "stopped down." I will endeavor to explain. There are two terms in photography that are often confused; depth of focus and depth of field. Depth of focus is the distance that the ground glass may be moved to and fro without any single object becoming visibly unsharp. This distance is very small with the lens at full aperture, but increases with each

smaller stop used. Depth of field is the distance between two objects lying in a straight line with the camera, each of which is at the extremes of the field of sharp focus; in other words, it is the width of the field in which all objects are in sharp focus. This also increases materially with each smaller stop used. Thus we may focus upon an object at ten feet from the lens and we will find that an object five feet farther away is out of focus. Now if we insert the largest stop and focus again we will find that our field of focus has increased, but still both objects are not sharp at the same time, so we must continue to use smaller stops until we accomplish this. Now, if we again open the lens to its full aperture we will find that neither object is in sharp focus, but that that point lies somewhere between the two. Thus we see that, by the use of the stops, the field of focus is increased not only away from but toward the lens.

Of course, by the diminishing of the aperture and the consequent lessening of the light that enters, the action upon the plate is not so rapid and the length of exposure must be increased correspondingly with the diminishing of the aperture. It is difficult to give any hard and fast rule to cover this, it can only be learned by experience, but, roughly speaking, the length of exposure should be doubled with each successively smaller stop used. Stops also increase the covering power of a lens, and one that will not cover a plate sharply to the edges may be made to do so by stopping down.

The focal length of a lens is the distance between the rear glass of the lens and the ground glass when distant objects are in sharp focus. The greater the focal length of a lens the larger the images which may be obtained.

The term "fixed focus" is often used, but its meaning is rather obscure. When using the term, however, most workers have in mind that point upon which a lens may be focussed beyond which point all objects will be also in focus. With most so-called "fixed focus cameras" all objects beyond a certain distance are, approximately, in focus and thus the lens needs no focussing, but is always "in focus."

It is impossible, however, with these cameras to get a sharp image of anything nearer than that given distance.

Lenses need care. They should be kept free from dust and constantly covered when not in use. Never allow the fingers to come into contact with the surface of the glass, and in cleaning them do so with some soft material other than chamois skin. Never put water, ammonia, or any kind of acid upon them, but to remove spots a drop of alcohol may be used.



Drawing by G. W. Peters.

"The madness of it all . . . gets into my head . . . I find myself yelling and exulting in the swift motion."

Falling a Mile—see page 161.

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THE MEN WHO TAMED THE COW-TOWNS

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

NO gay capital in the golden age of French chivalry ever smacked more of adventure than did the little Western towns that were founded on the devious trail of the longhorn Texas steer to the Northern market during the decade following the Civil War. And no French king could have boasted more courageous Musketeers than those knights of the pistol who donned the badge of marshalship and held the cattle towns in check, and who first forced the reckless bravos of the border to admit the existence of such a thing as law.

Abilene, Dodge City, Ellsworth, Hays City, Newton—these and more were names that spelled Romance in the early days when Kansas was the great clearing house for Western cattle, and these small but strenuous places equalled their mining rivals, Deadwood, Tombstone and Leadville, in their daily clashes of armed men. The streets of the cow-towns were thronged with the hardiest of adventurers. The Paris of D'Artagnan held no more bold-eyed swaggerers and rufflers than the typical cow-town of Abilene when the brief flame of its strangely brought prosperity was at its highest.

Abilene boasted only of two or three hundred citizens, but the great cattle trail kept the streets swirling with a strange and fearsome floating population. Forty saloons were busy, and between every two saloons was a dance hall, while back

of every barroom was a gambling layout. Night and day, in the long season when the great herds were moving along the trail, wrapped in their own dust-clouds, mounted cowboys were clattering up and down the streets of Abilene. Rheumatic pianos were tinkling in the dance halls, and frequently the sound of pistol shots came from the saloons and gambling places. Every man had at least one gun slapping at his hips, and every waist felt the sag of a heavy cartridge belt, pregnant with death. Mingling with the cowboys were professional gamblers, men whose false names indicated that they were "wanted" back East, "remittance men" from England, wealthy cattle buyers from Chicago and other marketing points, and the painted women and the male riff-raff that had scented gain as the buzzards scent their feast. This strange and motley gathering crowded the saloons such as the Alamo, the Elkhorn, the Bull's Head, the Pearl, and other places that were operated under as picturesque names as the coffee houses of old Samuel Pepys' day, and the revelry of the boisterous held nightly sway to the accompaniment of numerous powder-burnings.

The nights of riot in Abilene were not more picturesque than the days of intermingled toil and deviltry. The chief hotel was a flimsy structure known as the Drovers' Cottage. During the heyday of the cattle business it was run by Colonel



Dodge City in the Old Cattle Days from Boot Hill, the Town Burial Ground.

J. W. Gore, hail-fellow-well-met with every cattle owner and cowboy in the Lone Star state and Indian Territory, whence Abilene derived its support. The stockyards were about a quarter of a mile east of the Drovers' Cottage, and here one could see immense herds of cattle, just off the trail, waiting their turn to be yarded and shipped East by rail. Whooping and yelling cowboys would be dodging hither and thither on their ponies, dashing into the herds and cutting out twenty or thirty cattle at a time to be weighed. Lariats were swishing, cattle were bawling and woe to the man who entered this reek of dust and noise on foot, for the Texas steers would turn on such an unfamiliar object in an instant and cut it to ribbons with their sharp horns and hoofs.

For several years the trail poured its half-wild cattle and its picturesque men into Abilene and its rival cow-towns, and out of this devil's pot came a brew of romance that will give the world a zestful literature for generations to come.

When the few but sturdy citizens of Abilene determined to bring some sort of order out of the riot of their town, laughter resulted. One or two local celebrities who were tendered the Marshalship, gave up ere the badge of authority had been donned. A St. Louis man with a great reputation as a peace officer looked over the field and went away on the next train without talking business. But finally the office of Marshal was tendered Thomas J. Smith of Kit Carson, Colorado, and was accepted. Smith was a broad-shouldered, mild-spoken young man who had made himself respected as Marshal of Kit Carson, which was then at the very end of the Kansas Pacific railroad and which, like all "end towns," was inclined to disorder. Smith had gone his fearless way among bad men of every description and had first made himself and then the law respected. But as soon as it was noised along the cattle trail that Smith had been made Marshal of Abilene there was, figuratively speaking, a flinging of fringed gauntlets into the arena. Placards, calling on all visitors to Abilene to give up their guns when in the town limits were contemptuously shot to pieces, and finally conclusions with the new Marshal himself were forced. A bunch of cowboys, headed by a huge bully whose

boot tops bore the lone star of Texas, congregated defiantly in front of a saloon, with revolvers aggressively displayed.

"You'll have to give up your guns, boys," said the new Marshal, advancing toward the leader as he spoke.

The bully, waxing profanely abusive, made that back-reaching movement which is known in the West as a "gun play," but he had allowed Smith to come too near. Smith's big fist shot forward, catching the cowboy full in the jaw, and sending him down like a well-roped steer. The science of the prize ring is something practically unknown to the average cowboy. Consequently, Tom Smith, who was an expert boxer, had wisely chosen a method of attack which would prove a surprise. Had he reached for his gun when the bully made his "play" there is no doubt that Smith's Marshalship would have ended then and there and the coming of the law to the cattle county would have been long postponed. But as it was, the cowboys were so amazed at the quickness with which the blow had been struck and the corresponding suddenness with which their champion had sunk senseless to the dust, that they could only stand in open-mouthed amazement when Smith completed his work by standing over the prostrate Texan and relieving him of his weapons. Nor was there any sign of protest when the new Marshal quietly informed the "boys" that they would have to deposit their weapons at a certain place and at once. The weapons were quietly surrendered, to be called for when the cowboys departed, and that day and night, for the first time in its wild career, the cow-town of Abilene was filled with men who were weaponless. The law had spoken through brave Tom Smith, and the reign of the "bad man" in the West was no longer undisputed.

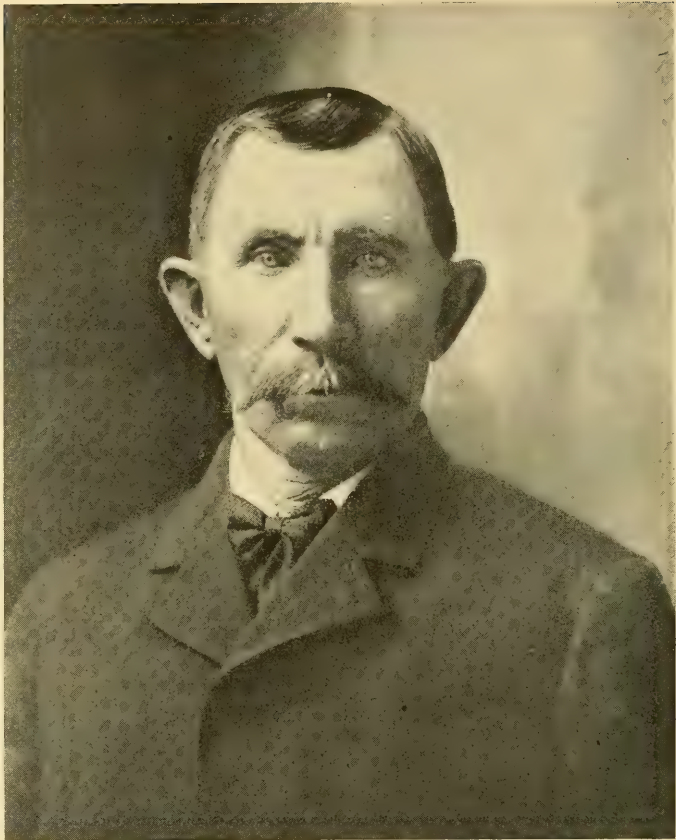
For eleven months Tom Smith "held" Abilene. He did not maintain his place without a struggle, for there were occasional bands of cowboys whose outfits had not heard the word on the trail that Abilene's Marshal was not to be trifled with. These boys had to be tamed—but always as Smith had tamed his first bully. When force was to be used it was Smith the trained boxer, and athlete, and not Smith the gun-fighter, who cut the combs of the swaggering cockerels of Cattledom.

It is said that Smith used his big revolver but once during his reign as Marshal of Abilene, and that was when there was a concerted attempt to assassinate him. The gamblers of the city, who had looked on the coming of the Marshal with none too friendly eyes, had come to regard Smith as a menace to their business. The enforcement of the order regarding the surrender of firearms had taken some of the zest out of the gambling games. Many of the cowboys thought no game really exciting unless each man had a gun at his hip as well as a high card in his hand.

"You kin play cards better'n I kin, but blanked if you kin shoot quicker," was the challenge that led to many an interesting, if bloody sequel to Abilene's sessions at the pasteboards.

When the interests of the gamblers suffered, retaliation was planned. Tom Smith was lured into a room where several gun-fighters had been assembled. At a given signal the lights were to be shot out and Smith was to be killed. But Smith had not walked blindly into the trap. It was his big revolver that spoke first and it was the same gun that spoke last. When the atmosphere of the smoke-filled room was cleared three of the Marshal's assailants were writhing on the floor and the rest had fled, while Smith himself stood unharmed. It is said that was the only time Tom Smith ever lost his temper. He made his way to the Mayor of Abilene, his face white with wrath and his usually gentle eyes aflame.

"They set a trap to assassinate me,



Pat Shugrue, Sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, who Held the "Bad Men" of Dodge City in Check.

Mr. Henry," he said, "and now I'm going after them."

And he strode out into the hushed streets of Abilene, but the ringleaders of the plot had flown and were never again seen in the sprightly cow-town.

Smith met his death owing to the cowardice of a deputy. A ranchman named McConnell had shot and killed a neighbor and had barricaded himself in his log cabin and defied the authorities. Tom Smith, with one deputy, went to the cabin and burst the door open with his mighty shoulder. McConnell had an ally named Miles, but Smith walked into the cabin, unafraid as always. Miles stepped to the door and snapped a rifle several times at Smith's deputy, who retreated, though he could have closed with Miles and wrested the useless gun from him. A shot was heard from within the cabin, and the cowardly deputy fled, reporting at



"Wild Bill" Hickock, the Greatest Gun Fighter the West Ever Knew. Photograph taken while he was Marshal of Abilene, Texas.

Bill Hickock. A young correspondent of the *New York Herald*, Henry M. Stanley by name, whose impressions and experiences in the West helped him immeasurably in his after-work in Africa, called Wild Bill a child of nature. But rather, Wild Bill was of the stage. A pink-and-white giant, with long, shining curls hanging to his shoulders, the very appearance of this hawk-faced artist in gun-play argued of the footlights. No man has ever been his equal in handling firearms, but, once the information was spread abroad that Abilene had a Marshal who was a revolver expert, there was no lack of Doubting Thomases eager to put Wild Bill to the test. Consequently, Hickock's

Abilene that Smith had been shot. A witness who saw what followed afterward said that Smith brought his man, McConnell, to the door of the cabin, but here Miles had turned and struck the Marshal with his clubbed rifle, felling him to the ground. Then Miles and McConnell had dragged the Marshal a few feet from the doorway and severed his head from his body with an ax.

The murderers were captured and brought to Abilene, but, thanks to the regard for law and order which Tom Smith himself had inspired, there was no lynching. One of the prisoners was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary and the other to five—surely light punishment for causing the death of the bravest and most modest of the many brave and modest Marshals of the old West!

Tom Smith's successor as Marshal of Abilene was his very antithesis—Wild

guns seldom saw a week of silence. Quarrels were picked with him, with the intention of encompassing his death, but he dropped his man so invariably that finally none but methods of assassination were employed.

Late in 1871, when several Texans were preparing to return to their State after having sold their trail herd at Abilene, an effort was made to put the picturesque Marshal out of the way. A gambler and bully named Phil Cole, who had acquired some reputation in Texas as a man-killer, and who had been drinking heavily in the hope of raising his courage to the point where he could make good his frequent threats against Wild Bill, took a shot at Hickock as the Marshal was leaning against a table in a saloon. Wild Bill offered a fair mark, but such was Cole's trepidation that his shot went wide. Instantly one of Hickock's guns spoke, and

Cole dropped to the sidewalk with a bullet in his abdomen. Rushing into the street, Wild Bill stood over the prostrate body of his foe. Footsteps were heard and the Marshal saw the glint of a gun in someone's hand. Knowing that Cole's supporters had sworn to kill him at the first opportunity, and thinking that the approaching individual was one of the Texans, Wild Bill fired both revolvers. It was a famous trick of his, this shooting right and left from the waist-line, and never did this marvelous marksman miss his aim with either hand. This time he dropped his man, with two bullet wounds in the breast so close together that they could be covered with the palm of a man's hand. The man who was shot proved to be Mike McWilliams, a Deputy Marshal of Abilene and one of Wild Bill's best friends. Wild Bill never got over his remorse at killing McWilliams, and he showed his grief so plainly that the people let him continue as Marshal, though there was some murmuring against a man who made such fatal mistakes.

Cole, the cause of Wild Bill's one great

error in revolver-play, lingered a few days but died in agony, cursing his slayer. Cole's mother offered a standing reward of \$10,000 for anyone who would bring her the head of Wild Bill Hickock, and, after learning of this, the Marshal of Abilene further increased his defenses by adding a sawed-off shotgun to his armament. He did not let this weapon out of his grasp, day or night, while he continued in Abilene, for Wild Bill was not only brave, but he was more cautious than the average gun-fighter of his type.

Men came from Texas with the avowed intention of earning the reward. They shadowed Wild Bill, but usually one glance from those piercing eyes was enough to send them back without any attempt to get the Marshal's head. On one occasion, when Wild Bill was on a train, he became aware that he was being followed by two men, evidently Texans. Hickock stepped off the train at Topeka, and the men followed him. Wild Bill instantly whirled about, with the sawed-off shotgun at his shoulder, and commanded the men to get back on the train, which they did. Then



Front Street, Dodge City, where the Old-time Gun Fighters Met and Fought.



The Gun Fighters whose Presence Once Foiled Election Thieves at Dodge.

he made them stay on the platform until the train pulled out, and they were never seen by him again, as their nerve had evidently vanished at the Marshal's determined front.

Wild Bill did much to keep Abilene in check during his Marshalship. Probably his greatest stroke of public service was when he nipped in the bud one of the raids of the James gang. Jesse James had planned to forcibly attach the receipts of the Abilene fair in 1872, but he and his gang were met at the gate by Wild Bill Hickcock. The very sight of the picturesque Marshal, with his death-dealing, ivory-handled revolvers aggressively displayed, was enough for the entire outfit, and the gang decamped without so much as staying to see the fair.

Wild Bill could also be diplomatic on occasion, as he proved when the council of Abilene was debating the question of increasing the license of the saloons in the town. One of the aldermen had made the vote a tie by refusing to put in an appearance. When the case was stated in the council chamber Wild Bill arose and briefly stated that he would get the man. The alderman had barricaded himself in his office and refused to come forth. Wild Bill hurled his six feet of brawn against the door and tumbled it in. Then he kicked the heels of the alderman from under him and carried the man to the council chamber like a sack of meal. The official was plumped unceremoniously into his chair, with Wild Bill sitting at his elbow, and his vote was duly cast and recorded.

When the cattle trade began to leave Abilene, taking the lawless spirits with it, Wild Bill found his Marshalship too tame an assignment. He resigned and went to the lively mining town of Deadwood, where the lights never went out from sundown to sunrise, unless they were shot out. Here, while in a friendly game of cards with an acquaintance, he lost his caution for an instant and sat with his back to a door. Through this door crept a big bully named McCall, who shot Wild Bill in the back. Hickock was dead when he struck the floor, yet those terrible guns of his were half drawn from his belt, so involuntary were this man's preliminaries to the powder game at which he excelled. And to this day Deadwood points with pride to the fact that the slayer of Wild Bill was duly and legally hanged.

Abilene's glory as a cow-town became diminished in 1872, the trade being divided with Newton, Wichita, Ellsworth and Dodge City. At Newton, where there was no Marshal to curb the spirits that had chafed under restraint at Abilene, eleven men were killed in one night. But it was in Dodge City that Abilene

found a true rival in all that was stirring and picturesque. Here it was that the practice of "setting a killer to kill a killer," was brought to perfection. The authorities took advantage of the experience of Abilene with Wild Bill, and soon it became a regular thing for the man who had gained a reputation as a fearless gun-fighter to "try a whirl" at being Sheriff of Ford County or Marshal of its metropolis, Dodge City. Here it was that such men as Bat Masterson and his brother Ed, Wyatt Earp, Luke Short, Charley Bassett, Pat Shugrue, George Goodell, Ben Daniels, Ben Thompson, Mayor A. B. Webster, "Mysterious Dave" Mather, Neal Brown, W. H. Harris, and other nerry men took rank among the gun-fighters whose names will be famous as long as the traditions of the West endure.

Now the term gun-fighter is badly misused by many. Instantly one pictures a swaggering "bad man," eager to shed blood and not caring if it be the blood of the innocent or of the guilty. But most of these gun-fighters of Dodge earned their laurels in the interests of law and order. Ed Masterson, young, alert and unflinching in his determination to enforce the law as Sheriff, was killed because he requested a party of cowboys to give up their guns as they entered a Dodge City dance hall. Terribly did his brother, Bat, avenge Ed Masterson's death. He bowled over one after another of the cowboys as they fled across the broad shafts of light from the dance-hall and saloon doors of Dodge, and few of the carousing party of murderers managed to get away from town that night. Then Bat himself became the Sheriff of Ford County and "held" it as well as his brave brother had done.

Mayor A. B. Webster, who took up the reins when the revolver was the only sign of law and order that could command respect, was an average citizen who met his duties with the unflinching fidelity which the average American citizen generally demonstrates. It was he who even had the credit of disarming Bat Masterson when the former Sheriff of Ford County had returned to Dodge, aided and abetted by one or two gun-fighting friends, to "shoot up" certain individuals who had worsted the third Masterson brother, James.

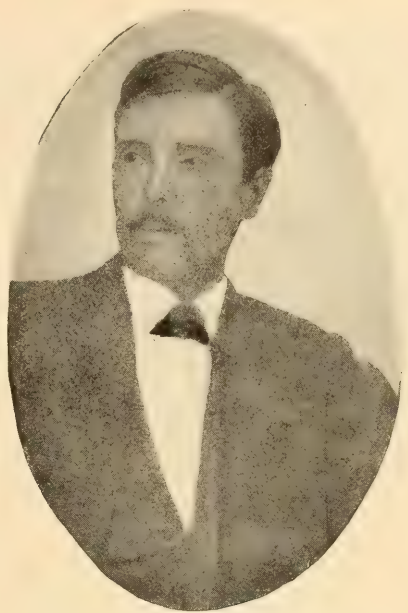


Thomas J. Smith, first marshal of Abilene and the first to bring the law to the cattle country.

Ben Thompson, one of Dodge's coterie of gun-fighting Marshals, who was a revolver expert second only to Wild Bill, became Marshal of San Antonio, Texas, where he was finally lured into the gallery of a theatre and shot by a crowd of enemies in the audience—as dramatic a death as one will find recorded in the annals of the West. Ben's brother Bill was a murderer pure and simple, but Ben himself was the ideal of chivalrous courage. Andy Adams, whose book "The Log of a Cowboy," tells of Dodge City from the cowboy's viewpoint, in a letter to the writer says: "Ben Thompson was a chivalrous gentleman, game to the core and well liked. I lived in Austin, Texas, when he was City Marshal, and the authorities dispensed with the police force while he held office. Such men were the product of border days, and it certainly was to their credit when they espoused the side of law and order."

Pat Shugrue, who served two terms as Sheriff of Ford County in the early eighties, was like Tom Smith of Abilene in that he seldom found it necessary to use his weapons. Shugrue was a brawny little blacksmith who had that mysterious power of commanding respect which is given to few men. The gambling element determined to beat Shugrue at his campaign for re-election, as his first administration had been too vigorous to suit the advocates of a "wide open" town. But on election day there appeared a formidable array of gun-fighters at the polls—a group consisting of Luke Short, W. H. Harris, Neal Brown, Wyatt Earp, Charley Bassett, and a fighter named McLean, all headed by Bat Masterson who was determined that his friend Pat Shugrue should have fair play. The presence of this gun-fighting group of old days acted like magic. The gambling element did not dare put any unfair tactics in play, and the election was as fair as if the Australian ballot had been in operation, Shugrue being elected by a rousing majority.

The burial ground at Dodge went by the suggestive name of Boot Hill, for the reason that so many of its occupants died with their boots on—and Boot Hill it is to-day, even though it be graced by a fine schoolhouse and other evidences of a civilization that takes little account of the revolver. From Boot Hill one commanded



Ed. Masterson, Brother of the Famous "Bat."

a view of the straggling little town. Front street, paralleling the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad tracks, was a line of saloons, dance halls and gambling houses, and in those trembling shacks of wood were enacted the same coarse pleasures and the same grim tragedies that had marked the life at Abilene a few years before. And through the town extended the influence of the "game" officials who so often had to let their weapons interpret the meaning of the law to the unbelieving and the unregenerate.

The historic streets of Abilene and Dodge City rarely echo to the clatter of a cow-pony's hoofs to-day. The once great cattle marts are now prosperous inland cities, surrounded by fertile ranches and conventionally peaceful in their ways. Blue-coated officers of the law club the offender into unconsciousness now, in the approved style of our larger civilization, and the wide-hatted, keen-eyed men whose elequent revolvers once carried the message of order into Cattledom would have no place amid such surroundings. But the memory of Tom Smith and the other brave officers of frontier days will always endure, for the West can never be ungrateful enough to repudiate its debt to those who first brought the law to the haunts of the lawless.



Beauty and the Beast.

Drawing by A. Z. Baker.

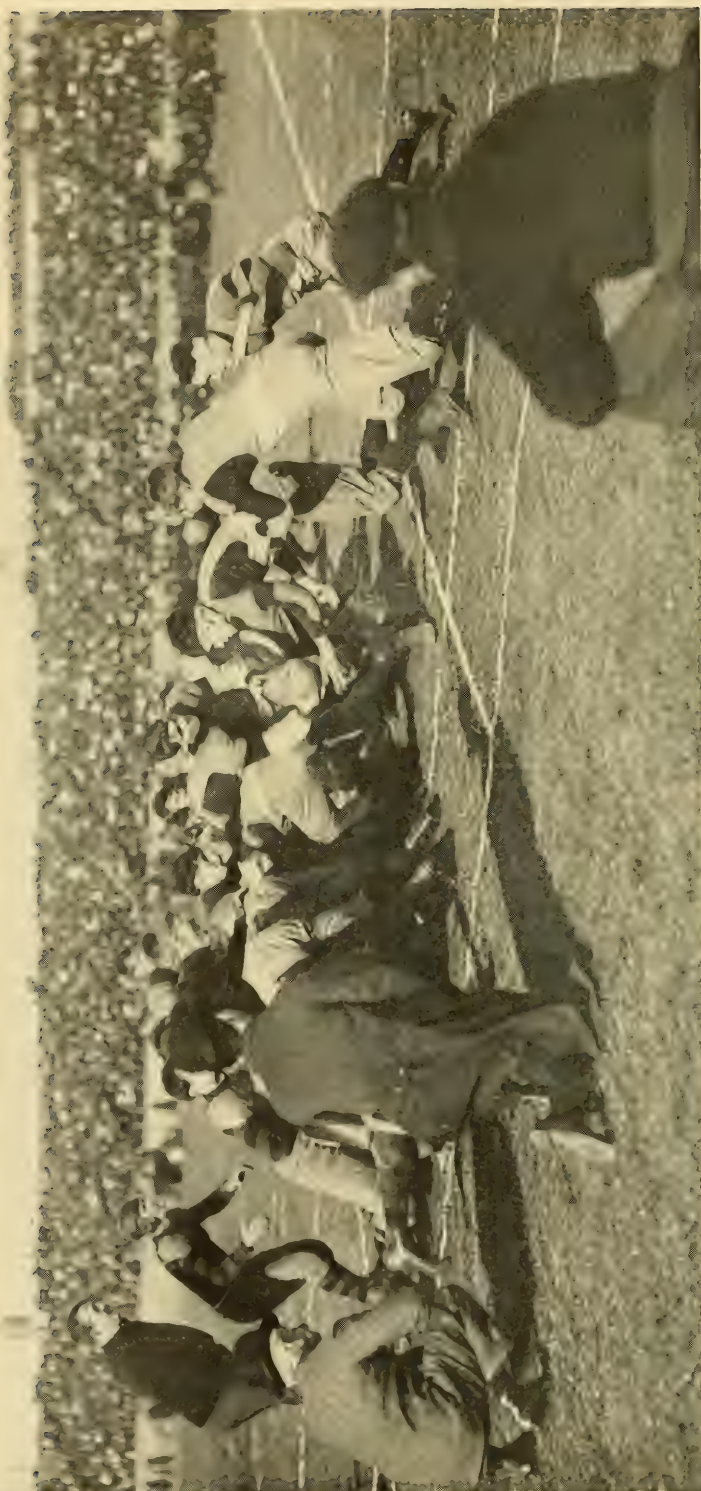
HONESTY IN FOOTBALL

By FRANK S. BUTTERWORTH

THERE is no doubt that the situation in amateur, and especially inter-collegiate athletics, excites regret and even contempt, and discussion of it has become unpalatable. Ever since the tremendous interest excited by foot-ball led to new and more strenuous efforts to turn out a famous team, athletic affairs have slowly been drifting to a bad condition in the colleges and universities. A winning foot-ball team became valuable for advertising purposes in some instances, and in others it was desired for the opportunity it gave to "root." As systems of coaching and their accessories became more elaborate in the scramble to win, the game itself, the pleasures of it, the development of the individual, physically and mentally, were lost sight of. There arose head coaches, assistant coaches and paid coaches. Players themselves like to win, but head coaches, and especially paid coaches, *had* to win. As it is an impossible thing to develop, as a rule, good foot-ball players in a single year, these coaches devised plays which could be taught more quickly to the individual than the play of a position, since these plays as a rule make small demands upon foot-ball intelligence and skill, and large requisitions upon weight and strength, exercised with little prejudice against fat stupidity. Wing shifts, guards back, tackles back, first formation and second formation plays, executed with the nicety of those who are drilled to carry a spear, became known as foot-ball; and rules were made to cover each shake of a foot. Two-thirds of the time used in preparing a team now is given up to the practice of these evolutions. It is not uncommon to hear experts say that no half-back should weigh less than 175 pounds, and to see them choose a centre weighing 230, even if he is fat and knock-kneed to a lamentable extent, in place of a man who weighs only 185 or 190. It is useless to point out that the best players have been of varying weights; the reply is that the game has

changed and become modern. It has, sadly enough. It was no more desirable that foot-ball should have become altered from the good sport and game it used to be than that polo or hockey should be corrupted by the introduction of this foot movement system. That foot-ball has so changed is not an evidence that it now meets the desires of the players and on-lookers, but rather that it has been abnormally developed under the manipulation of those who needed a winning team in their business, and to meet the unsportsmanlike demand of others for a winning team or nothing.

When we look about to see how this might have been avoided, we perceive one of the principal sources of the evils which exist in college athletics: A committee. The Foot-ball Rules Committee may deserve a great deal of gratitude for the time devoted to the purposes for which it was created, but it deserves none for intelligence shown. It has never looked further forward than next year. This Committee never made a rule under the conviction that there is a real game of foot-ball, consisting of the mastery of the positions and of playing them together. It appeared to them apparently that foot-ball was an ever-changing system of handling twenty-two men upon a field, and that all the committee could do would be to give everybody a fair show and eliminate, as well as they could, the most harmful developments. To discover what was harmful, inquiry would be made of the various coaches, whose replies generally depended upon whether the particular act was of benefit to one's own or to another's team. To play foot-ball, that is, to know how to play positions of centre, guard, tackle, end, half-back, quarter-back and full-back, and to play them in good, strong combination, has gone out of fashion. It involved endurance, strength and good condition, in conjunction with skill and headwork in acting quickly. To play what at present is called foot-ball, involves a little prelimi-



Quarter Passing Ball to the Full-back for a Plunge Through Center - the Two Half-backs Acting as Pushers.



An Attempt to Get Through Tackle Behind Interference.



A Successful Kick for Goal.



An End Run Behind Interference.

nary exertion in the rudiments as a concession to an old custom nearly dead; and practice for about two-thirds of the time in plays requiring little intelligence or individuality, but a good deal of *avoirdufois* and muscle. The principal preparation for a team now is to get the fat men down a little, put a little weight on the lighter men, and to accustom the rubbers to running out on the field with a water bottle and a sponge. Meanwhile, there occur the spying efforts to discover ineligible players among the candidates for the "rival" team; and long discussions over some of one's own men, who may be under the ban of local or intercollegiate or amateur rules. If an individual does not find himself excluded by some one of these rules, the chances are that his athletic experience has been very limited. What he must not have done, according to the rules, is pretty nearly just what every sportsman and athlete wants to do. To hear these restrictions is enough to make one declare himself out of athletics from choice, while many good men and square amateurs must withdraw from necessity. The writer remembers a recent year at New Haven when enough good players were barred to have formed an eleven nearly if not quite as good as the one ultimately representing the university, all being as good fellows as could be found. Every year many men whose right it is to try for the varsity are barred by absurd, unnecessary and unjust rules. The case of E. T. Glass, of Yale, is representative of the inconsistency of the situation. In some games he is allowed to represent the University, and in others he is not. It is not a question of losing a good man from a team, but of withdrawing a privilege conducive to health and enjoyment. Outside of the absurdity it should be remembered by the makers of the rules that, barring the question of a contestant being an amateur or a professional, only a man's individual interests as perceived by himself or his family, should bar him from indulging in college sports. Rules which do so, excepting one barring a professional, do an injustice.

The Foot-ball Rules Committee did not appreciate the situation they had to handle nor did they look into the future; and this is typical of the lack of intelligence used in exercising power on the part of various committees. If they would ex-

ercise intelligence they would understand that the real game of foot-ball is the one that did exist, and is the one which will be played again. There will be an end to fancy plays and paid coaches. The game of seven men in line and four back of it, with an occasional play, will again be seen, both on university and school grounds and upon town lots. When it is so boys will have learned the rudiments of play and will reach college fairly versed in the game, needing no elaborate coaching, but mainly developing and handling themselves and improving in skill and the play of positions with increasing strength and experience. It is the development of the individual, the playing of the position and team work, and *not plays*, which make the game. Moreover, the old game is the one which wins. Princeton has clung closer to her old ways than other universities, and her success has been directly due to it. So long as Yale retained her accustomed ways she gained more than her share of good victories. Is there any comparison between the plays executed in mass of the present day and the end runs of other times, with one or two interferers bowling over man after man down the field, or the dodging runs giving tacklers the straight arm and having the team wheel into a fine interference that lands one near the goal; the openings in the line for a plunge through, the fine, clean tackles, the man to man struggles in the line—the conspicuous play of the individual, of the star? The present teams do not want stars; team work is what they desire, pushing, heavy team work. Success depends upon machine-like execution, and a star would not fit into such a system.

The difficulties which came with football have spread to all athletics, and football cannot be freed from them except through a change, which will affect all college athletics. Committees are one of the sources of the existing evils. Through them athletics is handled as a business. There is too much red tape and too little simplicity; too much distrust and too little fair dealing. There is too much of an appeal to the rules and too little to honor. The committees and their many rules have wrought distrust and suspicion. At no time have they appealed to the good that is in the players for whom they endeavor to legislate.

The situation which has existed at Harvard for some time typifies the general conditions. From Boston and Cambridge we hear more often than from all other localities combined, and in better language, of the desirability of "raising and maintaining a high standard of amateur sport," and of the "evil that lies in valuing the sensation of winning so far beyond the pleasures of the contest itself." There have been at Harvard more rules, more

it must possess the simplicity and honesty which go with sport, and not be surrounded by the rules meant for the professional fields. If the stupidity evidenced in the attempt to define what an amateur is and the compilation of the conditions under which a student is not eligible for his college team is used in solving future questions, a continued era of unpleasantness may be looked for. An amateur is rightly defined to be one who has received



"Rooting."

committees and more systems tried than anywhere else. Yet there is no university or college in the country where they find less pleasure in a contest that has resulted in defeat than at Harvard; no place where more insistence is placed upon winning, nor where more elaborate preparations and efforts are made to turn out a victorious team. It is a conspicuous evidence of the fact that it is the spirit which counts, and not the rules, in college athletics. With the right spirit college athletics will become sport, and be a pleasure. To be so

no compensation or equivalent for his services, but hairs are split to a limitless extent to discover just what a man could do and be an amateur. His career is examined back to the short clothes period, under which conditions the candidate is likely to be ruled out. An amateur is one who plays for pleasure only; he can play with whom he pleases, so long as he plays for pleasure alone. He may play with or against a team which is being paid or playing for gate money; he may play with professionals or against them. There is no



Coming Through Tackle—the Old-fashioned Game—and the Best.

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reason why an amateur should not play in any company he pleases so long as he enjoys it, *provided he plays only for that reason*. The professional is one who engages in athletics for a livelihood. This, however, would not make a professional base-ball player a professional tennis player. Experience has taught that, as a rule, men who are playing for a livelihood, that is for money, place a small value on pleasure, and are ready to mar the game by quarreling, trickery or unfair dealing. It is only when the professional hurts the pleasure of the game that he is objectionable. This is not the distinction perceived by our makers of rules, who have been so absorbed in the money, summer baseball and summer board question that they failed to notice how rapidly they were creating in the amateur world all the unpleasant characteristics of the professional, the most notable of which is quarrelsomeness and making a business of it all.

The colleges for their athletic intercourse need only the common rule that an amateur is one who has received no compensation for his athletic skill; that those who have received such compensation are professionals; and that professionals are barred. With all subscribing to this simple rule *and living up to it* only an agreement to meet annually each year for a certain period would be further needed.

If the various committees, before handing in their resignations and abolishing most of the regulations which they have enacted, would take into consideration the condition which will probably exist in the future, their last acts might be of real benefit to the college world. It is not possible that athletics in the colleges will continue as athletics; they will become sports, and it is inconceivable that sports can be maintained under several branches with a professional at the head of each branch. College men in the future will train and handle themselves. The question of employing a professional to win or the choice of indulging in athletics with a professional or not at all, will not be considered. It is not a matter as to whether it is fair to employ a professional or not, it is a question of pleasure, and in general it may be said that the employment of a professional does not add, through one cause

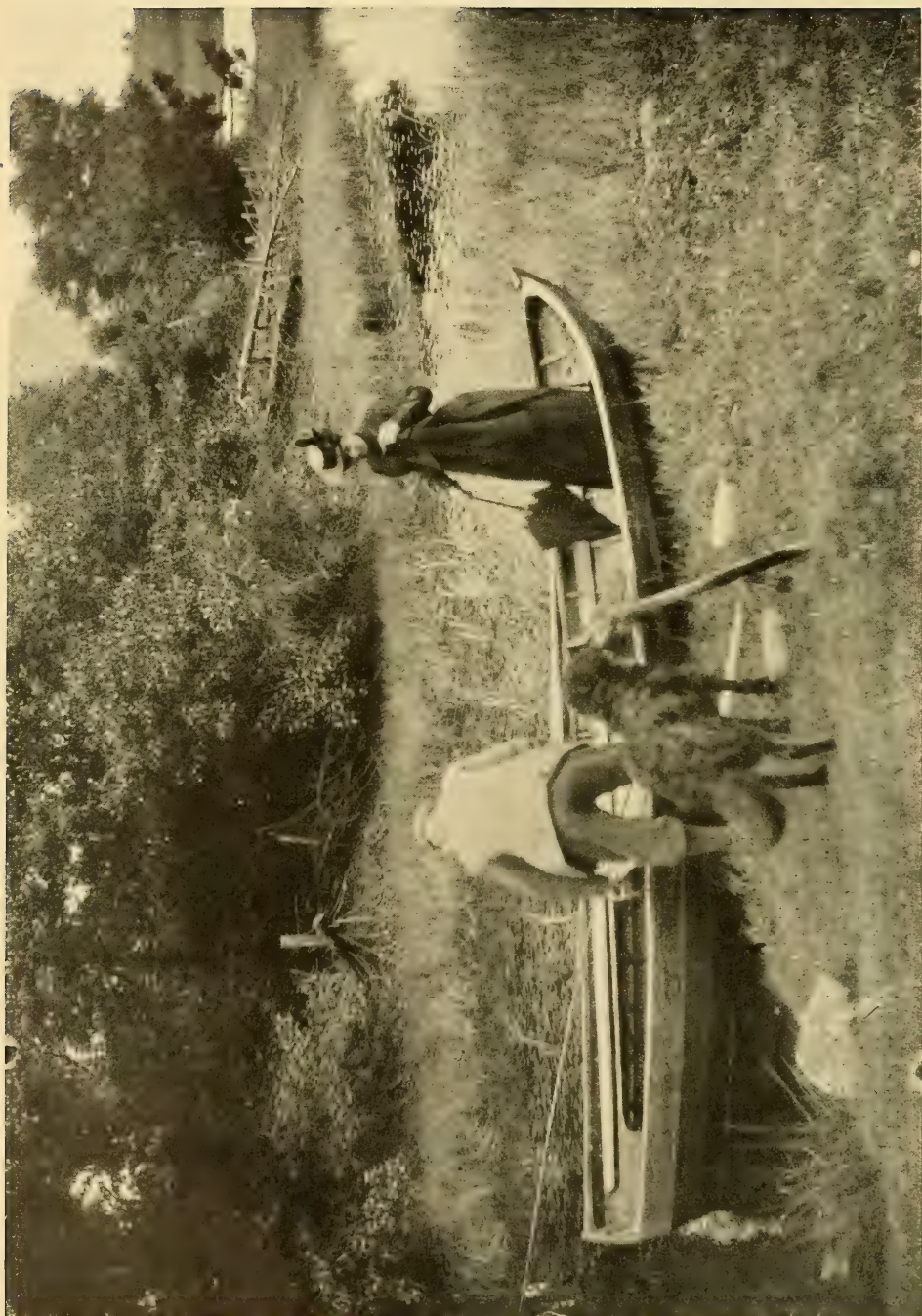
or another, to enjoyment. There are some exceptions, notably where long association has inspired such respect and affection for a professional, that he has become a part of the institution. In such instances, his greatest value does not lie in the fact that he is a factor in the results of games, but that by reason of his character and knowledge, his influence on those about him is good.

This season promises to see a continuance of the tendency toward the open game. It could be looked forward to as a certainty if we were sure of as powerful and as good kickers as were produced last year. It is frequently the existence of a single factor, such as a good punter, that makes an open game the choice. Both De Witt of Princeton and Mitchell of Yale have played their last game for their respective universities, unless indeed the latter should return to Yale, which at this writing is not expected. The kicking of these men was an important element in each of the games in which they took part, and if men of equal ability can be developed at Harvard, Yale and Princeton we will be sure of a kicking and an open game. Punting introduces the greatest chance and uncertainty and changes the aspect of affairs so quickly that a frequent resort to it keeps both players and spectators on tiptoes.

A picture of the future, which haunts the football mind, is that of two teams playing a kicking game on the field in the Harvard stadium. In that great amphitheater, which it is hoped Yale and Princeton will duplicate, from every one of whose 35,000 or 40,000 seats it is possible to see the individual plays, it would be about perfect to see famous guards, famous ends and great backs struggling for supremacy, with every rush through the center and dash through tackle, and each end run and clean tackle visible.

In this game, in which the interest grows greater each year, tradition is a great thing, and for the thousands who see the big games annually for years, the most interesting possibilities are the comparisons of the players of the present with those of the past.

The play of 1903 showed the wisdom in the return—too long delayed—of all the linesmen to their positions until the ball had been snapped back.



In the Cool of the Autumn Day.

THE LONDON CABBY

By VANCE THOMPSON

MY friend the cabman—"Bill Worth, Not the Other One," to give him his full name—and I were sitting over the calm comfort of two half-pints of bitter in the bar-parlor of "The Grapes." He was in an amiable mood, though when first I picked him up he was as desolate-minded a man as ever you saw. It was the fault of the fellow who took him in Park Lane.

"'E was a gentleman, 'e was," said Bill Worth, Not the Other One, with lofty scorn; "I'll tell you, guv'nor, 'e was a mucker. Larst of all 'e had me take 'im to the 'Ouse of Lords. I waited an hour, before I found out 'e 'ad greened me for 'arf a sov. An' me twenty years in the dickey!"

He was a good deal of a philosopher, as well he might be after driving a cab for twenty years through the streets of London. His knowledge of men and horses was extensive. Taking them by and large the horses averaged a bit better than the men, he thought. It was his theory that if you trust a horse—and the horse knows you are trusting him—he'll do his best; but if you get into the habit of trusting men, you might as well turn in your badge and hang up your whip.

We had some more bitter—with a dash of Burton in it.

"If that isn't good," he remarked, wiping his mustache on the back of his hand, "slates aren't made of treacle."

The phrase was worth more than I paid the pretty barmaid of "The Grapes" altogether. Indeed Bill Worth, Not the Other One, is a man you would like, a friendly man, a man of out-going ways with folk, a long, stout man, his face red with wind and weather. Who the Other One is I know not; I gathered that he is not distinguished for virtue and that our Bill Worth has had a hard time trying to dodge the shadow of the Other One's ill-repute. What did he do, Bill Worth, the Other One? I have conned all the crimes in the calendar, from breaking a mare's knees to breaking the ten commandments—riotously, all at once, like Moses—but

none seems to account for his being cast out of the social world of cabdom. One is apt to overlook the fact that the cabman has his own society—his own outlook on the world—his own social code and ambitions. In the great, confused world of London his life is as distinct and self-centered as that of those who go to Court in smalls. Among the innumerable cities that go to the making of London there is the cabmen's city, with a population of very nearly 50,000; it is scattered here and there; it has its notable people: obscurely celebrated in the cabmen's newspapers—its "Knock Softly" and "Crimea Sailor Jack," "Coachey First Past the Post," "Silver King, Not the Blackleg," "Doughy," "Charlie Will Work," and "Sweet Apple Joe," and many another; it has its clubs and churches; it has all the kindness and jealousy, the good and ill, that ferment in any other city of that size. Doubtless I have underestimated the population of the cabman's world of London. There are 15,550 drivers, for instance; most of them are married and most of them have gained something in the way of children; then there are the kin of the craft—the "Mush," the retired cabmen and shelter attendants, the cab washers and stablemen; I daresay the estimate should be increased by a third. Little by little I got to know something about this faction of London life, thanks to the guidance of Bill Worth, Not the Other One.

One evening—it was the day Bill had been greened for half a sovereign—we drove to the Horse Show Tavern in Vandon Street, Buckingham Gate. It was the headquarters of the London Cab-drivers' Athletic Club. There were a hundred cabbies in the big square room on the first floor. Under the blazing electric lights was a twelve-foot ring. Man, man! There was clever boxing, and good slugging. Had you seen the "go" between Charley Taylor and "Bat" Mullins, you would have said they were wasted in a dickey. And there is a Cricket Club; and a rowing club out

Putney way. These men of the whip, believe me, have fenced off a very pleasant world in the immensity of London.

Another night, Bill Worth, Not the Other One, came to my hotel—a quiet, old hotel in Salisbury Square, where they have sound wine—and said: “Well, I’ll tell you, guvnor, knowing your ’eart, there’s a meeting at the Crown to-night for the benefit of Jock Smith, at P. H.’s, who ’as ’ad the misfortune to lose three of ’is children—age eleven years, age sixteen years, age nineteen, respectfully. That’s ’ard on a father. Song an’ beer an’ ’baccy is the programme. For the best song a prize. Prize a Sholful whip, presented by W. Fowler, ’air-dresser of Gray’s Inn Road, an’ old Bill Garner. I ’ave a song,” he added; also he had the most splendid necktie I have ever seen and a flower in his buttonhole. So we cut away to Clerkenwell Green. *En passant*—

And this indeed is the impression they give you, darting here and there in the night. With blazing lights and a clatter of hoofs, they whirl up out of the darkness and pass—visionary, fantastic, impossible. The wry-brained inventor who put them

on the streets of London fifty years ago, builded better than he knew; his idiotic vehicle has become the fetich of Londoners and the one thing decorative in the streets. To-day twelve thousand ply for hire. The motor-cab has come and cut the mile fare to sixpence; it is a roomy and comfortable carriage; you can get into it without breaking your hat and be pitched out of it without breaking your neck; but your conservative Londoner eyes it askance—his heart goes lightly out, like a bird, to the absurd, old, dear hansom. He loves it loyally, and not unsentimentally, as truly good men love their wives. The good man and wise! I quite agree with Bill Worth, Not the Other One.

“If ever they wipes the ’ansoms off the streets,” he said darkly, “there’s no knowing wot won’t ’appen to this ’ere country.”

Wholly I share this gloomy foreboding. The roast beef of old England comes frozen from Chicago; port wine is almost an anachronism; and while these bulwarks of the constitution are crumbling away, there is no knowing—if the hansom cab goes, too—wot won’t ’appen.

And we came to the Crown at Clerkenwell Green.



A Watering Station.



The Cabmen's Shelter.

In the smoke of the great room I made out two-score cabbies, sitting behind pipes and mugs. We got seats near the head of the table, where Harry Matey, the Chair, sat in state. The silent and foggy man at the foot was Jock Smith at P. H's, who had had the misfortune. The "look-in" was a shilling; I gave something else—never mind what; Bill Worth, Not the Other One saw and approved and whispered: "'E deserves the support that circumstances merit." (My friend has a fine command of language; he can make it do almost anything.) There was a hush while the mugs were being refilled. In a little while the conversation picked up. They were talking "shop," which is the only proper thing to talk over a mug, whether it be your "shop" of broodmares or orchids or Bach fugues, or my "shop" of first editions. The red face of Old Shaps at Stibbard's loomed through

the smoke. He said: "I replies to wot Porky at Page's sez an' I sez, 'W'y can't they let us alone?'"

"W'y?" repeated a gentleman who I came to know as Bandy, Q. C.; "w'y? 'Cause they won't."

"Wot is it, now?" asked Bill Worth, Not the Other One.

"It's 'ats," said Tin Whistle Tommy, who was right hand man to him. It was explained that the authorities were considering the advisability of decorating the drivers with different colored hats, according to the district they frequented. Far down the table someone exploded in a roar of laughter; it was Old Joe Sowerby.

"Fawncy," he gurgled, "fawncy Parafine Jack in a green Trilby an' Sonny Boy in a red top—at and Old Blacking in a blue Baden-Powell—fawncy!"

How they shouted, those windy fellows; 'twas evidently wit of a high order; well, a



The Cab Yard.



Between Fares.

severe Roman laughed himself to death once at seeing an ass eat figs. A bent old man in three coats came in. The chair announced him: "Gentlemen, Old George 'Umphries, the Mush." They gave him a salvo. I had a curious, eager wish to know what a "Mush" was; Not the Other One explained. A "Mush," my ignorant brother, is the owner of four or five cabs. He is, as the other says, the yeoman of the mews, the crofter of the cab-rank. I trust you do not mind being instructed; there are in London 2,711 cab proprietors and of these 2,224 own fewer than five vehicles. As you see, it is a poor man's industry. There is only one large company—the London Improved Cab Co., which owns five hundred cabs; the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot who was once a large owner went out of business. In the main then the small proprietor—the "Mush"—who owns a few cabs and drives one himself controls the trade. The average price for hiring a cab is twelve and threepence a day. In addition the cabman has to pay the yard-fees. He gets two horses a day and is usually fourteen hours on the box. His license costs him five shillings a year. The tax of two pounds on the cab and the fifteen-shilling wheel-duty are paid by the owner. Taking it day in and day out the cabby makes about five shillings a day. In the season he may take in more money, but as the hire is raised on him, it comes to the same thing. If he is not content—and there is no reason why he should be—he does not grumble unduly. With a touch of sarcasm, perhaps, Bill Worth, Not the Other One, voiced the general opinion in a song, which did not, I regret to say, take the whip presented by the 'airdresser of Gray's Inn Road and Old Bill Garner. It was a good song, too. A fragment of it hangs still in memory:

"If I wasn't grateful
For getting a plateful,
I'd think myself hateful
And fit for the goal."

"Give the chorus, lads—'earty,
Brummy at Young's—chorus!"

"Five bob a day,
Very good pay,
Quite a nice income for paying your way."

Smoking much tobacco and drinking ale—there is a deal of satisfaction to be

got out of a penn'oth o' shag and a pôt of four ale—I learned many things I never dreamed of knowing. An example: The London cabby does not go in for pets; the only animal he cares much for is the 'orse. Now your Paris cabman—nine out of ten of him—has a dog on the box. Out of nearly sixteen thousand cabbies in London only one has the pet habit. The gentleman's name is Peppermint Jack and he is now on the rank, I believe, at Cold Blow Shelter. His pet is a white and yellow tiger-cat; it rides with him in the dickey. It was the opinion of Old Sepoy that Peppermint Jack was barmy. From the foot of the table Jack Smith at P. H's—the foggy man, whose misfortune had brought us together—made himself heard for the first time. What he said was: "E 'ad 'is troubles—'e did."

"I never 'ad that story right," said Bandy Q. C.

"I'd it from 'im," Old George 'Umphries, the Mush, remarked, "'e was driving for me an' 'e told me. 'E 'ad a girl an' she 'ad shaken 'im. 'S trewth! Shaken 'im. 'E was desprit. An' there 'e was with sixty pounds-worth o' 'orse-flesh, driving through the night an' 'im a desprit man! It makes my blood run cold to think of it. Wild 'e was an' desprit. 'E should 'a been on the 'Orse-shoe rank. 'E found 'imself in Barnsbury. So 'e 'ad a drink in the Wynford Arms—w'ich is known to all present—an' came out more desprit than before, 'e told me. There 'e stood an' up came that white an' yellow tiger-cat an' rubbed 'erself against 'is leg. 'E told me, 'e says: 'If that ain't cheek!' an' the tiger-cat rubs 'erself against 'is other leg. 'E picks 'er up an' puts 'er under 'is coat. An' Peppermint Jack, 'e told me," said Old George 'Umphries, the Mush, leaning forward and speaking with husky emphasis, "'e told me, that w'en 'e felt that 'eap o' warm 'air on 'is 'eart the despritness went out of 'im!"

"Garn, 'e was barmy," said Old Sepoy. "'E told me 'imself," the Mush repeated doggedly. "a 'eap o' warm 'air 'e called that tiger-cat an' 'e put it on 'is 'eart an' the despritness went out of 'im. 'E told me 'imself."

There was no gainsaying it, so George Spinks sang a song; he was followed by Will Temple, "comic and sentimental,"

and Ted Mayo, "descriptive and sentimental"—and we all thought of the girl who had shaken Peppermint Jack. It was late when we went away and the cabbies were still arriving. Chair welcomed them with a stentorous: "Roll up, ye night-men!" and they rolled.

From the time he passes his examination at Scotland Yard and gets his license, the cabby is pretty well looked after by the philanthropic people who like to figure on boards and "mind someone else's

Crimea Sailor Jack, who retires at seventy-one after forty-five years on the box and Little Hill of Westbourne Park and Davis Street, who had driven nearly half a century. Almost all the old cabbies suffer from rheumatism, bronchitis and asthma. Quite as admirable is the Cabmen's Shelter Fund which has established forty-five shelters in various parts of London, where the cabby on rank may eat, smoke, drink harmless beverages, read the newspapers. The attendants are usually super-

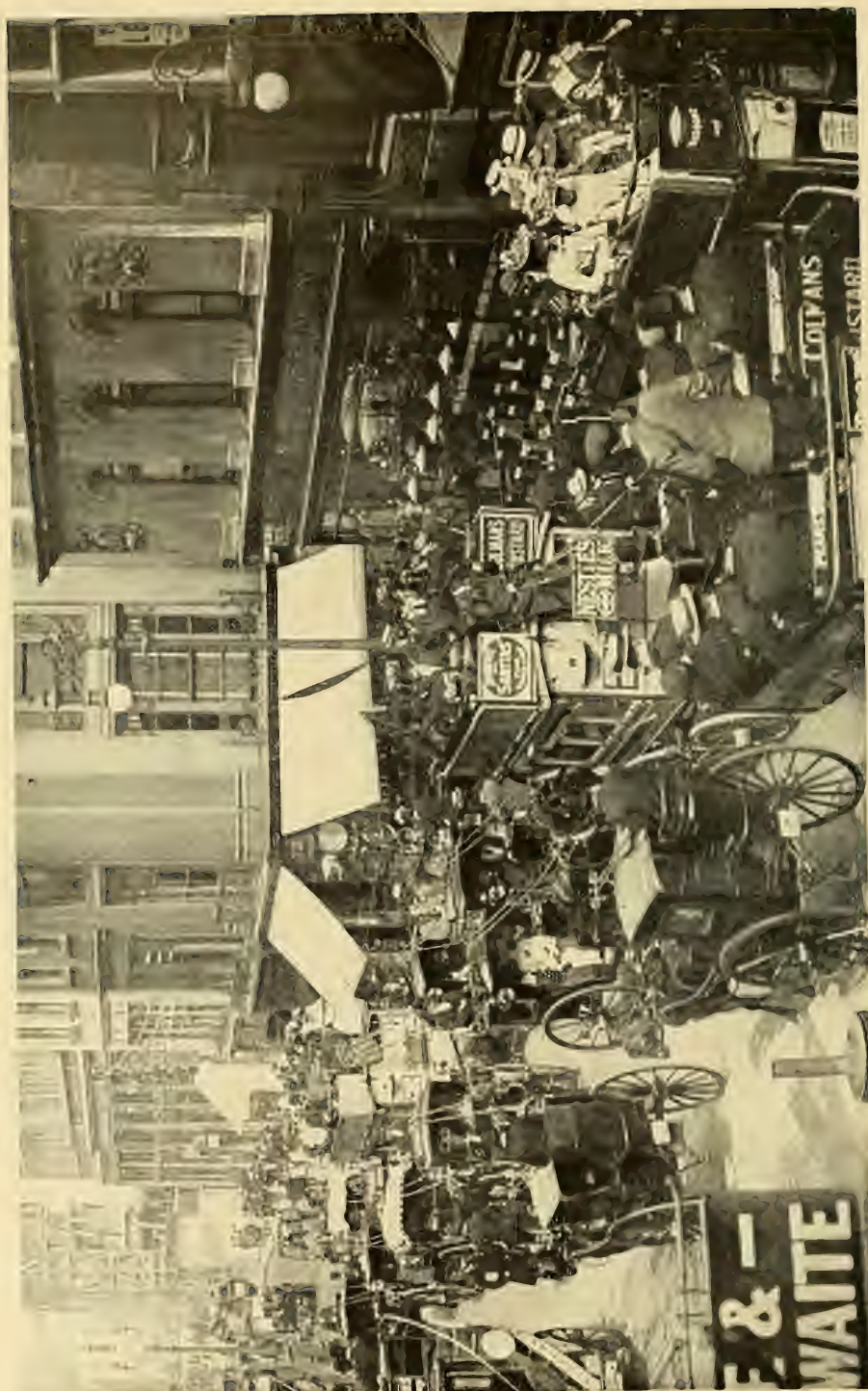


Inside the Shelter.

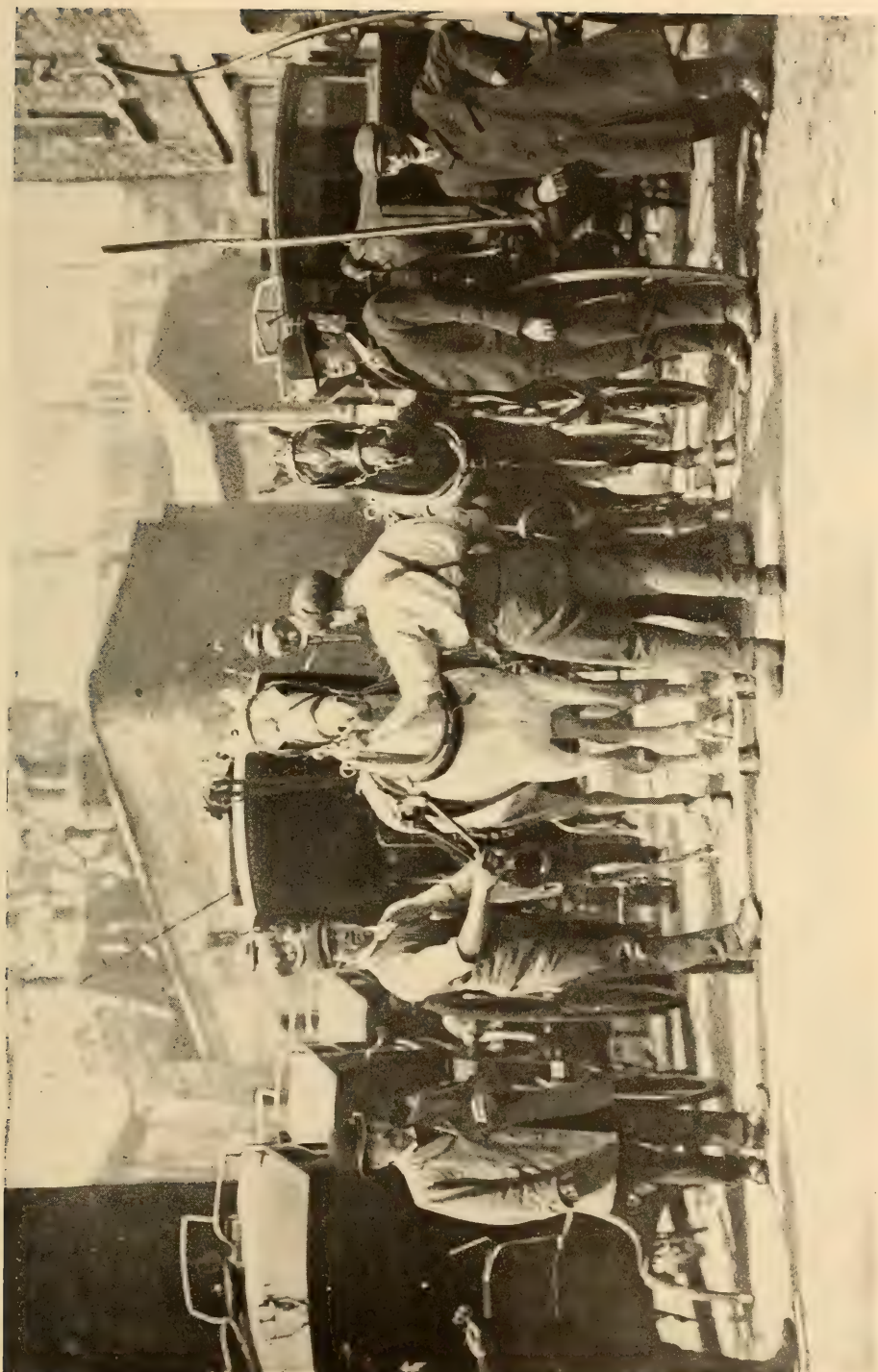
business." Some of them do no harm; a few of the societies do a great deal of good. About the best of them is the "Cab-drivers Benevolent Association" in Soho Square, which is patronized by the King and of which Mr. S. Sutherland Safford is the secretary. The cabman who becomes a member pays in an annual subscription of five shillings. When old or disabled he receives an annuity of twenty pounds a year; at least, twelve annuitants are yearly chosen by vote of the members. Among those elected this year were our friends Knock Softly, who had driven a cab for forty-three years,

annuated cabmen. The various shelters are used by about 4,000 cabmen daily.

The Englishman's consuming desire to "go out and kill something," is supplemented by a solemn interest in saving souls. There is of course a mission for cabmen. A grim gray-brick little building at King's Cross houses the mission, which is as complete as heart could wish, including prayer meetings, Bible classes, preaching, a temperance class and a Band of Mercy. The London cabby, however, runs to red blood-corpuscles; what leisure he gets he spends profitably in having a go with Bat Mullins or, not so wisely, in hav-



General View, Showing the Important Place Among Vehicles for Hire Filled by the London Hansom.



Changing Horses at the Stables.

ing a bit on the 'orses. Withal he is a politician in his way. His Union, nearly 5,000 strong, makes him quite a power in local affairs and Sam Michaels, the president, will probably break into the House of Commons at the next general election. The headquarters are in Gerard Street, Soho. It is there you will find Fred Hill, a sound, brown-bearded little man, who edits the penny monthly. It is a blithe magazine, covered with orange-hued paper—why don't they let the distressful country alone?—and containing all sorts of meaty cab news and cabby's views. Among the advertisements I saw one that let in a flood of light on the cabman's opportunities for picking up the honest sixpence. Read here:

"NOTICE TO CABDRIVERS

"To advertise the newly-opened and up-to-date Blank-Dash Hotel the Proprietor

WILL PAY IS. 6D. CASH

for every customer brought to the Hotel, which is open day and night.

"Please note: This Hotel must not be made a shoot for drunken fares."

Upon the whole the London cabby is diligent, honest and civil. Like Peppermint Jack, he has his troubles. Certainly he gets more than his fair share of abuse. Every day in London 120,000 people ride in cabs. Of course there is friction and there is a deal of noisy quarreling over fares, but, so far as my experience goes, the cabby is usually right in his estimate of the distance he has traveled and the money that is due him. The cab horses are a good lot. They are worked six hours a day on an average. About three years in a hansom, however, will do up the best of them. Then they drift down to the four-wheelers. A melancholy vehicle, that. You remember, do you not, "Gregers" in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," whose unhappy destiny it was to be always thirteenth at table? It is the gloomy function of the four-wheeler to "follow with the luggage." At best it never rises higher than the function of freighting home roysterers and bad husbands, night-wasters and cordial, ignoble girls. A melancholy destiny. The driver of a four-wheeler pays less cab rent—six or seven shillings a day—but his earning power is less than that of the aristocratic of the craft, he in the dickey. Usually he is a weedy, old man,

who has looked out on life, through reddened eyelids, so long and has come to know it so well, that the milk of human kindness in him is mere curds and whey. He is essentially a creature of the fog and night. Mankind, as he knows it, is either coming away from a railway station with too much luggage or going home—sodden or riotous with too much drink. Why should he have confidence in his fellow-men? He and not Edgar Saltus should have written the Philosophy of the Disenchantment. His melancholy destiny it is to go through life trying to detect pewter half-crowns. My brave cabby of Piccadilly is of another kidney. Sonny Boy advises me that the world is all right. He takes the air of day; a flower is on his coat; ambition is warm in his heart and head. Perhaps at bottom he is not the ideal cabby. He does not think, as every man should, that his trade is the finest in the world. He has a *gragh* for the "metallic pencil fraternity," as he calls it. Some day or other he will try bookmaking.

"When I get a bit o' money," says Sonny Boy, "I'll 'ave a try at it. The turf 'as broke me and it's got to mend me."

The vision grows upon him.

"There is a gent—a gentleman rider he calls 'imself, though he never rode between the flags in his life, but he is a rare, good 'un to 'ounds—well, this gent and me think of starting in a small way, ready money o' course. Now follow me," says Sonny Boy brightening, "after a while I'll get a few 'orses. Five an' twenty or thirty 'orses—that's the little game—and 'ave a good thing at a good price and run 'im. Or perhaps a safe un. That's life, that is. Look at Lipton. Sir Thomas, 'e is. 'E's got more money than that 'orse could jump over and wat's 'e do? Sails a bally tub. W'y don't 'e go in for the gallopers? 'E's wrong in 'is 'ead or 'is 'eart, 'e is."

And so fond fancy paints the future—a joyous future full of gallopers and safe 'uns—for the ambitious cabman. It may not come true, but what then? The best of life is the dream we dangle in front of us. And the donkey dreaming of carrots (or Sonny Boy dreaming of five and twenty 'orses) is quite as reasonable as you and I who dream of getting our names in print or endowing libraries; and a trifle nearer the attainment of his wish.

FALLING A MILE

By C. H. CLAUDY

IT was absolutely imperative that we get word to the camp at the Foot that a snow-slide was due, that it was going to be one of the biggest on record, and that its path would be directly over the spot where they, the Foot campers, were at present, all unconscious of their danger. Imperative, yes; but how? How get the news to the imperiled and unsuspecting prospectors? Only a mile away, yet they might have been in Egypt for all the communication we had had during the past week of snow storm, or were likely to have for a week to come.

We were camped at the Summit of the Valdes Pass, they at the Foot of the Summit, one mile below. The Summit itself was a long, even, straight slope, slightly steeper than 45 degrees, and covered with a glittering snow-crust! There lay the trouble. Ordinarily the face of the Summit slope was crossed again and again by tortuous brown lines—trails three to six feet wide, up which toiled weary, plodding horses, mules and burros, and down which swung snakelike ropes, with a small lot of yelling, swearing men at one end and a slowly mounting, food-laden sled at the other, while whistles blew and blocks creaked and groaned, and picturesque language added piquancy to air already stinging, and an occasional runaway sled lent excitement to a life not too monotonous at any time. But at this time all was silent and lifeless. We had seen the sun for the first time in a week this morning and it showed us, among other things, a seven-foot fall of snow and—not a sign of a trail. Worse yet, the snow was damp, and a cold wind coming up with the sun put three-quarters of an inch of crust on it; not enough to bear a man's weight and too much to admit of breaking a new trail on the slope while it lasted.

A seven-foot fall of snow means a perfect avalanche of slide, particularly hard when you consider that it will sweep down with it all the snow already fallen, ten or twelve feet. The Foot camp, four hundred tents, with a probable thousand souls, was right in the way, and they *had* to be

warned. The ways and means discussed all seemed equally impossible. To climb down that icy slope meant sure death—one slip and the climber would take a toboggan slide, with his back for a sled, that would tear him in ribbons. To let down a rope might have been feasible had we enough in camp, but three hundred feet of half-inch line was all we could find. To drop down a log of wood with a message of warning was a scheme that raised hope for a while, but on trial blasted all it had raised; the log disappeared in a crevice half way down, and wood was too precious to be thrown away. It was Olsen who really suggested it:

"If Ah only ud skees, ut would be ahsey."

Skees! "Well," thought Jack, my partner, "if skees, why not a sled?" Jack proposed it, only to be ridiculed into silence.

"Sled? You're crazy, man; why, you'd go down that mile in twenty seconds. You'd be swept off by the wind—"

"You'd never stop—"

"You'd go down to the sea and on to China and Kingdom Come for all I know—"

"You'd be asphyxiated—"

"Why, man alive, you'd get into a crevice and buried so deep we'd never find a trace of you!"

Such were a few of the cheerful prophecies that greeted him and his proposition to slide to the relief of the endangered camp.

But opposition always made Jack as "pigheaded as a mule" (the expression is his, and I am not responsible for the peculiar animal his words picture), and so when after "chuck" that evening he called me to him outside the tent, I was not surprised to hear:

"Billie, I'm going to coast down to the Foot; want to come along?"

I protested. I used all the arguments I had heard and several wild ones of my own invention, but it would not do. He was determined to go, and that was all there was about it. He said he believed we

would travel so fast that we would jump any crevices, and that if we were sufficiently padded we could roll off after we struck the level without much danger.

I knew he was going if he said he was, and I also knew it needed two men to properly balance an Alaskan trail-sled for coasting; and it was only two lives risked against hundreds to be saved, so I gave in, shook hands on it, asked a few questions and then went and got ready, while Jack attended to the sled.

We decided to start as soon as the moon came up. It gave plenty of light for that work; indeed, it was better than sunlight, as the terrible snow-glare in the daytime prevents any close or long scrutiny of anything, and we needed to keep our eyes open if we were to get down alive.

When ready we were sights! Besides my regular clothes, I had on two extra sweaters, an enormous skin overcoat (which was padded with newspapers) until I looked to be about four feet thick, my head was wrapped in two old shirts, over which I wore a *danco* (a hood and cape made in one piece), and I had on no less than four pairs of trousers! Jack was a similar ball, and it seemed as if no speed we could attain could injure us when we rolled off, so thickly were we clad. I had better explain that it was necessary to *roll* off our sled when we struck the bottom, as with our headway we might go miles if we stayed on the sled and not get back until a trail was broken—and that might take a week.

The sled was the usual trail affair, about nine feet long, eighteen inches wide and nine high, with an open slat top and broad three-inch runners. Jack had removed the usual steering pole, which projects forward and upward from the right of the sled, and had reeved ropes which were to tie us on to our "koopay," as a would-be wit termed our sled. He had also provided two strong four-foot poles for steering.

If the men had ridiculed our, or rather Jack's, idea when first propounded, they surpassed themselves now it was about to be an accomplished fact. Jack was well liked in all the camps where he was known, and there was some talk of preventing our attempting what looked like suicide by force. Jack was bending over the sled, looking narrowly to each joint

and bolt, when he heard the first of that talk. He straightened up to his five feet four and, looking right at the man who had spoken, said, quietly:

"Look here, you men, that camp has *got* to be warned. This is the only way. I blame none of you for not wanting to try it, or not wanting to see others try it. Just the same, I've got the nerve, I've got the sled and I've got my partner and a gun, and the first man who tries to stop the combination goes to hell quicker than we will go to the Foot. Hand me a piece of rope, somebody." There was no more talk of stopping us, and we had all the help we wanted.

We took the sled to the edge of the slope, and whether it was that the nervous strain made me more than usually acute, or whether it was that the scene was unusually beautiful, I do not know; but as I saw it then, it is photographed in my mind as clearly as if I saw it every day. Extending out twelve miles in front and below was the Summit hollow, looking for all the world like a huge whitewash basin—mountains, snow-covered, rising sheer ten thousand feet on each side, and, nestling at the Foot, the big Foot camp, a hundred twinkling lights showing where men were writing to mothers, wives and sweethearts at home, little dreaming of the Great White Peril slowly gathering force and weight above them. Away down at the end of the basin, where the Pass makes an abrupt turn to the eastward and another dive down to the sea, shone another little bunch of lights, the Fourth Bench camp; they, at least, were out of danger of the slide. Overhead the moon was just showing a silver rim, and each beam of moonlight, as it struck the snow, broke into a hundred shivering pieces which struggled in your eye for supremacy with the last remnant of the twilight still coming from the West. On each side the Fingers of Hope, two solitary peaks, looked down in solemn stolidness at the two puny men, striving to win from their offspring, the snow-slide—its natural prey, and—

"Come on, Billie—if 'twere done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly." It was Jack, interrupting my thoughts and misquoting his favorite in his excitement. The sled was on the very brink of the slope, Jack on in front, I behind, each with one of the strong steering poles in our

hands, and our legs thrust into the rope loops provided. These are drawn tight in a slip knot and the ends are held tightly in our hands. The knots are so made that while we are rigidly fastened onto the sled, a pull on the rope whose end we hold will set us free to roll off.

We shake hands amid a chorus of "Good-by, good luck, boys!" and a "Dieu vous garde" from a little Frenchman, and then we are carefully lowered over the brink to the end of a fifty-foot rope.

"Ready, Billy?" says Jack.

"All ready here, Jack," I reply.

"Let her go, then," he says, and I echo it with a yell of "Let 'er go, boys!"

It is perfectly indescribable, that fall (it is nothing else), or my sensations at the time. We seem to start as if shot from a gun. I have a moment of the terrible sinking pain one gets in a swift elevator, and then the motion and the madness and the wildness of it all gets into my head, and I find myself yelling and exulting in the swift motion, in the delight of flying. Down we go, gathering speed with every jump, past hillocks of snow I ordinarily would recognize as containing a buried cache of goods, but which are now simply white, menacing apparitions, which appear and disappear like a flash. On we go, over bumps and little hollows, holding on for grim life, my steering forgotten—on, on, with the speed of an express train. I see Jack's shoulders stiffen, and looking ahead I see a black line—a crevice! Now we leave the crust and are travelling through the air—actually flying; bump, we are across. "Thirty feet if 'twas an inch," I think. I look below; the tents grow larger and larger, as if by magic. I hear a roaring sound—is it Jack yelling, or the wind? As I wonder, we get another jolt; we have struck a hillock and shoot up in the air; will the crust hold us when we come down? No time to wonder; we are down with another bump, and the keen, stinging rush of air in my face tells me our speed is greater rather than less. "The tents are almost up with us," I think. (I mean we are almost to the tents.) As I think it, we pass them, 'way to the left—Jack has kept wide to the right. "Good boy, Jack; has his nerve with him." I have a momentary glimpse of a dancing, screaming crowd of men, and then Jack raises his hand; I see his stick go whirling

away—mine follows. I give a hard pull at the rope I find still in my hand and roll to the left; Jack falls to the right, and then I am dimly conscious that it does not hurt, but that I am being fearfully shaken and jolted, that I am rolling over and over. I feel a stinging pain in my ankle and on my face and arm and head, and then a mountain seems to fall on me and I sink deep down in the water—I wonder how I get in the water, but I am very tired and—I lose consciousness.

They picked us both up unconscious—Jack with a broken arm, I with a sprained ankle and both with raw spots all over. The rough, icy crust simply tore our clothes off, and the burning pain I felt was the skin going along with the clothes. As soon as we could speak we warned the men, and from being considered two crazy fools we became the heroes of the camp. They worked all night, and by morning had the tents and some food and wood moved three miles to safety; all but two parties, who insisted we were needlessly alarmed and who preferred to take the risk of remaining where they were.

We were just in time. The slide came at 5 o'clock the next morning, and the loss of property was great. Fully eighty per cent. of the caches were buried, and of that not more than half was recovered. But only two lives were lost—those of two of the parties who had remained. We dug the others out in time.

We were tenderly cared for, and when Jack was able to be moved we were taken to the coast and sent home. Of course it was useless for us to attempt to continue with a broken leg and a sprained ankle.

Just one thing more. Several men on the Summit held watches on us, from the time the rope was cut to the time we rolled off, and the average was thirty-four seconds! It was slightly over a mile! That means nearly one hundred and twenty miles an hour; do you wonder our clothes were torn off?

Neither Jack nor I got a thing out of our trip but experience. We have no medals, no testimonials, no bags of gold. But our injuries healed without leaving any ill effects, and we have the consciousness that we saved the camp; and it's worth while to fall a mile to have that. At least, so we both think.

THE FIRST MUSCALLONGE

By C. A. HAYDEN

CATCHING one's first 'lunge is an experience that brings mere mortal man to the plane of the gods. And when one is alone in a careening canoe and, knowing as much or as little about handling the gamey fish after they are landed in the craft as he does about running an airship, a rare zest is added to the experience.

It was my good fortune to catch two 'lunge on my first successful trolling trip; and to undergo the same sensations, I would willingly sacrifice a white duck suit and suffer countless cuts, as was the case on that occasion. By the way, it is but rarely that a muscallonge is called by that name in Canada. The expressions used are "maskilunge," "muskinonge" or "lunge," and if any other is used, the visiting fishermen is held by the native to be a "book" sportsman until such time as he adopts the local language.

I was camping on the shores of Stony Lake, one of the Kawartha chain, which are situated a few miles north of Peterborough, Ontario, when I made my first capture. The morning after my arrival I went out trolling in a heavy rainstorm. It was a warm morning, and there being no wind, the rain simply came down in columns, necessitating a constant bailing out of the canoe. It was a morning that 'lunge will go after a spoon like a pickaninny after a rolling watermelon, and it was only my verdancy in the matter of trolling that sent me home with an empty canoe. After paddling for a quarter of a mile, with about fifty yards of line out, the end in my teeth so that I could paddle easily, there came a jerk that nearly pulled me out of the boat and that painfully wrenched my incisors. I naturally opened my mouth and the line ran out for a couple of yards. When I picked it up and pulled in four or five yards, the line was still loose, so I concluded that a big fish had made a passing nibble at the hook, and commenced paddling again. Not five seconds afterwards I heard a swish louder than that of the rain, and turning around saw a husky 'lunge racing

along the top of the water. This action on his part I did not understand until, when near the canoe, he jumped clear out of the water, gave himself a shake and my hook dropped from his jaws. I said one word short, pulled in my line, and paddled home, wet and disgusted, for it was a big 'lunge and the first that had ever been on a line of mine.

That morning I hunted up one of the native born and, telling him all about it, humbly asked advice. He said, "Sonny, when you feel that jerk, drop your paddle, grab your line and pull in quickly but steadily. Don't jerk and don't give the 'lunge an inch." This bit of wisdom heartened me up for another trial, and in the evening, just at sunset, I set forth alone again. Almost at the same place, I felt a sharp tug. The paddle dropped and my hands shot to the line, which fairly sizzled because of the speed I hauled on it, hand over hand. Oh, the rare and tingling sensation of hauling in a strong and fighting fish! My heart was in my mouth, and when after years of pulling I saw the lithe, green body darting hither and thither in desperate efforts to escape the hook, I had an attack of buck fever, and for the fraction of a second I meditated dropping the line. Can't say what prompted that feeling, but it was fleeting and never returned. The 'lunge fought gamely until he was hauled into the canoe, but the hook was firmly imbedded in his jaw and there was no escape for him. Then came another difficulty. He commenced flopping around, and only for the thwart of the canoe he would have bounced back into the lake. I had a club, and after five minutes assault and battery quieted him.

Then I decided to go to the camp with my ten pounder and make my chum's life miserable with my vainglorious boastings. Just for fun, I put out my line again, and had hardly gone half a dozen canoe lengths when—*zip*—and my face was jerked around. This time the paddle went into the lake, and as I felt the weight on the line I thought I had

hooked the father of all fish. The ten pounder's resistance was like unto that of a piece of dry cedar driftwood when compared with that of his successor. It was a resourceful, powerful 'lunge, who tried every trick in his ken. A few seconds steady strain, then the line slackened, and knowing the 'lunge was swimming up with the line in order to get headway for a flying-fish flight, I pulled in as rapidly as possible and caught him up before he could make the effort. After that I never gave him a chance but hauled for dear life. Even at that I nearly lost him, for as soon as he saw the canoe he made a swoop to go under it, but I kept the steady pressure on his jaw, and his design was frustrated by a foot. No sooner had I got him into the canoe when the hook dropped out of his mouth. This showed me rather conclusively that the native knew what he was talking about when he was giving me instructions.

Remembering how nearly I came to losing the first 'lunge, after I had him in the canoe, I took no chances with the bigger one. Just as he was gathering his energies for a series of strenuous flops, I slid along the bottom of the canoe and sat down on him, white duck trousers and all. It was well I did, for there was no thwart above him, and his struggles showed enough strength in his heave to lift himself out of the boat, had I not been sitting on him. He was a slippery customer to keep a seat on, and being afraid that he would get the better of me, I thrust my thumbs into his gills, in order to get a purchase on him. That was a fool thing to do, for though the interior of the gills seemed as smooth as velvet, yet when I drew my thumbs out, a few minutes later when the 'lunge was quiet, they were torn and ripped so as to give intense subsequent pain. Until the fish was exhausted, I hardly dared to breathe, except on one occasion, when one of his turns threw the fleshy portion of my right leg against the hooks, which sank in a quarter of an inch.

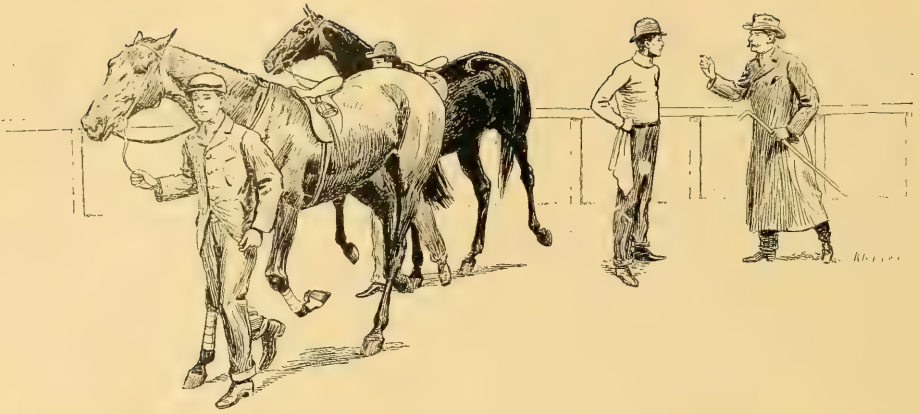
Inside ten minutes, I could sit up and look around. My paddle had drifted against Dead Man's Island, and I had to wait until the canoe found a similar resting place. Meanwhile I did not dare use the club, fearing that it would awaken the

'lunge to another outbreak. On recovering the paddle, I returned to the camp, all the while sitting on my fish, where my hail brought out my chum and between us we killed the fish expeditiously.

When he was cleaned and dressed, the 'lunge weighed a shade over fourteen pounds and made excellent eating, as did the ten pounder. However, my wounds of the chase were not completed. In the evening I went to the ice chest to see if my capture was safe, and ramming my hand down into the box in the dark I jabbed my forefinger against a tooth, the latter, a lancet-like affair, penetrating nearly half an inch into the flesh. So to balance the fun of catching a 'lunge were two lacerated thumbs, a punctured finger and a torn leg, but I would willingly take the same punishment in return for such an exciting battle. The next day these wounds festered a little, the fish slime being slightly poisonous.

Having made such a mess of things, I went to the native for more advice, for though I knew how to catch a 'lunge, I did not know what to do when I had caught one. He said that I should have hit the fish a sharp blow where the spine joins the head. That would have quieted him permanently. In case I had no club, I could have put a quick stop to his struggles by inserting a finger in each of the 'lunge's eyes. But I did not have a chance to ascertain if these tips were as valuable as those he had given me previously.

'Lunge are plentiful in Stoney Lake and my canoe has frequently run into them at night time, when they were lying close to the surface of the water. A bump and a mighty splash told us of the big fellows that remained to be caught. I have also seen them turned up by the screw of a steamer. It is said away in the depths of the lake are sturgeon, but I have never seen any that were caught and must accept the natives' stories for the existence of this fish. The average 'lunge caught in Stoney Lake will weight about eight pounds, but I have seen two caught there that weighed nineteen and twenty-eight pounds respectively. Most of the trolling is done with a silver and copper or red spoon, and these seem to be more attractive to the 'lunge than those of more gaudy and startling designs.



THE FOLDING OF A MORNING GLORY

By JAMES H. TUCKERMAN

"WE'LL work him over the hill this morning, Regan; break him off at the five-eighths pole and keep on to where you see me standing. Maybe we can fool 'em and maybe we can't. Let him come right along all the way Regan. You, Danny, break behind the colt a half length or so and keep the mare back—don't let her get to him. Take 'em over easy now boys."

Of the numerous performers that in the course of the next few hours would go through some form of that arduous turf rehearsal—the morning work—the colt and the filly were the first to be sent out, and the little group standing close to the outer rail near the paddock turn served to emphasize sharply the vast emptiness of the great enclosure. The mist of the early spring morning hung damp and still over the infield, and through its heavy folds the figures on the track at a little distance stood out in grotesque outline. Curiously out of focus, vaguely remote and isolated.

The man flicked a rubbing cloth carelessly at the filly, and as the boys walked their horses leisurely around the long, slow curve leading into the back stretch, he started diagonally across the infield, gazing at them thoughtfully as he walked. But his eyes were on the colt and his thoughts likewise, and his heart was filled with him. Five months before, with a lean and hungry winter closing in upon him, he had invested at one of the late

autumn sales considerably more money than he had in the world in a specimen of that gloriously uncertain commodity—an American thoroughbred yearling. In none of her various lotteries has fortune so dexterously shuffled the blanks and the prizes as in that form known as the thoroughbred yearling sale. The purchase of a pig-in-a-bag is not more of a game of chance, and as a mere diversion, it is likely to prove far less expensive. The unsophisticated millionaire—popular traditions to the contrary notwithstanding—is as likely to draw a prize with his lavishly bid thousands, as is the professional with his grudgingly offered hundreds. The great old gelding, Raceland, who brought \$150 as a spavined yearling, was not more of a prize bargain than was Hamburg at \$10,000.

The colt, over whose withers Regan was huddled like a frost bitten, melancholy monkey, was the particular pig in the bag which the man with the rubbing cloth over his arm had bought, and for which he had plunged unhesitatingly into debt. There was a chance—still too remote to be reckoned a possibility—that the pig in the bag might prove a prize. As a yearling he had shown his owners a quarter in $23\frac{1}{4}$ seconds with a heavy exercise boy up, and three-eighths in better than 37. A youngster that could do that was worth going on with—worth going on indefinitely into debt for. If the drawings were governed by any equitable law of chance,

the colt should be a Hindoo. The man had drawn his full share of blanks, and they had left him with no more comforting assets than a white woolen sweater and the knowledge that his luck could never be worse.

"But to-morrow is another day"—without this buoyant watchword of the turf the racing calendar would soon be made up entirely of the forlorn and unprofitable yesterdays.

Regan had broken the colt off at the five-eighths pole, and he was "letting him come right along." Already he had the mare straightened out, and Danny could not have disobeyed orders had he tried. The colt possibly was not displaying all the poetic precision of that well oiled machine which the turf writers reserve for their descriptions of the great classics, but he was making the furlong poles reel behind him in a headlong rush that was full of savage determination and arrogant assurance. As he passed each pole the man glanced at the watch he held in his hand, and, finally as Regan and the colt shot by him, his eyes turned to the dial almost furtively and he suddenly snapped the hand back into its place as though he were afraid it might not keep a secret.

There was a grin of vast content on Regan's face as he brought back his mount and slipped to the ground. Regan was a caricature; but whether of an old man or of a little boy it would be difficult to determine. His face was child-like and bland and innocent and shrewd and hard and world-wise. It depended on whether Regan looked upon his companion of the moment as an equal or as a "mark." As a race rider he was a distinct failure. As a work out boy he had few equals. "He's a galloping fool," he remarked with the easy familiarity a hireling may assume toward an employer when his wages are two months over due. "I could have sent him that last quarter all of a second faster. He'll pretty near do and he'll make a lot of these hounds know they've been to the races." He did not ask the man how fast the six furlong work had been; he had an aversion to being lied to, it hurt his pride, and besides he had his own idea of the rate he had been traveling and he knew it was not more than a fraction of a second out of the way.

As the colt and his stable companion were being led from the track a man sauntered out from the shadow of the paddock shed with an air of painstaking indifference. He was gray haired where he was not bald, and he looked old although he might not have been, and his complexion was a splendid purple blending of bourbon and rye. A tan-colored paddock coat—an evidence of yesterday's prosperity accentuating the poverty of to-day—was drawn, where the presence of buttons permitted, tightly around his swollen figure. In outline and color he vaguely suggested a dilapidated print of a sporting country squire. When the man caught sight of him he gave a little chuckle of annoyance. "Just my luck," he muttered to himself, "to have the Major sober last night; the first time in thirty-two years."

The Major drew nearer and addressed the colt's owner with ponderous joviality: "Gad, Sir, that's a strapping big rascal you've got there. How'd you get him so magnificently furnished out? He's six weeks ahead of anything I've seen this year. He's that Deception colt you call Prince John, isn't he? A great big handsome youngster."

The man agreed with him. "If they paid off on looks," he said, "Prince John would get all the money. I'm pointing him for the horse show. By the way, Major," he added as an afterthought, "if you are still doing the gallops for your people, you might forget this one. I expect he'll be ready one of these days, and I'll let you know when he's right." The Major chuckled; "oh, I'll forget it," he assured the other, "but don't you fool yourself into believing you can come out here and work a horse without anybody knowing it. Those old-fashioned times are passed. I saw old Burke and his boy when I came in, and you can bet they had their clocks on him; besides everybody knows Prince John was the best tried yearling last fall, and when you get ready to start him, every piker between here and Bucks County is going to have a bet down."

Prince John's owner did not stable his horses in any of the regular race track quarters. It was cheaper to pay twice as much rent for a barn outside the enclosure—so long as his credit lasted. In

the spring, when the racing year is still young, the proprietor of an unknown thoroughbred may get along in a race track suburb without ready funds quite as comfortably as did the Man with the Million Pound Bank Note. His fellow citizens cannot be sure that he has not another Domino in his barn.

After he had personally assisted Regan and a colored rubber in cooling the colt out, the man pulled a program book of the meeting from his pocket, and devoted considerable time to a study of its contents. About this same time, curiously enough, old Burke and his boy and the Major were engaged in the same occupation. "Those Deceptions are all chicken-hearted," Burke explained to his boy. "I never knew one yet that wasn't a morning glory." "Three-quarters in better than fourteen," soliloquized the Major; "if that colt isn't one of those Deception morning glories, he's worth watching."

Prince John's owner did not believe in the practice to which many trainers are given of drilling a horse to death. With the colt he was afraid of dulling his speed—if he did not sour his temper, and as a consequence the youngster had a comparatively easy time of it with morning walks, slow canters and an occasional let down as a pipe opener.

But as the weeks lengthened into early summer it became evident that the Major's prophecy was being fulfilled. "By their works ye shall know them," is as true of a race horse as a press-agent guarded philanthropist. The colt's owner was made aware of it in many little ways that were not displeasing; in the cordiality of trainers, in the thoughtful manner the landlord forgot to remember the rents, in the deference of the bartender and the barber. When the wealthy owners came to the track to watch a trial, Prince John was always pointed out to them as one of the likely ones. In one of his infrequent trials with Regan up, he showed five and a half furlongs in 1.09 $\frac{1}{2}$, over a track that was not fast, and the next day the agent for a millionaire who was racing in France, sent his agent around to sound the owner of Prince John. The agent's agent learned that the colt was not for sale and when the buyer came himself and offered \$10,000 for Prince John, he likewise was

turned away. Even to a man as intimately acquainted with poverty as was the owner of the Deception colt, a ten thousand dollar offer loses much of its magnificence when compared with the splendid sum total of possible winnings. And Prince John was engaged in stakes aggregating many times the amount offered for him. The glory of winning any one of them would have made the sum seem paltry. In the course of the next few weeks other propositions were made to him that were equally flattering and tempting. A "get-rich-quick concern" offered him \$3,000 and a percentage of his earnings for the colt's racing qualities alone: a dealer—admittedly the most astute judge of a race horse in the country—wanted to buy a half interest in him for \$6,000, but to all these overtures the man turned a deaf ear.

And one day he borrowed five dollars of a brother trainer, carefully turned his collar and went to New York.

"If he races to his work," he explained over the top of a siphon and other things to a man on the other side of a small, round table, "there will be a lot of them that won't beat him, but I'd like to have a race in him first. Here's about the spot I'd picked out," he continued, drawing the stake book from his pocket. "It's a condition race, five and a half furlongs down the hill. With a maiden allowance, we'll get in with 106 pounds. There's likely to be some pretty shifty ones starting with us, but we can get a line on the colt, and it will give the pikers a chance to burn up some of the hurrah money. They'll all be aboard—hook, line and sinker—the first time he starts. He's the best touted colt in America to-day. They all think we are trying to slip through a good one and they're not going to let him get away." "Well, ain't we?" inquired the man a little pointedly. "You ain't running him dead are you?"

"Not if he can win, but as I told you, I'd rather have a race in him first. So many of these clockers think they're wise to him that there won't be much of a price the first time out anyway. The race is the third one next Tuesday, and I'll need about fifty to start him." Prince John's owner imparted the latter information in a tone he endeavored to make wholly casual—"I've engaged Holmes, that light

weight boy Fränk Hill brought East with him this spring to ride the colt. He's a good strong boy and can make 106 pounds without any trouble."

How monotonous must Heaven appear: how drearily unattractive its most glowing prospectus to the man whose earthly labor has been confined to the racing of thoroughbreds! What trumpet blast will Gabriel sound that can take the place, as a heart stimulant, of the saddling call of the paddock? The day Prince John started, his owner discarded the white woolen sweater and indulged in a new standing collar which gave him the appearance of being rather overdressed even for so important an occasion. The man whose money made the youngster's public appearance possible was at the track in a large and mysterious way. A huge gem, screwed into his bosom, rose and fell, pulsating fiercely in the heavy ground swell of its owner's shirt front.

Prince John's toilet also had been carefully made. Regan had pulled his mane and braided it, fastening each strand with a bit of green ribbon. The colt looked hard and lusty and fit. The filly had been brought over with him to keep him from fretting, but in the solemn paddock promenade prior to going to the post, he was the least concerned of any of his youthful company. He observed all the amenities of the enclosure, but with the arrogant tolerance of a prince.

The race in itself served to illustrate admirably the virulently contagious character of the tip bacillus. Of the six thousand regulars and amateurs who had passed through the turn-stiles an hour before, at least two-thirds were in possession of exclusive information concerning Prince John's last secret trial. He had worked five-eighths in fifty-nine flat on the bit; he had galloped three-quarters in better'n fourteen, with 120 pounds up; Pittsburgh Phil was going down the line for the swell bet of his life. This exclusive knowledge gave to each of its possessors a proprietary interest in Prince John. Not one in five hundred could have told him from Bucephalus or Lou Dillon without his saddle cloth, but that in no way affected their pride or proprietorship in him. Long before the last bugle call, the tip had become epidemic—its bacilli are no respectors of persons.

Even his owner, who was starting him merely to give him a race, and the man who was putting up, fell victims to it. The huge gem was flashing fitfully as its custodian approached Prince John's owner. "Jim Allen says there's nothing to it but the Prince," he whispered, "he says he'll tow-rope the bunch all the way. What do you think—better not let him run loose, had we?"

"What are they laying?" inquired the owner.

"Six, two and even—backed down from ten—and they're playin' him all over the ring. That one of Brown's is favorite at 11 to 5. What do you think?"

"The price is better than I thought they'd lay, and the Prince is as fit as I can make him, but as I told you——"

But the man with the corpulent gem had already cleared for the betting ring. "I'll just spread a couple of hundred across the board," he announced as he hurried away.

"If you can cheat Mr. Fitz a bit Willie," the owner suggested as he swung Holmes lightly into the saddle, "it'll be all right. The colt's a fast breaker, just take him out in front and keep him there." One of the qualities which made the Western jockey's services in such demand was his ability to get away from the post, and when the barrier went up he and Prince John had succeeded in cheating the starter by a full length. In the first fifty yards, he shot the colt over to the rail and for five and a half furlongs, there was borne to Prince John's followers in exultant throbs, a realization of the folly of all manner of toil—other than the simple and pleasing task of picking winners. For five-eighths of a mile they revelled in an unimpaired vision of sudden wealth.

Opposite the free field, Prince John—galloping as straight as a homing pigeon, still fresh and fighting—was leading his company by six open lengths, and that sporting enclosure was proclaiming in thunderous prophecy, "Prince John by a block!" "He walks in!" "There's nothing to it but Prince John!" A red-faced woman in a pink shirt waist began an interminable recital—to which no one paid the slightest attention—of the policeman who used to work for Mike Dwyer when he was in the butchering business,

and who told her man to bet himself blind on Kingston the first time he——” but another outburst had gone up from the enclosure, more violent and frenzied than the first, but with no note of exultation or triumph in it now, and it drowned the red-faced woman out. “The hound,” yelled the possessors of the exclusive information in a mighty *misère* that penetrated the most exclusive precincts of the club house, “the morning glory.” “What’d I tell you: didn’t I tell you he was nothin’ but a morning glory all the time and try to keep you off’n him?” “Why that dog couldn’t beat a ferry boat!”

With the judges’ stand scarcely an eighth of a mile away, a little insignificant filly, desperately whipped out by a frantic apprentice boy, had managed to reach Prince John’s throat latch. Out of the corner of his eye he saw her, and one glimpse seemed to be sufficient. He did not falter. He stopped instead—stopped so abruptly, so precipitately that half the field he had had reeling and staggering behind him passed him in the next hundred yards. In the twinkling the vision of sudden wealth went out—blurred and blotted in the shifting mass of color that engulfed Prince John and the gaudy jacket he bore.

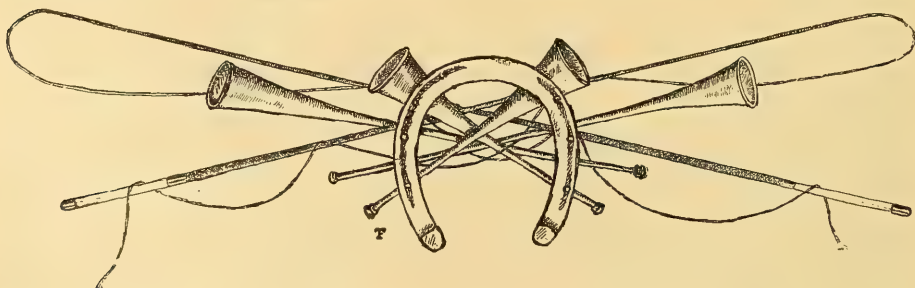
The hurrah money had been burned up.

It is always easier to make the wrong diagnosis fit the patient’s case when the correct one is necessarily fatal. Prince John’s owner could not close his eyes without seeing again the shameless spectacle of his great handsome colt, with his marvelous flight of speed, surrendering unconditionally, without a struggle, to a little inferior selling class filly. But he clung stubbornly, blindly to his theory that it was “just the race the colt needed.” The custodian of the huge gem was per-

suaded to remove several more yellow strata from his roll in order to start the colt in a six furlong handicap. Without shame, without remorse, with no saving semblance of weariness, Prince John “chucked it up” after tip-toeing a brilliant field for five furlongs. “That’ll about do for mine,” announced the man with the gem, “thirty-five hundred apiece is all I’m payin’ now-a-days for morning glories. Times is dull.” But the man clung to his colt. It really requires less exertion to cling to a straw than to let go. The ten thousand dollar offers gave way to suggestions and advice, all of which he tried whenever an angel could be found. The morning glory was proof against them all. In July the woolen sweater became as uncomfortably warm as the landlord was cool, but the man could “shed” neither the one nor the other. The glorious Indian summer days of Sheepshead and Morris Park shrivelled into the drear November dusk of Aqueduct and Jamaica. An acquaintance found the owner of the best tried yearling in the East, shivering on the wooden lawn at Aqueduct. Gazing listlessly at a group of sorry platers struggling through the frozen quagmire of the back stretch.

“How’s Prince John,” inquired the acquaintance.

“Do you see that little frost-bitten mut out there in the mud,” the man answered, “the one that’s so far behind he’d be leading by a half-mile if they went around again? Well, I just bet the last of Prince John on that one. Sold the morning glory last night to a butcher. And I tell you that just betting the money that counterfeit brought on a horse is enough to make him quit. Watch that mut curl up out there. He knows I’ve bet Prince John on him.”



PEDIGREE SHEEP-BREEDING

By R. HENRY REW

OF all domesticated animals the sheep has, from time immemorial, been most closely associated with mankind. An erudite author sixty years ago, having laboriously collated an assortment of allusions to sheep made by sacred and profane writers, concluded that "the history of these animals is so interwoven with the history of man that they never existed in a wild state at all. Biblical history from the time of Abel is full of allusions to the flocks which formed the chief possessions of the Jewish people and their neighbors. The spoils of war and the tribute of vassal kings largely consisted of sheep. Thus we read that Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with the wool. Moses after his victory over the Midianites obtained as loot no less than 675,000 sheep, and long before the Christian era sheep were cultivated in Western Europe. Spain and Italy possessed them from an unknown period, although long after Rome was founded the inhabitants had not learned to shear the fleece; and, until the time of Pliny, the practice of plucking it from the skin was not wholly abandoned, so long that the humble shepherds of Syria preceded, in their knowledge of necessary arts, the future conquerors of their country.

The most remarkable breed of sheep which history records is that which links the present with the past—the merino.

Its origin is wrapped in obscurity, and beyond the fact that it is a product of Spain—perhaps the most valuable which that country has given to the world at large—nothing is certain. There is a story which at one time seems to have obtained some credence, that merino sheep were originally, 1464, derived from England. But at that period Spain already possessed the finest wool-producing sheep, and manufactured the best woolen fabrics in Europe. It is probable that the indigenous breed of the country was fashioned into excellence by the favorable influences of

climate, soil and situation, and that upon this stock was grafted alien strains by the races which successively occupied the country. During the long Roman occupation, undoubtedly sheep were imported, for Columella informs us that his uncle introduced some of the fine-wooled sheep of Italy and also some African rams. There is little doubt, also, that sheep from Northern Africa were introduced by the Moors when they overran Spain, and at any rate it was during their long tenure of the country that the wool of Spain arrived at its greatest excellence.

The Spaniards long preserved with jealous care their monopoly of the merino breed, and it is said that it was not until 1723 that a small number of pure merinos were exported to Sweden. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that an attempt was made to introduce merinos into France by Colbert, whose effort, however, was thwarted by popular opposition. In the year 1786 the French government took up the project and established the flock at Rambouillet, which continues to this day. The earliest importation of merinos to Germany was made in 1765 by the Elector of Saxony, who obtained from the King of Spain one hundred rams and two hundred ewes, part of which he kept on his own farms and the others he distributed throughout the country. Nowhere has the breed flourished more completely than in Saxony, and nowhere has greater skill and assiduity been devoted to its cultivation and improvement. Darwin quotes the methods of the Saxon sheep-breeders as an instance of the possibilities of artificial selection. "In Saxony," he says, "the importance of the principle of selection in regard to merino sheep is so fully recognized that men follow it as a trade. The sheep are placed on a table and are studied, like a picture by a connoisseur; this is done three times at intervals of months, and the sheep are each time marked and classed, so that the very best may ultimately be selected for breeding." In 1775 the Empress Maria Theresa imported three hundred

merinos into Hungary, and in 1786 Frederick the Great introduced them into Prussia. The breed has, in fact, long since been naturalized all over Europe, has established and maintained the vast flocks of Australia, and forms the preponderating element in the sheep industry of America.

It is remarkable that the only considerable sheep-breeding country which has not acknowledged the conquering sway of the merino is Great Britain. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as a determined effort was made by very influential people to introduce and acclimatize the breed in the British Isles. George III.—“Farmer George”—at the end of the eighteenth century obtained a number from Spain and established a flock at Kew, and many pioneers of agricultural improvement enthusiastically supported the enterprise. A society for the cultivation of the breed was established in 1811, and expended much money; crosses were tried with several native breeds, including the Southdowns, Leicesters, Wiltshires and Ryelands, but the results were not satisfactory, or at any rate fell so far short of expectations that the experiments were speedily abandoned. A number of pure bred merino flocks were started and for many years maintained, but these have now all been given up, and although a careful search might still find a few surviving specimens of the breed, yet merinos, for all practical purposes, do not exist in Great Britain.

Everyone now recognizes that this stolid resistance of British farmers was of incalculable advantage to the future of the sheep-breeding industry. That resistance preserved to the British Isles, and to the world, the finest of mutton-producing sheep. He is *par excellence* the fine sheep, in the sense implying immaculate and immemorial pedigree, as he is also the fine-wool sheep of all ages and all climes. Compared with him the British breeds of oldest descent are upstart. When about 1760 or thereabouts Robert Bakewell began the work which resulted in the “Dishley” or “New Leicester” breed, and ultimately in the reformation of the whole United Kingdom sheep stock, the raw material with which he started had survived probably with little change from the Middle Ages.

To Bakewell undoubtedly belongs the credit of demonstrating the principles which revolutionized the farm stock of the British Isles. Up to his time the sheep had been regarded as a wool-producing animal primarily, if not exclusively; but he devoted attention entirely to improvement of the animal's form regardless of both size and wool. He aimed at a form to carry the largest proportion of meat in proportion to bone and at securing this result at the earliest age. He so improved sheep, which in the ordinary course were fattened and killed at the age of three or four years, that they attained the same fitness for meat production when fifteen months to two years of age. There is scarcely a mutton breed now existing which is not in some measure indebted to this man's efforts, for rams from the Dishley flock were sent to all parts of the country. There were of course many other enlightened and enterprising breeders who followed in Bakewell's steps or worked contemporaneously with him. In particular the Southdowns were improved by John Ellman of Glynde, and perhaps of all breeds which still flourish this may claim the oldest ancestry and the purest descent.

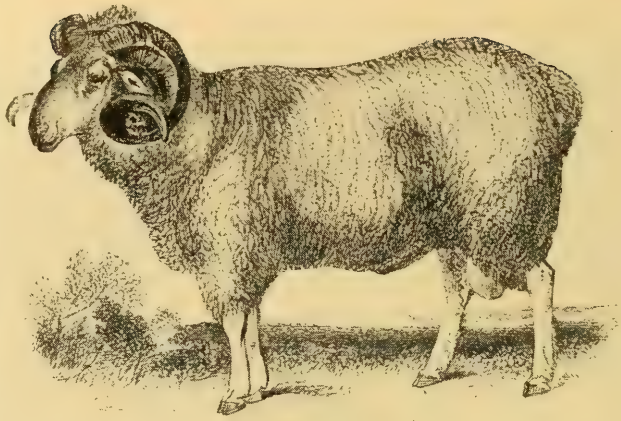
The greatest triumphs of the sheep-breeders' skill in the nineteenth century were achieved in the deliberate formation of new breeds by the judicious assimilation of varied materials. The modern Shropshire is the final result of patient and persistent striving after an ideal. On the Welsh borders, whence the Shropshire breed took its rise, there were one or two ancient breeds of sheep, and on that foundation stock has been engrafted the materials which in the course of the last century have resulted in what is now one of the most popular and widely disseminated breeds of mutton-sheep. The process which attained such famous results in the Shropshires has been applied, in greater or less degree, to the score or more of various other breeds which make up the varied tale of British flocks—Hampshire Downs, Suffolks, Cheviots, Cotswolds, Border Leicesters, Dorset Horns, Lincolns, Devon Longwools, Kents, Wensleydales, and many others, are each the creatures of scientific breeding. Some, like the Lincolns and the Cotswolds, retain the ancient name of their unimproved



The Pasture.

Photo by R. H. Winslow.

progenitors, and perhaps owe less than others to alien influence. There are also one or two breeds like the Black-faced Mountain, and the hill sheep of Wales and Devonshire which survive with little change by reason of their natural suitability to their habitat in districts which remain as free from the plough and as exempt from agricultural improvement as they have



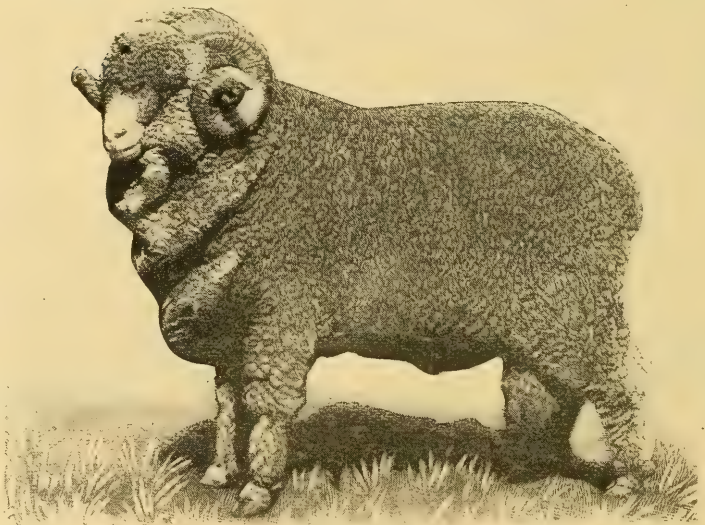
Old Wiltshire Sheep.



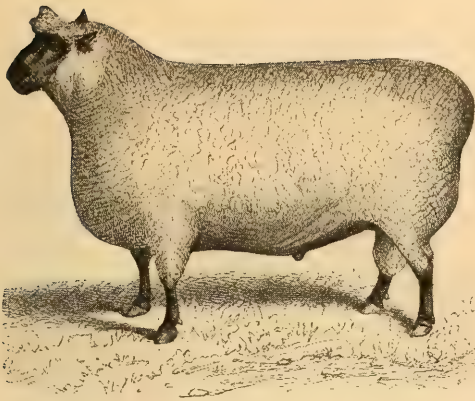
Southdown Two-shear Ram.

excellences of the Longwool and the Down. These, it may be explained, are the two main divisions of the domesticated sheep as known in Great Britain. Broadly, they represent the sheep of the marshes and lowlands, and the sheep of the hills and uplands. The rich valleys, with their luxuri-

been through all the centuries of history. But in the main the modern sheep is an artificial product compounded of diverse elements. The most notable instance of the manufactured breed is perhaps the Oxford Down. About the middle of the last century it occurred to one or two enterprising flock-masters in Oxfordshire that it would be desirable to unite in one sheep the



Merino Ram.



Oxford Down Ram.

ant pasturage, tended to develop sheep of considerable size and with heavy fleeces of wool, while on the exposed hillsides, with their scantier grass and more rigorous climate, the sheep were smaller, more active and less heavily woolled. The object of those who evolved the Oxford Down was to obtain the size, and to some extent the wool, of the Longwool, together with the compactness, the activity, and above all the superiority of mutton which distinguished the Down, or Shortwool. They were eminently successful in their effort, and although, naturally, they could not absolutely secure all the merits and none

of the faults of the two varieties, they established a breed which is admirably adapted to a wide range of conditions.

The art of pedigree sheep-breeding is not easily acquired. No doubt it is an empirical art, for veterinary knowledge, greatly as it has increased, and physiology, much as it has revealed, have as yet come far short of explaining the mystery of heredity. The practical judgment of the breeder will achieve results by a process which is more intuitive than reasoned. And the man who possesses the observation, the insight and the skill to construct out of living materials the ideal of his imagination is surely entitled to rank as an artist. Whether or no the breeding of sheep develops the artistic temperament



Duke of Richmond's Prize Southdown Ram.

it undoubtedly fosters the spirit of contemplative philosophy, and the tending of flocks has always been associated with peace and contentment.



Shropshire Ram Lambs.

ACROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

By ARTHUR RUHL

OF course you became very sore about it; you thought that running was an awful bore and you were never going to race again. You had trained hard for the mile that spring and given up things—pounded round the dusty track while the others were up at Riverside canoeing on the river, gone to bed while the rest were in town at the “Pops” or smoking and singing close harmony on the steps of Holwarty, rubbed the bloom off the loveliest weeks in the year and—and then in the end you were beaten. Of course, you knew that you weren’t a sprinter and you ought to have known that they were running those first three-quarters too slow; you ought to have swung out in the lead and let that man Jenkins eat his heart out trying to keep up with you for three long laps and then you might have beaten him out at the finish. But it wasn’t so easy to know this, that muggy May afternoon when the sun was beating down like August and you couldn’t get a decent breath and you were running fourth, looked very neatly into the pace of the three ahead.

You decided also that running was a wretched humdrum sport with no sort of fun in it and that when next spring came you would go in for baseball or cricket or something in which there was a game. But you never forgot that day nor that race all of the next summer vacation. Every time you leaped over a water hazard and took a spin of fifty yards or so over the soft turf after your golf ball you thought of your legs and the spring in them and when you were trotting up and down the beach between dips, hurdling the life-lines and behaving most childishly, you were really thinking of the last hundred yards of your next race and estimating the difference between the feel of sand and of cinders and wondering each day if you were strengthening your wind and improving your form. Still you weren’t quite keen enough to go into training for the autumn games after you came back in the fall again. You played tennis instead and loped a bit each day after-

wards, just enough to keep fit, and you went to the games as a spectator—feeling very kinky with your clerk’s badge and your proper raiment and your privilege of watching the new Freshmen. You got enormously excited when the mile was run and you saw, for the first time, just how it looked from the outside, and, as they swung into the stretch and one of the new men came up out of the ruck and ate up the lead and broke the tape a winner, you ran out and clapped him on the back and you would have given anything if there had been another race right then and you could have thrown off your clothes and gone in. You had thought that you’d never race again and here you were suddenly wishing it were spring.

The Indian summer faded and the leaves began to fall. In the early mornings the elms and the ancient dormitories lay in a bluish opalescence as though they were at the bottom of a sea, a haze hung in the air by day, the crisp breath of evening made you think of hot suppers and open fires and all the land smelled faintly of burning leaves and brush. One morning you opened your *Crimson* and saw a little two-line notice which said that at 4.30 o’clock that afternoon there would start from the locker-building the first hare-and-hound run of the year. You stood in your pajamas as you read this, with your toes curling away from the cold bare floor, but your heart gave a perceptible jump and a hot glow swept up within you. For days the hazy autumn had been calling you and now at last you heard the call. And you drew in a deep breath and gave your chest a thump and jumped under your icy shower with your teeth set, for your blood was up and you were aching to be up and away—away on the long hard trail and ’cross country with the hounds.

They were an odd lot, those hounds, sitting on the steps of the locker-building as you trotted across the field late that afternoon, shivering in their sweaters and waiting the word to go. There were brown-legged Mott Haven men, wearing



The First Jump—Going Out.

their initials turned inside out, and pale divinity students with spectacles, whose sense of the proprieties demanded flannel shirts and heavy knickerbockers and stockings and leather shoes, and here and there some mature student of the law who had come down to the East from a far-off inland college and whose story of triumphs, now put aside and forgotten, was mutely told by the faded jersey and the tattered initials of the college he called his own. You looked your new friends over—friends they must be to have heard with you the same call—and at the hares, waiting the word to go, and the timers, muffled to their chins in ulsters, and gradually the gray sky grew darker and you hugged your bare legs as hard little flakes of snow came hurrying through the air.

"All right!" nodded one of the ulsters

at last, and the hares, slinging their bags of paper clippings over their shoulders, swung off on the trail. You watched them jog easily across the field and disappear round the corner of Boylston, flinging a handful of paper behind them as they passed from view. One minute—two—three—four—jiminy crickets! how cold it was—and you all got up and began circling about the timers, stamping your feet and hugging your shivering ribs, when—"Five minutes! Go!" said one of them, and you all turned about—and started away on the trail.

Two of the old Mott Haven men slipped up in the lead to set the pace. You fell in at a comfortable distance behind, and behind you, with all sorts of good and bad running, the others stretched out in single file. Over the grass, now specked with



At the End—Coming In.



Young Simon



Boston's Interest in Cross Country Running.



Over the Hills.

little wisps of snow you jogged, round the corner of Boylston and down through the tangle of trucks and trolley-cars of Harvard Square.

The hares were bothersome and shiftily. For half an hour the pack fretted along the trail through the backyards and shanties of darkest Cambridge until, at last, you emerge into the open again, pattered across the Longwood bridge and, with the cries of the coxswains coming through the distance and wherries and singles shooting past you, down stream with the tide, you stumbled into the marshy lowlands that edge the Charles.

It was real running now. Your feet caught in the tufts of wiry grass and every now and then you slumped down to your knees into a muddy pocket of ice water. The quick weariness of the first three miles—the hardest stretch of a ten-mile run—took hold and took hold hard. You caught a glimpse from across the river of a crew just lifting their dripping shell over their heads, and as the water splashed on the boathouse float you wished you could get some of it too. The sweat was coming out on your forehead as you swung at last into the road again; it was running into your eyes as the pack trailed across Soldiers' Field. The great amphitheater was silent and deserted now and nothing to break the stillness but the puffs of breath and the muffled tread of sneakers and running shoes, you filed through the open gates and across the furrowed gridiron.

After the pack had passed the field and trotted through a half mile or so of streets the town gave way to scattered houses, and the houses to open fields and scraps of woodland, and finally you found yourself in the open country. Trot-trot, trot-trot, uphill and down, scrambling over boulders and stones, pushing through thickets and brushwood, the pace kept up unceasingly. The line began to stretch out now. From the top of each rise of ground you could see the slower ones pulling up the slope behind you while ahead for a quarter of a mile the leaders were carrying a broken line of vivid crimson and white out into the hazy distance. Your blood, slowly and surely heated by the three-mile pull, now burned evenly to your very finger-tips. The heat of it made you laugh at the frosty air, smoothed out every kink in your body, melted away the weight

that had pulled on your chest until your lungs worked as easily as a fish's gills and the rich fruity air sank to the very bottom of them. As you felt your arms, moving like pendulums, low and steadily, and your legs stepping light and evenly, and drank in the wine of the autumn air in great conscious breaths you began to know your strength and be sure of it, and you looked from each hilltop over the long trail yet to be traveled rejoicing, and there seemed in all the world nothing worth while but straight limbs and clean thoughts and stout hearts and the free and open country. And you understood what it means to say that the sport is bigger than the victory and that it is not just to break a tape a few inches in front of another man that one goes in to train. For what a good and glorious thing it is—the mere running! The lift and thrust of the thigh, the rhythm of untrammelled motion! The catch of the foot on the pathway, the tireless buoyant progression! When the air strikes deep in the chest, the arms lift with the leg-thrust and the muscles all sing the same rhythm! The regular strides on the level, the in-bend as one sweeps round a town, the relentless pace up a hillside, when the feet grip the ground as the fingers grip the rope in hand-over-hand climbing! The run on the beach in the summer, alone with the gold and azure! Or this long trail homeward in autumn when the frost's in the air and call answers call through the twilight! What a good and glorious thing it is—the mere running!

The gray November day grew grayer and the lights began to sparkle through the twilight. You forgot your bare legs and your flimsy running clothes, and each of the hounds became merely one of the pack hot on the trail. Now you scramble up a gravelly gully where the workmen straightened up from their shovels and stared open-mouthed; now you swung through a farmyard where the chickens scattered squawking and the girls of the house stood in the kitchen doors laughing as you passed. Now you swished through an orchard, ducking the low branches and plowing through the crackling leaves. Your foot struck something round and hard and you snatched up an apple from its wrapping of frosty grass which was like wine in your cottony mouth and tasted



Decorates Around the Parade Through the City.

of the autumn and the out-of-doors as only an apple can taste which has mellowed under its own leaves and been cooled and sweetened by frost.

Over the orchard wall and to the bottom of the hill the trail led, straight down to a brook too deep to jump and without a bridge. The gang of small boys waiting there assure you earnestly that there "ain't nothin' nearer than the railroad bridge," full half a mile away. You know they are lying, but the darkness is closing in rapidly now, there's no time to waste, so into the black water the sweating pack plunges, hip-deep in the stream, just as the frosty night is beginning to weave a fringe of ice along the edges. You thought of Valley Forge and the retreat from Moscow as you scrambled up the opposite bank and the wind struck your dripping legs, but before the water has had time to freeze it had dried off from you as it would from a stove, and you were pounding down the trail again no worse for your ducking.

The late November darkness closed rapidly down around you now. The specks of the trail could scarcely be distinguished from the flakes of snow on the grass tufts and the pack felt its way along slowly, with heads bent and eyes searching the ground. Every few minutes there was a halt and plaintive wails of "Lo-o-ost Tra-a-ail! Lo-o-ost Tra-a-ail!" and then from somewhere off in the darkness came at last the clear halloo of some keen-eyed veteran, "Tally Ho! Ta-a-ally Ho-o-o!" Giving tongue to the cry the pack closed in again, and again was up and away. You stumbled out of the woods and fields at last, and as you struck an open road the leaders quietly hit up the pace. You could see the line—not so long as it was, some still toiling back there in the woods—swinging under the white glare of an arc lamp and suddenly the road turned and you found yourself in one of those flinty macadam avenues that lead straight into town. The country disappeared as at the fall of a drop curtain, rows of yellow gas-lamps crossed each other in the middle distance, and down toward the glow where the town lay the arc lamps of the avenue stretched like a string of stars.

Now there was work ahead of you. All afternoon you had had chances to loaf—

when the nervous pack were held at a fence or hedge-row, when the leaders were thoughtful enough to walk up-hill, or over some of the rougher places, when the trail was lost in the darkness—but there was none of that now. For a good two miles down the hard highway not a bramble or brush or lost trail or fence gave a chance for soldiering. Straight down the road you went, all in a bunch, for none dared to drop behind to come wandering into Cambridge alone that night with nothing but his running clothes to cover him. All that gruelling training for the mile came back to help you now. Every time that you had ever driven yourself under the trainer's watch through the last heart-breaking two-twenty of a time-trial, when the air was muggy as a steam laundry and the mercury was eighty-five in the shade and the cinders were swimming before your eyes, made it so much easier now to look down that long stretch with easy confidence, to hook yourself in just behind the leaders, put your arms and back a bit more into it, and laugh at the pace.

One by one, as you passed each corner, the swinging arc lamps slipped by overhead, steaming breaths showing in the glare as the pack pounded across each circle of light and the shadows leaping ahead fantastically as you swept on again into the darkness. Past trolley-cars, humming out to the suburbs loaded to the fenders with office folk and pale-faced clerks, past shop-girls and workmen with dinner-pails, and lighted houses, through the windows of which you caught glimpses of tables set for dinner and blazing open fires, the pack sweeps on. How petty, cramped and absurd seems all this boxed-up world of rectangular blocks, or narrow grooves called streets, of clothes and trolley-cars! How all the dust of over-civilization is brushed away as you stride strongly on with the steam of your breath showing in the lamplight and the sweat running down your face. With what a straight-eyed chastity can you sweep by those chiffon-and-sachet women-folk who giggle at your honest bare legs and coyly avert their eyes; with what Olympian good-humor can you glimpse the lily-livered youth with a cigarette who glares at you cynically as you pass and shivers and wraps himself tighter in his foolish ulster. Maybe you will wear an ulster



On the Road.

some day, perhaps before to-morrow you will admit the tyranny of straight-ruled streets and clothes, but now, to-night, with your eight good miles behind you and the air of the hills in your lungs and the fire of the chase in your blood, now, at last, you are sure of yourself and free.

Through the streets of Boston, dodging cars and trucks, down to the railroad station galloped the pack, clattering down through the echoing subway beneath the tracks, up and away again on the other side and along the road to Cambridge. Through the darkness to the left you could presently see the gloomy bulk of the stands on Soldiers' Field and beyond that the dull-glowing of the Brattle Square clock and farther yet in the distance the tower of Memorial. Suddenly the leaders pulled up, panting. "Here it is!" someone cries, and as you come up you see that the trail abruptly stops and that a line of paper scraps is laid clear across the road. It's the end of the trail—the "break." From here it's a run-in home, a mile almost straightaway—down past Soldiers' Field and over the bridge, up to the hill to the Square and over the gymnasium steps where the timers are. "Line up for the break!" called the master of the hounds, and he looked back over his shoulder into the darkness, panting, as he waited for the laggards to appear. As you saw them toil slowly in, saw some flop down at the roadside, and, lost to vanity, flat on their backs pant up at the stars, and saw the straight road stretching ahead relentlessly and thought of leaping off from the line as though you were starting a quarter-mile dash instead of finishing—who should come jogging up out of the darkness from the direction of the Square, out for an after-dinner bit of exercise, with a running mate in a crew sweater beside him, but your friend Jenkins.

"Hello!" says he, "What's up? Lemme pace you in!"

"*Pace!*" you cry. "I'll *race* you in!" and you take your place on the line. You've put nine miles behind you and he's fresh from his little jog down the street, but your blood is hot and your fighting edge is up and every piston-shaft and cog-wheel in your carcass is working together like a well-oiled and exquisitely adjusted machine.

"A race it is!" grins Jenkins, and he

pushes in beside you, toeing the break.

"Are you ready?" demands the master of the hounds, looking along the line. "Go!"

The pack broke like thoroughbreds at the flinging-up of the barrier. At least that's the way it seemed to you. Your legs, gauged to the easy 'cross-country pace, seemed tied down and weighted as you tried suddenly to lift them into the long high stride of the sprint home. Your chest, which but a moment ago drank in the cool air to its very depths, closed on each breath now before you'd scarcely caught it in your throat. The taste of the out-of-doors vanished and the air became raw and hot and rough. But again your training came back to help you. Even the long pull over the nine-mile trail rallied to help you and the dogged good-work-well-done-behind-you weariness is quite another sort of thing from that hollow-sided distress that comes when the cold blood first meets the shock and strain of the cinder-path struggle.

Jenkins, fresh as a lark and cocky with his warming, started out at a four-forty clip. You hooked your eyes to his back and lifted your heavy legs into a longer stride. He *will*, will he! It's more than a sprint from here to the gymnasium, and you've not learned to turn off some ten miles for nothing. He *will*, will he—ar-r-rh!—Up guards and at 'em, to hell with Yale, lay on Macduff, and the devil take the hindmost! You see the Soldiers' Field gate slip by and the bridge and the boathouse, and now you're pulling up the hill towards the lights of Harvard Square. On and on you go, hungrily, with your legs eating up the distance with the speed that darkness seems to give. Far behind are the most of the pack and those in front keep slipping further and further back. You overhaul them, one by one, suddenly bear on hard for a dozen strides—"Take that!" you say under your breath—and you slip past.

As you pass Mount Auburn Street there are only three ahead of you, the master of the hounds, one of the Mott Haven veterans and that nimble Jenkins. The pace and the long pull uphill from the river are telling on him now and he's not running all from his legs as he started out to do. You can see his shoulders pumping into it and—and—yes, you're right—his

arms are going up and his chin is slewing round a bit. Straight through the Square you plunge rough shod, through the crowd waiting with their transfers and with half a dozen trolley-car gongs banging unheard in your ears, and then suddenly, only a furlong away, you see the lights of the gym and you know that the race is almost done. As you catch sight of them a quick exultant strength lifts through you. All the charm and mystery of the autumn, the rough-shod dash through wood and water, the thrill of the chase comes back to you in a whirl. You quite forget yourself, an amazing recklessness seizes you and you turn everything loose. "Take that—and that—and *that!*" you say to yourself, and you sweep across the Square, leap across the gutter to the pathway past the yard, pass the third man and are blowing your breath on Jenkins's neck. Past Massachusetts and Harvard you stride, shoulder to shoulder, and then you bear on hard again and you hear his breath behind you, and there's nobody ahead of you but the master of the hounds. Him you overhaul just as you reach the close-set posts of the gymnasium; you flip through together, but he loses his stride, and, taking it on the fly, you finish out the last dozen steps ahead and drop on the steps a winner.

You will undoubtedly become rich and famous in your day and have your moments of triumph here and there, but you'll be lucky if you ever have more fun than you have now, as you sit on the cold stone steps panting and hot and happy, and with your ten good miles behind you and your victory in your hands and watch with the crowd as the others pump in out

of the darkness, and finish one by one. Jenkins finishes fourth. "Good work!" he gasps, slumping down on the steps beside you and dropping his damp head against your shoulder, "I'm down and out!" "You weren't warmed up enough," you laugh. "You know we'd been going it for an hour or two." "And finish like that?" he pants. "I've got all *I* want. I'm not in your class." And as Jenkins happens to be your room-mate and able to put it all over you any day in the sprints, you pull him to his feet and decide to forgive him after all, and the two of you go down to the baths together.

The cup was not a very big one, but it looked very well that night as it stood on your study table under the glow of the big lamp. You stretched out in your big chair, deliciously tired, with a soothing somnolent fire burning drowsily through and through you, and ran the long run over again. It was, indeed, a little cup, but it didn't remind you of seasick finishes as some of your other prizes did, and the older it got the dearer it was to you. And years afterwards when more than a path of scattered papers are needed to take you back to the old lost trail, when it's a far cry to the open country and all that you can see from your window are rows of dingy brick, and all that you hear is the roar of trucks and "L" trains and trolley-cars, you have but to look at this tarnished old mug and again you are swinging with the hounds through the frosty autumn, again you catch the smell of burning leaves and brush, and hear again through the twilight the long-drawn cry of "Tally-ho! Ta-a-ally! Ho-o-o!"





On the Runway.

FOLLOWING DEER TRAILS IN NORTH-WESTERN WOODS

By H. S. CANFIELD

PLACE a fly with wet sticky legs on a pane of glass and let him wander for an hour. When he is ended and dead he will have left a map of the trails of these woods. Some of them are tote-roads to lumber camps; some are logging roads; some are roads that stroll along the banks of streams apparently with no particular purpose; some are Indian trails; but eight out of ten of them are deer-trails, or runways. The difference between an Indian trail and a deer-trail is that the deer-trail is straighter. It is characteristic of the Indian to make a trail ten feet out of the way around the end of a log not more than six inches through; the deer would step over it.

That is a vast extent of forest which runs from the eastern part of Michigan on the right to the western part of Minnesota on the left, as you stand looking at the map on the office wall and wishing for the good time to come. Maples and

basswoods and birches, hemlocks, spruces and pines shadow its ground; hills clothed to the summits throw up high rounded shoulders to the sky; rivers wind through it, creeks rush down to the rivers; deep-bosomed in trees, a thousand lakes flash like mirrors in the sun; and often a great tamarack swamp blocks the foot-farer forbiddingly, impenetrable save to the wild life of the region. Above the woods through late September and all October is an arch of fleckless blue; the frost lies white of mornings; the air gets into the blood, an air cool and resinous to the nostrils; the trees in a hundred contrasting but harmonious tints, running the gamut of browns, yellows, greens and reds, back and forth, again and again, are a glory. But when November comes the sky is gray; snow flurries pale the outlook; the leaves of autumn are marching a million strong through the forest aisles.

It is to be said of deer-shooting in the

lakes region that mostly it is sport in its high form. There if anywhere the man matches his trained skill and intelligence against the inherited cunning of the animal and not infrequently loses. For it is generally still-hunting that is followed and the conscientious still-hunter earns all that he gets. There is run-way shooting, which is the second highest form of the sport. In using it and obtaining game the man, at least, demonstrates his marksmanship if not his woodcraft. He takes the stand selected for him by his guide while the guide makes a detour in the hope of scaring up game. The chances are that he will do it and when he does the animal, having been disturbed and frightened, will take to the runway at speed. It may pass the hunter belly to the ground, or it may be in full gallop, or it may be trotting rapidly, throwing back its head occasionally in an effort to discover its pursuer. At any rate it will not be strolling along half dreaming, and it offers a mark of more or less difficulty in proportion to the rate of its progress and the amount of vegetation which intervenes. A deer moving even at a trot through the trees seventy-five to a hundred yards away is not a sure target for the rifle, not to count "buck-ague," sights raised too high, too sudden pressure of the trigger and other things which go to make up the shooter's mishaps.

He only is a deer hunter, however, who goes after the deer unaided, and only when he has killed his buck unaided is he entitled to call himself of the blood brotherhood of the rifle. This is the true sport. All others are weaker variations of it, or base imitations, or worse. The man has his gun and his knowledge of the woods and the animal's habits; the deer has a greater knowledge of the woods, keener eyesight, wonderfully sensitive nostrils, protective coloration, tremendous speed and great endurance. In every natural sense it is the man's superior. The match is not an equal one; its advantages are too heavily on the side of the deer. This is shown in the proportion of successes and failures of even the most expert of shots and trailers. The best hunter that ever struck the woods has not been able to average one deer knocked down to five followed. It is the man's persistence which gets him a deer finally.

People going to the woods for the first time are sure, before starting, that they will get at least two deer apiece. They have a sneaking idea that they will smash the law, if they get the chance, and kill three or four, or six or a dozen. They spend two weeks with or without guides and go back home without seeing a deer. They say that there are no deer in those woods and the camp proprietors and the guides and the magazine and sporting writers are all liars. They go back the next year, however, and the year after and in time they get so that they kill a deer a season, or maybe two, and are satisfied. The trouble is not the scarcity of deer, but the scarcity of "deer-sense."

All of the heavily wooded States of the North and Northwest now protect deer to the limit. The shooting season is short; the number of animals any man may take is two. Deputy game-wardens are active. Fines are heavy; imprisonments are not infrequent. The territory is ideal for deer-breeding and conservation. It is huge, it is tangled; its swamps, unless frozen, are not to be hunted at all. So favored, the deer have increased enormously. In no part of the world are they so plentiful as now in the northwestern woods. Wolves kill many more of them than hunters do, but they are able to hold their own against natural foes. So long as the governments continue to restrain men the deer will continue to multiply.

Go into the woods in the month of October before the shooting opens. The ground is brown with leaves, the air is cool, all conditions are pleasant. A man with an ordinary pair of eyes in his head shall not walk a mile before he sees deer signs; tracks or droppings, or beds, or marks upon trunks where the bucks have rubbed the last dried velvet from their antlers. The farther he goes the more signs he will see. He will stumble upon a runaway that is a Fifth Avenue of promenade for them. The track is as beaten as a country road. Now and then he will hear a crash in the hazel brush where some buck or doe has seen him and leaped. The chances are that he will even catch glimpses of a brown form or two darting between the great boles.

These conditions will continue to the opening of the hunting season. They will continue in rapidly modifying degree



He only is a deer hunter who has killed his buck unaided.

for three or four days after the season opens. Then deer will be hard to get. The reason is simple: Distance is nothing to these animals. They will travel twenty miles between sunrise and noon without special effort, stopping to feed on the way. When they decide to quit their ranges they go fast. Seeing the woods full of hunters they leave those woods, going either to woods which hold fewer men or, if in the search of a day or two they are unable to find free spaces, they go into the swamps where they know that they are secure. Any man who has spent a season or two in the forest knows that his best chance to get the two bucks allowed to him by law lies in reaching the ground promptly. The guides say that the deer smell powder and leave. They can not, of course, smell the nitrate in an exploded shell, but they can see the man carrying the shells, and when they have been disturbed twice or thrice by these enemies they have enough of it.

Yet the man who knows how, can get his allowance of two deer within a week and select bucks at that. He may even refuse bucks that have badly developed antlers and insist that his game wear the complement of prongs or "points." Some years are required to bring him to a pitch of excellence where he is sure of his quarry and himself, but once he attains to it he has a valuable knowledge, a knowledge that no man can take from him. The pursuit of the deer legitimately, rifle in hand and sandwich and compass in pocket, requires every quality which goes to make up the true sportsman: patience, endurance, woodcraft, good-nature, courage, quick eyes and steady nerves. It requires that the woods shall be a book to the man; a book in which is recorded all things that happen within the woods confines, and the successful hunter must be able to read it as he walks.

He must deduce from sign how much time has elapsed since the deer passed; for sign twenty-four hours old is of little more value than no sign at all. He must know from tracks not only how old they are, but how fast the deer moved when they were made, whether the deer is buck or doe, whether it was travelling with set purpose, or fleeing, or merely strolling. He must know the ground and then the tracks will tell him that the deer was going

to water, or to feed, or to its lair. If he starts the animal and fails to get a shot he must know what runway it is likely to take and then, travelling at a long trot, he must make for that runway and intercept the fugitive, or he will see it no more. He must know where the deer stay in warm clear weather and cold dark weather and what becomes of them in light snow or rain. He must know their feeding hours and places and sleeping hours and places and at what times they go back and forth. When he knows all of these things and a hundred others and has tested his knowledge time and again, he will find ten deer in a day where the inexperienced man would not find one, and if he is lucky he may get one out of the ten.

The good hunter is cautious. He does his best to move without stirring a twig. He prays that the night may be damp so that the leaves will not rustle under him. He asks for a light snow so that the trails may be more easily followed. There are many times when he gets these favoring conditions. Let him go forth then and ply his craft to the uttermost. Let him move like a brown ghost between the trees, working slowly up wind. Let him have ears trained to catch the lightest sound of the forest and eyes to dive through the darkest shadow and see the dun skin beyond. Let him be eager yet slow, with no thought for anything, save the object of his chase, his attention unattracted by the partridge which whirs up near him, his mind undiverted by any of the thousand sights and sounds. Let him be all hunter from top to toe, a "fell hunter," as Thoreau phrases it, with the accumulated wisdom of years of effort stored in him, yet shall five deer move off from him, more ghost-like than he and he shall know nothing of their going; five more shall watch him from covert with round lustrous eyes, not the tip of an ear exposed, and turn again to grazing when he has passed, and if he fires at all the chances are five to one that he will fire at a buck or doe in full speed flying from him before he saw or heard it move. So he will need to be a quick and accurate shot as well as a stalker, and it will take him nearly as long to learn to shoot the rifle correctly at flying targets among the trees as to learn to find the targets. From these unchangeable



Any track worth following will be damp to the forefinger.

natural conditions have come two kinds of still-hunters, one the stalking kind, who moves with care and trails his game to the end like an old hound, and the other the rapidly going kind, who glides swiftly through the forest, following a fresh trail at the top of his speed, not hoping to steal upon the deer while it is feeding or lying down, but desiring only to go so fast and easily that he will be within shooting distance when it sees him and jumps. This man will cover much more ground in a day than the other and will get more shots. He will average possibly as many dead deer. Both of them hunt across wind, or up wind, and both must be imbued with deer-lore or any killing they make will be accidental.

There are certain fundamental rules

of deer-shooting—beginners' rules—which may be quickly stated: Deer feed early in the morning and late in the afternoon, generally in open places. Between ten o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon they are in covert, lying down mostly. They should never be hunted down wind. Keep off twigs and leaves if they are dry. Take long strides and put the foot down softly. Look cautiously over the top of any hill before showing the body. Let the eye explore the tops of dead fallen trees or slashings before drawing near to them. The edges of any deer-track worth following will not have crumbled and fallen in; if made on ground they will be damp to the forefinger. If nearing a lake be cautious and when a view is had of the opening run the eye

thoroughly around the shore-line; look near at hand with a double closeness. Any deer started, unless it has decided to leave the country, may be counted upon to circle and come back near to the starting point inside of an hour or two. Therefore in returning by the same route in the afternoon be watchful of places where deer were in the morning. Never—and this rule should be printed in type a foot long—never shoot at anything unless its identity is thoroughly established. Rigid observance of this rule would have saved a hundred homicides within the past five years.

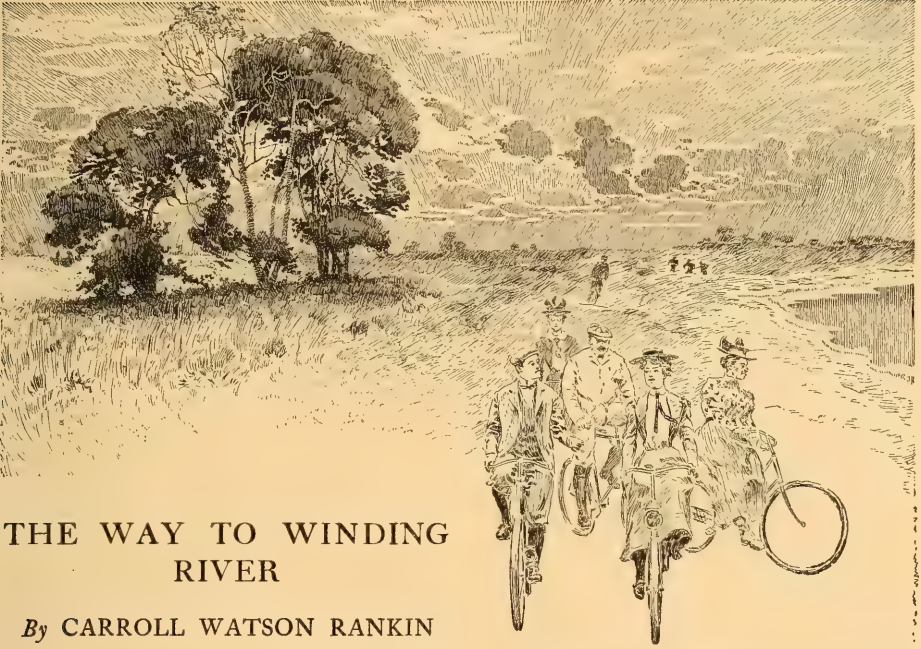
In drawing on a deer the experienced hunter will endeavor to shoot it squarely through the shoulders. That shot will stop it inside of twenty feet every time. If the animal is shot through the heart and has just taken a full breath it will run from twenty-five to a hundred yards. Hit back of the heart through the body, it is likely to go almost any distance from one mile to ten. A bullet through the head or neck bones or spine will stop it, of course, but nobody shoots at those marks of intention. They are too difficult. The hunter does not always have choice of shots. He is often forced to shoot at the animal when its rump is turned toward him, or when it is facing him. He may get his deer or may not, even if the bullet strikes fairly, for there is then no certainty of inflicting a fatal wound. The modern high-powered small-calibred rifles will throw through a deer from end to end, but often the bullet is deflected by a bone and goes out without reaching a vital spot. There is much outcry against the use of these rifles, but in the hands of a careful man they are very efficient weapons; in the hands of one not careful almost any sort of rifle will do to kill

another hunter with. Men are slain in the woods because the men who slay them mistake them for deer, not often because the rifles carry too far. Imagination plays strange tricks with the untutored or excitable. Last year in the Adirondacks a man shot a woman sitting by the side of a trail; not long ago, in the same region, a guide paddling a boat along a lake was shot and killed by a hunter standing in the woods fifty yards away; two years ago in Wisconsin a child standing on a rock in the middle of a shallow river was shot by a "sportsman" who came unexpectedly to the bank two hundred and fifty yards distant. A patch of brown coat-sleeve seen through the trees or undergrowth, a section of brown back, a glimpse of brown leggings are often sufficient to cause the snuffing out of humanity's brief candle. Invariably the survivor is "crazed with remorse"—which does the dead one a lot of good. He ought to be jailed for twenty years.

Yet to the man who loves the open, the spice of danger acts rather as incentive than deterrent. The deer are there, swift, beautiful, cunning and timorous, the miles of massive woodland, the balsamic airs, the keen and friendly emulation, the strenuous endeavor, the tired muscles, the gnawing appetite, the dreamless sleep—sleep so deep that it is no longer sleep but slumber. Pan has on the garb of early winter and whistles shrilly among the rushes where thin ice has formed. Against the dead pine the giant woodpecker smites his iron bill. The song birds have gone south and at dusk the brown owl quests for the partridge. Around the inner walls of the shack the firelight leaps ruddily and falls on contented faces.



LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES



THE WAY TO WINDING RIVER

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

WE had always wanted that little strip of camp ground at Winding River, but Old Tomasket, the Indian, to whom it rightfully belonged, had always wanted it too. His family, however, yearned in the course of time for more excitement than the forest afforded, and finally, after much dickering our unimproved village lot became his, his ideal camp ground became ours; and everybody was satisfied.

No other camp-ground possessed so many virtues within so small a compass—not that there is anything infinitesimal about forty acres. Still every forty does not contain a little, gurgling, many-curved river alive with trout, a deep, mysterious forest of pine, a grove of splendid elms, a long stretch of smooth, curving sand beach, a little rocky cove strewn with agate-streaked pebbles, and a level, open, sunny grass plot just big enough for a little colony of tents. Besides all these attractions, there were deer and partridge in the forest, big red raspberries close to the river bank, huckleberries all along the lake shore; and an accommodating reef made it possible in peaceful weather to fish comfortably and successfully.

There was one drawback, however, to complete joy in our new possession. It was undoubtedly the loveliest, most conveniently arranged camp-ground imaginable, but it was precisely thirty-eight miles from any other place. There was no railroad, no accommodating line of boats, not even a good wagon road waiting to transport us and our belongings to our new property. Old Tomasket and his family always made the journey on foot; but the Tomaskets were Indians, the Braddons were not.

"It's like heaven," said Eleanor, succinctly. "A sublime spot, but hard to reach."

Of course we were all wild to see the place we had heard so much about—father and the boys had talked of it for years—and we had determined to spend August and September in tents at Winding River; but the problem of moving ourselves, our tents and the necessary provisions to the wilderness promised to be a difficult one. Moreover, business would make it necessary for Father and Richard to go occasionally to town; and Josephine, who was almost but not quite engaged, hinted that eight weeks without mail or

visitors from a civilized world would prove utterly unendurable. Clearly, it behooved the Braddons to find a way of bridging those thirty-eight miles; and, because the Braddons were not overburdened with wealth, it would have to be an inexpensive way.

"Isn't there a tug?" suggested Gerald, hopefully.

"There is," said Father, "and it will cost us just fifty dollars every time we charter it—twenty-five each way."

"That settles the tug," said Mother. "What about the naphtha launches?"

"They have their regular runs and decline to desert them."

"Horses," offered Eleanor, Richard's wife.

"The roads are atrocious. The distance would be nothing if the roads were good. It is possible we can send the tents and provisions with Bennett's team, but I wouldn't undertake to get anything else over that stretch of corduroy."

"Automobiles," said Bessie, whose imagination was capable of any flight.

"I'd like to see the automobile that could plow through twelve miles of pure sand," said Father. "Besides, where *is* your automobile?"

"It looks to me," said Aunt Jane, pessimistically, "as if we'd either have to grow wings or wait until somebody invents a successful flying machine, unless somebody leaves us money enough to buy a steam yacht."

"No," said Father, "it isn't as hopeless as all that. We'll send the tents on Bennett's wagon and we'll follow on our bicycles."

And that is exactly what we did.

For the next two weeks our house resembled nothing but a bicycle repair shop. Father said we couldn't afford to take any chances of breaking down, and we certainly didn't. Fortunately, all of us, from Mother down to eight-year-old Bessie, owned wheels, for we were all enthusiastic bicyclists, but none of the wheels except Richard's was new. During the following fortnight it was next to impossible to take a bath, for Father had such a horror of slow punctures that he always kept from one to three tires floating about in the bathtub, while Gerald had bicycle chains and nuts and bolts and screws and tiny steel balls soaking in

kerosene in all the wash-basins. Father always kept at least two dismembered wheels upside down in the parlor, because that particular room furnished the best light; and, after one or two disastrous attempts, Cornelius, who was always hungry, gave up prowling in the pantry nights; for he not only scraped his shins on saw-tooth pedals that lurked in unexpected corners, but accidentally ate part of Gerald's quick repair outfit, mistaking it for cheese.

It looked at one time as if nothing short of a heaven-born genius could reassemble all the internal and external organs of those very much dissected bicycles, but, one by one, eleven thoroughly cleaned wheels emerged complete and shining from Father's clever hands, and were stored side by side in the laundry to await the happy day. At almost the last moment, Biddy Gar-r-r-vy complicated matters by announcing her intention of riding too. She was an admirable cook, and Mother had planned to send her on the wagon with the tents and provisions; but that arrangement did not appeal to adventuresome Biddy.

"But Biddy," questioned Father, who had grave doubts, "can you ride a wheel?"

"Thot Oi can," replied Biddy. "Sure Oi've rid wan iv'ry avenin' for the lasht wake larnin' how, an' 'tis mesilf can make the baste spin loike a top."

"But where will you get a bicycle?"

"Sure, Oi'll borry wan," said Biddy, with easy assurance. "Me brother-in-law rints 'em be the hunder."

The borrowed wheel was of ancient and clumsy make and bore no name or other distinguishing mark. We suspected at first that its maker was ashamed of his handiwork—he had every reason to be. Later, however, Biddy explained that her wheel was a composite affair, manufactured from odds and ends in her brother-in-law's shop, which may have accounted for the eccentricities it subsequently developed.

We made an imposing picture as we lined up in the road at six o'clock that August morning. There were twelve of us in bicycle clothes, with knapsacks on our backs and a fine exhilaration in our souls. Gerald, singing "Mister Dooley," rode proudly at the head of the procession, because he knew the way. Biddy we

placed second, then Mother, followed by Bessie, Aunt Jane, Eleanor, Cornelius, Richard; and I after these. The young man to whom Josephine was not quite engaged tagged along beside Josephine wherever the road was wide enough for two wheels—nobody had invited him, but he came, anyway—and Father brought up the rear. Before long, however, we found that it made us all so dizzy trying to follow Biddy's zigzag route that one by one we passed her until she had sifted down to a place between Father and not-quite-engaged Josephine.

It was a beautiful morning, cool but not uncomfortably breezy. For six miles we had a smooth, level road wide enough for even Biddy Gar-r-r-vy, who speedily proved that she needed a great deal of elbow room. After that first comfortable stretch, however, it was different. For the next seven miles the road was fairly level, but sufficiently rough to make it necessary for us to attend strictly to business, although we were still able to join in "Mister Dooley" with considerable enthusiasm.

"Everybody halt!" cried Gerald, dismounting near a little gurgling stream.

Everybody halted, accordingly, to eat a second breakfast and to rest for half an hour. It was here that Bessie asked Josephine, in a perfectly audible whisper, if she were yet engaged.

As Josephine flushed crimson under her coat of tan and said: "Go on, you goose," we inferred that she was still unbetrothed.

As we remounted, Father cautioned us to ride slowly. We had all day before us, he said, and nothing better to do. We could see that his advice pleased Josephine's young man, whose bicycle togs were extremely becoming to him, and who looked hopeful.

"But," exclaimed Mother, preparing to mount, "what's become of the road? I don't see anything but sand."

"There," said Father, pointing to a narrow, thread-like path that wound away among the bushes. "It's just a foot-path, but it's rideable. Think you can keep it, Biddy?"

"Sure," responded Biddy, with a broad smile. "Oi kin kape annythin', an' 'tis no great ways to fall if Oi can't."

We could see that Mother, who was

somewhat stout, was doubtful of her own ability to follow Gerald's lead, but her weight seemed really to help her. Eleanor, who was just a featherweight, bounced like a rubber ball over all the bumps, but Mother rolled serenely along, with her eyes glued to Gerald's hind tire, and Gerald, who could ride almost anything without touching the handle-bars, proved a safe guide. Aunt Jane managed fairly well, too. Her elbows wore an air of grim determination and she clutched her cork handles so tightly that it wouldn't have been surprising if they had shrunk—but she never wobbled. The girls were all right except that Josephine seemed absent-minded. Biddy, however, plunged madly from side to side and tumbled on and off her clumsy wheel at every turn of the path.

It was during this stretch of eleven rather laborious miles that we overtook the wagon that had started at four that morning. We offered to add Biddy and her wheel to the load, but Biddy demurred.

"Bedad," said Biddy, displaying a fine sporting spirit, "Oi'm havin' the roide av me loife."

We all were. After we had grown used to twisting our bodies and our wheels to fit the endless curves of that thread-like, almost invisible path, we quite enjoyed the novelty. Anybody could ride on a macadamized road; only the Braddons could follow a half obliterated trail. A wild shriek from Biddy, however, brought us to a sudden standstill. Biddy had plunged over a steep embankment and was seated in the sand beneath with her wheel in her lap. Nothing, however, was damaged; and we proceeded as before.

"Look out, everybody!" shouted Gerald, twenty minutes later, "we're going down hill."

Everybody except Biddy looked out and descended safely. Biddy forsook the path, rushed madly downward through the huckleberry bushes and landed neatly in the slimy frog pond that awaited her at the bottom of the hill. We fished her out at once—we couldn't afford to lose a cook like Biddy—and asked if any bones were broken.

"Sorrow a bone," said Biddy, wringing her skirts and blinking at us from beneath patches of green slime. "Sure 'twas all

mud an' as soft as mush. 'Tis all roight Oi am an' no longer dusty."

"We'll have luncheon here," said Father. "This is the beginning of the heavy timber."

"Josephine isn't engaged yet," announced Bessie.

"How do you know?" queried Cornelius.

"I asked—she said she'd 'tend to me later."

The luncheon came out of boxes and baskets tied to our handle-bars; and wasn't it good! We sat on the grass to eat it; Father advised us to take our time because we were ahead of the wagon and would have to wait anyway for the tents. We hadn't realized that we were going to travel so much faster than those two big horses. After luncheon, Mother and Aunt Jane took naps under the trees. Josephine and her young man sat under another, but could make no headway because Bessie and Cornelius sat beside them waiting for them to get engaged—they wanted to see how it was done. The rest of us sprawled around anywhere and were just glad that we were alive.

Some of the next four miles was road and some of it wasn't. We had entered the hardwood country and none of us knew just what was coming next. Sometimes it was corduroy, sometimes it was boulders embedded in the mud; sometimes it was just plain swamp. In winter it was a logging road, but in August it wasn't much of anything but an opening between trees. The black, mucky soil was pretty deep in spots, dead trees had fallen across the road, and we had to dismount and walk so many times that we lost count. We noticed that Cornelius had nothing to say about century runs—it would have taken him two weeks to make a century run over country like that. It was more like an obstacle race. But we enjoyed it. It was different from everything else, and when, at last, we saw a great patch of blue ahead of us, we felt that we had accomplished something. Lifting our wheels over the final prostrate tree, we found ourselves on the beach.

"Less than ten miles more," said Father. "Richard and I will go back and drag some of those logs out of the road so the wagon can get through and

you others can go up the beach at your leisure."

Stout Mother and slim Aunt Jane looked dubiously at the seemingly endless stretch of smooth, white sand sloping in undulating ridges to the water's edge.

"I'm not sure," said Mother, "that I can ride on the bias."

"What's to keep us," asked Aunt Jane, "from falling into the scenery?"

"It's perfectly safe," assured Josephine's young man, still disengaged, owing to the uneven quality of the roadbed—strenuous exercise and love-making do not go hand in hand. "It's like riding on a sidewalk."

"You'll like it," supplemented Gerald. "After you get started you'll go down one little ridge and that will carry you right up the next, and you'll go down and up, down and up, without any exertion whatever. There's nothing like it. Come on, everybody."

Everybody came on, and presently frightened sandpipers were scurrying up the beach ahead of the family. The exhilarating air and the excitement of riding at the water's very edge drove away all thought of fatigue. As Gerald had said, we had never experienced anything like it. Neither had Bidly Gar-r-ry, whose broad red face was fairly beaming with joy. Her brother-in-law-made wheel squeaked like an ice-wagon but behaved properly otherwise until Bidly turned aside for a bit of drift wood, when her erratic wheel, turning seaward, carried Bidly, shrieking wildly and still pedalling, straight into the lake.

"Jump! Jump, Bidly!" screamed everybody.

Bidly jumped, landed on all fours, face downward, disappeared completely from view to rise a moment later, sputtering and gasping for breath.

Cornelius seized her elbow and guided her shoreward; Gerald rescued her wheel.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mother, mopping Bidly's wet face with her handkerchief.

"Divil a scrape," replied Bidly. "'Tis nicely cool Oi am affther me long roide. Sure 'twould do annybody good."

No one else, however, cared to try it. Instead, we rode leisurely and comfortably up the long, smooth beach, the cautious going single file, the more reckless proceeding in pairs. Josephine, we noticed,

was not among the cautious—we hadn't supposed that two wheels *could* travel so close together.

It was five o'clock when we reached our camp ground and the place was all that our fancy had painted, and more, for we had left the wonderful reflections in Winding River, and the long, delightful morning beach-rides that were destined to be ours, entirely out of our imaginings. It was seven before the heavily-laden wagon appeared, the corduroy road having come within one of wrecking it. When the horses, looming big and black against a sunset sky, finally entered our own particular bay, Bessie, with outstretched arms, ran to meet her father.

"Josephine's engaged!" she shouted. "It happened while they were riding up the beach—and I heard it happen. They've been holding hands ever since."

As neither Josephine nor the young man denied it—denial, indeed, would have been futile—and as everyone was really pleased; everybody kissed and congratulated them both, before turning, with eager hands, to the task of making camp. Eight o'clock found us dwelling comfortably at our own Winding River, in a row of snow white tents, with a driftwood fire crackling merrily on the beach; and with Josephine still engaged.

A STUDY IN FEAR

By ZONA GALE

TRELNY stood on the hotel steps, discomfited. The Khedive, which he was that day to drive to Bromley, was at the door, and ten women were gravely taking their places atop.

Trelny made a second brief but conscientious inspection of the passengers, and found all his fears well established. There had been something said about a convention, he reflected, and something about the coach having been chartered; but he had come in from Lakewood barely in time to meet it at half after ten, and no one had definitely warned him.

"Good heavens," said Trelny, "this has been very badly managed."

Having long ago, however, ceased, without bitterness, to be expectant of a

choice disposition of most events, Trelny had a look at the horses, noted with approval the smart reins and bearings newly purchased by the Bromley Coaching Association, and took his place on the box. As he gathered up the reins he glanced at the woman on the box seat.

Now, no one could have been less like the be-badged, middle-aged women-passengers behind her than was Felicia Eversson. Trim and erect, in faultless white, with a little frown on her face, she sat sternly regarding the heads of the leaders and bitterly regretting the incident which had, just before Trelny's appearance, made her a most unwilling passenger on the Khedive. For it was not until then that her aunt, Mrs. Orton Eversson, had made discovery of her own complete inability to mount the steps of the Khedive, and the apoplectic arguments of her husband had availed as little as her niece's more gentle persuasions. So Mrs. Eversson had been bundled into the uninviting interior of the coach, among the wraps, where she sat at that moment swaying an enormous feather fan, serene in the conviction that she had self-effacingly given up the seat to her niece.

Therefore Miss Eversson, with the ghost of a cosey luncheon haunting her, presented as grim a little figure as twenty-six and white linen and a soft veil or two ever can present. At sight of her Trelny's spirits rose leisurely, and when the guard sounded the horn as the coach swung up the white asphalt, the day, he reflected, promised fairly after all. Not even the frank amusement of Choately, whose trap they met presently, could disconcert Trelny, though a backward glance showed him six bobbing sunshades decorating the Khedive's top. Trelny was however, additionally grateful to Miss Eversson, whose white sunshade was trimly furled at her side, while the sun beat blithely in her eyes. The frown had almost left her face, and when the coach crossed the plaza and entered the cool green tunnels of the park, she frankly forgot the frown altogether and looked up, her eyes lighting with pleasure.

"I'm so very glad I came," she said suddenly.

She was so unaffectedly unconscious of Trelny and so obviously merely addressed the world at large that Trelny remarked

perfunctorily that it ought to be a satisfactory run, and kept his attention on the horses. Thereafter there was silence between Miss Eversson and Trelny for the space of several miles, although they perforce heard the talk that floated to them from the Khedive's other passengers.

"I tell my husband," remarked someone, "that there is really nothing like our launch. I'm afraid to sail, of course—the Twin Lakes are so treacherous. And the horses are taken out so seldom now that I'm frightfully uneasy behind them—and I must say I'm uneasy with these horses, too," she added. "Did you notice," she designated laboriously, "how the right-hand one lays his ears back?"

Trelny listened absently, and experienced again the mild surprise which he had so often felt that people indulge at all in pastimes which give them discomfort. Of course, he reflected, many people are obliged to begin in discomfort and fear, but why they never can bring themselves to recover from it or why, not recovering, they continue conscientiously to spend time for which they receive no adequate return, he could not fathom. A motor rounded a curve in the drive at that moment, and went hoarsely past them, a little old lady straining forward on the edge of the seat by the driver.

"Now she," thought Trelny compassionately, "would far rather knit. Then why not knit?"

Presently the coach left park and streets behind and after a sharp bit of hill and a turn, struck hard level road from which fitful glimpses of the river were to be caught through the red and yellow liveries of the trees. From within the coach came a nervous exclamation as the wheels crunched and the brake scraped before the turn.

"All right, Mrs. Eversson," called one of the passengers, "Don't be frightened."

Trelny heard. Then he looked at the four horses—the two sorrels and the two bays, and he noted their magnificent curve of neck and sloping shoulders, their hard muscles and broad quarters, and their true action, and he glanced down at the whip in his own firm hand with its compelling wrist of steel, and smiled grimly. It would be almost worth while to give them a run for their money, he told himself wickedly.

Trelny's mind dwelt absently for a moment on the lives of the nine women behind him, and of Mrs. Orton Eversson anchored safely among the raglans and dust coats inside. At a rough and amiable estimate, Trelny reflected, they must average forty years each; nine times forty, plus Mrs. Orton Eversson, he went on idly, would be four hundred years among them; four hundred years into which, it was safe to say, not one iota of the actual joy of excitement—the *joy of fear*—had ever entered.

Trelny, while not a philosopher, was characterized an all round good fellow, whose qualities are not unlike those of many a good philosopher. And partly on this account, and partly because, down in Virginia, there had once been two maiden-souled aunts who had brought him up by hand to school age, it came about that he perfectly knew the lives of such women as that day made up the Khedive's passenger list. He knew their amusements—teas and charities and visits; he knew their interests—arts and abstractions, considered wholly from an artificial and narrowly conventional viewpoint; he knew their excitements—unexpected marriages, sudden deaths, the preparation of somebody for college, money difficulties, perhaps; he knew their agitations—had he not found breakfast follow dinner and dinner follow luncheon at which the single topic of conversation would be a broken carriage spring, the wind that had blown down a tree, a prize at bridge that had been unfairly won? Trelny knew the type—the women who dispense an aroma of a few pieces of rare lace, a distinguished dead relative, a small stock of quotations, and an early advantage or two. There are besides, his thought ran on, the women who look to flirtation, the women who look to books, and the more doubtful division of women who "have a tendency" and "follow an art." Where then, he wondered, are the women who really live? And what after all, he thought as the coach came out on a clear bit of road with a challenge of blue water thrown to blue sky, what after all, did he mean by "living?" Well, he told himself savagely, seeing things—seeing things out of one's heart, and doing things from the shoulder; not seeing what other people see and no more, and not doing

things, as other people do, with the tips of their fingers.

"How perfect," said a little voice beside him. "How wonderful! Couldn't we stop for a minute?"

Trelny drew rein, and they turned together and looked away to the shining morning palisades. Almost immediately a drag flashed past them, raising a cloud of dust which settled thickly upon the Khedive.

"O," cried the nine passengers of the coach as one woman. "Why, we got all their dust!"

Trelny looked down at Miss Eversson with a smile. "They've seen all they care to, I fancy," he said drily.

She nodded, without lifting her eyebrows, and they made the descent of the hill. Then without prelude, Miss Eversson spoke.

"I wonder," she said, "if it is either unwomanly or an affectation to go right to the heart of a thing and enjoy it for what it is, without being afraid?"

Trelny looked down at her with perfectly concealed suspicion. It had, he recognized, become the habit of many—this talk about "the heart of things" and the "reality of things," and her mere words were no warrant that she was not as blind as the party gossiping under its parasols, in placid anxiety for the end of the run and luncheon. He took refuge in disagreeing with her.

"Not 'without being afraid,'" he objected, "Being afraid is half the fun."

She was silent for a little, her eyes now on the rhythmic heads of the wheelers, now on the swiftly passing flood of green and gold fields with their ribbon border of blue river. At last she looked at him quite incuriously, her thought obviously busied with itself.

"I wonder," she said, "if that is the secret: Not to keep from being afraid, but instead to enjoy your very fear?"

"I'm sure of it," said Trelny simply, "I'm not sure how it would be with women. But a man ought to treasure up the things he fears. They are his best amusements."

Really, Trelny reflected, she was much too pretty to take so seriously, and yet her eyes looked so adorably grave that it was worth while.

"Once," she said after a pause, "when

I was a little girl, I went with my father to the Grand Canyon out in Arizona. You haven't been there? Well, one makes the descent on mules. And my father set me on my little mule, and he said: 'You must go alone, Felicia. I shall be close behind, but you will be alone. Now remember that after an hour, at most, you won't be frightened. So don't waste any more time than you can help in being frightened at first. Be afraid, and get through with it as soon as you can.'"

Trelny listened, smiling.

"And you did?" he said.

"No," said the girl, I didn't. I was horribly frightened. Still, I liked it. And I think I must have done what you said just now—enjoyed the fear. But I didn't know that. The trail was all ice down to the snow-line, and it is very steep and narrow, and the descent is sheer on one side. We went down 4,000 feet, I think, and tiny as I was, the wonder of that overwhelming color captivated me. I remember thinking: 'O, the silence and the color and—something else,' and I couldn't tell what the other thing was that stirred me. But I remember thinking, too, that if I had seen that color out the car-window without all the excitement and the danger it would have been far less worth while. Perhaps I really liked being afraid, and didn't know it."

Trelny laughed delightedly. Trelny might consider, as he did, all personal proselyting in bad taste, but when he found a little disciple ready made he had the good taste to welcome her.

"I was a little shaver," he said, "when I first had that idea. It was at my first polo. I was in a frightful funk, and I had nobody to tell me that they all started that way. I remember a fellow named Lewes who rode a brute of a horse—it gave him many a nasty spill after that—and he met me on the way out to the polo grounds, and called to me not to look like that. 'Get together,' he yelled and don't miss all your fun. This is your first game, isn't it? Man alive, you'll never be so gloriously scared again. Don't miss it.' I never forgot what he said, and it paid me to remember."

At that moment there appeared at a bend in the road, a relay of horses waiting for the Khedive at the end of the first

stage. Felicia watched with pleasure as they were brought out, heads erect, nostrils quivering, all impatience and animal delight at taking the road.

Mrs. Orton Eversson leaned out the coach window, her bonnet awry, her ostrich-plume fan busily waving away the dust.

"Dear, dear," she said anxiously, "fresh horses? I was hoping these would get so tired there wouldn't be any danger."

"Are you nervous, Mrs. Eversson?" asked someone pleasantly, leaning over the side of the coach.

"I'm a little nervous on Felicia's account," confessed Mrs. Eversson, "Felicia," she demanded, "wouldn't you feel safer down here with me?"

"No, thank you, Aunt Agnes," replied Miss Eversson evenly.

"I don't suppose there's any danger," some one assured everybody, "you don't often hear of accidents on these coaches. I've been looking out for the railroads."

Trelny took his place rather wearily. "Believe me," he said somewhat curtly to the Khedive's passenger list at large. "this run is being made without more than the usual danger."

Felicia smiled. "You are hardly reassuring," she said as they set off.

"I didn't mean to be," replied Trelny bluntly. "The human animal in a panic never induces in me the least pity. And the human animal trumping up fears in broad daylight is pitiable in the extreme."

"And now," said Felicia, "the expected thing would be for the coach horses to run away, and you and I quite to lose our nerve, and the rest to be as brave as lions."

Trelny did not answer. The grade was steep just there, and the road was undergoing repairs, and half way down the hill what he had feared happened. The elbow bits, he had noticed, were without bars at the bottom, and the chuck of the bit of the near wheeler suddenly became entangled in the coupling reins. The animal struggled ineffectually to release himself and failing, plunged viciously forward into the near leader's flanks, and before the guard could dismount the frightened animals, disregarding Trelny's iron grip on the reins, dashed violently down the steep hill.

A chorus of screams rose from the Khedive, through which the voice of Mrs.

Eversson could be heard frantically calling to Felicia to jump. Felicia half turned in her seat, and for one agonized moment the thought flashed through Trelny's mind that she intended to obey. Instead she spoke, her voice sounding quite clearly above the terrified shrieks of the others.

"Put down your parasols," she directed firmly, "or you'll lose them."

Even in the stress of the moment Trelny smiled.

"At least," he assured himself rapidly, "we shall not go into the illustrated papers with our sails spread."

Much to her surprise the owners of the six parasols obeyed Felicia, and the actual business of lowering the sunshades occupied them momentarily to the extent of inducing silence. In that second, Felicia, catching the eye of the little guard, held it with her next order.

"Sound the horn!" she commanded, and the boy seized the instrument and wound a silver signal that set the echoes singing.

"Thank heaven," Trelny's subconscious comment ran, "that even in all this she didn't say 'blow the horn!'"

Then Felicia faced about and waited. The hill was long and perilously inclined, and at its foot there was an ugly turn. Her heart was beating furiously, but there was in her mind an undercurrent of something like a burden of admonition, struggling to assert itself, like a remembered air. Quite suddenly it was clear to her, and the words beat and pounded in her brain.

"You'll never be so gloriously scared again," they ran mockingly. "Don't miss it! Don't miss it!"

In that minute she resolved that she would not miss it. She glanced down at Trelny's sinewy hands set like iron on the reins; she saw the tossing heads and manes and the frightened rolling eyes of the wheelers, and she knew enough about coaching to realize that the situation was not nearly so grave as if the leaders had become entangled. But the leaders were galloping, the coach was swaying and rocking, and somehow, in a flash, the tumult of the motion, her high seat, the forward rush and the swimming, colored fields sweeping past her, the frightened faces of the pedestrians, the clamor of dogs, and the veil of flying, shining dust,

took hold of her in a kind of real but momentary ecstasy

"O," she thought childishly, "It's now! And we're running away!"

For this was a moment caught at its crest, neither foretold nor remembered, but lived. And oh, the ignominy of those women back there who disavowed the joy of it——

Just for a moment the exaltation was Felicia's. Then the coach struck a roadside rock, and slewed dangerously. Felicia did not cry out, but with a little instinctive groping gesture she suddenly slipped her hand through Trelny's arm, and shut her eyes.

Trelny's lips were compressed and his eyes were measuring the distance to the turn, but when he felt her hand he spoke.

"Don't—miss it," he said, and tried to smile. "Don't miss——"

Then, with a mighty effort, choosing the moment of the wheeler's backward toss of the head for which he had been waiting, Trelny freed the animal's bit.

Already the familiar merry notes of the horn had reassured the few pedestrians who had stood still to marvel, and they went their way with an imprecation on reckless driving. The guard repeated his performance at the very moment that Trelny succeeded in freeing the bit and the coach came almost to a stop. The whole incident had occupied but a few seconds. Trelny seized the last one:

"Perhaps it would be as well," he said evenly over his shoulder, and with his inimitable upward intonation, "to keep the sun-shades lowered, please?"

Then Felicia opened her eyes.

At three o'clock that afternoon, with Mrs. Orton Eversson within, plying her fan of plumes, and with Felicia and the little guard for sole outside passengers, the Khedive bowled away from the Bromley Club. The other ladies, with one voice, had declared their intention to return by the two-fifty-five train, and the two-fifty-five train had already received them.

A cool wind had come out of the east, and the long afternoon shadows, over reddening leaves and russet meadows, cast enchantment all about them. The smooth roll of the wheels, the lift of the harness, the silver quiver of the horn and the joy of the sun entered into the soul of Felicia, and it sang within her. Through

three hours of golden afternoon they talked of things that were like words remembered—of the way the woods used to smell, and smell no longer when one is grown up; of a certain inn in the Tyrol; of night on the bay of Capri; and of other dreams. And inside the coach Mrs. Orton Eversson fumed at the delaying miles.

It was when they were once more within the autumn fastnesses of the park that Trelny, turning to Felicia suddenly, spoke for the first time of their experience that morning.

"You must let me thank you," he said, "I can't help thanking you for this morning. You were wonderful, you know."

"Please," said Felicia, "you saved us all. Let us not exchange compliments, shall we?"

"No, no," agreed Trelny, "but tell me: Is the theory sound? Were you afraid? And did you enjoy it?"

Felicia met his eyes frankly.

"Yes," she confessed, "I was horribly, horribly afraid. And I did make myself believe I was enjoying it for a minute, but I was really just fearfully frightened and miserable."

Trelny laughed. The sheer womanliness of the reply delighted him more than any bravery.

"After all," he reflected, "no rule is so engaging as its most captivating contradiction!"

At the entrance of the hotel Trelny looked rather wistfully at Mrs. Eversson.

"If I can be of any use while you are in town——" he said, and Mrs. Eversson unhesitatingly obliged him with a cordial reply.

"Just so long," she warned him gravely, "as you don't bring the coach."

Felicia, in the elevator, reconsidered her theory.

"I must enjoy fear, though," she deduced doubtfully, "for I'm afraid—afraid—And yet I want to see him to-morrow."

OLD RINGTAIL'S WATERLOO

By CLARENCE HAWKES

WHEN old Ben first brought Ringtail to me, he was a fuzzy bit of a coon kitten about the size of a chipmonk, or perhaps a little larger. He was of a dirty gray color, rotund in

shape and as near as we could estimate about three weeks old. He probably had had his eyes open to the bright light and the strange world, some three or four days when I got him. Ben said that coon kittens were slower in getting their eyes open than any other kind of kittens, as some of them were blind for nearly three weeks, while domestic kittens and puppies got their sight in about ten days. My new pet was not shapely, but resembled a ball of fuzz more than a would-be coon. He did not make any sound when he was small except to grunt contentedly when he was full, and to cry when hungry, very much as kittens or puppies would. We had a hard time teaching him to drink milk, and in fact he nearly starved before he learned. Several times we despaired of getting him to drink, and he might have gone the way of many a wild thing that man undertakes to domesticate, had we not hit upon the plan of giving him milk from a small oil can, squirting it into his mouth.

When Ringtail got large enough to enjoy the outside world, I made a wire netting fence around the big maple in the yard, about twenty feet from the trunk, and let him play in the tree or run in his little yard, as best pleased him.

He soon made a burrow of his own under the root of the tree, and was very much at home. Even while small he would climb to great heights in the tree, and I fully expected to see him come tumbling down and dash his brains out on a root, for the coon is a clumsy fellow compared with a squirrel and while a good climber he is not built for that exclusively, as the squirrel is. But I do not know as my new pet would have been hurt had he fallen, for he was very fat, and his fur would have acted as a cushion.

It was on sweetcorn that Ringtail first made his start towards being the monster coon that he finally became. He would eat several ears in a day, gnawing the kernels off, and sucking out all the sweetness in the cob. He did not like the corn as well boiled, as raw, so we threw his into the yard, when it came from the garden, usually with the husk on, for it was fun to see him husk it. He would hold the ear down with his paw, and starting the husk at the top would strip it off with a sudden jerk of the head. He was also

fond of fish, which was one of his passions, and we got a head for him, as regularly as we bought fish.

He was on good terms with most of the domestic animals. A dog, a cat, some kittens, some chickens and a coon frequently took their breakfast from the same dish, without quarreling more than one would expect. Ringtail, however, always took pains to eat on the opposite side of the plate from the dog, and they occasionally exchanged snarls, and showed teeth, and once I rescued the coon when he was still young from a premature grave, but on the whole he took very good care of himself. He was very jealous though of an old woodchuck that we had partly tamed, who used to come to the door for a crust of bread. If the coon was about when Chucky appeared, he usually sent him back into his hole at the top of his speed. The woodchuck always gave a whistle of defiance as he dove into his burrow, and once underground would wheel about, and invite Mr. Coon to come and see what a good set of teeth he had, but the coon always refused the invitation.

From the very first day that I gave him the run of the premises, began the history of Ringtail the mischief maker. When we went into the garden that forenoon to pick corn, we found that someone had been there before us and helped himself in a peculiar manner. There were several stalks partly down, as though they had been recently bent to the ground. The ears on these stalks were either partly or wholly eaten. Besides this, a few stalks had been lopped over just for fun. At first we did not think who the marauder was, but the second day, we caught him in the act. He would rear on his hind legs, and catching a stalk under his forearm, press it to the ground and hold it down while he ate the ear, much as a boy would hold down a bush while picking the fruit. After that nothing was quite safe from that prying pointed nose, and those inquisitive paws, and although he made all kinds of trouble, he was so ingenious, and so full of pranks and capers, that it afforded us considerable amusement, as well as annoyance.

Besides picking corn when he pleased, he poked about the roots of the beets to see how they grew, occasionally gnawing into one to discover if it was ripe. Some of the squashes he nipped from their stems

just for fun, and later on in the season he gnawed holes in the sides of many of the pumpkins, and scooped out the seeds with his paw and ate them, leaving the entire pumpkin to rot or dry up. Occasionally he robbed a hen's nest, breaking a hole in the end of each egg, and sucking it as neatly as a boy could have done. Once he investigated a beehive, and went away much wiser: he was not badly stung for his thick fur made that impossible, but two or three bees got in their work on his nose and for a day or two it was a sorry sight. But he seemed to know what to

hens, he took to the woods, and was never seen about the premises by day again. I occasionally saw him in the fields, but he took good care not to let me get in reach, and paid little heed to my calling. Two nights after his first thieving, he visited the henhouse again, this time killing four fowls, only one of which he carried away.

I had raised some fancy strains of Wyandottes, intending to show them at the fair, which was to be in a week or two, but this last stroke of Ringtail's spoiled my coop, as it left me only two or three ragged pullets and a rooster that was off



Fish was one of Ringtail's passions.

do for it as well as I would, for he went at once to the side of the road and stuck his nose into the mud, repeating the operation until it was daubed with a fine mud poultice. When the poultice got dry and crumbled off he renewed it, and soon had the fever reduced.

It was early in September of the second year that Ringtail made his first depredation on the henhouse, and it was his love for chicken together with his extravagant wastefulness in killing that finally led to his downfall. I am confident that he knew the chickens were not intended for him, and he had no right with them, for the night that he killed a rooster and two

color. If he had been content with killing ordinary hens, it would not have been so bad, but when he picked out thoroughbreds, it was too much. That noon Ben happened along, and I told him my grief.

"The ole rascal," he said sympathetically. "I thought it would come to this all along; you can't keep lambs and lions in the same cage, not without you keep puttin' in fresh lambs, I'll bring over a trap to-night and we'll catch him.

Accordingly we set the trap, with all of old Ben's trapper ingenuity, but no coon could we catch. Nearly every morning we found evidences that the coon had been about, sometimes he killed a chicken, but

more frequently he was satisfied with less flagrant mischief, but he never got into our trap. He was so used to the premises that anything out of the ordinary attracted his attention, and put him on his guard. It may be only my imagination, but it seemed to me that he purposely tormented us, and defied us to catch him.

We put up with being robbed and tormented in this way for about a month, then Ben went to a neighboring village for a celebrated coon dog, and we planned a hunt that should either end the career of this marauder, or else scare him out of the country. It was about the first of October. Corn was cut and in the shock. The apples were picked, and nearly all the fall work well along. We went at once to the cornfield, as the most likely place in which to get track of the coon, and at the further side of the field the hound got excited and we let him go. He at once took the trail and went off into the pasture barking at every jump. Ben and I followed as fast as we could. In less than three minutes the dog was barking up a tree in the pasture near by. We went to the spot and found him at the foot of the big maple.

"Might as well have treed him up a meetin' house steeple," said Ben when he saw the tree. "We might climb the steeple, or chop the church down, but this tree is out of the question. He has beat us to-night, and we might as well go home."

The big maple as it was called, was a landmark for half a mile around. It was five or six feet at the butt, and ran up sixty feet without a limb.

The next night we struck the trail as before, but before the dog had been running five minutes the wary coon holed in a ledge where it was impossible to get him.

"Done us again," said Ben, after making a thorough examination of the ledge, "might as well try to dig John Bull out of Gibraltar."

The third night Ringtail treed again in the big maple.

By the time that we had treed and holed the coon half a dozen times, and always in some inaccessible place, Ringtail got tired of our little game, and took matters into his own hands, in a way that startled even so experienced a woodsman as Ben. We had found the track in the cornfield

as usual and the dog had been running about five minutes, when we heard a terrible snarling down in the meadow. We made all haste to the spot feeling that the coon had at last been brought to bay. The hound had evidently been at the ditch on the edge of the swamp, so we went along beside it, poking away the swale with a stick. "Mighty curus where that dog has gone so sudden," said Ben, "I should think we'd hear something of him." There was about a foot of water in the ditch and some of the way it was completely covered with grass. We had explored four or five rods, when we suddenly came upon the hound lying in the bottom of the ditch, kicking and gasping in the last agonies of drowning.

"Gosh all hemlock," ejaculated Ben, at the sight of the kicking dog, "ef that don't beat me. I'll bet that coon has done for the dog." We pulled the sleek hound out of the water and a moment later he died before our very eyes.

There was a savage bite in the back of his neck, but it was not enough to cause death. Of course we were not certain how it happened, but Ben said that the coon was probably hard pressed and jumped into the ditch and the hound after him. The coon had then apparently caught the dog by the nape of the neck and thrust him under water. Or he might have fallen into the ditch with the coon on top of him. The only fact that we were sure of was the dead dog before us. We made a sorry spectacle as we carried the hound home between us on a pole which we stuck through his collar.

This ended our coon hunting for about a week, but Ben finally got Danny, a big coon dog owned by a neighbor, and we began again.

I do not know whether the coon thought he had gone too far and that we would make it hot for him, but for several nights he lay low, and we could not start him at all. Night after night we tried but could not get track of him. Danny soon got disgusted with the whole performance, and finally concluded that we were merely taking some evening walks, and did not scour the country as thoroughly as he should have done. One night we struck into the sugar orchard, where there was a fine growth of old maples and no under-

brush, and had gone but a few rods when we were startled by a furious onset from Danny and answering snarls that were so fast and furious that my hair fairly stood on end with fright. Ben hurried forward, and fearing to be left in the dark, I followed. Not five rods away we came upon the scene of the battle and it made a spectral picture in the tall aisles of the maple forest.

There at the foot of a great tree, with his back against the trunk, standing well forward on his toes, with fur raised, his teeth bared and gleaming white by the lantern light, was Ringtail, the renegade, taken unawares and at last brought to bay. Over against him, but three or four feet away, was Danny, his hackles up, his fangs bared, every now and then he advanced on the coon and although he was twice the size of his wild antagonist, he dared not walk into that grinning muzzle. I thought that Ringtail cast a reproachful look at me as he sat there on his guard, fighting his last fight, but it was probably only my conscience. But I could see the dog collar around his neck that I had placed there, and I could not help thinking how pretty he had been as a kitten, and a dozen of

his comical pranks flashed through my memory in those brief seconds.

"Shake him up, Danny," cried Ben, swinging the club in his hand to attract the coon's attention, and Danny advanced a step nearer and the big coon slunk back closer to the tree.

Then suddenly the coon's head shot out and his teeth clicked like a steel trap. Danny drew back and licked his chops from which the blood was trickling.

"Go it, Ringtail," I shouted, forgetting which side I was on, "You can lick him, give him another."

But his star paled and went out almost as I spoke, for Danny suddenly sprang forward, and with cleverness and intelligence that I have never seen equalled, caught the coon's long tail, that lay upon the ground, in his teeth. With a sudden spring backward he brought the coon sprawling on his back and off his guard, with his throat open to the attack. Even then the old renegade died game, for he left several long scratches on the hound's belly and bit him in the cheek as he closed upon his throat.

Danny had won the battle by his stratagem.



AN OCTOBER REPRIMAND

By ALOYSIUS COLL

"What naughty pranks have you indulged,

That ruined thus your gown?—

I gave you an April dress of green,

But now it is red and brown!

"You've played at 'catcher' with the wind,

And 'tag' with the tom-boy thorn—

And that is why your clean, new frock

Is tattered and soiled and torn!

"I see the signs;—your frock of green

Is soiled and ripped and brown,

For the winds have made your brand new dress

A shabby 'hand-me-down!'"

THE TROTTING RHINO OF KELANTAN

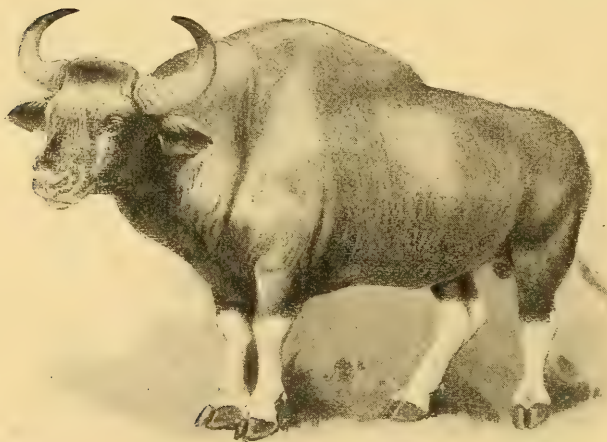
By CASPAR WHITNEY

IT all came about through my quest of that hairy eared rhino of Chittagong, which is said to wander down from Lower Siam into upper Malay, and which already, for one laborious period in mud and rain, I had chased through eastern Perak. But a two-horned variety of the Indian species, as this Chittagong type is claimed to be, was unusual enough to stir any hunter's blood, and to send me forth, time after time, into the dense, wet and leech filled jungle.

Writing broadly, the rhinoceros is di-

(*R. bicornis*), averaging five feet, which frequents thickets or brush covered hills, and feeds on twigs, roots and brush. Except for the varying length of their horns, the African do not differ among themselves so much as the Asiatic; nor does wide divergence in length of horn suggest structural differences any more in this animal than spread of antlers and number of points does in moose, wapiti, or other American deer. Yet the horns of African rhinos show great variation.

The lower or first horn may be any length from one foot and a half to four feet, though this extreme is not often seen these days, three feet being about the limit; the upper or second horn may be three or four inches up to two feet. At times the two horns are about equal and then the length is medium; by some this is declared a sub-species called "ketloa:" more often, however, the lower horn is considerably longer than the upper. As between horns of the African and the Asiatic, those of the former have,



The Gaur—or Malay Seladang.

vided into the African, which invariably wears a smooth skin and carries two horns; and the Indian, with skin in heavy folds and one horn.

Among diligent collectors for scientific institutions and uninformed hunters, there appears to be a tendency to subdivide the rhino with a patronage as reckless as that visited upon the caribou. F. C. Selous, who in my opinion has more real practical knowledge about African big game, and especially about the rhino, than any man living,—says there are but two species of the African rhino: the squared-lipped one, the "white" so-called, (*R. simus*), averaging over six feet in height, which feeds on grass, and is therefore seen more in the open; and the prehensile-lipped or black

as a rule, more curve and run quicker to a point; and in length the Asiatic are insignificant by comparison—fifteen inches being unusual, and eight more nearly the average of the Indian proper, while three or four inches would be the length of the other Asiatic species. Occasionally the lower horn of the African is straight, the white variety usually furnishing the individual; and specimens have been reported among the black variety in which the lower horn even curved forwards. And in all instances these horns may be powerful weapons of defence, powerful enough to instil unconcealed dread among elephants.

Opinion among hunters differs as to just the rank of the rhino as dangerous game; Selous places it fourth after lion,



Indian One-horn Rhino.

elephant, buffalo. I am expecting to this year have my first lion hunting experience, but the royal tiger has never given me so much the feeling of danger as has the elephant; or the Malayan seladang (gaur) or the rhino; and no jungle in this world places the hunter at so great a disadvantage as in Malaya, where the dense matted cover necessitates shooting game at close quarters. I have always fully realized that the tiger, if he got to me, could and would do me more damage in less time perhaps than any one of the others; but also I always felt more confidence in being able to stop him. The disturbing element in hunting elephant or seladang or rhino, has been always, to me at least, the feeling of uncertainty as to whether or no I could stop the animal if I wounded it and it charged me, as it did on an average of

once in three times. Based on my experience, therefore, I should place the elephant first and the rhino third after the seladang, which is fully as formidable as the Cape buffalo, and is mis-called the bison all over India. Each of these animals is dangerous on different and individual grounds; the elephant though less likely to charge than any of the others, is terrifying because of his enormous strength, which stops at no obstacle, and the extreme difficulty of reaching a vital spot, especially if, with trunk tightly coiled, he is coming your way. I know of no sensation more awesome than standing ankle deep in clinging mud, in dense cover, with the jungle crashing around you as though the entire forest was toppling, as the elephant you have wounded comes smashing his way in your



African Two-horn Rhino.

direction. The seladang is dangerous, partly because of the thick jungle he seeks when wounded, but more especially because of his tremendous vitality and his usual, though not invariable, habit of awaiting the hunter on his tracks and charging suddenly, swiftly, and viciously. It requires close and hard shooting to bring down one of these six-foot specimens of Oriental cattle. The danger of the tiger and of the lion is in their lightning activity and ferocious strength; but you have the shoulder, in addition to the head shot, if broadside; or, if coming on, the chest, all sure to stop if well placed. The reason the rhino is so formidable is because its vulnerable spots are so hard to reach. Its brain is as small in proportion as that of the elephant, and may be reached through the eye if head on, or about three inches below and just in front or just behind the base of the ear, according to your position for a side shot. Now a charging rhino presents only the eye as the vulnerable point, and to put a bullet into the small eye of a rhino is pretty fine shooting; but that is the only fatal shot to be had from the front: and if you miss, your only recourse is quick dodging to one side as the rhino reaches you, and dropping it with a shot at the base of the ear or back of the shoulder. In the smooth skinned rhino the shoulder shot is a possibility, but to strike the shoulder blade you must aim from six to eight inches to one foot below the highest middle point of the hump, the danger being in getting too low and striking the massive bones of the upper forearm. The junction of a cross line drawn from the ear to another line at right angles running down from the highest part of hump is the place to put your bullet. It is no mark for light rifles. Directly back of the shoulder is another alternative; but with the Indian you must shoot for the fold, which again is fine shooting, and in all of the species you must take the shot when the fore leg is forward. In any event, it is difficult to score, for the rhino's body is powerfully made and closely ribbed. There is also the neck shot for the spine—not easy to locate. Of course, every hunter of real experience has made easy kills of dangerous game, and it is only the ignorant who draw conclusions from half experience by themselves or of

others. Like elephants, rhino sleep during the heat of the day, hidden in dense cover, and feed during the cool of the early morning and evening, and during the night. Their sight is poor, but their sense of smell and hearing very acute. Though sullen and vicious, I doubt if a rhino intends charging home every time he starts up wind on the strange scent which has come to him. Often it is, I have grown to believe, merely his means of investigating, in the absence of good eyesight. I have seen him turn aside on such a "charge" when not hit, and other hunters report similar observations. At the same time the rhino's ill temper makes him an uncertain creature to deal with and an unsafe one with his swift trot to allow too close for purely experimental purposes.

The government-protected, square lipped, African rhino, of which very few are remaining, is the largest—specimens nearly seven feet high at the shoulder have been reported—and next to this is the single horn Indian proper (*R. unicornis*), with its skin in great deep folds behind and across the shoulders and above and across the thighs, and which averages about six feet in height at the shoulders. The Malayan division of the Asiatic includes the Javanese, with fewer folds than the Indian, and one horn; and the Sumatran, with no skin folds and usually two horns, which averages about four feet and ranges over Sumatra, Burma and the Malay Peninsula. Besides this is a smaller species in the Peninsular, sometimes called the swamp rhino, with a smooth skin and a single horn. Then there is also the mythical (so far as experience of mine goes), hairy-eared rhino hailing from Chittagong. The second or upper horn of the Sumatran rhino is not very prominent, often it is a mere knob; it was nothing more than that on the one I killed, which measured four feet one inch shoulder height—and the swamp one often has no horn at all.

And so, because of the rarity of the hairy-eared variety, I went forth again to seek it. None could give me helpful information; only were there the vague rumors of its range, drawn mostly from jungle natives coming occasionally out to the settlements. And I had already made one hard and fruitless trip in the Peninsula, largely as the result of mis-direction from



But mostly they wore simply the skirt-like sarong of the country.

local white residents, who meant well enough by me, and talked large and vaguely of game in the mountains, but knew nothing by experience. One fine sportsman-like chap had killed several tigers and had no interest in anything else. The fact is, the country I sought to enter was almost entirely a closed book to the handful of town-living Englishmen; and the natives hunt only by necessity. However, this is all part of the enjoyment of the great game of wilderness hunting.

Hence, despite several failures that had attended previous hunting in the Peninsula, I found myself preparing for another try at Kuala Muda, a little kampong (settlement), on the upper waters of the Perak, which I had reached from Penang via Taiping by gharry* and bridle path and canoe. Like most kampongs, Kuala Muda was substantially a collection of atap-covered bamboo houses of one room each with wide covered veranda, standing about six feet above ground, on or near the water, and supporting a mingled population of Malays, Tamils, Klings† and Chinese, living together in the peaceful pursuit of their vocations without interference; for the divisions of labor in the Peninsula appear to be thoroughly understood and accepted.

As in Siam, so also in Malay, John Chinaman is the industrial backbone of his adopted home. In the country, he controls the farms; in town, he owns all the pawn shops (which outnumber those of any other one kind), monopolizes the opium and the kerosene trade, is the sampan and jinricksa coolie, and supplies the labor for the tin mines and the coffee plantations. Of Singapore's about 200,000 inhabitants, two-thirds are Chinamen; and in that two-thirds is owned local steamship lines, a considerable share of the wholesale trade, over half the retail trade: it also furnishes the city with practically all its carpenters, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers, market gardeners, fishermen, and many of its clerks, for banks, offices and shops. In fact, Singapore could not exist prosperously, nor the Peninsula either, for that matter, without the Chinamen.

The Tamils and the Klings are boat-

men and general day laborers; especially trainmen and railway employees; the Sikhs, England's fine and dependable native Indian soldiers, are always railway gate keepers; also they are the policemen of Malay. And how they do bullyrag the natives, especially poor John! The Malays supply the boys about the clubs, houses, stables and boats, where no constant hard work is required. They are the syces (drivers) and canoemen of the country.

For me the Malay has an attractive personality. Wherever I found him from Singapore to Keda, on my several trips at intervals into the Peninsula, he was very rarely the blood-thirsty, sullen, silent creature of which we have had so often the pen picture. He is, to be sure, thriftless, indolent, unambitious; but he is polite, good-natured, contented; and I am not so sure that those last three qualities do not make the more human and lovable fellow being. Above all else, and the quality which appealed most strongly to me—the Malay is intensely self-respecting; he is absolutely sure of himself and at ease always whatever the company. He is reserved, self-contained, and never by any chance falls a victim to the contempt bred of familiarity. He resents insult so strongly that bloodshed may result; but between themselves much serious trouble usually is due to jealousy, though for a Mahomedan they allow their women much liberty.

Like our American Redman, the Malay is deliberate of speech and circuitous in introducing the subject which perhaps may be uppermost in his mind; and he is not demonstrative. He walks erect, and he looks you in the eye—a very pleasing quality when you have had to deal with the cringing inhabitants of Far Eastern countries. Though he offers no obstacle, yet the Malay holds in contempt his compatriot who falls into the ways of the white man or becomes a convert to the white man's doctrines; the comparatively rare Malay policeman, for instance, becomes a thing apart to be treated with elaborate and chilling courtesy. He is a fatalist, and views imprisonment a misfortune to be classed with the catching of fever; purely a matter of caprice, which, together with the jail where he may lodge with comparative comfort, he accepts with composure.

* A one-horse two-wheel cart commonly used for road travel in the Peninsula.

† Tamils and Klings, natives of India.

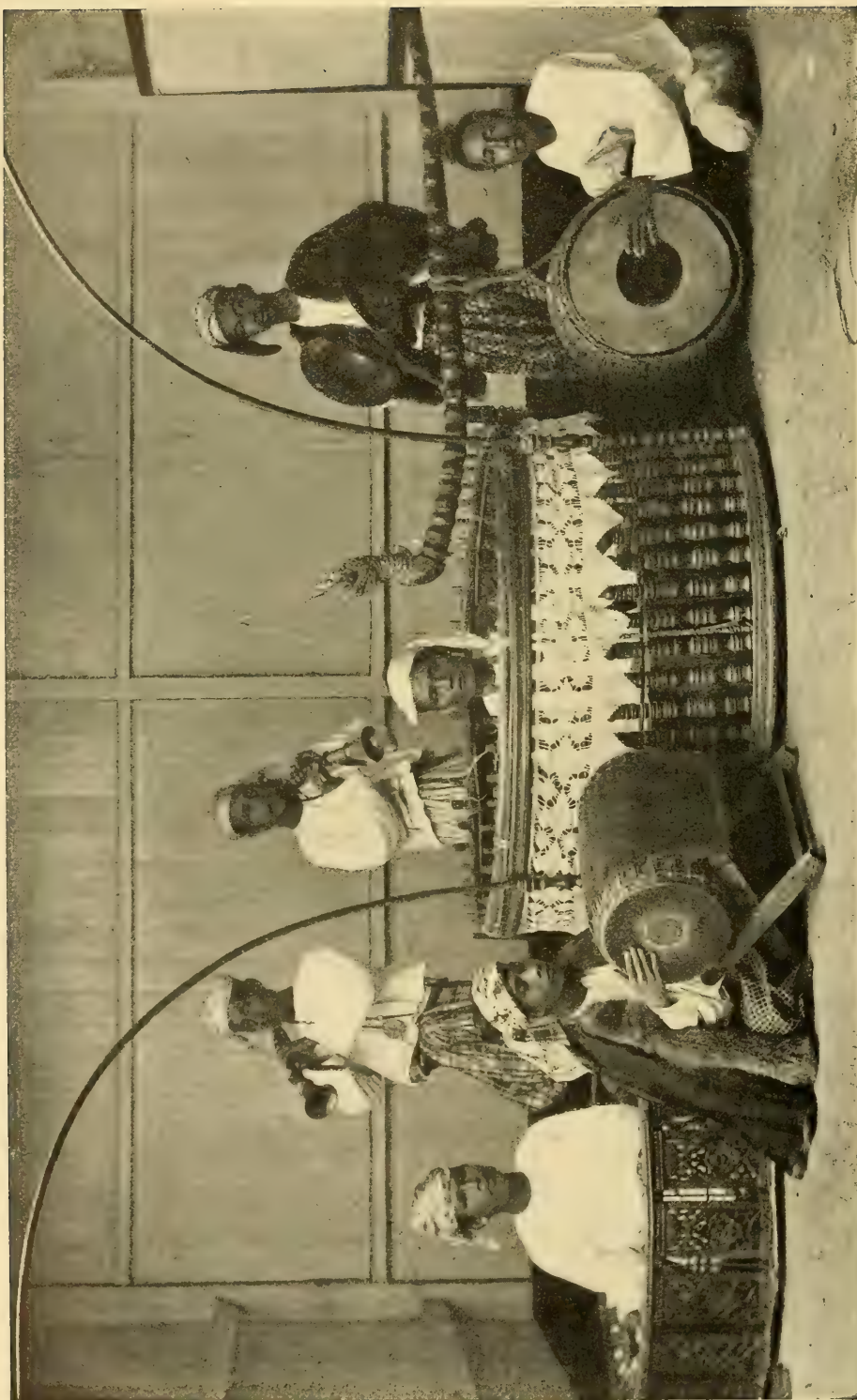
Nor is the Malay strong intellectually; they have practically no literature and are without apparent desire to acquire knowledge. Yet despite the insignificant part taken in the industrial development of the Peninsula, his speech is the lingua of the country—the Italian of the East, for the nature of the Malay is poetical. To him the sun is *mata-hari*—eye of day; the brook is *anak sungei*—son of a river. Midnight, is the noon of the night, in his tongue; and when he wishes to tell you that he is sorrowful or angry, he says he is *sakit hati*—sick at heart. He likens a pretty young bride unto “a sarong not yet unfolded.” And, as may be supposed, he is very superstitious with good and bad luck signs of many kinds, one of which proclaims it ill luck to start on a journey in the rain, because rain signifies tears. That superstition, however, must be more honored in the breach than in the observance, for if rain prevented trips in the Malay Peninsula, there would not be much traveling. Another curious superstition I came across at the very edge of the jungle warns a talking visitor from leaning against the steps of a dwelling less a funeral come to that house.

Of the Malay social life much of good could be said; it is enough here to say that there are no old maids in the Malay Peninsula and fewer public women than, I dare say, in any other country in the world. The Malay is allowed four wives, but he is too wise to take the limit simultaneously or to be on with the new before he is off with the old; and though he may divorce and replace without very much difficulty, the women also have privileges, which, in the better classes, means settlements, division of property and the children provided for by law. Families are small. The girls marry young, and marriage in the Peninsula apparently is a success, for little is heard of drunken husbands or mischief-making women. It is true that the Malay is sometimes a law unto himself, that when he wants a thing it is difficult for him, in the jungle, to recognize other tenets than the one that might makes right; yet he is amenable at the last. The present peaceful, prosperous and happy condition of the Malay Peninsula, which in 1873 was astir with rebellion, is notable testimony to the eminent success of British rule. There are

lessons here for American Congressmen if they but have sense to take them, that will serve us well in the Philippines.

My few days in the little kampong were interesting and peaceful. No mangy intrusive dogs sniffed at my heels, and nearby mothers kept soothing care of their babies. Room was made for me in one of the largest and newest appearing houses and every possible attention shown. Particularly the absence of curiosity on the part of my host and family and their consideration and respect for my solitary position impressed me. It was in striking contrast to experiences elsewhere, both in my own country as well as in other foreign lands. They studiously avoided intruding and allowed no crowds of wide-eyed and open-mouthed stragglers to stand gaping at me or fingering my belongings. I was not, in other words, a subject of idle curiosity for either the residents or the native travelers that were passing by. I was not on exhibition, as I had often been when placed in similar positions in my wilderness wanderings. Really I was having a very comfortable time. During the day I explored nearby streams and wandered in the jungle trying to get a look at some of the birds; and at night I was always abundantly entertained by the native music, which tuned up after the evening meal had been finished and the people gathered at an open shed-like building under some large trees. I have elsewhere expressed my pleasure at this Far Eastern music common to Burma and Siam, the Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra, with its semi-circle of inverted different sized metal bowls or gongs, giving forth soft, liquid musical notes, the various shaped drums, and the scaled lengths of split bamboo. But I cannot say it too often to emphasize the, to me, attractiveness of this music well rendered, especially in the exquisitely soft moonlight of a Malayan night.

Before I left the kampong there came a feast day with festivities lasting from late in the afternoon until near dawn of the following morning, and comprising almost continuous music—without, by the way, a single change in any of the musicians—and several dances in which both the women and men performed, some of the latter having their faces made up grotesquely. One dance engaged three



The Burmese Orchestra.

young girls, whose performance consisted of gracefully slow movements accompanied by the familiar Asiatic kind of posturing, in which arms and hands and shoulders figure prominently. They were quite as skilled as any I had ever seen, and wore short little jackets of red and yellow silk falling just below the breasts, and, fastened upon their sarongs at the waist, were the old Malayan silver buckles of exquisite workmanship, now so rare. Some of the men and women among the spectators had jackets and scarfs, but mostly they wore simply the skirt-like sarong of the country, which on the men is held at the waist and on the women is carried up to the breast.

I had come unheralded into the settlement, passed from an English-speaking Kling gharry driver to the Malay who on horse and by canoe had brought me finally to the kampong. In a general way the kampong knew what I wanted, but it was not easy to organize a party for the trip I wished to make toward the eastern coast, as the Malays care little for hunting and rarely go of their own volition, except where a tiger has perhaps become a menace to a settlement, in which case they set a spring gun or wait for him at his drinking hole or set boys up the trees to drop spears on him. Yet this spirit of indifference is a question of distaste for vigorous bodily effort and not one of cowardice, for really the Malay regards life lightly, as his history proves. But he does not care for sport that requires hard work, though he is very fond of horse racing and occasionally organizes animal fights. He does a little fencing with that favorite and somewhat famous weapon of his, the kris, though it was always a crude art and rarely is seen nowadays. There was also another fencing game in which the tumbuk lada—the Malayan dagger, with narrow eight-inch blade and much decorated handle—plays a part; but neither showed much skill and the fencers' energy was spent chiefly in jumping about and in posturing. Nothing of this kind of play would be relied upon, I fancy, for serious work with either weapon. The Malay also does little canoe racing. Yet where his heart is in it, he does not hesitate at any amount of physical exertion; the energy expended in the all-night dancing and playing during the few days I

spent at the kampong would have lasted out an ordinary hunting trip.

I was lucky enough on my first day to fall in with a smart young Malay named Nagh Awang, who in addition to being very good looking, could also speak a few broken words of English, and within two days he had agreed to come with me as general factotum. It took time and patience and much sign talk for us to get on common ground, but when we had attained to a thorough understanding, Nagh was of great service, and after a few days I succeeded in getting together my party, which consisted of five Malays beside Nagh, a Chinese cook and two Tamils. None had guns but myself, but all had parangs—the long bladed jungle knife which every Malay carries. Three of my Malays were from Sumatra, and the Chinaman, who proved one of the most faithful of the lot before the long trip was at an end, was known by the rather mirth-provoking name of Bun Bin Sum. Nagh, though born on the Peninsula, was also of Sumatra, his people being, in fact, of the war-like Achinese, which in earlier years had raided the Peninsula; and after we became better acquainted he told me, with amusing gusto, that his brother had been killed a few months before while in the sanguinary midst of a spectacular period of amok* which had extended over two days and resulted in the death of two men, three women and two children.

Nagh held to the Sumatran style of Malay costume, wearing trousers with a sarong wound about his waist and a handkerchief bound about his head. He never went forth without a handsomely carved ivory handled tumbuk lada stuck in his sarong at the waist, and a Chinese oiled-paper red parasol, with which he protected his head from the sun. He was something of a swell in his own circle and quite one of the prominent young men of the kampong, if not of the district. He lived with his old and rather distinguished looking father, who was the

* Amuck is a corruption of the Malay word amok, as is also rattan a corruption of the Malay word rotan. Amok is a species of temporary insanity, which takes form in a homicidal mania. The development and attack are sudden and simultaneous, the deranged at once assaults with whatever weapon may be in reach whoever is in sight, regardless of age or sex, friends or strangers, and keeps up the attack until overpowered.



Some of the donors were fakirs and were grosslyly masked

Dato—as the head man of the settlement is called—and indulged in the luxury of a personal servant—who, by the way, he took along on the trip, and who, also by the way, really became my servant as well, for Nagh did no work for me that he could pass over to his own servant.

It is somewhat indicative of the primitive needs and exigencies of the untended traveler in an unknown land with whose speech he is not familiar, to reprint from my note book the stock of Malay words with which I set out from this kampong. These were: *jalan*, go on; *nanti dahula*, wait a little; *banyak chukup*, too much; *pulang*, get away; *berapa batu*, how far? *berhenti*, stop; *lekàs*, fast; *perlahan*, *perlahan*, slow; *ballé*, go back; *charrie*, look for. Association with Nagh improved both his English and my Malay.

My plan included going up the river a little distance to another small settlement,—where we could secure packing baskets and two or three Sakai carriers, who knew the jungle trails,—and then to work our way through the jungle across into Trengganu to one of the head-water branches of the Kelantan River. If we chanced on a worth while trail we intended to cross into the top of Pahang, and finally follow down the valley between the Kelantan and the mountains to the west, and so to the river's mouth on the east coast of the Peninsula, where dense forest, mostly uninhabited, and a sandy shore bordering the China Sea make it very different and easier going than on the muddy fore shore and tangled jungle of the west coast. Kelantan and Trengganu, together with Keda and Patani are the “unprotected” or native states and form the upper part of the Malay Peninsula between Lower Siam and the protected states. There were no roads for us to follow, and off the rivers no other way of penetrating the Malayan jungle, the densest on earth, than over the narrow footpaths used by the natives. And it must be a great saving of distance when the Malay takes to the jungle, for he much prefers to paddle.

We made pretty fair time along the rivers, but in the jungle we averaged not much more than two miles an hour. The footing was muddy and slippery, though the carriers had not more than about sixty pounds each in the long packing basket

which, strapped on their backs, extended from above their heads quite to their hips. I took no tent, and our supplies consisted chiefly of rice and maize and roasted leaves of the coffee bush, from which a kind of tea is made that the Malaysans use often in preference to the berry; and we lived on yams, maize, rice, and a very toothsome curry made from the tender shoots of the bamboo. The Malays also ate several kinds of roots and leaves which they gathered in the jungle; some of which I must say were really palatable. Now and then we had fish. In trying to get one trophy with good tusks, I shot several wild pigs, and you should have seen the eyes of Bun Bin Sum moisten in anticipation of the feast he and I were to have—for of course my Islam party would have none of it, would not in fact stay in its presence. Anticipation really constituted the feast however, for the pig was rather stringy and without the usual delicate porcine flavor. Bun relished the heads which he roasted and devoured amid gurgles of supreme content. Whenever we came to a settlement, as we did several times along the rivers, we stopped for sociability sake and to learn of rhino or seladang,* or gather any information that might be serviceable. But we heard only of deer and pig and the only thing we saw while on the rivers that might be considered in the light of game were several crocodiles and a large water lizard. We heard no tales of villages raided or men carried off or knocked out of their canoes by crocodiles, and though they are dangerous and may carry off a small child or a dog if caught unawares, yet many of the stories told of these hideous amphibians are greatly overdrawn. I noted that the Malays were always cautious in approaching the densely covered edges of the stream, but they appeared to have no fear of sitting in their canoes or of their camp being invaded.

Making our way across the country we often came upon comparatively open stretches, where wild flowers in reds and yellows grew in profusion. It seems more than a coincidence that, so far as my experience goes, very generally throughout the Far East the wild flowers run mostly

* Local name for the gaur (Oriental wild cattle) mis-called bison.

to reds and yellows; that the brilliant bird plumage is chiefly yellows and reds and blues; and that in the colors of their sarongs, in their ornaments and in their wearing apparel, the natives effect almost exclusively blues and yellows and reds. It is a fitting harmony.

Very often we heard the little deer (*C. muntjac*), plentiful throughout the Far East, which when started barks much like a small dog and skulks along with hind-quarters higher than its shoulders. I already had a head, so did not shoot on any of the many opportunities offered. But I did bring down a sambar, the common deer of all India and the Malay Peninsular, which measured 3 feet 8 inches at the shoulders and had a nice head with six long points. Three times we found seladang tracks, and as many times followed them without success. Whenever we returned from a hunt, successful or otherwise, Nagh had a rather pleasing habit of placing a wild flower over one ear, the flower facing front, where he wore it until he sought his bed. He told me it was an old custom of Sumatra.

One day when we had halted at a small river kampong Nagh brought into my presence an oldish Malay, whom he said had marked down a rhino—'twas not specified whether its ears were tassellated or no—and which, the old Malay assured me, I could certainly get if I would sit up on a platform near by a drinking hole where the rhino visited every night. I took no stock in the scheme, because, as hardly a day passed without rain, my hunter's, if not my common, sense told me that water must be too plentiful in the country to necessitate regular or even occasional visits to a water hole by a rhino or any other animal. Also I fancied Nagh perhaps wanted a holiday at the little settlement of a few houses where I had observed a couple of good-looking Malay girls. But as the plan offered a new experience in rhino hunting, and as I am always seeking to acquire experience—and knowledge,—I went off with the old man some five miles into the jungle, where about twenty feet from a mud hole, which obviously was a rhino wallow and drinking pool in dry weather, we erected a bamboo structure with its platform full eight feet above ground.

I have put in more uncomfortable nights than that one; but not many. I had not brought a mosquito netting, of course, and without it the pests were almost unendurable. And they seemed to like the citronella oil with which I smeared every inch of exposed skin in the delusion that it would drive them away. The night was as dark as pitch; I could not see the end of my rifle—could scarcely see my hand before my face. Had a herd of rhinos visited the hole I could only have shot at the noise. And there we sat, stiff and silent, with ears alert and eyes staring until they ached into the surrounding blackness. The only real excitement of the night came when the corner of my end of the platform gave way and dumped me on my back in the mud below somewhat to my amazement, and to the terrifying of the old man, whom I could hear in the darkness above muttering Malay, of which I only understood the anguished tone. Perhaps, really, he was cursing me; which was wasted effort, too, for I had left little undone in that direction myself.

No rhino came, of course; equally of course, no sitting up on platforms should ever be done on a starless night. However, it was an experience, and an interesting one, for unless you have sat with awakened ears all night in the jungle you can never know of the myriads of creeping, crawling things the earth supports. Returning in the morning to the kampong I saw and killed a reddish snake, about the size of my finger and nearly four feet long, as it ran along the top of the coarse grass on a level with my shoulder. It is a rather curious fact, by the way, that although there are nine varieties of poisonous and about twelve varieties of non-poisonous snakes in Malaya, I saw but two during weeks of hunting—the red one just mentioned and a python I killed in Sumatra which measured a little over twelve feet in length. Snakes are abundant enough, only they get out of your way in the thick, dank jungle-cover; where the undergrowth is dry and less dense, as in some parts of India, the snake may not so readily escape unnoticed, and silently; and the danger of being struck is correspondingly greater, for the attack of a serpent is more frequently defensively than offensively launched. I should advise the wearing of heavy leather leggings in dry,

snake-infested countries ; and remember that always a snake strikes downwards, and therefore only a very large one, which would be seen, could land on you above the knee. If ever you are struck the force of the blow will surprise you; at least that was my sensation when for the first time a rattler hit me just above the ankle; it was like the sharp, quick blow of a fist.

In the hilly country we encountered crossing into Trengganu we made even slower travel, on account of the mud and

where for the cutting. Often I have seen little native huts made almost entirely of three or four of these leaves, and they are very largely used by the Sakais and the Semangs, which people to the south and north of the Perak River are all that remain of the aborigines of the Malay Peninsula. One tree in the jungle of unfailing interest to me had its butt standing high above the ground, sometimes as much as six feet, more frequently half that, supported by its roots, which formed a kind of fantastic pedestal before touching the

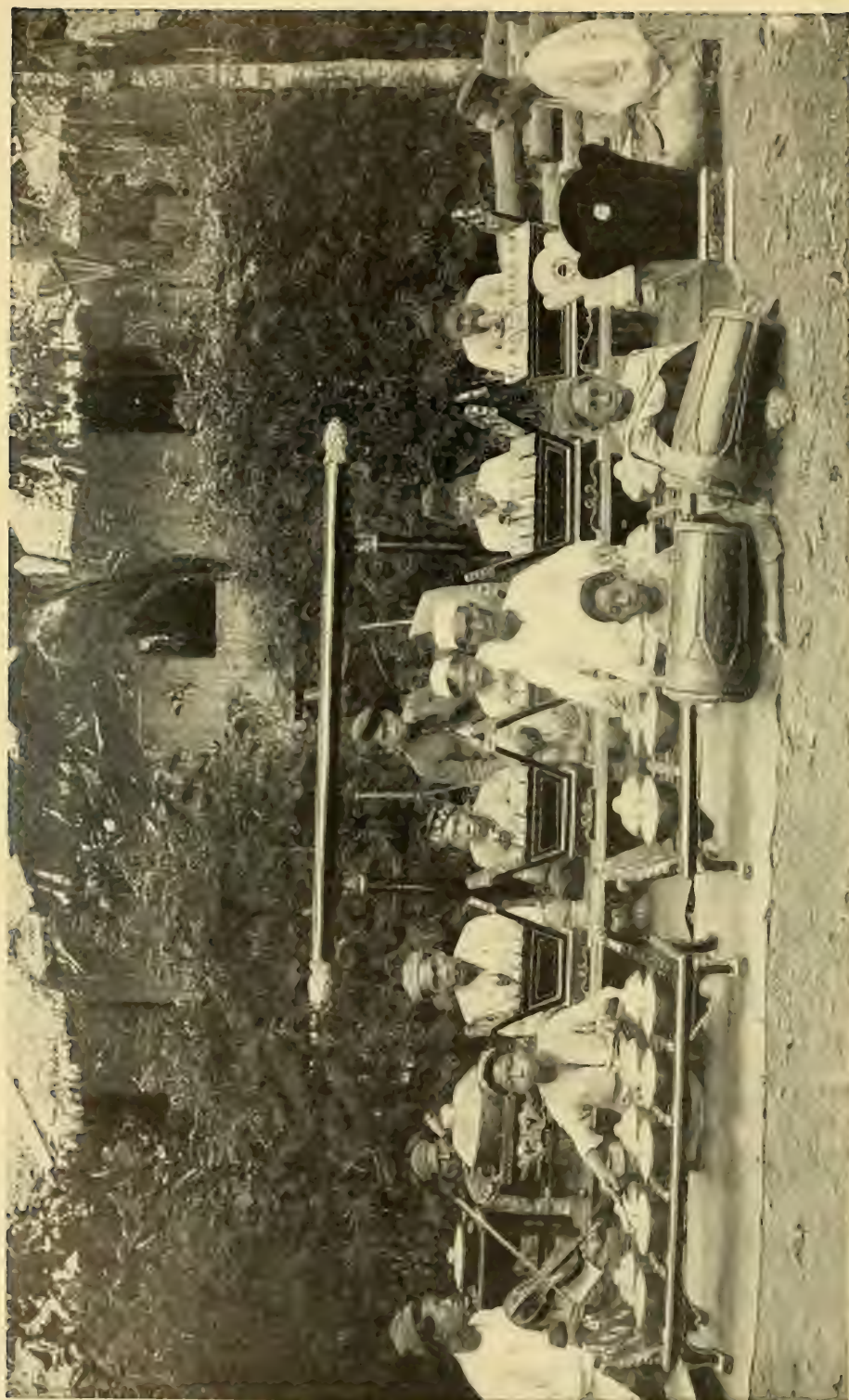


Nagh.

Nagh Awang, His Father the Dato, and Servant. This shows the Sumatran variation of Malay costume.

rain, but barring leeches and mosquitoes the nights were comfortable enough, for the camps we built of bamboo and attap leaves and palms were rain proof and comparatively dry. Such are the sole materials of which most Malay houses are inexpensively and durably constructed. One kind of attap lasts only three or four years, but there is another good for ten, and a kind of palm is frequently used which has a stalk of two or three feet in height and a leaf from six to ten feet in length, and three to four feet wide at its broadest. All of it is to be had every-

earth, where they stretched in all directions over and into the surrounding soil. It was as though a giant hand had pulled up the tree and stood it upon its roots; at times the roots near the tree base grew into great flat buttresses. A very doleful sound in this hill country was the monotonous cry of a bird, called, at Singapore, the night jar, which began at dusk and lasted almost without cessation until dawn, when the insect buzz opened. The awakening of beetle and general insect life in the hill country of the tropics is a startling first experience. It begins with one particu-



The Malay Muzes Orchestra.

larly loose jointed, crackling beetle, followed by the creaking tree and the squeaking bush and ground insects until there arises a buzzing, and a humming, and a vibrant, confusing whole, not unlike the song of the looms and the shuttles of a cotton mill. Yet this was quite altogether the most pleasing country I had seen in Malaya. Here and there the forest was comparatively free of the progress checking thorn covered bushes and stretches of more or less open country accentuated the jungle edges, where umbrella-like trees sent up their tops far above the fair sized ones beneath and surrounding. Always and everywhere was a rank growth of grass, called lalang at its coarsest, and bush. And in such places animal and bird life abounded, comparatively speaking, of course, for nothing living really "abounds" in the Malayan jungle except leeches. There were no birds of especially brilliant plumage or a song note which impressed me; I did have the luck to see a white-winged jay and several opportunities of which I did not avail myself of again shooting the larger sambar deer; and scarcely a day that we did not hear the barking deer.

One noon after we had crossed the mountains and were skirting the jungle hills which make through southern Trenggana towards Pahang, Nagh sighted three seladangs in the lalang of a little gully that ran into the hill range along which we were traveling, and brought the news half a mile back to where I sat among our camp paraphernalia mending a shirt, that had been torn almost completely off my back by an encounter with a thorn bush. Following Nagh's back track we came to where I could see the cattle in the lalang, but the grass was so high that it left only a few inches of the top shoulder of the one nearest me as a very indifferent target. There was no way of improving my position, however; in fact, I had the best one possible, and being happy to have any view of these animals whose trails I had so often followed without success, I placed two lead pointed balls from my 50 calibre, the only rifle I had with me, as rapidly as I could fire, —though the seladangs were off with the first shot and my second was at the scarcely visible shoulder going from me in the swaying grass.

I was not sure if I had wounded one, or, if so, whether it had gone with the others; so I took care to discover that none lurked in the lalang, for I knew its reputation and its trick, like that of the Cape (Africa) buffalo, of lying in wait for the hunter, and I had no thought of being added to the list of Malay sportsmen killed by a charging and wounded seladang. Reconnoitering the grass, therefore, with caution and thoroughness, I found the tracks, where they led up the hillside into the jungle, and took up the single one which I assumed to be that of the bull's that I proposed to follow whether I had hit him or another. I moved forward cautiously, for the seladang is as uncertain as he is dangerous; sometimes he will go straight away from the man-scent or when wounded; again he will await the hunter within a mile of where he has winded him. When I had gained the hilltop where the tracks took me, I stopped and listened long and attentively; then following along the ridge on the seladang spoor, I thoroughly surveyed every piece of thick cover in front and to the sides, meanwhile taking position not far from a good-sized tree. For a couple of hours I followed up the tracks without hearing a sound, and then a barking deer, which jumped up within a few yards on my right, sent the rifle to shoulder in a hurry, —but it came down as instantly on the yelp of the muntjac, which revealed the disturber. Another hour and the tracks took down hill, up and over another and finally into a glade of lalang and cane and brush. Approaching the glade I made a painstaking stalk entirely around it. The seladang was within. I did not dare to follow straight up his tracks, because there were no trees in the glade, and my rifle too light to be depended on in case he charged, and I had no time or opportunity to pick my shot as one must in order, in these close quarters, to score on such formidable game with any weapon less than a double ten or eight bore. While I maintained my vigil at the lalang edge, I sent Nagh up a tree to, if possible, locate the quarry; but as he signed me a "No," I telegraphed with my hands to remain up the tree to watch and listen. Then I completed another slow circle of the glade, at about the gait and much after the manner of a cat approaching a

mouse. The seladang was still there. And by this time the afternoon was more than half spent. Then I heard a movement among the canes in the glade; it sounded to me about in the middle of the place, and Nagh's motions indorsed my thought; but it lasted only a few seconds. Evidently the beast had no immediate intention of coming out; and I was beginning to want that seladang very badly. So as a preliminary to venturing into the glade, I went up a tree to learn the direction of the wind, if there was any, and to discover what I could about the character and shape of the glade. I found almost no air, and that little blowing in my face; also I saw a thick clump of cane standing up around a small tree about fifty feet from my edge of the glade, which altogether did not appear to be over a couple of hundred feet across. On the ground again I prepared for a stalk into the glade toward the cane clump, by stripping off cartridge belt, knife, field glasses, brandy flask, chocolate and quinine pouch—which together with compass, watch and water-tight match box, each attached to thongs, constitutes my usual and entire personal field equipment compactly arranged in leather accoutrements. Then I removed my shoes; and with four cartridges in my rifle and as many more in my trouser pocket, began my stalk. I never made one so noiselessly; and I did not allow myself to think of my chances if the seladang broke towards me before I reached the cane clump. It seemed a fearful distance to that clump, but finally its outline was discernable; and soon I was behind it with head close to the mud—the better to see through the brush—looking for the seladang. He was about forty or fifty feet beyond in a somewhat thinnish part of the glade; at first I could only make out his bulk, but shortly I could see, fairly distinctly, him standing, facing obliquely, his head lowered, ears moving forward and back, his attitude that of the sullen, alert and determined fugitive. Obviously he had neither heard nor scented me. I could not shoot from behind the cane clump, so I crawled to the side, and then I looked long over the barrel to discover if any cane chanced in the range to deflect my bullets. I did not quite know what was going to happen

when I pulled trigger, but I intended to shoot as close as I knew how, and to keep on shooting. The shoulder shot was my best one, for his position rather protected the heart. I took the cartridges out of my pocket and placed them carefully at my side to have them within instant reach. With my first shot he jumped, which gave me opportunity to get one in behind the shoulder and to put in another in the same place before he disappeared in the glade and went smashing his way up the hill opposite. As Nagh had no gun I decided he would better go back to the noon camp and bring up the party, and then follow on my tracks, as I intended to go after the seladang, and camp on its trail if I did not get it before. Nagh returned, and I went on cautiously—even more so than before, because now there was blood spoor—up one hill and down another, sometimes around a hill, when I redoubled my caution, if possible, for a circling trail usually means rest or fight. Thus I went on, without again hearing the seladang, until it became too dark to track, when I camped. Nagh and my party did not turn up, so I made an attap and cane lean-to, a cane couch to raise me off the mud, ate some chocolate and turned in. Nor did any of the party put in appearance in the morning, but I heard a faint hail and answered it, and then took up the seladang tracks, knowing Nagh would come up with me, for they could trail me as fast as I was going. It was well into the forenoon, however, before they caught up; they had been delayed by two of the carriers having dysentery, which necessitated stopping, repacking and final camping as night set in; they had shouted they said, but had probably been shut in between hills and did not know enough to get up on high ground.

It was not an hour after Nagh joined me on the wounded seladang tracks that, as I wormed my way through the jungle on the hillside, I suddenly discovered the beast standing stern on not more than sixty feet ahead of me. Working from tree to tree I had come finally almost ahead of him and little over thirty feet away, when on a sudden he seemed aware of my presence and direction and made a rush at me. My bullet struck just at the top of his high frontal bone, between the horns, tearing the skull without reaching the brain; but he swung off, giving me a near

side-head shot; and this time I reached the brain. He was a good, though not a big, specimen, measuring 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches shoulder height. It had taken seven bullets to bring him down; one had pierced the lungs and two the shoulder blade, one went through the shoulder muscles, and one ranged alongside the heart. And altogether fortune favored me, for no one has license to venture after seladang with a comparatively light weapon. The head made a burdensome trophy, so we cached it in a tree, a few days later, to send back for when we had reached the Kelantan.

Luck seemed to be coming my way with this, for three days after I had bagged the seladang we came into the country leading down to the Kelantan and upon rhino tracks, apparently very fresh, though in the mud and heat it was impossible to tell to an hour. We camped on these the first night and picked them up at daylight on the second day, determined to follow faster, as the rhino was trotting; always trotting, apparently.

I told Nagh to let the camp outfit follow on leisurely, but I wanted him and another to come with me, as I intended to move more rapidly in an endeavor to get

near the rhino. So we kept at as fast a gait as we could under the circumstances, which was about twice the pace we had pursued at any other time on our journey. But the tracks appeared to grow no fresher, nor the rhino to slacken or increase its pace; always it trotted.

Early in the afternoon Nagh told me that we were not very far from the Kelantan and were moving in the direction of that river, and not an hour later, still on the rhino tracks, we came out on the river bank itself. What was my dismay to see our rhino swimming the river, and nearly across. The top of its head, including its ear, showed, and I made the base of the latter my mark for three shots. Whether I scored or not I cannot say, for the rhino was going almost straightaway—a little quartering—which gave me as good as no mark, for of course it was waste of lead to shoot into its big back. As the rhino got out on the bank, it quartered a bit more as it trotted into the jungle, and before it disappeared I put two more 50-calibre hardened bullets behind the shoulder, ranging forward. But the rhino kept on trotting; and, for all my rain of lead did to stop him, he is trotting yet.

I did not note if his ears were fringed.



A Tamil Settlement where I Stopped One Night—Tamil Women in the Foreground.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE OUTDOOR WORLD

JOHN PETER HAINES, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is an all-round sportsman. An ideal sportsman, with whom the world will come up—later.

Member of a half dozen yacht clubs and of athletic, automobile and country clubs, able with his own hands and talents to build an automobile, said to have been the first man to use a camera on Pike's Peak, a hunter and fisherman, and a rider from boyhood. How does he find time to attend to the duties of his position? But Mr. Haines asks, "How shall I find time from my duties here to engage in some of these pastimes?" and straightway gives it up.

The test of a man's devotion to a cause is what he gives up, not to it: *for* it. You can even measure a cause itself by that standard. Mr. Haines abandoned about all his customary occupations upon his election as president of the Society in order that he might have a free hand and a free conscience—what a team for a strong will to drive with a free rein—for his eager scramble after a salary he never touches.

To speak of Mr. Haines's scrambling is about as incongruous a reference as could be made. He is a gentleman fifty-three years old, dignified, always under self-control. Physically, he is in the pink of condition, which is the proper phrase, for Mr. Haines is a fighter, called upon constantly to confront the light-weight champions of pigeon shooting at traps, middle-weight exponents of the art of game butchery, heavy-weight sluggers of horses and all domestic pets. He measures forty-six inches around the chest and forty-two about the waist, weighs two hundred and twenty-two pounds and his flesh is a sheathing of mail. But all this is not his battery; that is contained in a splendid head surcharged with positive sentiments and negative wisdom which deliver a current of educational and prohibitive force that will certainly have cruelty to animals counted out of civilization.

I have for years sought an impersonal

way to get strong and magnificent, and lose no opportunity to inquire of such men how they keep their condition, and I was immediately attracted by Mr. Haines's answer: "I take no exercise aside from that which this work entails. Between the ages of twelve and eighteen," he continued mercilessly, "I went in for heavy gymnastics—hard. I even became proficient as a contortionist, and I laid the foundation of physical strength so thoroughly that now I have no need of systematic exercise."

Mr. Haines followed that course up by devoting himself to the outdoor life his ample means made possible. He hunted and fished; bred and rode thoroughbred horses; regularly exhibited champion St. Bernards at the principal bench shows; bred fancy cattle and built up one of the largest chicken hatcheries in the world. On his extensive property at Toms River, N. J., Cranmoor Farm, Mr. Haines worked with his men in the fields, in the woods, and about his stock.

"But why did you abandon hunting and fishing, Mr. Haines, if you considered them right sport?"

"Simply because I did not care to give the opponents of the Society any ground for personal reproach."

"Then you still consider hunting and fishing sportsmanlike pastimes?"

"I have never said otherwise. But a clumsy owner of a gun or rod is not a sportsman. If a man will hunt, let him learn to use his weapon before he risks inflicting incalculable suffering on innocent creatures; but in gaining his skill he should inflict no suffering."

"What, essentially, does the Society seek to 'prevent'?" Mr. Haines leaned forward and spoke emphatically. "Needless suffering to the animal creation; that is what the Society means and what I stand for."

The trouble is to a lot of people that Mr. Haines is not content to stand for it; he goes out after it. He enters dives and underground stables, slaughter pens, pad-docks, private preserves, club houses, by

day and by night, and by stealth and by force, and *then* he stands against needless suffering, and men and customs and States and even indignant ladies go whirling by in a giddy circle of impotent rage. but Mr. Haines does not lose his head nor his feet. Sometimes he loses his case amid a howl of laughter, but being a sportsman, he takes defeat smilingly, slips in another cartridge, changes the sight a trifle, lifts his aim a little more surely—Bulls Eye! shouts the public.

Mr. Haines is a member of many noted societies and outdoor organizations, and has many personal interests that receive little personal supervision from him. He contents himself with photographic reports from his groves in Florida, occasionally visits his mining properties in Colorado, and whenever possible goes to Cranmoor for a breath of air right out of the woods and a little concentrated energy directly from the fields.

But Mr. Haines is a national figure. He is known personally to the officials of probably all the States and his friends are legion, many of them recruited from among his one-time bitterest enemies. He is a most active individual, engaged in a work that demands courage and mental poise. The power he wields is great, and is greater by reason of his own dominating personality, but greatest because it finds its fulcrum in the highest instincts of humanity.

SPEAKING of versatility in a sportsman, there is Major D. L. Brainard of the United States Army. The army

service does not naturally lend itself to outdoor recreations, so called, but a few choice spirits find a way. In fact, Brainard entered the service for the mere sport of the thing, twenty years out of Norway, N. Y., and while he has done penance in wearing all the changes of arm and uniform prescribed since 1876, he has also had his sport continuously in the outdoor parts of the West, Arctic, Philippines and Greater New York.

First, there was Indian fighting in 1877-8 to his everlasting regret, for he was wounded at Little Muddy Creek by a Sioux bullet, but with buffalo hunting "after hours." There Sergeant Brainard acquired his expert horsemanship and marksmanship. Considerably later, there was an Alaskan expedition in midwinter, and then a Filipino campaign in midsummer; but before either there had been the Greeley expedition.

In 1881, Sergeant Brainard joined the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition under Lieutenant A. W.

Greeley. With Lieutenant Lockwood, he reached the highest point north till then attained, $84^{\circ} 24' 30''$ N. Lat., returning to the main body to share in the unspeakable suffering and deprivation that wonderful band of heroes endured. Long and Brainard withstood the horrors best, and kept the pitifully small number of survivors, seven out of twenty-five, alive by mental cheerfulness and courage and heroic acts of self-denial, and it was Brainard who silently motioned Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Schley, U. S. N., heading the Relief party to look



John P. Haines, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

under a fallen tent for the remnant of the Greeley Expedition.

It is the same man Brainard who fills his place in the nation's make-up to-day. Physically splendid, mentally keen and able.

"With the right diet and a two-hour horseback ride daily to shake his liver up, any man can keep in condition in the Philippines or anywhere," said Major Brainard.

He ought to know. No man in the army has undergone greater extremes of climate or hard usage, and no man to-day is in better condition for big work.

"How do you keep yourself up, now that you are stationed in New York? Exercise?"

"No — just stay 'up.'"

"Surely you do some outdoor recreating?"

"Oh, yes, I fish when I can, walk a good deal in the country and the parks at a three to four miles an hour gait, ride, and use my camera when it is worth while. Rather shoot something with a camera than with a gun."

"You don't do anything strenuous then, breakfast food, wave your arms, hold your breath, or anything?"

Such little conceits of wit are good to work in in talking to Major Brainard, for



Major D. L. Brainard, U. S. A.

he always flatters them with one of the best laughs you can hear. "Well, to own up, I use the dumb-bells and Indian clubs for a half hour each morning and do the West Point calisthenics."

Versatility! Indian, bison, grizzly, Eskimo, caribou, polar bear, glacier, Alaskan ranges, antelope, sturgeon, fire walking, Central Park, dumb bells, rubber bulb, West Point calisthenics.

Major Brainard is one of the few U. S. A. officers who have risen from the ranks. West Pointers are careful about giving such abnormities the favor of their approval, but he has it unreservedly. He is a man of friends: he has saved valuable lives: he helps men: he has never met David L. Brainard.

Member of the New

York Athletic Club, Fellow of the American Geographical Society, member of the Arctic Club, and enthusiastic fellow of the unofficered society of the Yellowstone. Travers Island attracts such men as Major Brainard, and he gets there frequently; but, when he wants to draw a full breath or make a long cast, Major Brainard goes to the Yellowstone Park. But he says it is getting just a little crowded there for comfort.



LEARNING TO SHOOT

By T. S. VAN DYKE

IN these days when so many of our crack shots are born of flame, nurtured on smoke and tutored with incessant thunder, it is quite natural to suppose such education necessary for good shooting. And many a one to whom an occasional day afield would be a new lease of life as well as a new source of pleasure, thinks it quite useless for him to try to learn to shoot in the limited time allowed him. All such may well consider the way in which we learned to use the shot-gun in the days when the loading and cleaning of it were such a nuisance that playing with ammunition by the barrelful was quite out of the question, and we even hesitated long before wasting a single shot on anything but game. Due respect to our great and glorious present does not permit the assertion that there was fine work done before the days of the neatly fitting breechloader with its nitro powder, chilled shot, etc. One would be considered quite an old fogey who should imitate that, with guns whose center of gravity was beyond research, or old single barrels that in the museum of the future may pass for post-hole rammers, scores were made on woodcock and quail in heavy brush that few of the great pottery-smashers of the day can equal. But I do assert that while the number of fine game shots is far greater than fifty years ago, the proportion of good game shots among those who shoot at all is less. And this is due to the reckless slam bang of cheap ammunition just as it is with the rifle, though in a less degree. Give a boy a repeater and a ton of cartridges to pop off like so many fire-crackers, and the chances are not as great of his becoming a good shot—on game, mind you—as his father, who had to mould his own bullets and shoot into a log and dig out the bullets to melt over again when he wanted target practice. The father took pains to send every bullet right. The boy is mainly interested in turning them out fast enough.

In the fifties more good records were made on fewer shots a year, than some of the great champions of the age often fire

in a day. For nearly all those shots were fired at quail, ruffed grouse or woodcock only; birds that you might not find again even with the best dog, if you did not make the first shot count. Though every one of us loved Wilson's snipe as much as any one does to-day, considered the upland plover worthy of any man's attention, and the golden plover by no means to be despised, still no one was considered a good shot unless he was a brush shot. The rabbit had great charms at first, but after hearing the mellow music of the woodcock's wing, or the obstreperous burst of the ruffed grouse a few times, we felt nothing but contempt for the cottontail. One who had anything else to do could not spend more than thirty to fifty days a year in the field. Few averaged twenty shots a day for fifty days, and many did not average ten shots a day for thirty days. Yet plenty of the latter became good enough shots to get all the enjoyment out of the field a reasonable mortal should desire. Though they might fail in a test of nervous endurance in pottery smashing, they could have given lessons to the modern keramoclast, had he changed his traps for an old-time catbrier swamp with a woodcock or two in it.

Nor would the old-time shot have felt the slightest envy of the modern clay-breaker. Instead of standing agape with wonder at his pulverizing ninety-five out of a hundred clay pigeons, he would have wondered how any one who shot so much ammunition in a year could miss the other five. For we found quite early in life that it was comparatively easy to learn to hit something you don't want. It was considered a wonderful thing to toss up two copper pennies and hit one with each barrel—until we tried it. And then, after a few trials, the wonder began to die out so that in a short time we didn't want any more of that kind of shooting. But when for the penny, which we didn't want, was substituted the mysterious woodcock, that we did want, the wonder kept ever growing.

After the same manner, we found it not so difficult to hit a young robin rising from

the ground or a blackbird. But when the roaring wing of the ruffed grouse shook the tangled brake, and we saw the sunlight flash for an instant on his banded tail as the dry leaves whirled on the ground beneath, the gun either refused to go off in spite of our spasmodic jerks on the trigger, or else seemed to go off itself before we could fairly get it to the shoulder. The burst of one such bird from the dark laurel thicket was an event beside which the modern hundred-bird "event" published with pictures is ridiculous. The excitement of finding that grouse in the first place and then finding it again, and again after flushing it, was in itself fun enough. But that very excitement raised such havoc in our nerves that the more guns we had afield, the less feathers came from the grouse. We looked with vast contempt on pigeon-shooting from traps at twenty-one yards, which was then coming in vogue, because the hunting, finding and missing of true game birds is far more exciting than the mere hitting of anything that takes no skill to find. In fact, I enjoyed hunting more before I learned to shoot than I did afterward; that is, was more crazy to get afield and lay awake more at night thinking of the next day's sport. It is not true that good handling of the gun is necessary to its enjoyment, and the most eager sportsmen I have ever seen were poor shots, most of them having no time to become expert.

It was a maxim in those days, supposed to be derived from Cypress, Jr., that the crack shot is the work of God. Along with this was the idea that to become a good shot one must begin young. In the fifty years since I began running with the gun, I have seen a great many shots of all kinds, and I have failed to discover that there was much in either idea. There are special adaptabilities in shooting as in everything else, but almost any one may become a good shot who has nerve and endurance enough to stand the labor of the field and the love for game that knows how to take care of itself. And I have known some very good shots with both rifle and shot-gun, who never touched either until well past forty. I began at thirteen, though for two years before that I had been shooting highholders and wild pigeons out of trees, as well as squirrels, and bagged many a rabbit in the rail heap

to which I had tracked him. But I am satisfied I should have reached the same degree of skill had I begun ten or even twenty years later. At the bottom of it all is the natural love for the elusive and the slippery in nature, and the burning anxiety to find out why it is that you, the great lord of creation, are being left in the lurch.

There were two distinct opinions about the right way to learn to shoot. The most ridiculous of bunglers was supposed to be the slow, pokey shot, who dawdled on the trigger until the game was out of reach. Frank Forester lost few opportunities to poke fun at him, or to praise quick, dashy shooting. This appealed powerfully to us boys, and all who read Forester tried to imitate that style of shooting. But most of the older shots said, don't pull the trigger until you cover your bird, even if he gets half a mile off. From sheer necessity I was compelled to join the latter class, though all my sympathies lay with the first. An admirer of all that was quick and dashy, I no sooner heard the buzzing wing of the lovely Bob White, than palsy seized on my nerves. All my resolutions went to the winds and I balked and twitched convulsively at the trigger without pulling it off until too late. I had no difficulty with it when the mark was a heron rising from the reedy shore of the millpond, or a crow drifting through the blue above the dark cedar under which I was hidden to catch him. I don't mean that I always hit one, but I had no trouble in pulling the trigger. Several of my companions found the same difficulty in their most frantic efforts to hit something of value, but most of them were just the reverse. One in particular always fired one barrel before a quail had fairly cleared the top of a blackberry bush, with the next one roaring after, before it was possible to see through the smoke of the first clearly enough to know what he was about. Between these two extremes was an intermediate shot, who was not in such a hurry and handled his gun much like the good shots whose work we used to admire. But in some mysterious way the woodcock wound out of the opening in the tree-tops, and the uproarious wing of the grouse was heard beyond the heavy thicket into which it plunged just the same as when my quick friend shot.

Nothing seems more ridiculous than my first shot at a rabbit running. It was then the proper thing to decapitate a rabbit with a load of shot at about six feet, provided you could find him sitting in his form. One day when I had pulled up the gun in line with the sparkling black eye of one in a bunch of toadflax about eight feet away, he suddenly started just as I was ready to pull the trigger. Instead of standing paralyzed with disappointment as I would have done before, I fired. In another second I was gazing with wonder at the wadding of hornet's nest smouldering in the empty form, but there was no sign of damage on the cottontail scudding away through the ragweed and mullein of the old pasture. Yet I felt vastly bigger than before, with a firm conviction that I had made a distinct advance in shooting. Absurd as these experiences of a mere child may seem, they represent what even the adult will be quite apt to go through before he sees many feathers sailing down. One must beware how one cries eureka. One of the worst bunglers I ever took out in later days shot four pinnated grouse in succession over the dog on the first trial. We were out almost every day for two weeks after that before he hit another, though he fired dozens of shots each day.

Scarcely any milestones of the way seem brighter than the day I first mustered nerve enough to pull trigger on a woodcock. Of course he was out of reach, but nevertheless, it was a far greater performance than that of the rabbit. Probably I could not have done it had I not been alone, but little place did I give then to any such thought. I was wandering near nightfall along the ever mysterious brookside, where the woodcock came to feed in the evening of waning summer. The long white plumes of the night heron as he settled on the sandy bar had already lost their charm, as much as the quivering wings of the teetersnipe skimming the surface of the pool. I could pull the trigger on them and hit one occasionally. But I didn't want them any more than I did the whippoorwill, whose mournful monotone rang across the waters, or the woodrobin, whose sweet liquid notes floated down from the timbered hill on which I lived. I wandered long with throbbing pulse where the orange of the jewel weed hung over some side rill, or the water cress hid the

fall of a little spring, or the shore spread damp and grassy beneath overhanging willow. When the rich mellow twitter of those wondrous wings thrilled me to the heart, and I caught a glimpse of that spiral line of brown, winding around the dark crown of the maple, giving me only a second in which to aim and fire, the fact that I could fire at all seemed a great leap over a mighty difficulty.

The first great trouble with the beginner by the slow, take aim method is to see both gun and game in their relation to one another quickly enough to fire before the bird is out of reach. I found no trouble in seeing both gun and game clearly when I pointed it at innumerable blackbirds, swallows and the like, with the hammers down and gave the trigger the right pull at what I thought the right time. But the minute I changed with the gun cocked to a bird that was hard enough to see in its neutral tints vanishing through the wildwood's tangles in twists and curls ever new, it at once became a problem. Nor was it so very much better even in the open when Bob White spread his buzzing wings in a dozen confusing lines above the frosty stubble. It is easy to say that this is due to excitement and your excitement is due to your anxiety to get the bird. Exactly. But the statement of the fact offers no key to the solution that is immediately available. Time alone will enable one to apply it.

A great day was that, when a dozen lines of whizzing brown burst from the tangles of blackberry, where the edge of the old wood encroached on the stubble. How it happened I knew not, but before they reached the thicket of viburnum and hawthorn, the gun was at my shoulder and so fairly in line with a bird that I could almost see the bluish tints of the outspread tail. Still less did I know how the gun went off. But it did, and a puff of feathers came from the bird. He merely mounted higher and sounded the scarlet depths of the maple with even greater ease. Yet that cloud of delicate feathers, brown, buff and white, floating softly down on the bracing air of autumn, was about the most interesting thing that nature had so far had in store for me. Life's horizon suddenly widened again with a vast sweep that made the past look small. No more for me the highholder

on the crimson gumtree, or the gentle pigeon in the russet oak. Day after day, I wandered where the Indian summer sun slept on the leafy carpet of the sapling slopes, where the hazy air seemed to whisper of game among the pearly scales of the everlasting in the corner of the old pasture, and among the thickets of wild plum and crabapple that formed the edges of the wood. The falling of crumbs from the breakfast table of the squirrel in the golden crown of the hickory had no more charm than the piping of the robins in the dark cedar, and I looked back with astonishment at the decapitation of a cottontail in a rail heap that had once seemed so big an event.

How fast the world did open! I could scarcely believe it, but with mellow whistle of rich brown wings, a big autumn woodcock rose in a spiral through the tops of some half bare saplings, and the gun rose full upon his line just as he turned for a straightaway flight over the tops. It was only a twinkling, but in that twinkling I pulled the trigger. How many others I had tried to pull on since hitting the quail, and how many times I had pulled trigger when too late, are not important matters at this late date. But the charm of that one twinkling was much enhanced by a long list of fruitless attempts. And I could scarcely believe my ears when I heard a thump on the distant leaves that told of fallen fatness.

Though I prefer the rifle to the shotgun there is no moment with it any better than one's first successes with the shotgun. The mere size of game never counted in my estimate of its value, and I would walk as far to-day to see the old dog point a woodcock and see it fly as ever I did; and be quite content to leave the gun at home.

Having accomplished this feat, the road seemed easy if I could only find some birds out in the open, and as there were plenty of Wilson's snipe down on the meadows along the river, it was not long before I heard that mysterious *scape* that stirs such a tumult in young nerves, and saw that strange scrap of twisting gray that, for its weight, carries more charm than any other. And how long it lasts! On my irrigating ditch I have two or three every spring that fly only a few hundred feet, and alight again when started. Yet I walk them up over and over again, just to hear that sweet

harshness of the *scape* and see again that artful twist that used to lure me on so long. And the gun stands in the corner of the house close by, but I don't want it. I would rather keep the birds alive to look at every time I have to go up the ditch. Anything that can thus affect old blood is too much for young nerves and I soon found I had gained nothing by being out of the brush. It looked as if the mighty secret was as far off as ever. I had no trouble in following the advice to wait until the snipe stops twisting and takes a straight course. But that same straight course was straight only by contrast with the starting line of twists. It was still crooked enough, and when at last I got one on a straight course and the gun came up fairly in line with it and the game was still within reach and in sublime confidence I was about to pull the trigger, the bird swung off just a bit—then what? Did I stay my finger? The reader who has ever tried it can answer. You might as well talk of staying the flight of the shot up the barrel after the explosion of the cap. It is only after considerable practice that one can learn to shift the gun again to the new course before firing, and no one ever wholly overcomes the tendency to fire before shifting it. Many of the misses of the very best shots come from this, and it is well shown by the fact that they can nearly always tell just where they missed.

But this is a long way from being all of the trouble. As I kept on and grew rapidly more able to see both gun and game at the same glance and in their relation to each other and also gained in the ability to pull the trigger at the instant of discovering it in the right line, the satisfaction arising from such improvement was sadly marred by the discovery that I was pulling it even more often when I saw with equal plainness that it was not on the right line. As the gun came to the shoulder it would too often be above or below the bird and more often behind. Bang it went—not from the inability to shift it quickly enough to the right point—for this is another cause of missing—but from some irresistible tendency to fire though you plainly see it will be useless. This is somewhat like the case of shooting at the snipe after he had twisted. But it is really quite different. There you have seen the bird in line and the brain has wired the

finger all right. The nervous machinery for pulling the trigger is thus set in motion, but before it can act the bird moves and nerve telegraphy is not always rapid enough to change the order in time. But in the case of shooting when you plainly see the gun come up to the wrong place there is no such train of thought leading to any order from the brain. It is quite easy to say one has no business pulling the trigger unless the gun is pointed right. Nevertheless one does it, and I do not believe any one ever wholly overcomes it. The very best shot does it often when out of practice, and getting in practice is mainly checking this foolish tendency. Quickening the eye, acquiring more delicacy of touch on the trigger and greater coolness in pulling it are trifling matters beside overcoming this tendency to pull at the wrong point.

As you increase in quickness of taking aim and pulling at the right moment you are more and more annoyed by finding it all too slow for many birds. When the boisterous wing of the grouse shook the dark laurel brake with nothing visible but a dim brown haze four to six feet long, or Bob White whisked upward into the dense russet of the scrub oak, I was generally left standing in amazement. I little imagined I should ever be able to drop on one knee and pull the trigger as the gun touched my shoulder and have it pretty near the right spot. Nor did I imagine that I should ever be able to catch the line of the bird's path through the dense cloud of twigs and leaves and mow a road through it to about the right point. I saw experts do it, but they could not tell how it was done. Some said they didn't take aim because they couldn't, while the best shot on woodcock I ever saw always stoutly asserted that he did take aim and always knew where the shot went. I think he did, for I came very nearly equaling him and I found I could always tell.

The conclusion many a beginner draws is that sighting the bird is too slow for such work. After learning to hit even a slow bird occasionally one discovers that success depends mainly on bringing the gun to the right point when it is first raised—as shifting it afterward is too unreliable, and raising it to the right point at first is largely a matter of fit and balance of the gun. Hence it is easy to conclude that if one has a gun of perfect fit and balance

and will throw it to the shoulder without too much haste or nervousness he will soon learn to throw it to the right point by mere sense of direction as a boy throws a stone or shoots an arrow or as the teamster hits very near the right point with his whip. This is largely true and for some kinds of shooting indispensable. For a peace officer nothing is more absurd than the pistol target practice indulged in by some which will be quite likely to insure a perforation of the pelt two or three times before the owner can find his sight if ever he runs against a desperado who never looks at the sights on his pistol. The same principle would apply to the shotgun if the game were a man at ten paces with another shot gun and you were the game he was hunting.

But the desperado, no matter how many hours a day he may spend in snatching his pistol out of the holster and snapping it at a mark, still makes too many misses, although the vealy scribbler from the east tells you quite the reverse. On an object as large as a man the desperado will make far more hits in five seconds than by the slow method in use at the target. And for that kind of game it is the proper method because the only safe one if the other chap happens to be quick. But it is not exact enough for game even when the gun is filled with shot instead of a single ball. No subject has been more absurdly written about than the skill of the western desperado with the pistol. And he who attempts to imitate the method with the shotgun to reach game where he imagines there is no time to take aim is quite certain to have many days of disappointment ahead. Such shooting is done with the gun and done apparently without taking aim, but it is not done in that way. It is done by intelligent quickness; for, however quick one may become, he can almost always see where the gun is pointed. When he hits, he may not always be conscious of seeing where the gun was pointed. But if he misses, he becomes immediately conscious of it being a little off the centre somewhere. Provided, of course, he is a good shot. If a bungler, he may know nothing about it in either case. Hence the crack shot makes hits so quickly that it seems impossible that any aim could have been taken. The success depends entirely on throwing the gun to the right point at

first, for there is no time to shift it if mistaken. Yet some aim was taken nevertheless in most cases, for a quick glance along the gun showed where it was pointing.

The expert goes even beyond this, for there are times even when the quickest kind of a glance cannot be taken. Remarkable scores are often made in that way and there is considerable cover in which a good bag cannot be made in any other way. From this it seems easy to infer that one might just as well commence in that way. This is snap shooting of the purest kind, and if it will work so well in such bad cover why not where the cover is not bad or where it is open? Why dawdle and poke on the trigger when with one brilliant dash one may reach the same result? Therefore fix your eye or eyes on the bird, raise the gun and pull the trigger as the butt touches your shoulder. Such was a rule given by some when I began shooting, but owing to the impossibility of pulling the trigger at all I had to postpone the practice of it.

At nineteen I had become quick enough for any bird in any cover—I do not mean to imply that they all got hit—and became satisfied that snap shooting of any real value is generally taking aim so quickly that you are scarcely conscious of it except when you miss. At twenty-five I moved to the finest shooting grounds of Minnesota, where for several years I had such an abundance of shooting on woodcock, Wilson's snipe, quail and ruffed grouse as well as all kinds of ducks and geese that the grand shooting on the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse soon became tame. It was so easy to get all we wanted in two hours or so that I could afford to let them go and used them largely to experiment on. I tried snap shooting pure and simple, trying not to see the barrel of the gun at all. The test was not quite a fair one, owing to the size of the birds, their close rising, their slow flight and the utter indifference on my part about hitting one. But I became still more convinced that shooting without any aim is rarely first-class shooting and that nearly all quick work that hits is an extreme development of quick aiming.

For many years in California I lived where quail were so absurdly thick all about the place that I could at any time quickly get all I wanted simply by using

them as playthings. There was no possible anxiety about hitting one or anything that could interfere with coolness, because getting another shot was a matter of only a minute or so. I had in the meantime found with the rifle that it is quite an easy matter to hit a two-inch mark at ten paces three times out of five and a three-inch mark four times out of five without any sights at all, or without looking at them if on the rifle. And that in doing this it mattered little how the rifle was held, whether at the shoulder, or at the hip, or half way, upside down, or almost any way provided you see the end of the barrel. The same was the case with the shot-gun and the center of the charge would generally be near enough to the center of the mark to insure killing the majority of birds at reasonable distances. This, however, was with the mark at rest. When it was moving I quickly found something wrong. For such shooting made no allowance for the motion of the game across the line of fire. Here was the chance of all chances for a test because it was open shooting with the game a long time within reach, if crossing and circling shots only were selected. That was the simplest thing about it; getting shots just as I wanted them was the last thing that troubled me. So I kept the gun down when a bird rose until its speed and distance would require holding two feet or more ahead. Then I carefully picked out the place ahead where the gun should be held and then, without seeing the gun at all, made a snap shot at that place in the same way that would have sufficed to hit the two-inch mark at rest at ten paces. The result was that I could at any time get all the game I wanted. But it was because it was just as easy to find a thousand quail as it now is to find a dozen sparrows. Gauged by the requirements of good shooting, the results were not up to standard. Good runs were made at times, but the average was much below the results of equally quick work in which the gun was seen. Remember that in all this practice I tried not to see the gun at all. My object was to see to what extent shooting by mere sense of direction without any aim could be developed. My experience showed that it is a valuable thing to develop if you have the time and have game so plenty that you don't care whether you hit or not. But for one whose practice is limited it would

surely lead to much disappointment with many a bag lighter than the cartridges it cost.

The reason is plain enough. One familiar with the rifle only naturally thinks that with a "scatter" gun it is sufficient to hold anywhere near the mark. The rifle demands exactness, while approximation serves well enough for the shot-gun. But while true in a way this is not a practical truth. You cannot get a very accurate sight with the shot-gun because you have not time. And you would miss a hundred successive birds with the rifle with the same aim that would suffice to kill them all with the shot-gun at the distance. Nevertheless for the best work at any distance and for good work at long distances it is almost as important with the shot-gun to cover the bird with the center of the load as it is to hold rifle sights dead on the center. To test this I shot a long time with rifle sights on the shot-gun and found a distinct gain on all long shots, while on quick, close shots they were not at all in the way—generally not seen at all. And it is not possible with any amount of practice to do this without looking along the gun barrel long enough to see both gun and game in their relation to one another. No matter how much skill one may acquire without seeing the gun the same amount of practice spent on quick glancing along the barrel will produce better all-round results. There are times when one must make pure snap shots, and practice of that kind does not injure one's shooting as much as it does with the rifle. But it is not the way to learn and is rather an off-shoot from the method of taking aim: the gun coming to the right place so often when raised simply because you have so often raised it before to the right place in the slow shooting.

Many have thought this trouble might be avoided by keeping both eyes open, and "binocular shooting," as it was called once, attracted considerable attention. I tried it long and well and found it made not a particle of difference with either rifle or gun. When you have practiced long enough to shoot well that way you have simply trained one eye to be asleep as much as your ears are to the roar of the surf all night. There is no objection to the method but no advantage in it.

This snap shooting must not be confused with shooting in which you do not

lower your head so as to see along the barrel but still see the end of the gun in its relation to the bird every time. Excellent shooting may be done by keeping the head upright and seeing only the end of the barrels. And it is not necessary even to have the gun at the shoulder except to take up the recoil which, with heavy charges, might cause a miss as well as being uncomfortable. But I did not find any of this work fully up to the old method except in one case. Where it is necessary to shoot high, as on rabbits running straight away or up a steep hill, holding the head erect and seeing only the end of the gun, but keeping the gun at the shoulder seems even better than the old method. We have a small blue cottontail here that keeps only in the brush of the steeper hills and darts uphill with marvelous speed on zigzag line of twists so short that anything like aim is quite impossible. By laying your head down to the gun it is quite easy to tear up the dirt just behind them. But by holding it upright and ignoring all of the gun save the tip I have shot as high as fifteen in succession and ten or a dozen shots hand-running used to be common events. I found the same method to work quite well on overhead incomers, where you want to get far enough ahead without losing sight of the bird behind the gun too far. But I never tried it enough to find whether it was the best way or not. It was quite plain to me that it is not at all necessary to look along the barrel of the gun for any kind of shooting—except probably the very best. This could be tested only in a series of matches in which the shooter shoots both ways with a careful record kept. One man against another would hardly prove much. But the end of the gun must be seen for very good work and, when doing so, one sees most of the barrel with its slant, horizontally as well as vertically. The whole thing is aiming after all and might as well be done in most all cases in the regular way.

And I believe that all good shots learn in this way, though they may begin with the wildest kind of snap shooting. My companion, who always fired both barrels before I could fairly see the bird, gradually slowed down until he became as slow as any one. I did exactly the reverse and became as quick as any one. It has been the same with all with whom I learned and, in

comparing notes with scores of fine shots, I find them all of the same opinion. The man who begins by snap shooting and becomes a good shot simply acquires the habit of glancing along the gun so rapidly that he is scarcely aware of it. But as he goes on he becomes aware of it when he misses and can say quite confidently whether he shot too high or too far behind. But he has learned at the expense of far more ammunition than his slower comrade who began by trying to pull the gun into range so that he could plainly see it. It has also cost him far more in that pleasure one derives from hunting, finding and shooting such noble birds as the American game birds of the brush. The crazy slam-bang followed by the almost inevitable "d——it," may be for an instant a higher degree of excitement, but it is not so prolonged or so intense as the excitement that makes it impossible to pull the trigger at all. And the slow beginner often has the satisfaction of bagging something long before the other. One with little time to spend in the field may soon enjoy it by the slow method. Whereas he might not have the time or be able to afford the ammunition to enjoy it by the other.

How shall we overcome the excitement which so necessarily interferes with speedy results by either method? It is well enough to say restrain your intense anxiety to hit something and treat the game just as if it were worthless, but how can I do it?

It is extremely difficult for one to do it alone and nothing but time will avail. But in many cases the beginner can be helped by a companion who is perfectly cool. Nothing is so well adapted for this as pinnated grouse when young, and lying close before the dog in long prairie grass. Nothing ever so took the conceit out of the tyro who thought he had solved the secret by a few shots at robins or stones tossed in air. Nothing ever exhibited so well the many difficulties the beginner has to overcome. For nothing so easy to hit was ever so easy to miss. It was my fortune to take out a good many tyros, including younger brothers and visitors, and I had all the fun I wanted handling the dogs and seeing the bunglers miss. But I proved to my own satisfaction that a fair shot can be made of most people in half the time it would take if left to themselves.

It matters little what the age, intelligence or muscular strength of the person. No sooner does the dog's tail begin to wave more slowly among the golden moccasin flowers of the prairie than the tender-foot begins to clutch his gun more firmly, rub his eye and adjust his hat. When the bright pink and violet of the mints close over the dog's rigid trail and his nose so high upraised becomes still amid the waving green of the ferns the tyro, told to walk in ahead of the dog and take first shot, begins to quiver. His nose begins to itch and he has to rub his eye again, scratch one ear, and pull on his shirt collar for more breath. Buttoning his vest or coat, and even tucking in one coat-tail into the waistband of his pants, so as to have it out of the way of action, used not to be uncommon. It is quite useless to tell him to be cool, that we will get plenty of birds any how, that no one else is going to shoot until after he is through, etc. He walks in ahead of the dog with trembling hand and gleaming eye and sometimes even raises the gun to his shoulder before the bird rises so as to have it ready in time. But this makes little difference, for he rarely fails to raise it quickly enough at the first roar of wings.

The first bird to rise is often the old one, which we do not want, but it is quite useless to tell the beginner so. The heavy *Bbbbb* with which it bursts from the tangle of grass and wild peas is cut short with a bang from the first barrel about the time the grey and brown fairly clear the green carpet of the rolling hills, followed by another bang before it is possible to see the result of the first barrel. It is very seldom that the novice has any trouble about pulling the trigger as I had on woodcock and other quick game in brush. It is all open shooting and the man at the gun made overconfident by the size of the birds. Where a young bird rises with more laboring flight the case is little different. Often the tyro will then shoot more quickly. On such occasions I generally had three guns afiel, leaving my own at home. Even three were dangerous but I used to place them in a row with the poorest shot to empty his gun first, then the next and then the best last. One day I had four, and six times in succession the slowest kind of young chickens missed with both barrels by each of the first three

shooters and finally pulled down at about sixty yards by the last—a boy of fourteen with an old single-barrel of fit and balance equal to a garden rake with a brick on the end. Day after day it was plain that the practice he was having in holding his fire until his turn came was making him a better shot than those who had the first chance. Half the time he raised the gun on the bird as soon as the first shooter and followed the bird along with it until the others had shot. As young chickens are very tender and slow flyers he had little trouble in finally bagging the bird after the others had missed it. Here was the very case of slow, dawdling shooting so much laughed at. Yet that boy made an unusually good shot for his age.

In every case where I could induce a friend to keep the gun down when the bird first rose, he rapidly improved. One trip I made to the oak openings on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi where broad benches robed in prairie grass and studded with nodding oaks like old apple orchards lay between the river bottom and the uplands. Here the ruffed grouse came up from the bottoms and the sharptail and the common pinnated grouse joined him from the prairie or rolling bluffs, while Bob White was always there. Until the bird rose you knew not on what the dog was pointing—a charming uncertainty that demoralized my friend completely. He had had a few days on the prairie and thought he knew how to be cool. But it was in vain I told him to take first shot or to take his time with both barrels for I would not shoot at all. The fact that it might be the ruffed grouse darting like an arrow for the heavy timber, the sharptail shaking a reef out of his snowy sail for the uplands, or Bob White bursting in tumultuous lines of buzzing life, emptied both barrels of his gun before there was really time to see what it was. As the dog came to a point in a bunch of spikenard whose fragrant black berries were nodding over a tangle of ferns, I laid my hand on his gun and said:

“Now keep quiet until I let go. We will get more birds than we want and down there in the bottom where the cardinal flowers are so bright in the long grass in the openings I will show you woodcock toward evening that will make your hair stand. I want you just to practice a bit

on these so that you can do some shooting on the woodcock, for they are the only birds we want.”

A tremor ran through the gun as a chicken rose with heavy roar and towered away over the green heads of the oaks, but I held his gun down and my own too.

“Only the old one and we don’t want it,” I said.

Bbbbb went one of about half the size but with far slower wing. He struggled to raise the gun, but I held it still.

“Too small and we don’t want it!” said I. Then I took the caps off of the gun and told him to point it at the next one until it was out of sight and to pull the trigger every time he caught sight on the bird. The effect in quieting his nerves was remarkable. He stayed with me some three weeks and improved so that he made runs of three or four birds quite often and had as much pleasure in hunting them as if he had killed at every shot.

After the coming of the breechloader I found the same thing could be done still better by taking the shot out of some of the cartridges and loading the gun so that one could shoot but hit nothing. This took the hurry out of him very fast. The next step was to occasionally put in a cartridge with shot, leaving him to think it was still blank. I have cooled down on quail in this day a novice who hardly knew which end he was standing on as long as there was a possibility of hitting. And my observation has satisfied me that there is no danger of making any one too slow. All the danger is the other way. It seems absurd to say that one can miss a bird as large as a tame chicken, rising only a few feet from the end of the gun and going straight away at not over fifteen miles an hour. Yet that is exactly what the novice can do, and do it fifty times in succession, and do it for many days, too.

In the fifties we knew nothing and never talked about holding ahead of crossing birds; *i. e.*, far enough ahead. We had a dim idea that on a curling woodcock one should aim at the bill and on a crossing grouse at the outstretched head instead of the black bands on the outspread tail. And we followed those ideas as well as we could. Many of our misses came from ignorance on this point and most of our success was from quick shooting with a pretty open gun. Early in the sixties I

spent two seasons on the marvellous duck grounds about Senachwine Lake on the Illinois River and found the fine shooting I had been doing in brush was of little use on the largest and slowest ducks, while even geese often sheered off untouched with the gun held fairly on the outstretched head. I cut a sorry figure beside the duck shots of that day who never shot in brush, though there were nearly a dozen woodcock to the acre all about them with quail in the hazel outside the bottoms enough to drive any one crazy.

Some of the best shots vowed that they held directly on the game but kept the gun moving and that that motion carried the shot. Others said that would not do, but that the gun must be raised ahead at first. I have never seen better duck shots than those I shot with there, and two were the best I ever saw anywhere. Their ideas were exactly opposite. I soon discovered that my friend, who said he was holding dead on the bird, was pulling the gun in from behind and pulling the trigger as the line of sight passed the game. Before the shot actually escaped the barrel, after his eye gave the order to pull, there would be a fraction of a second in which the end of the gun would move an inch or two. And an inch or two at the muzzle might be a foot or two at the bird.

This latter way is still good where you have to whirl suddenly about to shoot at a bird rising on the side and going behind you. Then you can plainly see the effect of the motion in carrying the gun ahead. But it is not by swinging the shot aside as is commonly supposed. It is now generally conceded that holding ahead is the proper way. But how is one to get a competent idea of the distance required without expending a great amount of ammunition? Mere coolness in shooting will not solve this problem, for it is a matter of judgment; and when you miss you do not know where your shot went. You only know where you aimed it; but whether it went behind or too far ahead, you know not.

It is quite foolish for any one to attempt now days to acquire this information as we did—at the expense of much ammunition and the loss of much game—when it can be largely acquired with the twenty-two rifle without any game. Not that this will suffice. One must have actual practice to

apply what is thus learned. But practice on game where you cannot see the missing balls strike will not so soon give you such a full knowledge of the distance game moves while the ball is traveling, as will practice with the rifle where you have nothing else to consider but that distance. Although I had mastered the trouble quite well I found great improvement from practice with the rifle. All you need to do is to stand on a bank and shoot at swallows skimming the water of a pond. Don't worry about the cruelty to the poor swallow. You will find yourself needing all the sympathy. A good substitute is a float towed with a line and rod by a boy, and this may be done on bare ground as well if it will show where the balls hit. On the dry ground of the arid countries practice on rabbits is very fine and great sport. With the shot-gun much can be learned from a large paper-covered wheel with a bull's eye in the center. Paper can be pasted over it as fast as it becomes too much riddled. You will soon find that the gun should be raised ahead of the mark and not on it. Also that this point should be selected with some deliberation before the gun is raised so that it does not have to be shifted afterward. You will find, too, that the distance is much greater than one would suppose and that it is best to err always in favor of the greater distance. You are not apt to lead the bird too much. The danger is the other way. By plenty of practice with the rifle you will go far toward solving pleasantly and economically this perplexing problem in wild fowl shooting, though you will never master it.

In fact, I believe practice with the rifle the true way to learn to shoot best with the shot-gun. The old idea was that shooting a rifle made you too slow with the shot-gun and that the shot-gun spoiled your rifle shooting. There is something in the latter, but not much in the former idea. If one were shooting continuously with either and should suddenly change to the other, he might not at once do as good shooting as if he had tried both: it might take a few days' practice to get used to the new conditions. But rifle shooting can injure shot-gun shooting only by making one too slow; and my experience is that one cannot be so injured except temporarily.

In California quail and other birds were so plenty that I soon tired of the shot-gun

though trying in every way to make the shooting as hard as possible. I finally laid it aside as too easy and took to shooting at them with the twenty-two rifle (please note the use of the word *at*). I kept this up for years and had practically no practice with the shot-gun. But at long intervals I had occasion to pick it up for a little shooting; and on every occasion I found I had lost nothing in quickness but had gained in accuracy on long shots—where it was necessary to cover with the center of the charge. The misses were all due to the common fault of pulling the trigger when you plainly see it is pointed wrong, the way most misses are made from being out of practice. None of them was due to slowness. In fact I had gained in the ability to see the gun more clearly without losing sight of the game. Several friends who have had much of the same experience found the same results. The steadiest shots I have ever seen on game with the shot-gun—steady on all-round work—have also been fine rifle shots. On the other hand I have seen many a mere trap shot make a sorry record in the field, though his scores at the trap lacked little of equaling those of the great champions. It

is not possible for any one to make such scores on game, and if it were, the shot-gun would not be worth handling. There is positively no fun in doing anything that can be done ninety times out of a hundred, except for those who see fun in playing for money.

By beginning with the rifle you eliminate at once most of the trouble from excitement, because you know you can rarely hit a flying bird. If it makes you slow you will find little trouble in becoming quick enough. The man who begins with quick shooting and becomes a good shot after the expenditure of barrels of ammunition does not become so by virtue of making a machine of himself. It is because in making a machine of himself he unconsciously acquires the habit of seeing the gun and game in the same glance which he could not do at first. A quick shot thus becomes accurate with time; and a slow shot will become quick with time and with far less practice. There is no reason why one should not learn in one season to get sufficient enjoyment out of the gun if one will but remember that the pleasure is not in the size of the bag or in the cleanness of the score and never was.





THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

The Result of Public Sentiment

Americans are becoming alive to their material interest in preserving the rapidly diminishing forests, and in protecting disappearing wild bird and animal life. Game protection and forestry preservation, in a word, is becoming, has become in fact, the demand of public sentiment. And that, in America, means accomplishment. The land is filling with missionaries preaching the gospel of moderation to sportsmen, of education to the farmer, of recreation to the average citizen. So it has come to pass that the man who kills game—fish, flesh or fowl—immoderately, *viz.*, beyond a single good trophy or the needs of his camp table, falls under public disapproval, as does the liar or cheat or other transgressor of moral law; that the farmer knows it to be money in his pocket to protect the insectivorous and game birds, and to intelligently fell the trees on his property; that the citizen sees joy and health and profit in the furtherance of these commonwealth interests, and makes laws to guard them and to punish offenders.

Public sentiment has made a game warden of every intelligent man of right feeling; thousands of such men have joined forces, in local clubs, of which the Cuvier in Cincinnati is a shining example of continuous endeavor; in state societies, such as those splendid organizations in New York and Massachusetts; and in bodies of national membership and influence—like the Boone and Crockett Club and the League of American Sportsmen. All for organized game protection and forest preservation. Even the women in the land are responding to earnest supplication and refusing to buy hats trimmed with the feathers of birds either of song or plumage.

Responding to public sentiment, as it always must, the Federal Government has appointed a Game Commission to care for the wild life of Alaska, has enlarged the field of the Forestry Depart-

ment, and added to the powers of the Chief Forester; and will, no doubt shortly, immeasurably increase the value and scope of game protective measures by making each forestry reserve also a Game Refuge. One further step must sooner or later be taken by the Government to satisfy both public sentiment and the practical needs of the hour, and that is the appointment of a National Chief Game Protector, just as there now is a Federal Chief Forester. With such an official to coöperate with club and state and national organizations, America will be well equipped to carry along the work upon which it is only just entering. And there is no one thing more needed now and for all time, than uniformity of game laws throughout these United States of America.

THE other day my mail brought a letter asking, "What are the morals of horse-racing?" Obviously the majority of jockey club legislators view racing, like all modern games of speculation, as not so much a matter of morals as of money making. Moral welfare waits on money making without fraud; but in pursuing the latter, the former is served. And thus the "morals" of horse-racing really make, though slowly and deviously to be sure, for honesty. The devil isn't so bad as painted always. The real blot on the racing game is the betting ring, to which the jockey clubs lend more countenance than seems imperative to track prosperity.

And I do not view the betting question only in the narrow sense of right and wrong—for after all a man may do as he likes with his own money—but as one the stronger should handle, for the protection of the weaker moral natures. It isn't the moderate betting which need disturb us, but the self advertised heavy gambling that demoralizes the game, and exhibits money bags on a high pole like Gessler's hat for the worshipful multitude of spectators.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE OUTDOOR WORLD

By RALPH D. PAINE

(This department seeks information of wholesome and stirring interest among colleges and schools. The sort of campus gossip which entertains only its local dwellers, and will not be timely a month hence, is not wanted. But the kind of things you like to read, about some other college or school than your own, is what *OUTING* would like to receive from you, addressed to this department. The field is large, our space is limited, but what is found here will stand for what is most typical in the outdoor life of the American school-boy and the undergraduate. And there is also the hope that it may awaken pleasant echoes in the memories of the alumni.)

DOWIE AS A FOOTBALL REFORMER.

MUCH idle fun has been poked at the game of football, as expurgated and authorized by Prophet Elijah Dowie, for the use of his godly youth at Zion City. As a matter of fact, and of fairness to a bold and original organizer, who has set himself up as a concentrated Football Rules Committee of one, Head Coach Dowie ought to be taken seriously in this revolutionary step. For many years, the sport-loving public has clamored in vain for an "open game" of football. By this has been meant a game in which the spectator has rights, as well as the coach and the player. The public wants to see the ball, and what is being done with it and why. The football legislators have professed to listen to the plaintive and persistent cries of the long suffering populace, and have, each year, announced "changes in the rules." The credulous public expects to find its "open game," and discovers that always more and more the play develops along lines of concentrated attack by masses of intricately combined men, in which weight and incessant drill are winning factors. Bound hand and foot by tradition, and unable to divorce the view-point of the coach, the Rules Committee has been as timid and conservative as the Board of Directors of an English railway system. Along comes Head Coach Dowie, without a scrap of tradition to bother him, and sweeps aside all rules and conventions. He decrees that there shall be no tackling or holding in the Zion City game. This means that his resourceful young men will develop a game with lots of passing, running and kicking, such as make English Association football so spectacular. Rough play will be so sternly dealt with that the offender will wish he had never seen a football. This is precisely what the college game has needed, lo, these thirty years. The scrimmage will be freed of its brutal and hammering force, and more open play fostered everywhere on the field. In short, Dr. Dowie would be a valuable influence and a wholesome irritant in the councils of the Intercollegiate Rules Committee.

THE ATHLETE'S STRANGE FASHION IN CLOTHING.

Residents of Appleton, Wisconsin, have made complaint against members of the Lawrence University cross-country team,

for running through the streets in too scanty garb, cut high in the legs and low in the neck, with lavish exposure of sun-burned skin. In publishing their sensations of shock and shame, the proper citizens of Appleton are not alone. The habit of frisking through the streets in mere wisps of trunks and jerseys, as practised by the students of such ancient and dignified universities as Yale and Harvard, agitated the people of New Haven and Cambridge until the nuisance was somewhat abated. Objection of this kind may seem as prudish as that spirit of modesty which prefers to drape the legs of a table, yet on the other hand, the esthetic sensibilities of university towns deserve respect. It is not so much the bare arms and legs that make these barbaric displays unpleasant, as the studied disreputability of appearance. Soiled and ragged clothing (the worse the look of it, the better the athlete liked it), passed the limits of decency. It has been said that the English 'varsity athlete dresses to please the eye and the nose. It used to be the set purpose of the American collegian of muscle to offend both. That fad is dying out, and the visits of American teams to England have had some influence toward attractive and seemly garb in training and competition.

THE TRAINING TABLE IN KANSAS.

The early football season at Kansas University was badly jarred by one of those disputes over standards of right conduct in college sport, which show the room for honest missionary work, East and West. Several players objected when the athletic association requested them to pay their board bills at the training table weekly in advance, and a "strike" was in the air, led by the captain of the team. The trouble began when the steward in charge of feeding the athletes, found that several board bills of the previous year were still unpaid. In order to protect himself he asked the athletic association to put into effect a "pay in advance" rule. The amount demanded was the exceedingly modest stipend of two dollars per week per player. One of the strikers declared that "they ought to have their board given them, because they had done so much work for the university." The university was much agitated, and while the policy of the mutineers was largely condemned, some students expressed the opinion that "they would have individually

given the men part of the money with which to pay their board, rather than have such an affair happen at this time." This is all very deplorable, but it must be remembered that when football, and amateur rulings, and eligibility regulations were as young in some of the leading Eastern institutions of learning as they are at Kansas University, the training table system was in as bad shape as these reports would indicate. It is slow learning the spirit of "sport for sport's sake," and if all the football players on the Atlantic seaboard, who this year pay nothing for their board at training table, were mustered together, there would be enough recruits to play other games than solitaire.

A WEIGHTY FOOTBALL PROBLEM.

The professional wrestlers of Japan, mountains of beef, brawn, and fat, who are famous according to their ability to act as human battering rams, seem ridiculous when measured by our athletic standards. But this season's bulletins from the college football fields, East and West, indicate that the trend of coaching tactics is fast catching up with "Jap" ideals. The two hundred pound rush line has been achieved, at the University of Michigan last year. The two hundred pound back-field is the next step and one not far away. The heavy charging formations, tackle-backs, wing-shifts and what not, coupled with the retention of six men in the rush line on the "line-up," puts more and more premium on weight. By a mysterious law of Nature, the supply comes forward to meet the modern demand. No college is too small to be without its handful of gigantic candidates, where a dozen years ago, one or two of them made a sensation in the most populous university. In fact, two hundred pound football players have come to be held as commonplace, fragile and stunted. In sifting a mass of material from college correspondents, such ponderous items as these have turned up in swift succession:

"Cunniff, the 222-pound baby who is trying for the Harvard line, etc.; Dutcher, the 215-pound candidate for center at Princeton made good gains; Shevlin, the 190-pound human dynamo, will play full-back for Yale this year; Deering enlivens the competition for line positions at Wisconsin, with 220 pounds of brawn; 'Babe' Carter has joined the same squad. He is a 250-pounder. With him comes Joe Curtis, the giant tackle. His proportions are immense. Carter has run his weight up to 270 pounds since he played two years ago, but he will train off twenty pounds. Shaver, the 205-pound center of the University of Washington, will join Stag's camp at Chicago. At Princeton, Stannard, the 220-pound recruit from Smith's Institute is receiving special instruction in line work; Harvard has such weighty material as Kidder, Pell and Wilder, all 200-pounders." Rumor says that Rose, the seven feet of

shot-putter, is developing into a punter under the skilled instruction of Mr. Yost. At the present rate of expansion, within five years every football institution of note will hang outside the training field, the sign:

"Nothing less than 220 pounds need apply."

THE NEW SPIRIT AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

West Point and Annapolis will clash in football under the new eligibility rules agreed upon in conference between the Superintendents of the two Academies. The Navy has won her contention, inspired of the playing of Daly at West Point, that graduated "stars" from colleges, should not be allowed on Academy elevens. The public is pleased that the "eligibility squabble" is wiped from the records of these gallant foemen, while the football enthusiast is particularly interested in the unusual specifications of the agreement:

"A cadet or midshipman who has been a regular member of the first team of any one of the forty institutions named below, shall not be a member of the team of such institution and of his academy team for more than four seasons in the aggregate."

Selecting this list of forty "from among the colleges and universities of the United States, which are recognized as holding the leading positions in the sport of football," was a ticklish undertaking. Picking "All-American teams," although a delicate and arduous problem at best, is, after all, a question of individual judgment. Making a list of the "best forty teams" was a responsibility clothed in solemn dignity, for the verdict must bear the official rating and endorsement of the Government at Washington, through the Army and Navy Departments. The Government-stamped list met with the approval of football experts generally, barring some criticism that Exeter and Andover Academies should be included. While these teams are more formidable, as a rule, than those of many colleges on the list, Exeter and Andover are preparatory schools, and as such, it is open to argument whether their boys should not be allowed to enter West Point and Annapolis on the same athletic footing with appointees coming from other schools. By including Haskell and Carlisle Schools, the Government has put itself on record, as acknowledging not only the prowess but the equality of the red man on the football field, if nowhere else.

The moulding of the Annapolis eleven this year is one of the most interesting campaigns in the football world. For three years, the old fighting spirit of the Naval Academy football was at low ebb, and the limit was reached last season, when the rank and file of players showed a lack of spirit almost childish, in their lack of determination to overcome the odds in weight and material against West Point, and failure to realize their responsibility to their colors. There has been a great awakening, and the

midshipmen are facing an uphill fight with tons of grit to make up for lack of pounds. Foolish report has said that there were several 190-pound recruits to the Navy strength. As a fact, only two men are playing who weigh more than 180 pounds and they are indifferent performers. The new coaching system means that Paul Dashiell is in general charge, assisted by one outside coach, Olcott of Yale, and a staff of graduate Navy coaches. This has come about, because for years the officers of the Navy have leaned toward the graduate coaching system. They are unable to carry it out in toto because their duty carries them to distant stations, and the shortage of officers in the service prevents the release of officers nearer home. Lieutenants Tardy, Bookwalter, and McCarthy, now stationed at the Academy, were the first graduates recruited to help build up the new system. With Dr. William Murphy, the old Yale baseball star, and brother of "Mike," in charge of physical training, the new organization and the renewed spirit have made a promising beginning.

THE NEW FIELD AT ANDOVER.

This year the first Andover-Exeter football game will be played on the new Brother's Field at Andover. This recreation ground, finished last year, at a cost of \$50,000, is one of the finest school or college fields in the country. It was used by last season's eleven and nine, but as the great football battle was fought at Exeter, the opening championship match in the new arena has a touch of historic interest. Alumni who were lucky in surviving the ordeal of football on the old Andover field, will rejoice that the coming schoolboy need not add to the normal peril of the pastime, the chance of breaking his head on the granite ledges of the "hill," which wrecked many a sturdy anatomy. It was a school for heroes, and many "stars" of Yale elevens, who had taken the training course at Andover, gave credit to its stern schooling for surplus of endurance which could not have been hammered into them anywhere else. George Carter, now Governor of the Hawaiian Territory, was an Andover football man, as well as catcher on his class nine, and president of the Hare and Hounds Club. He is one of the unreconstructed ancients, and recently confided to an acquaintance:

"I suppose it is a fine thing for Andover to have a new fifty thousand dollar field, but the boys must be getting soft, if they can't stand being slammed around on the rocks of the old hill. When an Andover boy went down to college in my time, and tried for the team, his nerve would not have been shaken if he had been ordered by the coaches to tackle a steam road-roller for practice."

The college coach has not always exerted

the best influence over schoolboy athletes, and too often, his view-point has been that of "anything to win." For this reason, and because of the wholesome tone of the conditions glimpsed, it is a pleasure to quote what Principal Stearns of Andover has to say:

"Pa' Corbin, as usual, has charge of our football interests, and I don't know of any man who can beat him for knowledge of the game, ability to inspire the right kind of spirit in his pupils, and above all, to *keep things clean and square*. The largest number of men on record is trying for the Andover team. So far as the relations with Exeter are concerned, they will remain the same. The past summer has brought new evidence of the desire of the Exeter authorities to meet us half-way in every difficult problem, and it is a tremendous relief to feel that conditions are so satisfactory."

OVER-DOSES OF ATHLETIC NOTORIETY.

Now and then the sky-rocketty notoriety which throws an unwholesome glare across the path of the "famous college athlete" produces an object lesson to act as a warning for other unstable youths who need it. The case of the former Yale guard, who was convicted of keeping a gambling house, was singularly pitiful, in the wholly distorted view-point, both of the young man and the girl he married. A college romance, inspired of "hero worship," railroaded the foolish pair into matrimony, before the youth knew that life was not all football and cheers. She stole from her employer to help him through college, and he committed crime to try to cover up her crime. A muddled, hopeless attitude toward life all round, but it came because the notoriety and glamor of those college triumphs turned two weak heads. Another case in point, by no means comparable, but, in a minor way, illustrating the evil of taking athletic prowess too seriously, is afforded by Ralph Rose, the boyish giant who has broken the world's records at shot-putting, in the colors of the University of Michigan. He is only a big, strapping baby, immature in mind and body. Notoriety turned his head, and he began to talk about himself and his ability to "put on the gloves" against Jeffries, and of other wonders that were in him to perform. When laughed at across the country for such silly boastings, Rose hung his head, and "felt so hurt," that, according to veracious reports, "he could eat no supper at the training table."

It may be that he has learned his lesson, and at small cost, if it now appears to him that the collegian has a better world to conquer than the prize ring, and that once out in the big field of life, his ability to break ordinary men over his big knees is an inconsiderable weapon in the battle of trained intelligences that win the things worth while winning.

HOW TO PLANT QUAIL

By DAN BEARD

THE many good shots who had rather shoot quail over well-trained dogs than engage in any other sort of hunting, and the universal appreciation of the delicate and savory flavor of the bob-white's flesh, has given these birds a popularity which threatens them with extermination. A price is placed upon their heads which encourages an army of trappers, poachers and market hunters to defy the game laws and the laws of common sense in their greedy rush to supply the city market-men and the cold storage houses with the coveted food. The ranks of the bob-white have been so rapidly thinned that a person is now

birds which are known to the writer in the State of Pennsylvania.

The plan proposed is that individual land owners establish private breeding fields where the bob-whites may be protected from trespassers and poachers the whole year round.

The great body of the American people, though properly jealous of their rights, are not unreasonable, and when they understand the unselfish purpose of these preserves they will not only respect the rights of the birds, but be quick to punish the selfish and lawless persons who may seek to violate the sacredness of the bird's sanctuary.

Strange as it may appear, the sportsmen—men whom thoughtless sentimentalists accuse of a bloodthirsty desire to kill all living creatures—are the very ones who are doing the most systematic and effectual work for the protection of our brothers in fur and feathers.

It is hoped that these same big-hearted men will be persuaded to plant birds upon their own estates and induce others to follow their example. To those not devoid of sentiment there is an esthetic value in the very presence of the bob-whites which is worth more than the little cost of seed birds and their protection. Because there are thousands of people of esthetic taste, there is a real money value attached to the sound of the cheery "Bob-White, Bob-bob-white" from the fence post, and the sight of the plump little birds dusting themselves in the road or promenading over the close-cut lawns—a money value which even the financial mind of the real estate man is quick to perceive.

If the reader is devoid of sentiment and is a hard, practical utilitarian, it may interest him to know that bob-white is a useful adjunct to a farm, and that the Agricultural Department at Washington, in its year book of 1903, says that not only does the bob-white do no injury to fruit or any other crop, but that they destroy great quantities of the seeds of troublesome weeds and also the worst insect pests with which the farmer has to contend.

After examining a wholesale lot of crops

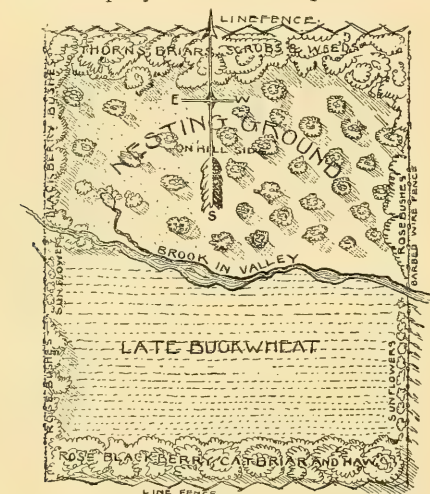


Fig. 1.

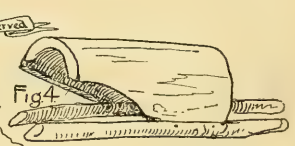
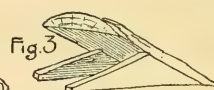
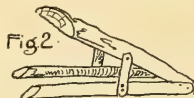
seized with wonder upon seeing a bob-white or hearing its cheery call in the fields, which, but a few years ago, were thickly populated with these beautiful and useful American game birds.

It is high time that country clubs, owners of large estates and farmers reserved some small portion of their lands for

SANCTUARY,

in which the bob-whites may breed and flourish undisturbed.

Do not misunderstand this suggestion—it is not intended to put a stop to quail shooting; on the contrary, the over-plus from the preserves will tend to constantly restock the adjacent lands with birds for the gunners to slay. The few game reserves already established have proved this. There are English pheasants in the woods where I am now writing which come from preserves twelve miles away, and the overflow from one wild turkey preserve supplies about all of these grand game



FIGS 2, 3 AND 4, ARTIFICIAL NEST PROTECTORS. FIG. 5, A NATURAL PROTECTION.

and droppings, and after careful experiments with captive birds, Sylvester D. Judd, Ph.D., says the bob-white is probably the most useful wild bird on the farm.

But, after all, this world divorced from sentiment would be a dreary place in which to sojourn, and the associations connected with *Colinus Virginianus* are very dear to hearts that may have never heard its scientific Latin name. There are few of us, I imagine, who do not feel a thrill at the bursting of the "animated bomb shell," which the bob-whites make as the covey

and be appreciated by the birds. Let the thickets be next to the fences and they will also form a more effectual barrier for two-legged marauders than posted signs. I know of one covey of birds in Greater New York surrounded by thickly populated districts where the birds have managed to defy all enemies for the last twenty years, and this they have done by living in a swamp overgrown with a thicket of poison sumac, briars, grapevines, alders, rank weeds, skunk cabbage and cat tails, which, with the treacherous bog under foot, has until now formed a safe refuge for the hardy little flock of bob-whites.

Give your birds

A WELL-DRAINED FIELD

interspersed with bushes to protect their nests and plant late a small patch of buckwheat especially for their delectation; see that there is also

A SUPPLY OF GOOD WATER.

After the field is prepared something on the order of the accompanying map, furnish some artificial



Fig. 6. A CROSS SECTION OF GENTLE INCLINE SHOWING NEST NATURALLY PLACED. BRUSH OMITTED TO SIMPLIFY DIAGRAM.

bursts with a startling whirr when disturbed, or who do not appreciate the wholesome charm of the clear, honest love-call of the cock to his dapper little mate, or feel the mystic influence of the plaintive assembly call of the covey when it is heard in the gloaming.

Fig. 1 is a map of an imaginary

BREEDING FIELD FOR BOB-WHITES,

but it is not expected that any one will make an exact duplicate of this field; the drawing is only made that the reader may better understand what is meant when it is said that an appropriate field should be selected or prepared for the exclusive use of the birds. It is essential that the birds should have a good cover handy for a retreat on the advent of predaceous hawks; for this purpose thickets of thorny vines, blackberry bushes, haws, alders, rose bushes, cat briars and laurels—in fact, a tangled mass of thorny underbrush of any kind will answer the purpose



Fig. 10. THE ANIMATED BOMB SHELL

NEST BOXES

of slabs or sections of hollow logs after the manner of Figs. 2, 3 and 4.

Fig. 5 shows a natural nest shelter chosen by a pair of bob-whites whose nest I discovered in a pasture lot in Ohio. The stump shown in the diagram was concealed by a rank growth of grass or reeds which also arched over and concealed the thirteen pretty white eggs.

Use weather-beaten slabs with bark on them and lichen-covered wood for the nest boxes, and, if you cannot obtain that, from old fence boards or some similar source, stain or paint the wood a dull, unobtrusive gray color. Fig. 4 is made from a section of a hollow log, to which two sticks have been fastened to give it a firm surface to rest upon. Place these nests in clumps of bushes, under leaning stumps or similarly appropriate places, and see that they are situated on a gentle incline, as in Fig. 6, where the slope of the ground will drain



Fig. 7. A YOUNG BLACK-SWEET BIRCH (*Betula lenta*) PULLED UP BY HAND, SOIL ADJUSTING TO ROOTS

the water from the neighborhood of the nests. Fill the boxes with hay, straw or dry leaves as shown in the diagram.

If the bushes for hiding the nests are not growing on the ground selected, it is a simple matter to plant them there, and make them grow just where you wish—especially is this true if you plant the bush in the spring while the ground is still soft from the melting frosts.

Two weeks ago, in the dry month of August, I forcibly tore up by the roots a young black or sweet birch, six and one-half feet high, of which Fig. 7 is a sketch made at the time, and kicking a hole in the dry earth of a path, with the heel of my boot, I planted the birch in the hole and secured it in place with a large stone laid over its dirt-covered roots. This rudely transplanted tree, as yet, shows no signs of wilting leaves or drooping branches; so it should be a simple matter to transplant brush in the wet soil of early spring whenever you wished to locate a nest-box. When the nests are all arranged and concealed by rose bushes, briars or any sort of thick-growing plants it is time

TO PLANT THE QUAIL.

This simple secret I learned when a very small child, from a Kentucky colonel with an Irish name and the soul of an old-fashioned country gentleman.

The colonel always had an abundant supply of quail upon his plantation, and he said that he planted them the same as corn, and so he did.

On a bright spring morning about the mating season for quail he would start out with his two "boys"—boy being the name for any negro too young to be dignified by the title of uncle—one boy carrying a covered basket full of captive birds and the other a pail of water (Fig. 9). When the planter reached a likely spot, where food had already been placed under his direction, a cock bob-white was produced from the basket and soused into the pail of water until it was too wet to fly. When liberated, as a matter of course, the bird ran for the nearest cover, which was the very place prepared for its reception. The hen was

treated in the same manner with the same result, and thus the birds were left to preen themselves, dry out, discover the food at their feet, make each other's acquaintance and ultimately go to housekeeping right there on the spot where everything seemed so handy for them. What could be more natural? What more simple? This old sportsman knew the habits of his favorite game bird and wisely took advantage of them, and in place of trying to force the birds to conform to theoretical rules of conduct he invented a way by which he could make use of the birds' peculiar habits for his own advantage and entertainment.

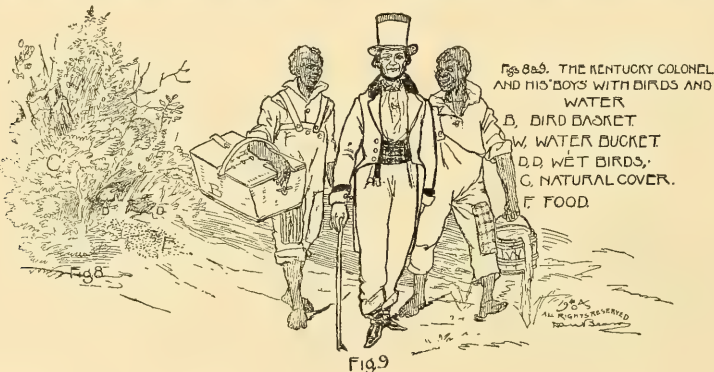
It is probably not necessary to souse the birds in the pail of water until they are half drowned, as the colonel's "boys" delighted in doing, for it is only requisite to so thoroughly wet their wings that they are unable to fly.

Choose a bright, sunshiny day when the birds can dry out with no danger of being chilled to death, and you may, like the colonel, plant quail as you would plant corn, and have reason to expect, proportionately, as bountiful a crop for the seed birds planted as you might get from the same amount of seed corn.

SEED BIRDS

are easily obtained from dealers in wild animals whose advertisements are found in many of our periodicals, but it will be better to write to the secretary of some of our numerous gunning clubs and game preserves who know from personal dealings the most responsible men in the business. In looking over a number of records of quail planting I find that American bobwhites have been successfully planted practically all over the United States, as far north as Buffalo and south of Maine to Texas, and that they have even been sent to New Zealand, where, according to recent reports, they are thriving and multiplying.

Mr. W. J. Coon, Superintendent of Blooming Grove Park Association, Pike County, Pennsylvania, says that "quail are not indigenous to this section," but across the river a few miles from the club



grounds I know of a covey of wild bob-whites which has frequented a buckwheat field for the last eighteen summers; so it seems that the Blooming Grove people need not despair of breeding them on their own grounds.

DOMESTICATION OF BOB WHITE.

There once was a widespread legend to the effect that the bob-white could not be domesticated, but this, like all similar folklore stories, must be translated to read—we do not know how to domesticate this creature. If you will but allow them the privilege the bob-whites will domesticate themselves; they are always ready and anxious to be admitted as members of the society of domestic fowls.

If any of the readers doubt this assertion let them give a covey perfect protection from persecution by their two-legged enemies and their protector will soon find the bob-whites mingling with the barnyard fowls at feeding time and even laying in domestic hens' nests.

A number of years ago, at Big Bone Springs, Kentucky, a friend of the writer had a large covey of bob-whites so tame that they followed him around the stable yard, and all that he did to domesticate

these birds was to publicly threaten to shoot any person whom he caught or suspected of disturbing any one of these birds.

The implicit belief of my friend's neighbors in his regard for any promise made at once removed from this particular flock of bob-whites all danger of persecution. I once visited a Georgia town where the local "sport" kept bloodhounds to hunt "niggers," game cocks and a cock pit for gentlemen(?), deerhounds and foxhounds for cross-country hunts, and firewater for the thirsty. This man invited me to his place to see him feed his chickens. At his call of "cluck, cluck," there appeared two sand-hill cranes, one purple gallinule, a number of wood ducks, bantams, game chickens, a lot of birds which I was unable to identify in the scrambling mass of fowl, and a big covey of bob-whites. As far as I could see, the birds were unconfined by any barrier other than a board fence, and as many flew to his call their wings could not have been cut.

While such sights are uncommon, and only to be seen in out-of-the-way corners of the country, there is scarcely a section of our land where some favorite covey of bob-whites have not been known to be partially or wholly domesticated.

THE GAME FIELD

By EDWYN SANDYS

ALL summer long it was my glorious privilege to loaf—as Riley puts it, "Jest loaferin' around as I darn please." Needless to say, it was bully, all the more so because it was my first square chance in years to show what really artistic work in that line I am capable of. The farmers and other busy folk of the neighborhood vastly appreciated my efforts. They declared my illustration of loafing to be the most complete and satisfying performance ever seen, and they begged as a special favor that I would keep away from their sons, lest the thing should prove "ketchin'." But there are various forms of loafing, and perhaps mine might not appeal to the genuine trampish labor shirker. Day after day the good canoe slipped away up-river for five, six or more miles, and night after night she floated homeward under the full moon and at any old time before midnight. From ten to fifteen miles of paddling was the average stint, while the spare time was devoted to prowls afoot through certain covers which of old were strongholds of woodcock, Bob Whites, wood-duck, grouse and cotton-tails. This form of observation will give one a very fair idea of the amount of game in the country traversed, and I re-

gret to say that what I saw was not altogether satisfactory. What I heard from various farmers was worse, but lessons learned long ago teach one not to believe all one hears, especially about game. Very often the man who knows least about game is the owner of the land the birds are on.

In the matter of woodcock, townsmen and countrymen agreed that there was not a bird for miles around. This was not astonishing, because every well-informed sportsman knows that the long-billed beauty really is becoming very scarce. But I didn't fancy the sweeping statement that there were no birds at all, so decided upon a lone-hand raid through certain covers which a few years ago were good for a dozen birds. It was a rather curious experience to cover acre after acre of ground in the best of condition yet find not a bird, nor a boring or other sign of even an occasional visit by the big-eyed King of the Copse. Creek and low woodland alike proved blanks, and it began to look as though there wasn't a cock in the county. At last I recalled a spot where little springs used to keep the ground moist beneath a dense growth of willows, and thither I fared in weakening faith. Philohela was not at home, but he had con-

siderately left a few tokens for whoever might call during his absence. One glance at the ground was enough—it was riddled with borings, and the tell-tale white droppings completed the evidence. A careful beating of a nearby covert failed to locate the bird, yet "sign" was better than nothing, and I felt relieved to learn that there was at least one cock in the county. I wanted to see him the worst kind of way, but as there was no use searching further I pushed on up river. Returning hours later in the glorious moonlight, I drifted past that cover, hesitating as to whether it was worth while to land on the chance of the bird's having returned to his feeding ground. Luck saved me the trouble, for lo! at that moment a dark shape winnowed through the moonlight which clearly revealed the chunky form and bull-head of Philohela, and soon sounded the quick flip-flap-flap of his wings as he went down through the willows. It was rather odd that we should meet that way, but the fact remains, and beyond dispute there's at least one cock left in that county.

The chief object of the up-river work, however, was to, if possible, locate wood-duck, for which fowl the lazy, eighty-yard broad stream is an ideal haunt. At many points the low banks are heavily timbered with nut-trees and great willows, the whole draped for hundreds of yards at a stretch with masses of wild grapevines. No better ground for wood-duck could be found, and until quite recently many a hollow stub held the ivory-like eggs of the loveliest of our tree-ducks. It is different to-day—so different in fact that I question if one brood of wood-ducks was hatched in half a dozen miles of the best of the growth. "No more ducks—don't see 'em no more," was the oft-repeated statement of dwellers in the wood-duck belt. I saw but one, a drake, and he was flying high and heading for the distant marshes—sure sign he would not return. Only a few seasons ago I saw at least fifty ducks, and shot half a dozen on this very water. The fowl have been destroyed, not driven away, for miles of the river banks are more heavily timbered than they were when I first saw them many years ago, when broods of wood-ducks might be found almost anywhere along the wooded banks.

Oddly enough, the rabbits, too, appear to have greatly decreased in numbers. Years ago, when first they became plentiful, we were solemnly warned that they would become a pest, would destroy the orchards and, for all I know to the contrary, devour the live stock of the long-suffering farmer. Certain it is that for some years the rabbits did multiply at an amazing rate; so much so indeed, that they became a nuisance to those who wanted to work fine dogs in feathered game. The past season I did not see one rabbit, and the farmers agreed that for some reason or other cotton-tails had become quite scarce. The explanation is not easily found. It cannot be the extensive tree-cutting, for that means more stump-

lands, brush-piles and extended rather than contractetd ranges for the furry fellows. It is unlikely, too, that snaring has been practised to a sufficient extent to seriously affect the breeding stock, because there is no great demand for rabbits, and the most skilful of trappers could not make ordinary wages with any form of snare. It may be; as I have known it to occur in the case of the Northern hare, that some disease has cut down the cotton-tails, but of that no evidence was secured. Granted an abundance of feathered game, and few sportsmen would care a hang what happened to the cotton-tails. But with birds scarce, Brer Bun becomes rather an important personage, for there is no denying the fact that it is possible to have a heap of fun with him when a couple of smart beagles are jarring the painted woodlands with volleys of choice dog-Latin.

Of the ruffed grouse little need be said. Beautiful, lone, retiring, the wreckage of big woodlands means his doom. Like the grand wild turkey, he cannot for long stand the clatter of axes and the crashing roar of falling timber. It is quite true that he is fond of the thickets, but to suit him they must be as the fringe of big woodlands, at most not more than one fair flight from tall timber. The combined work of axe, snare and gun is rapidly proving too much for this fine representative of a noble family, and the time is not far distant when a fair day's sport with ruffed grouse will be an experience to be long remembered. Of all our upland game this bird appears to be least able to adapt itself to changed conditions. Properly a forest dweller, all its defensive tactics depend upon the support of big trees. In low scrub, or leafless saplings, the bird, though swift, is as open to attack as a prairie chicken, and while its wings may boom with power, they cannot beat that sudden gust of lead—at least not when the storm-cloud is steered by an expert hand.

That bent-winged wizard of the wetlands, the snipe, should longer survive, but even he must retire before the march of improvement. What timber cutting means to the grouse, improved drainage means to the snipe, and year by year the suitable grounds are steadily shrinking. A strong point in favor of the snipe is the impossibility of trapping him, for I know of no practical method of getting snipe except by shooting them. There are lots of snipe yet alive, too. Even those much-shot-over grounds which were noted in the days of "Frank Forrester" can yet be depended upon when in proper condition. At times they have been dusty, dry and, of course, snipeless, but let the lake level rise and flooded marshes will have plenty of birds. The past season was by no means a poor one on the grounds contiguous to Lake St. Clair. A good shot, aided by a reliable dog, might have bagged his ten or fifteen brace per day, and that for days at a stretch. Such bags would have meant a lot of honest

tramping and its attendant hard work, but the birds were there, and will be there again, so long as the ground remains as it now is. During a recent raid in the far north I saw plenty of snipe—in fact every bit of good snipe country had its quota of birds. A two-mile narrow strip near camp would yield a nice bag day after day, fresh birds from farther north dropping in at night.

Upon my old grounds, among the very best for Bob Whites, those birds are slowly regaining ground lost by a recent winter killing. Not so long ago the prospect appeared dark indeed, but I learned by personal investigation that things are not so bad as they might be. If the coming winter prove, as the average would indicate, a mild one, and be followed, as it ought, by a favorable breeding season, the chances are there will be plenty of birds on the northern grounds next fall. The Bob White is so prolific that very few pairs are sufficient to amply stock an extensive area. In the country in question they not unfrequently breed twice in a year, which at a low estimate should mean twenty young to a single pair. Preserve this lot for a single season, and the next autumn should see birds a-plenty.

Now, it must not be imagined that I am confining myself to a very limited section of the great northern grounds, for what has been said of a part will apply almost as well to the whole. To me the situation appears to be this: We have practically lost the woodcock, and can do absolutely nothing to remedy the evil. We are fast losing the ruffed grouse and wood-duck, and again our hands are tied so far as restocking or breeding is concerned; and this also holds good of the snipe. This leaves the one bird, fortunately the best of the lot for all-round sport, the Bob White, upon which we can depend. There are three methods by which the number of Bob Whites can be increased; *i. e.*, by importing mature birds and turning them loose upon suitable ground at the proper season; by closely protecting the existing stock for a term of years until the natural increase has restocked the grounds; and by breeding in confinement and distributing the young where most needed. Of course the shortest cut out of the difficulty is the importing of birds all ready to breed. This mainly is a matter of money, which should be subscribed by the parties who will reap the chief benefits. These are the sportsmen, the sporting goods dealers, the hotel keepers and livery men of the section of country in question. Good shooting means solid cash to three of these classes and solid fun to the fourth, and there is no sound reason why all should not cheerfully contribute to a scheme which promises rich returns.

The extended close season has been tried again and again and has as often failed for

this reason. Every third or fourth year, roughly speaking, the northern grounds have a severe winter, or one of those fatal periods of "crust," either of which is almost certain to prove deadly to the great majority of the birds. At such times the most enthusiastic of game protectors can do but little owing to the fact that the birds are apt to be killed before he has time to act. Forty-eight hours, sometimes half that period of extreme cold, will do the business, and though the sportsman hustles out as soon as possible, he finds there is no use putting out food for dead birds. The reason so many sportsmen object to the extended close season is because they know that the last winter of that period is apt to destroy three-fourths of the carefully protected birds, and thus leave the sportsmen as badly off as they were when the protective period began. In other words, it is a case of self-denial for nothing, a thing in which sporting human nature does not believe.

The profitable propagation of Bob Whites in confinement does not appear impossible. Wire netting, like charity, can be made to cover a multitude of things, and I believe the birds would do well in suitable runs if in charge of capable persons. I think it would be well worth while to thoroughly test this matter upon a small scale. If successful, there seems to be no reason why each tract of good ground should not have its own little Bob White factory to meet any demand for local breeding-stock. When fish-hatcheries were first talked of there were those who scoffed. They are eating choice fish now, and are mighty glad to get 'em. The same might prove true of the birds.

One bird which I found unusually plentiful was the beautiful mourning dove. This species certainly is more than holding its own. About the old homestead there are ten times as many doves as there were twenty years ago—indeed, there was almost too much whistling of wings and plaintive calling for a lazy beggar who wanted to take a nap during the dove's business hours. Toward dusk one could stand at the corner of a large park planted with firs and pines and see perhaps one hundred doves straggling in to roost, and this within the limits of a small city. They were here, there and everywhere upon the stubbles and sandy flats along the river, their most numerous neighbor being the pretty killdeer plover. Judging from appearances, a bag of twenty-five or so might easily have been made, but nobody appeared to meddle with the musical-winged beauties. They afford very pretty shooting, too, being undeniably fast on the wing, but somehow I never had any desire to tackle them. There is a something in that sadly sweet "Coo-ah-coo-coo-coo!" which is a better protection than is the longest clause upon Government paper.

NATURAL HISTORY

By JOHN BURROUGHS

What We Know of Bird Life.

A WRITER of many books upon our birds makes this remark in her last volume: "What we know about bird-life bears no comparison to what we do not know, as any thorough student of living birds will testify." It might be asked, who knows how much we do not know about bird-life, and how could anyone testify concerning it? But we do know that the life histories of most of our birds have been carefully studied and written down, and if I were to venture a remark in a strain similar to the above, I should say that my belief is, that what we do not know about our common birds probably bears no proportion to what we do know. For instance, what, that is new and important, yet remains for us to learn about the robin, or the crow, or the jay, or the swallows, or any other of our familiar birds? Or about our common animals, as the fox, the mink, the 'coon, the woodchuck, the squirrels, or any other? Of course, there is no end to the observations that may be made, and in the course of time, will be made, upon the lives of all of these creatures, but is it probable that any new traits, new capacities, or any essentially new and original features will be disclosed? Will the blue-bird ever be other than the blue-bird that we know and love so well, or the robin other than the robin? If we chance to discover individual variations in their songs, or in their habits, or an individual of one species singing the song of another, does this fact add to our knowledge of them in any strict sense? We know already that these variations occur. A friend wrote me recently that she had heard a robin whose song was in part that of its own species and in part that of the wood thrush. While I write I hear the song of a "Chippy" that sounds like a small, tin whistle—differing from all other chippy songs I ever heard. Do these things add to my knowledge of the robin or the social sparrow? By no means. The imitative powers of birds is already well known. But the record of the mere facts of their lives may be swelled endlessly, and no new principle disclosed. No library could hold the books that might be written about the doings of our wild neighbors, and yet our essential knowledge of them remains the same.

But the purport of the remark I have quoted or the idea back of it is quite in keeping with the trend of "Our Modern School of Nature Study," which teaches that there is absolutely no limit to the variety and adaptiveness of Nature even in a single species. I suppose this is the idea Mrs. Miller had in mind—that whole new life histories remain yet to be written about our birds, that the variations in the habits and traits of a single species, when we come

to study it closely enough, will be found to be without limit, that the wild creatures are as versatile as are men and show the same variety of individuality and as wide departures from a fixed type. But any careful observer of our birds knows that one flicker, or one chickadee, or one bob-white, or one chippy differs from another of that species about as much as one pea differs from another, or one oak leaf differs from another on the same tree. There are "freaks" in the animal as in the vegetable world, and a constant tendency to variations; but what we mean by individuality applies in only a very limited sense.

A YOUNG COW-BIRD.

Last May I discovered the egg of a cow-bird in the nest of a song-sparrow near my study. The nest was built in a pile of old pea-brush and was a foot or more above the ground. I had seen the female cow-bird searching the ground and bushes about that locality the week before I found her egg. When I discovered it the nest contained three eggs—two of the sparrow and one of the cow-bird. The sparrow continued to add an egg daily till there were six eggs in the nest. Incubation then began, and in due time—ten or twelve days—the eggs were all hatched. The cow-bird's egg hatched one day in advance of the other eggs, and my son and I watched the nest closely to see just what turn its affairs would take. We expected that the parasite would crowd the other birds out of the nest, or else that it would, by reason of its one-day's start of the others, obtain all the food, and so leave them to perish, and thus soon be the sole occupant of the nest. In case either of these events happened, or were likely to happen, we planned to take the interloper out of the nest for several hours each day, so as to check its growth and give the other nestlings an even chance with it. But neither of the events happened. The young all seemed to thrive equally well. The cow-bird was the larger, but apparently it got no more than its share of the food, and it showed no disposition to eject its mates from the nest. The only thing in its behavior that attracted my attention occurred when the young were several days old. When we approached the nest, and the young birds became aware of our presence, instantly five heads would go up and five yellow mouths be opened, but the cow-bird would make no sign; it laid low. Time after time, for several days, we experimented with them in this way; the instant the brush was slightly jarred five unsteady heads were lifted with wide-open mouths, but the sixth one was kept depressed. What did it mean? Was the cow-bird wiser than the others, and did it know our contact with the brush from that of the mother-bird?

Was it suspicion? Was it a keener instinct of self-preservation? In short, what made this blind, stupid creature behave differently from the other nestlings? It certainly lifted its head at the proper time, for clearly it got its share of the food the mother brought; but lift its head on a false alarm, so to speak, it would not. One could hardly resist the fancy that it was the instinct of the thief and the intruder laying low when anything like danger threatened. Those five frank, eager, unsuspecting mouths and this closed, motionless, depressed one—what a contrast! Did it not suggest guilt and ways that are crooked on the part of the one? Did the creature know itself to be a fraud and a pretender?

Is it conceivable that the deception practised by the mother cow-bird through countless generations may have developed an instinct of deception or concealment in her young that would show itself in this way? Of course it is deception only from our human point of view. The bird is not conscious of it as a person would be under like conditions. The bird is only obeying an inherited instinct.

Many species of parasitical birds are found the world over, and it would be very interesting to know if, under like conditions, the young behave as I have described above.

The sparrows and the cow-bird all left the nest in due time, but their subsequent history is unknown to me. I heard their calls for two or three days, when all trace of them was lost. The previous summer two song-sparrows were often seen about the place, each in attendance upon a fully fledged cow-bird, and without other young. Whether or not the result was the same in this case I do not know.

THE PORCUPINE AND HIS QUILLS.

On top of Wittemberg I saw a large porcupine, standing mute and almost motionless in the edge of the balsam. The porcupine rubbed his black face, slowly and apparently in deepest thought, never looking at me as I approached, and then made off into the balsam shade. In the valley below I had seen where the porcupines had chewed up the two-inch maple planks of the floors

of some deserted houses, making a most "spooky" place.

On returning to camp one of the young ladies, a Vassar girl, too, asked if I had not been afraid the porcupine would throw his quills at me? How could such a notion ever have originated? One often hears it. The country people must start such notions—enough of them have grown up to fill a booklet. From the hoop-snake story to the theory that water draws shot, the land is filled with them. The quills of the supremely stupid porcupine are purely defensive—he cannot throw them. They are barbed, so that once into the flesh of any man or animal they work in and in by the action of the muscles. They could not penetrate a dead man. For so many generations the quills of the porcupine have served as his only means of defense and escape from his enemies that he has become wise in their use. I have seen a porcupine crawl under a rock and then up and into a crack in such a manner that his tail hung down, guarding his rear. Put a hat or stick within an inch of his tail, and like a flash the tail struck out, driving its quills into the object. Not all of its quills, but part of them, so that it always had a fresh supply for every attack. This habit of striking his quills into an enemy no doubt led to the story that he could throw them. The porcupine knows, too, that his under side has no quills and is defenseless—turn him on his back and he gives up the fight.

The farm dog has not had, for many generations, experience with porcupines—each dog has to learn the danger of their quills for himself. At my brother's farm they had an unusually intelligent collie named Tige, who would persist in trying to "chew up" every porcupine in sight. Hence he often got his tongue, mouth and lips full of quills. Then the farm hands would put him on his back and with pincers draw out the barbed quills. The poor dog held perfectly still, giving a "yelp" every time a quill was drawn, then opening his mouth for the pulling out of the next.

Without man's assistance in pulling out the quills, any animal that tries to bite or eat a porcupine must certainly perish miserably.



GOLF

By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THE Olympic championship meeting was chiefly remarkable for its lack of representative entries, and if it had not been for the participation of the amateur champion the affair would have fallen altogether flat. There were no players from abroad unless Mr. Lyon, the winner, is held to come under that category, and Eastern golf was particularly conspicuous by its absence.

There was a suggestion of over advertising about the business which probably served to keep the players away; golfers, as a class, object to being exhibited. The attitude of the Scotch and English players, however, may call for a word of comment.

According to the British golfing press there is only one possible world's championship, and that is the amateur event held each year under the auspices of the British golfing oligarchy. The argument is that there is no such thing as the amateur championship of Great Britain; it is *the* amateur championship open to all the world and carrying with it the undisputed supremacy. "There cannot be *two* world championships," say these liberal minded gentlemen. "The idea is absurd."

Now it is quite true that the amateur championship of Great Britain enjoys priority of establishment, and so long as golf was virtually confined to the limits of the British Isles the title of its champion was unassailable. But nowadays— Well, there are other ideas that are absurd.

It is not that we want more championships, and perhaps least of all a world's championship. But that Great Britain should claim the venue in *perpetuum* of an athletic rivalry whose practice is world-wide seems both arrogant and ridiculous. It is quite possible that, in the estimation of golfers, the winning of the British event may continue to remain the blue ribbon of golfdom, but *the* amateur championship no longer exists. Curiously enough, of all athletic contests golf is the one to which the subtle influence of "home grounds" attaches most strongly. Surely British sportsmen cannot think of maintaining a position which would ensure them an unfair advantage over all other competitors.

Opponents of the medal play in our championship meetings point to the results at Baltusrol as justifying all their strictures. What good can there be in a method which leaves such players as Douglas and Reinhart by the wayside, or rather at the post?

It may be pointed out to these carpers that the object of the meeting is simply to discover the best golfer of the year, without regard to favorite sons or to the predictions of prophets and amateur bookmakers. The man who led his field through the fifty-four holes of medal play and then showed himself equally invincible at match play is certainly entitled to all the honors that he has won. Mr. Egan was the best man at Baltusrol during the championship week, and inasmuch as the "System" permitted him to win, it cannot have been wholly faulty.

It does seem, however, that medal play is given undue prominence under the present plan. The medal play should be reduced to thirty-six holes, of which eighteen should be played on Monday and eighteen on Tuesday, sixty-four men surviving on Monday and thirty-two finally qualifying on Tuesday *on the basis of both days' play; i. e.,* thirty-six holes. The first match play round to be on Tuesday afternoon and all the succeeding rounds at thirty-six holes. This plan provides for a virtually unlimited field, places the qualifying round at the proper figure of thirty-six holes and allows a full day's play for all the match rounds except the first. Can there be a fairer or more thorough test within the limits of the week?

Red balls and red coats have gone out together. The other day in the smoking-room of a metropolitan club a player exhibited one of the old gutty balls that had been painted red for winter use, and it passed from hand to hand as a veritable curiosity. The golfer's silly season of four or five years ago, when important tournaments were regularly scheduled for snow-covered links, has departed to the limbo of all forgotten things. Golf under such conditions was never anything but a travesty of the sport. Snow rules are more properly no rules.

There are renewed rumors of a new ball that does not interfere with the existing patents and which is fully equal to the best of the rubber-covered variety. Also of a British club that will positively drive straight under all circumstances—good news for slicers. It will be remembered that Mr. Grahame Murray, the Scotch golfer who played at Newport last summer, achieved marvellous results with clubs, said to be manufactured at Birmingham. Had he been in the business he might have booked unlimited orders.



PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE BEGINNER

PLATES AND FILMS

By L. W. BROWNELL

I HAVE often been asked what plate is the best to use, and this is a question that is rather difficult to answer, since the answer depends so largely upon the particular uses to which the plates are to be put; but if one would get the best results from the use of his camera he must learn how and when to use the different styles of plates.

All plates are made in two grades—fast and slow—and some have even a third or medium grade. For instantaneous work, of course, the fast plate is the only one that can be used successfully, although when using the fastest styles of lenses in a very strong light, such as work at the sea-shore or over water, the slow plates often give better results. The slow plates can be used to advantage when one is permitted to give a time exposure, and they sometimes give more and better detail when used thus than do the fast ones.

When photographing any object against a strong light, such as a tree against the sky or an interior view looking toward a window, if the ordinary fast or slow plate is used there is bound to be more or less halation about those parts that are most strongly lighted, and this will often completely ruin the picture.

There is a plate called the non-halation plate, which is manufactured expressly for use in such cases; or, if we had rather do so, we can “back” an ordinary plate. This consists in painting the back of the plate with a preparation that is made expressly for this purpose, and which can be obtained at any supply store. Care must be exercised in doing this not to get any of the preparation on the film side of the plate, and it must be washed off in clean water before the plate is developed. Some people prefer these backed plates to the regular double-coated or non-halation ones, but that is merely a matter of opinion.

None of the foregoing plates will give perfect results when anything is to be photographed that has a diversity of color in it. It is a well known fact that red, green, dark blue, orange and dark yellow will all photograph black on the ordinary plate, while the lighter shades of blue, pink and yellow reproduce white. There is little or no gradation of tones. The orthochromatic plates will give these tone values almost to perfection. They are made in three grades—fast, medium and slow. The slow ones give the best color values, and should always be used when it is possible to do so. In photographing flowers, especially, these plates are indispensable, for without them the results are almost worthless.

To obtain absolutely the best results a

color screen must be used in conjunction with them. This consists of a piece of yellow glass, or a glass cell filled with a solution of bichromate of potash, which is fastened over the lens and through which the rays of light must pass before reaching the plate. Anyone can make this screen for himself by fixing a perfectly fresh, unexposed plate in clean hypo until it is perfectly clear. Then wash it and place it in a ten per cent. solution of bichromate of potash until it has been stained to the desired shade (which should, for most purposes, be a lemon yellow). Rinse it and allow it to dry, after which the film side should be covered with a piece of clear glass, and the ray filter is complete. When using this the exposure necessary is increased from four to ten times, according to the density of the screen, and the focussing should always be done with the screen in position.

For copying pictures when they are in monotone an ordinary slow plate is the best to use, but should they be in color then a slow orthochromatic plate with the color screen will invariably give the best results.

For portrait work the ordinary fast plate can generally be used with good results, but one should take into consideration the complexion of his subject. If a blond, especially if very light, then the orthochromatic plate is better. It can be used without the screen, and I should advise the use of the fast orthochromatic plate altogether in portrait work as giving, in general, much better results than any other.

A plate has lately been placed on the market which combines both the orthochromatic and non-halation qualities, and which, for general all-around work, is by far the best plate that I have ever used. Its only drawback is its greater cost, which is considerably more than that of any of the other plates.

Of course with most kodaks and hand cameras films only can be used, but since the advent of the orthochromatic non-curling film most excellent results can be obtained. The only objections that can really be raised against the use of films is that they have not the keeping qualities nor the fineness of grain of plates, but these deficiencies are largely offset by their portability and the greater ease with which they can be manipulated in the camera. They are not so easy of development, and I should advocate the use of plates when possible.

If one would obtain the best results in every instance, he cannot be too careful in the consideration of his subject when choosing the plate to use.

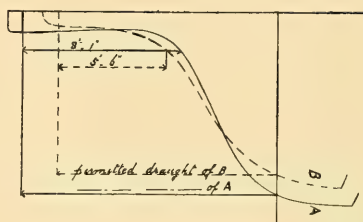
YACHT MEASUREMENT

THE foot notes appended to comments which have already been published in the June and July issues of this magazine, have shown that these comments were written before changes were made by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and adopted for the time being by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club. These changes have been represented as bringing the rules of the clubs included in the organization into near accord with those of the New York Yacht Club. In reality, however, no one of the factors used in the calculation of measurement is the same, and one only is even approximately so. Length of hull is obtained differently, and as formerly, and the same may be said as to additions to length for fulness of water-line ends, and as to the method of measuring sail area. Displacement is now used instead of the area of midship section, but the displacement is calculated from the area of this single section and length of water-line—as well it may be—instead of from five sections, practically three, as by the N. Y. Y. C. formula; and the cube root of the displacement is multiplied by $5\frac{1}{2}$ to furnish a divisor for length multiplied by the square root of sail area, instead of by 5, as in the N. Y. Y. C. rule, the formula being

$$\frac{L. \times \sqrt{S. A.}}{5.5 \sqrt[3]{D.}} = R. M.$$

Another difference from the N. Y. Y. C. rule introduced by the Yacht Racing Association, and a most material one, is that while the N. Y. Y. C. makes the limit on draught = .133 (rating measurement) + 2.66, any excess exclusive of center-board being multiplied by 5, and added to the R. m., the Y. R. A. has no limit whatever.

As a rule devised with a purpose to give adequate assurance for the checking of those extreme features which have been present in modern racing yachts, and which it has been the earnest and longing desire of many yachtsmen to see abated, and the study and purpose of observant and thoughtful men everywhere to check in some equitable way, such a rule is as inadequate as would be for its uses a bushel measure with its bottom out. While the mode of limiting draught by the N. Y. Y. C. is plainly open to objection, this one in pursuit of any desirable attainment appears reckless and absurd. With any view to the encouragement of good design, displacement is not a thing to be fostered and stimulated without limit, neither is draught a thing to be unduly restricted. Present and recent conditions show that whatever the form of the racing yacht, or the amount of her displacement, the keel has constituted a disproportionate part of her draught, carried down to extreme and permissible limits to gain the effects of leverage; and shortened in length (to the injury of her steering qualities, as well as steadiness and



strength) to save fractional resistance. Draught in itself is not a thing to be, with equity, arbitrarily checked. To select this dimension for repression, and to leave breadth free to extension is to dictate the character of design by rule.

There is really no good reason why a rule should permit a man to build a yacht 20 feet broad and 12 feet draught, and yet prevent him, if he chose, reversing those dimensions; providing, however, that he used only a needed part of his draught for keel to prevent leeway. It would be otherwise if the body of his boat was shallow, and he used two-thirds of her draught as a lever on which to hang weight. It is not draught in itself that needs to be limited, but draught that is taken up solely by a fin or keel, and if this in order to escape being included in the measurement, is required to be in some proportion to the midship section associated with it, no other requirement would seem to be needed, and the premium of leverage being removed, displacement and the choice of dimensions would be left to free and natural adjustment. Of the limit put on draught by the N. Y. Y. C. rule, it should be noted that it is not regulated by any relation to other hull dimensions, but by reference to racing measurement, into which sail area enters, so that a vessel of the same size as another one but with a larger sail plan can have a greater draught. Another notable feature of this rule is that with restriction on draught, but with none on breadth, the presence of displacement in the rule does not secure a compact form, but permits the retention of the relatively deep keel or fin with a shallow body, the embodiment of displacement by increase of breadth, the development of the center-board feature in the keel yacht, and per contra the handicapping of the true keel yacht of even fairly compact form. The accompanying diagrams which exhibit the midship sections of two racing yachts (A having the greater breadth and sail area) will show the working of the rule in the limitation of draught. B has the more compact form and fills 40 per cent. of its circumscribing parallelogram. A fills only $32\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of its parallelogram, both measured to the draught limit. The area of A (whole section) is only 5 square feet larger than B, and the difference in draught allowed, exempt from charge, about 21 inches.

CASTING AT TOURNAMENTS

By WILLIAM C. HARRIS

"The battle of the light rods has at last been fought and won, and victory—keenly contested and deservedly gained—rests with Old England, the representatives of the Emerald Isle and the Land o' Cakes, of course, sharing the honours.

"Mr. Shaw's 30 yards 1 ft. cast (trout competition), was a world's record."—*The Angler's News, London. Eng.*

THE above extract is from a lengthy report of the late English Casting Tournament, held at the Crystal Palace, London, as given in a prominent angling journal of that city. The American contestants numbered only two—Messrs. E. J. Mills and E. R. Hewitt of New York City, the first named casting in seven competitions and winning third in the salmon class (112½ ft.); also third in the trout contest (87 ft.); third in the light bait casting (167 ft.); second in the special light bait casting (½ ounce artificial bait), 135 feet, and third in the "Special Light Rod Trout Fly-casting" (rods restricted to 5¾ ounces), 85½ feet. Mr. Hewitt participated in only two contests—the "Trout Fly-casting—Amateurs," in which he won second prize with 86 feet, and in the "Special Light Rod Trout Fly-casting," in which his longest cast reached 81 feet, being distanced by four other contestants, the highest, Mr. J. J. Hardy (English), reaching only 87 feet. The weight of the rod in this contest was limited to 5¾ ounces; lengths unrestricted.

This tournament cannot be classed as an international one, as those present and participating were British Islanders with the exception of the two above-named New Yorkers, one of whom, Mr. E. J. Mills, was suffering during the casting severely from facial neuralgia.

That our foreign contemporary may get better light on the subject of American records at casting tournaments, it is well to state that Mr. Leonard reached, with a medium-weight fly rod, a distance of 120 feet at the Madison Square Garden Sportsmen's Exposition a few years ago. This record was made inside the Garden, where the atmosphere being dead, as it were, did not aid the outgo of the feathers—in fact retarded it in the opinion of the professionals, who believe that a fly can be cast much farther in the open, agitated air than in a housed atmosphere.

So much for the *News'* statement that Mr. Shaw's cast of 91 feet was "a world's record."

Again a fly-casting record of 140 feet (weight of rod limited to 5¾ ounces) has been officially made in San Francisco, and there and elsewhere every prize-taking cast made at the London tournament has been excelled by American amateur and professional contestants.

When it is borne in mind that the rules governing the bait casting in all classes in the English tournament allowed rods to be used of fourteen feet in length and of proportionate weight, and that the rods used by the American contestants did not exceed nine feet in length or nine ounces in weight,

a comparison of the casts borders upon the ridiculous. Yet with such a handicap Mr. Mills with his feather-weight rod, which the *Angler's News'* editor declared to seem "no heavier than my big winter chub float"—whatever that may be—made a cast of 167 feet, exceeded in the highest cast made by the winner of the first prize in the contest by only six feet, the excess being with a long rod of undetermined weight.

This contest—"Light Bait Casting, Any Style"—was educational as to the merits of the different English and American methods. The winner cast from a Nottingham reel with Nottingham methods; the second prize taker, in the Thames style, and the third, Mr. Mills, casting by American methods from a multiplying reel controlled by thumb on line. Of these English methods more anon.

In "The Heavy Bait Casting—from the Reel," the American anglers did not participate and the longest cast was 210 feet, which is insignificant in outgo when compared with American records. I have now before me a written report from A. H. Dirkes, of New York City, who judged a contest at New Dorp some years ago, in which Mr. E. Holzman of this city, cast 271 feet with a 2½-ounce sinker, 18-thread linen line and an 8 foot 8 inch bamboo rod. The accuracy of this record is attested by seven well-known anglers of New York City.

Doubtless many anglers are not familiar with the two methods of bait casting as followed on English waters—the Thames and the Nottingham styles. First the Nottingham method: The line is cast from the reel which is made of hard-wood and is of different sizes, one four inches in diameter being most in use. It runs very freely, the line being about as thick as coarse sewing spool cotton. The rods run from ten to eighteen ounces, the smallest size being used for dace and roach only; the larger for barbel, chub, etc., which grow in English water to five pounds and upwards. The motto of the Nottingham angler is "fine and far off." If the angler is fishing with tackle too light (?) to cast from the reel, and he cannot for fear of a tangle coil it on the grass at his feet, nor allow any, for the same reason, "to hang loose from the reel," he holds the rod in his right hand and with his left takes hold of the line as high up between the rings as he can reach, and draws down as much line as he requires. He then has some four or five yards of line in his left hand, and with what is hanging from the tip of the rod, he can throw the distance he wishes; which he does by bringing the rod away from the river at about an angle of forty-five de-

grees. He then sends the point of the rod smartly over the water, at the same time letting go the line in his left hand, and the cast is likely to be made without tangle or catch. When the entire "swim" (a stretch of water where the fish are supposed to be) is to be fished, line is payed out until the likely fishing water is covered by the traveling float or cork.

It will be noted that there is nothing new in these methods to American anglers, inasmuch as they are to some extent employed by New York City fishermen when fishing in a tideway, for weakfish, striped bass and other fish. In river water when there are large pools locally called "eddies," a similar method is followed in luring the black bass. It also finds a counterpart on the Delaware River above tidewater, particularly at Titusville, New Jersey. There, at certain seasons, immense shoals of small, white perch gather in the deep holes between the rocks. They are easily alarmed, and when they are, they are apt to scatter instantly and do not school again for some time. Dropping an anchor ("killick" in the vernacular) near them is fatal to success, hence the native guide rows quietly to the foot of the rapid above the pool, and then drops slowly down stream, allowing the fishing float to drift two hundred feet or more down stream and from the boat. When a few successive bites are had, the line is held stationary and the anchor rope is payed out so that the boat will remain at the proper fishing distance from the pool or eddy. These white perch herd, as it were, in large numbers and I have known eight hundred of them to be caught in a few hours, on lines rigged paternoster style—four or more hooks six inches apart, one above the other, with a two-ounce sinker (termed "dypsy" in the vernacular) in use.

When the Nottingham bottom fisher uses a cork float and heavy tackle, he throws his line from the reel, controlling the outgo by manipulating the disk of the reel. He winds up the line until the float nearly touches the tip ring of the rod and then casts it over the river. This method is mostly used in barbel fishing, the fish reaching sometimes in English waters sixteen to eighteen pounds.

The Thames method of casting may be briefly described: The caster draws off as much line as he requires from the reel and lets it lie loose in coils at his feet, very much in the same way as our modern long-distance fly casters do, when preparing to shoot, not cast, the feathers a hundred feet or more. Expert Thames casters have the knack of gathering up the line in the palm of the left hand "by an up-and-down motion," something like a weaver with a shuttle, and they manage to get out over two hundred feet of line with a 2½-ounce sinker at the end of it.

These angling contests in *distance* casting do not meet with the approval of the majority of the members of the craft of

anglers. One of them, T. S. Morrel, of Newark, wrote me some time ago:

"I am opposed to tournaments because I believe they tend to promote rivalry among anglers. The desire to show off their skill in surpassing their companions when on fishing trips, tends to mar the pleasure and comfort that gentlemen seek in their vacations. I have often met anglers (tournament winners) who bragged of how far they could cast and desired a contest then and there. Their pertinacity to make me enter into a trial with them and the obtrusion of their views and braggadocio, was, to say the least, unpleasant."

The late Col. F. S. Pinckney ("Ben Beat"), whose infinite humor was the delight of his angling friends, once wrote me upon the subject of angling tournaments. There is room only for a few extracts:

"The ultimate object of casting is fishing and the ultimate object of fishing is remotely connected with the taking of fish, and all the fish in the stream don't happen to lie just eighty-two feet distant from the angler. How is that for a clear statement of indisputable and categorical facts? Fortunately for everybody they do not prove anything.

"On the whole, doesn't it seem that this entire business is dreadfully mixed up? There is a missing element. Something not accounted for in the scale of points—something which, when speaking of a horse, we call 'action,' and which might, perhaps, be termed 'style' when speaking of men. To me it seems clear that this element has much to do with the effectiveness as well as the beauty of fly-casting. When Mr. Wood (I don't know just why I select him except that his age precludes the possibility of his vanity being flattered) took his stand upon the platform, the rude structure seemed to disappear and in its place a mossy rock to grow. Eliminate the poetry from this and you have left the fact that he actually appeared to be fishing, and mighty likely to take a fish at every other cast.

"But we are told that the public don't care for this. Then Vanderbilt was right from an angling standpoint."

Will the time ever come when these natural or State contests will be held on proper waters and for the education of the rising generation of anglers, not as exhibitions to attract a curious and frequently a contemptuous public? one of whom was heard to say to his neighbor at the World's Angling Contest at the Chicago Fair, during the long-distance class:

"Well, I can't see anything in it—it isn't graceful, sure."

Put that same man alongside a veteran on the stream and as he notes the deft handling of the rod, the end fly alighting on the lip of an eddy, the pool artistically "whipped," the right and left undercasts, the switch output from a densely wooded background, and all the delicate devices and skilled manipulations of the rod and the feathers, and that same scornor will gradually grow into a Waltonian before the season passes.

Within twenty miles of New York City, and, no doubt, within the same area from other large and small cities all over the country, tournaments could be held under conditions and natural surroundings—streams with alternate pools and rapids—where the *science* of angling could be illustrated and the tyro instructed. But the managers of these tournaments exclaim:

"The public won't go so far to see the tournaments."

If the public so elects, let them stay at home; they certainly are very chary of their presence as it is. Anglers will come in greater crowds when they find that the reformed tournament with a natural environment of woods and waters, is an educational one, with a sort of love-feast atmosphere about it.

Lest I may again be misunderstood on the subject of tournaments an excerpt from *OUTING* of March, 1903, is reprinted:

"In these days many anglers of the new school seem disposed to reach, at once, the utmost physical development of the manual of the art and to lose sight of the fact that angling is a gentle art, not one of brawn or muscle; that any one imbued with its pure spirit is chastened by the charm of its environment. As our grand master, Walton, lovingly put it:

"I was at the time lifted above earth,

And possessed joys not promised at my birth."

"I do not decry casting tournaments as such. As social gatherings their value is undoubted; as a medium of diffusing knowledge of the art by communion among veterans, these meetings are invaluable, and the lessons taught the young angler through the accuracy, delicacy and bait-casting contests furthers his advance in practical knowledge of stream work; yet he must not think he is full-fledged, even though he be an expert on the tank or contesting club water, in the manual of delivery, for when on the stream he will be apt to find that his education has just commenced."

"Young angler" is informed that the best seasons for good fishing in Southern

California vary, according to the wind, weather and the appearance of the smaller fishes that are sought for as food by the large and ravenous ones of the Pacific coast. In the waters of Catalina and the adjacent islands the outlook is good for big fish from May 1st to October 1st. The black sea bass, yellow-tail and bonito are sometimes caught in January, and the tuna as early as February, although the best season for them is from June 1st to August 15th. The white sea bass is taken from May 1st to July 15th, and the barracuda in the spring and summer, when the mackerel and swordfish are also more likely to be taken.

Some fishes, such as the black sea bass and yellow-tail are occasionally caught during all the months of the year, and fair fishing from January to January is at times had for the albacore, blue perch, sheepshead or fat-head, rock bass, halibut, flounder and whitefish. The rock bass weigh from two to twelve pounds; barracuda, up to fifteen; white sea bass averages fifty pounds; the bonito runs from five to sixteen pounds; the yellow-tail, up to sixty; albacore, seventy; black sea bass to four hundred, and the tuna reaches two hundred and fifty pounds.

ALREADY have come tales of accidents from the deer ranges. It is ever the same old story of an excited hunter and an unsuspecting fellow creature who, to eager eyes, looked like a deer. So long as a certain class of men will persist in shooting before they are certain of the nature of the target, I presume the fatalities are bound to continue. All I can do is to impress upon my readers the awful peril of taking chances in cover, and to endeavor to bring home to them the criminal possibilities of too hasty shooting. To a novice, the North Woods appear to be a lone wilderness, yet in those apparently untrodden wilds, hundreds of men are stealing to and fro during the daylight and twilight of the open season for deer. In many sections, when one hears a slight noise, it is an even chance if the maker of the noise be man or deer, and who durst shoot on anything like an even chance? Such a risk is horrible to even think of, yet the chances are taken daily in the deer country, as the long list of casualties proves. And it must be remembered that only the serious accidents are made public. Many and many a close shave is kept quiet for various reasons. Many a man has had a ball hum within a few inches of his life, yet held his peace because his friend or some other decent fellow was the sinner, and how many have almost committed the murderous act, but mercifully

have seen their mistake just in time and never spoken of it? Never take chances in the woods! All the deer in the world are not worth one man, and it is infinitely better never to take a trophy than to risk that life-long self-reproach which is almost certain to darken the life of the man who shoots before he is sure.

THE argument for and against the use of telescopic sights dies hard in the columns of many sporting journals. I cannot say I favor them. In Eastern woods they have no valuable features which would warrant their use, while upon broad waters, the plains, and in the mountains, they are apt to encourage that undesirable shooting at extreme ranges which in turn is liable to mean wounded animals, and possibly human beings. Owing to the tendency of a rifle ball to glance from water and go upon a chance-directed errand, long-range work is too risky for the East, while in the West the telescope, by extending the field of accurate vision, has a tendency to discourage the attainment of that perfect skill so necessary to the true still-hunter, who, without the glass, needs must depend upon accomplished craft. At this day it is more sportsmanlike to add to, rather than lessen, the difficulties of the pursuit of a decreasing stock of big game.

BREEDING THE SPORTING DOG

By JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

TO the "questing intelligence" breeding is the main end of all studies in animals. It is attractive to mental curiosity because it is both momentous and elusive.

For purposes of biological science there is no difference between homo and canis. If the inquirer can discover the operations of cause and effect in the heredity of one mammal, the whole book of life lies open. So far, however, there is not much to tell; will not be much, now, until the biologists work out Mendel's law.

If a purveyor of formulas gives you advice about breeding dogs, go your way and take the opposite course. In so doing you are as likely to succeed, and you will have the satisfaction of being independent and original.

Everybody has copious opinions about breeding; nobody has much knowledge. In all trades it is so easy to write words of wisdom and so hard to pay a dividend; so easy to see ghosts and so hard to make them walk. Commentators on the breeding of horses and dogs can construct more theorems and present more deductions in an hour than can be proved in fifty years of experiment.

For it must be remembered that breeding is not mathematics, but merely experiment and empiricism; that, except within certain broad limits, nobody can tell where a calculation will land. John H. Wallace, the trotting horse authority, once said that in breeding two and two sometimes make four, but often only three. That phrase condenses the story as far as it has gone. To every breeding formula the answer is: It may be so; sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't.

There are two broad rules which may be counted upon. One is that a breed or variety, in proportion to the length and thoroughness of its establishment, will reproduce its general characteristics. The other is that nothing can change within the purview of a human generation the essential characteristics of a genus. Each characteristic can only be increased or diminished. None will disappear and there will not be new ones. For example, every animal of the dog tribe, from a coyote to St. Bernard, has an acute nose and depends much on the olfactory sense for its knowledge of objects. Every one of the tribe also "points" more or less in approaching hidden game, and every one retrieves or carries things about in its mouth. These characteristics are intensified in field dogs; but any dog can be, if its game-hunting instinct has not been too much bred away, easily taught to recognize hidden game, point, back, and retrieve. In field dogs, since these ineradicable nerve habits of all canines have been intensified by long years of selection, the production of a special aptitude in breeding and the development of it in training may be forecast with assurance. The same rule

holds in general physical qualities. Beyond that fact not much is predicable. The breeder may succeed in getting good dogs, but one would wait long to find a dog which at maturity exactly realized in looks or character the image which was before the breeder's mind when he made the mating. A phenomenon never reproduces itself; it may produce something as good or better but never a facsimile. So you can't tell about the sons of great dogs any more than about the sons of great men.

The making of cut-and-dry systems and rules has an almost morbid attraction for both authors and audiences. Hundreds of horse breeders believe in the "figure" system—a rank absurdity in its main propositions and yet having a certain valuable attachment of facts and suggestions. Some dog breeders have a rule of breeding twice in and once out, and some alter the proportions to twice out and once in. One of the commonest calculations is that if one side of the house is big the other should be little, or *vice versa*; so with fine and coarse. If a man has a potterer he thinks to get the golden mean by breeding to an uncontrollable bolter. The favorite formula among English setter men is to get into the pedigree fifty per cent. of Laverack and fifty per cent. of Duke-Rhoebe blood. I suppose that in a year or two pointer men will begin to figure on the same percentages with King of Kent and Mainspring. One man has childlike faith in the rule of a big dam and a small, nervous sire. Another believes in the small dam and the big, masculine, rugged sire. Some purists hang out a "no trespass" sign against an outcross. This has come to be a fetich with many field dog breeders, though the Llewellyns are the result of a sharp outcross and though in pointers Mainspring and Rip Rap both came from a cross of Devonshire pointers on the Drake and Hamlet blood. Another set of breeders are perpetually looking for crosses, though the records should tell them that a cross, while often useful and necessary, is in many more cases a grasping at the shadow and losing the substance.

Inbreeding is a subject of most positive opinions and most baseless sermonizing. Perhaps nine people out of ten believe that inbreeding produces puny and degenerate descendants. Like other breeding practices, sometimes it does and sometimes it doesn't. One of the finest families of Irish setters, of which the famous Geraldine was a member, came originally from an accidental union of Palmerston with his full sister, Quail. The most remarkable incident of inbreeding of English setters in this country was that of Dr. Stark, then of Wisconsin and afterward of South Dakota. Taking Mr. Adams's Dora, by Duke out of Rhoebe, as a foundation, her daughter by Rock—he also carrying Duke-Rhoebe blood

—was bred to Bergundthal's Rake, he being closely inbred to Rheobe. From this union came Madam Llewellyn, and she was bred back to Rake, producing a large lemon and white dog named Wild Rake. This dog went into the hands of Mr. W. W. Titus, and afterward belonged to Messrs. W. C. Kennerley and P. H. O'Bannon of Virginia. The last I heard of him he belonged to Mr. Jester of Delaware. Wild Rake was of little or no value, as all these breeders proved, but he had plenty of size and physical vigor and no deficiency of intelligence—that is, of intelligence for ordinary purposes. But from the continuous inbreeding to old Rheobe, and, perhaps, from the Rock blood which he carried, he had little definite ambition or responsiveness to training. I had one litter from him which were all large dogs, two of them almost giants. The largest ones were fairly good on birds, but very slow. One of the medium-sized brothers became an exceptionally fine bird dog, but gave considerable trouble to the trainer at first by his gunshyness and timidity. The other was rather hard-headed and obstinate but developed into a fast, high-class, and valuable dog. I think that these two drew their best characteristics from their dam, which had a strong inheritance of blood from Bolus's Belton. There are some other notable experiments of inbreeding. One was the mating of Gath, a grandson of Gladstone, with Gem, a daughter of Gladstone. The result was a litter of large, strong and gifted dogs, the leaders of which were Gath's Mark and Gath's Hope. Marse Ben, a large, strong, vigorous dog, of which I have frequently spoken in this book, is a result on his dam's side of close inbreeding; and he has lately been bred back to his dam, giving a litter of puppies not lacking in size or strength. Tom Boy, the finest example among setters of endurance at high speed, is close up to Roderigo on both sides. Mr. James Cole of Kansas City bred Lady Cole back to her sire, Cincinnatus' Pride, and got a litter of strong beautiful puppies.

These examples are not cited to persuade anybody that inbreeding is a rule to follow for its own sake. Indiscriminately applied, such a rule would be vicious. I mention them to show that there is no law of inheritance under which inbreeding produces puny and weak specimens. It all depends on selection and circumstances. One trouble about close line breeding is the tendency after the second generation to split up into the original elements.

Some people will tell you that a sire and dam must both be good in order to produce good descendants; and yet Gladstone's dam was individually worthless, and Rodfield's dam has been described to me as of no value except for her pedigree. It frequently happens that a dog is much better than either his sire or dam. I can cite an example in a litter which I bred from the greyhound Mystic Maid, herself only a moderate performer. I bred her to Astronomy, a still more moderate dog, and the re-

sult was one of the best litters of greyhounds I ever saw. All of them were unlucky except Astral Maid. She alone came to coursing form. During the season when she was in good training she won every stake in which she was entered. She was far superior in looks and coursing quality to either her sire or dam. Another greyhound case is that of Monsoon, winner of the American Waterloo Cup of 1901. Monsoon's dam, Little Fairy, was a dwarfish and whippet-looking thing, but well bred, Monsoon, except for a tendency to run cunning, was one of the best greyhounds ever started in St. Louis, a class beyond either sire or dam.

Wiseacres often say that breeders should wait until animals are fully matured before breeding; yet the pointer, Dot's Pearl, had six winners in two litters, all produced before she was two years old. My own experience is that the very first litter is the best and is all the better if produced from the first season.

Perhaps the safest advice to the young breeder is to recommend the rule of Lord Falmouth in breeding race horses. His idea was to use very few mares, but to have none except such as had won a classic stake. Then he bred these mares to the best winners of classic stakes. In other words, he selected the best winners he could get and bred them to the best winners he could find. Such a course will be disappointing, but in the long run it must necessarily keep a man as near the front as any rule would carry him. For example, if he had followed the rule in pointers, he would probably have a continuous line of breeding from Trinket's Bang, King of Kent, Duke of Hessen, Rip Rap, and Jingo. In setters, his line would be from Gladstone, Count Noble, Roderigo, Count Gladstone IV., Antonio and Tony Boy. Of course, he might have been led off by breeding to such dogs as Wun Lung, Topsy's Rod, and Rowdy Rod, all of which were brilliant dogs but inferior as producers. Still, on the whole he would have been successful.

There is another breeding rule of equal horse-sense value. That is to get what the noted breeder and trainer, Andy Gleason, used to call "old pie" bitches. Gleason meant those females which, without any apparent reason, have the quality of reliably producing high-class dogs, no matter how mated. Gleason himself had one of this kind in Don's Nellie. Dave Rose had one in Lady May. Titus had one in Betty B. All of these were setters. Pearl's Dot is an example in pointers, and Mr. Lowe's White Lips the most conspicuous in greyhounds. Perhaps the best advice in breeding is that the breeder should secure bitches of this kind. Neither I nor anybody else could tell him where to get them, but the advice is none the less good. Very few of the "old pie" bitches would have been selected by tape-line critics. Betty B. was fairly well bred, but she weighed less than thirty pounds and would have been rejected by any

theorist. White Lips was not fashionably bred as Englishmen would call it, but she reached results by some inherent virtue of reproduction.

Mr. Charles Askins, an experienced breeder and handler and secretary of the Handler's Association, has a rule that the important thing in breeding is to know what the sire and dam are. As he puts it, a man can take chances on anything back of the third generation if the sire and dam are both winners of vigorous character. Yet, against Mr. Askins' convincing illustrations, one may remember the experiment of Mr. Hulman of Indiana, and Captain O'Bannon of Virginia, who organized the famous Blue Ridge Kennel, with Rose as trainer. At one time these gentlemen had almost a monopoly of the great setters of the country, including Gath's Mark, Gath's Hope, Antonio, and Dan Gladstone, together with such matrons as Fannie Murnan, Lily Burges, Gossip and Laundress. This kennel was by no means a failure, and the experiments produced many winners; but it sadly disappointed its projectors. They expected to turn out phenomenons. The blood which they produced is still valuable in field dog kennels. A similar experience befell the Manchester Kennel, at the head of which was that unrivalled bird finder, Gleane's Sport.

When considered impartially, the breeding of field dogs has been a story of real success. There are not so many failures as the pessimists think, and the steady progress has been upward. The average has been remarkably good. It must be remembered in all breeding that the winners are comparatively few. No matter how good the breeding theory and practice, the dogs which stand out as superior to all other dogs must always be the exceptions. That proposition proves itself but is not always believed.

There is an inexorable law which book authorities do not seem to recognize. It is the law which tends unceasingly to a reproduction of the average quality of the breed. It constantly pulls upward to the average and constantly pulls down. You can take all the phenomenons of a season for breeding purposes and the chances are that your result will be merely an excellent average of the breed. Some people have a way of charging this to atavism. As a matter of fact, atavism, or the tendency to throw back to some remote ancestor, is not as threatening as the talk about it would indicate. The law of perpetuating averages is not only threatening, but it is ever present and eternal. It is that law which the breeder must recognize and reckon with. His wonderful winners will come along occasionally; but he must understand that, whatever his breeding stock, he does very well if he get results up to a good standard.

Discussion of breeding and citation of facts and illustrations could go on indefinitely; but this chapter can stop at no better place than with the foregoing statement of

the law of averages, a law of such force that the greatest individual dog cannot often raise the level, while despised individuals can gain posthumous laurels through the greatness of their children. The only practical application of the law is to use the best individuals of the best descent, and then be prepared for anything.

Breeding is all a matter of probabilities. The skilful breeder minimizes the danger of defects. When he gets a fine specimen all the world hears him "holler." When he gets a dozen plugs he remembers that silence is golden; he shuns fame. Even about his fine ones his hindsight is better than was his foresight as to how he did the trick. And this is the art and science of breeding.

Mendel's law is the present sensation among students of heredity. Any one who expects to acquire trustworthy knowledge of the rules under which nature conducts inheritance must watch the labors of the investigators who are developing the Mendel discovery. Mendel gave it out years ago, but the scientific world is just making use of his work. Roughly stated, Mendel's law is that when certain plants are crossbred, and the descendants are interbred, a proportion will have the prepotency of one ancestor, a proportion that of the other, and a proportion, a combination of both. In other words, the crossbred form is not permanent. How far the law applies to animals has not at this time been ascertained. But at least, the Mendel law bids fair to completely upset some of the most tenaciously held deductions of old writers, who thought that when they said "like produces like" they could make their corollaries and multiply their factors as if they were dealing with inanimate paints or building material. The law seems to deny most of the old notions about inbreeding, or to call for new explanations. Whatever the inquiry may settle, the lecturer on the "science of breeding" must pause until the limits of Mendel's law are determined by verified observation.

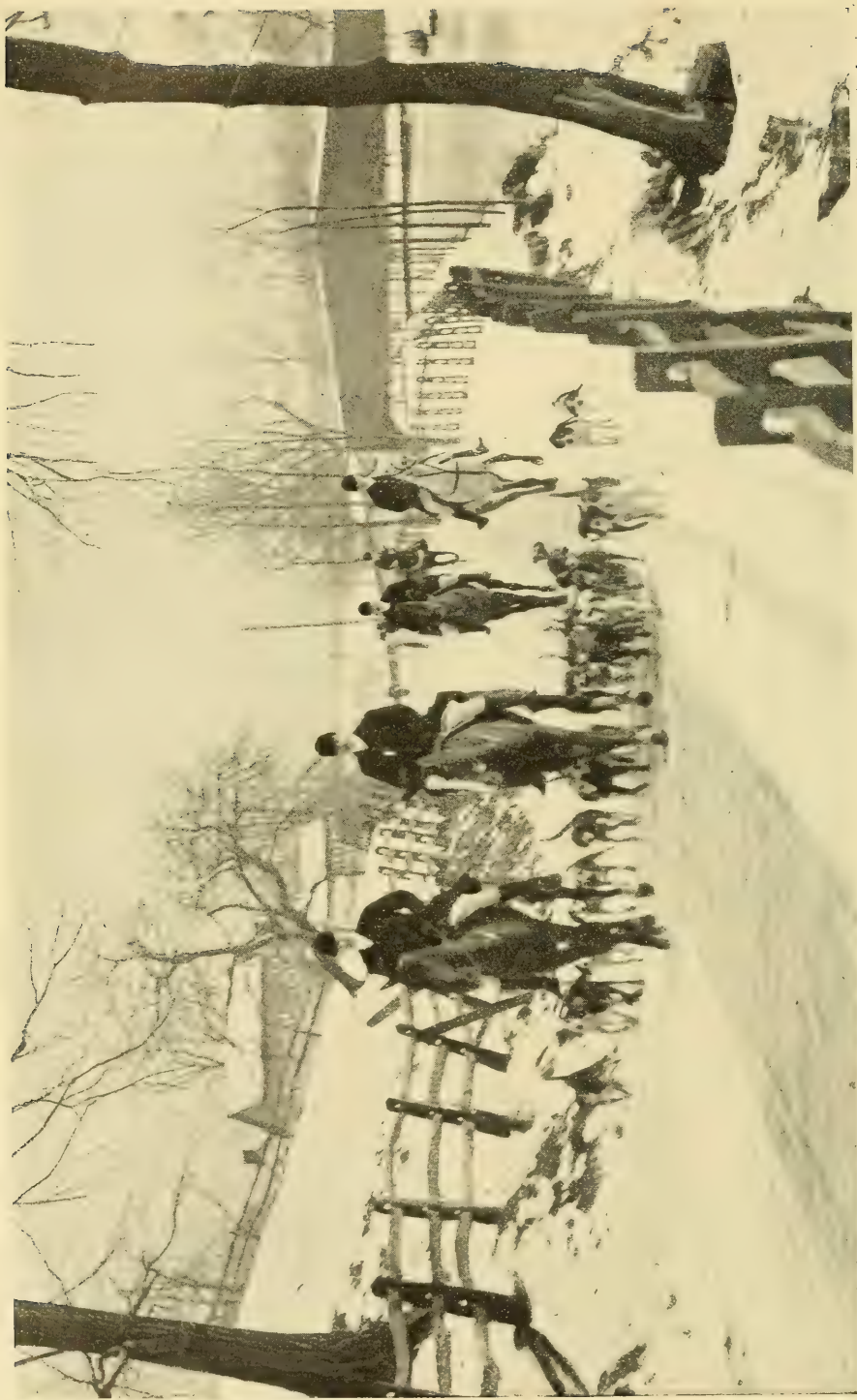
Breeding is an uncertain and profitless amusement for most people at best. I am tempted to cite the case of Mr. Lavin of St. Louis in greyhounds. He has spent enough money and owned enough good dogs to have produced any number of phenomenons; but sickness and unlucky handlers have kept him rather in the background, though he has done some winning. Mr. Lavin imported Warburton, a big black son of Epicharmus. Warburton was in natural powers the best big dog ever brought to America. He could lead any dog I ever saw him go against when he tried, and was the fastest dog out of slips ever trained in St. Louis. In spite of his giant size he would be clear of any dog within a dozen jumps from the slips. But he was never a thoroughly game dog, and quickly got to loafing. He was a successful sire, and begot enough good puppies to be a pillar of the studbook, but ill luck overtook most of them.

OUTING

FOR DECEMBER

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Photograph by Jennings.

On the Lower Road in Winter, Radnor.

cannot spare whole days, nor do they care to take chances of going out without getting a run. As a consequence the hunting life at such centres as Dedham and Myopia near Boston; at Meadowbrook, Eatontown, Goshen and Staten Island near New York, has developed around drag hounds. The spirit which animates drag hunting is exemplified by the remark of a well-known American sportsman who jumped over a high fence by the side of an open gate. The M. F. H. remonstrated as the hounds were not running.

"Sir," retorted the offender, "I did not come fifty miles in a train to ride through gates."

The man who wants a gallop with plenty of jumping, wants to be sure of it, and from this point of view there is a great deal to be said for drag hunting, though like the Chinaman's idea of the toboggan slide, there seems to be to the fox hunter a great deal of "walkee walkee" in the way of going to and from town for a very little time in the saddle.

I doubt whether anyone, except possibly Mr. Trollope, has given an adequate picture of fox hunting. It is much like the task of describing human nature, because each man and woman who hunts adds a new and different element to the picture; moreover, each observer sees it differently. The man whose soul is sensitive to the refinements of raiment sees little except how people are turned out. If the first whip's boots are too low and show the extensions on his breeches, or if they are too high and show but two buttons, the beauty of his day is marred and he complains about it in the smoking room of the club. Another man sees only the horses, another only the women or one woman.

The best picture of a hunting day ought to be made by a hunting man who is out as a visitor with a strange hunt. He knows the subject, yet the new country, new horses, new people and hounds, make vivid first impressions. If I wanted a description of drag hunting, I should ask some confirmed fox hunter from the neighborhood of Philadelphia or from the Green Spring Valley near Baltimore to go out with one of the smart drag packs in the neighborhood of New York and then tell me about it. He would drive to the meet with his friend the drag hunter, and

see a comparatively small field assembled, perhaps half a dozen finished horsemen, noted cross country riders, two or three hard-going women, a handful of reckless youths with more courage than experience, and a few, very few, mild goers. Drag-hunting as practised at Meadowbrook is no child's play, and without a good horse and a real love for the sport it is foolish to go out. The social aspects of the meet, except on occasions, are subordinate. There are some how-do-you-do's and then the M. F. H. trots into a nearby field, followed by the hounds, puts them on the line and they are off. There is little or no music as drag hounds usually run mute. The fox hunter settles into his saddle and manœuvres for a place, but there is no crowd and the pace is too fast to admit of much sticking at the fences. After the hounds have had their start of a field or so, he sees the crack-a-jack men with reputations for hard going begin to go after them. Old and new rivalries between men and horses have an opportunity for settlement and the run develops a series of races. Presently the thrusters are riding on the heels of the hounds and driving them. The M. F. H. shouts and swears but nobody pays much attention to him. The attitude of the hard-riding man is that if his wretched beasts will tail out and get in the way, he ought to be willing to have them jumped on. The fox-hunter's conscience tells him that this is sacrilege, but the pace has got into his blood and he does not care. A fast gallop on a good horse over big fences produces a moral glow more satisfying than goodness. At the end of three or four miles there is a check. The stragglers come in. Some of the field get up on second horses which are waiting for them and then there is another burst. In three-quarters of an hour it is all over. The hounds are winded and a kennel man is on hand to blood them with liver. The horses are done. The first few in are satisfied and are gloomy or cheerful according as it is their nature or pose to express satisfaction. The thrusters who have been left or who have had accidents are out of temper, and a youth comes in with a broken hat and the excuse that he came down and had to chase his horse for two fields. The riders dismount, put on their overcoats and drive away in traps



To the Woodlands.

that are waiting, and the horses are walked back to their stables.

In a fox-hunting community, the drag is looked-down upon. You introduce the question at dinner and you see the lip curl and the eyebrows go up if you speak of its delights. The true spirit of venery scorns the subterfuge and the subject is politely dropped. If the drag hunter is a visitor, he hears with a new interest how the fox whose den is in Cryder's Wood ran eight miles last Saturday and eleven miles two weeks before that, and it is darkly suggested as a possibility that the M. F. H. may come around that way on the morrow if he finds nothing in the coverts near the meet. After dinner those superior members of the hunt who know, or pretend they know some of the hounds by sight and name, discourse on the remarkable way in which Peerless picked up the cold line on crossing the turnpike and notified the pack which was pursuing a rabbit led by the unprofitable lady hound, Prudence. Prudence has an admirer who asserts that it was not she but Willful who went astray after the rabbit. All this time the drag hunter sits by mystified because to him, hounds are only something to follow and if possible not to jump on. When the question of Smith's performance on the black horse comes up for discussion, he feels more at home and confidently asserts that if the black horse really jumped five feet eight inches out of the barn yard, he is a good horse.

On the following morning he goes to the meet and is perhaps disappointed at the general lack of smartness. The whips and huntsmen are very likely turned out in pink or blue, but most of the field appear in mufti, and this is more apt to be true the farther South he goes. The horses, too, look a little rough on the surface and are perhaps not so fit as he likes to see them, but when he looks to the skeleton and the quality, he is apt to find high classed cattle. For in the neighborhoods adjoining the Southern Hunts a large part of the best half-bred and thorough-bred horses are raised and the smart Northern drag hunts are mounted from horses schooled by fox hunters. If there is a touch of frost and the ground is damp under foot, if the air is dry overhead, the sky blue, and here and there a maple which has retained a part of its scarlet

mantle, and here and there an oak with its red-brown leaves, he fills his lungs and feels a sense of satisfaction at the prospect of spending the whole day in the saddle instead of a brief hour.

At the meet from twenty-five to a hundred may turn up according to the day and the locality. There is an atmosphere of social intimacy and a great deal of fun and banter, whether the meet is at a country-house and accompanied by a hunt breakfast or at some four corners on the highway. The drag hunter is presented to the heroes and heroines of the hunt and the famous horses are pointed out. He is advised of the men he may follow with advantage. Nearly everybody he meets inquires what he is going to ride, and if it is suspected that he is looking for horses to buy, he receives many generous offers of mounts from young men who have a rare good spare horse with which they are willing to part.

The Master or huntsman takes the hounds to covert, the field follow at a proper distance or move slowly to a position on one side of the woods where the knowing ones are sure that they will get a good start without heading the fox. This is the time when the visitor hears the habits of this particular fox described and the likelihood of the line that he will take. After a long suspense, he hears the hounds give tongue, that frenzied note of the fox hound—half yelp, half howl—which once heard is never forgotten. It is a note which has the same power as the bugle to send shivers down the spine. His heart beats and he prepares for a hasty dash, but he hears one of the knowing ones whom he has been told to follow, pronounce it the voice of Prudence again gone astray upon a rabbit. There is a cracking of whips in the covert, a calling of the huntsman and presently silence again. During the wait he is presented to Miss Dash, of whose riding he has heard, and she tells him that if he is looking for horses, he ought to see Mr. Blank's chestnut. Mr. Blank comes up and is presented. He says nothing, but he looks at the horse which the visitor is riding in such a way as to give the impression that the visitor's host really ought not to put people up on such a brute. Now the visitor has believed that he is on his host's best horse and he observes that he is riding it on a

snaffle which supports his conviction, because a head groom seldom trusts a good horse to an untried guest with a double bridle. But Blank poisons his mind with discomforting doubts.

Presently there is a great racket and row in the covert. The sharp tooting of the horn sounds "gone away" and one of the whips who has seen the fox begins to whoop and tally-ho: They are off and the visitor gallops for a good place. The hounds, having jumped the fox, run their best for a few fields, and the drag hunter observes to himself that this is the real thing. With the pride of a visitor, he picks out his own line and in a few minutes is alone with the hounds, excepting for a little group of young men who naturally are not going to allow a stranger to show them the way. He observes with a feeling of growing satisfaction that the field is disappearing with the exception of this handful of youth, and he thinks that he must really be a hard man to hounds in any country. Pace begins to tell on the horse.

The hounds are close to the fox and it is all that he can do to hold his own. Being a stranger to the country, he has no idea where he is going and might not if he had been born and brought up in the neighborhood. It is a curious fact that a majority of men during a hard burst have little or no idea where they are riding, and fail to recognize country which they know and which they have been over repeatedly. Suddenly as the hounds swing across the road, the drag-hunter's pride gives way to disappointment and surprise, for there he sees in the same field with the hounds a dozen people and twenty more close behind them. He has been riding hard for ten minutes and yet practically everybody has come out ahead of him. He realizes that the knowing ones, instead of following straight, have come by devious ways and clever road work to their place of present vantage. Then he curses under his breath, spurs his friend's horse and comes down at the fence out of the road. He is too mad to be shaken up and so he climbs on again and gallops after the crowd just as the hounds have checked.

"Hello," says his host, "I thought you were lost. Were you with those crazy boys? You ought to have followed Smith as I did. We saw the hounds working

from the road on the hillside and came along at an easy gallop."

Then the drag hunter replies morosely that he had supposed that it was a good thing to ride straight and the fox hunter says, "yes, when there is no short cut."

The hounds have lost it and the Master swears at the people who have crowded up and crossed the line. Finally he carries them on and picks up the line again a quarter of a mile ahead. He knows the runway and if he is a good huntsman he can put himself in the fox's place and think as the fox thinks, but the scent, for one of those unaccountable reasons, is not good any more and the hounds work very slowly. There is a tradition that scent lies best on wet ground, and experience in the majority of cases proves this to be true, yet every fox hunter remembers occasions when hounds have gone like smoke over dry leaves and dusty fields and have been baffled on gray days with wet grass underfoot. Suddenly the hounds stop and give a great deal of tongue. They find that the fox has gone to ground.

The M. F. H. takes the pack to another piece of woods, which proves blank, and then on to another covert and to another. Perhaps a rabbit runs out of one or, even more scandalous to think of, the hounds break away upon a skunk. The foxes seem to be all *out*, that is to say, *in* their dens. They are underground and not in the woods. About 2 o'clock the Master pulls up and eats a sandwich, and perhaps takes something that looks like cold tea, from his flask. There is ten minutes spent in refreshments and discussion and then he goes on hunting again.

The drag hunter is enjoying his day out of doors but he is beginning to wonder if his horse is not getting tired. He looks at his watch and finds that they have been out four hours and a half already and have perhaps covered twenty-five or thirty miles, but as his horse belongs to somebody else, his solicitude is under control and he says nothing about pulling out.

Late in the afternoon on a sunny hillside, a fox jumps up in an open field and canters down into the woodland. The hounds are put upon the line and give tongue to it vociferously.

"Now," says Smith, "we are going to have a run. This is the vixen I was telling you about."



Something doing.

"I wish that she had turned up earlier in the day," replies the drag hunter; "these horses have had about enough."

Smith laughs and goes away. The drag hunter by this time has worked some of the ego out of his system and follows old Smith without considering his self-respect. The fox chooses a big line of country and, with the hounds close behind, gives them eight miles without a check, running fast. A part of the time old Smith rides very straight, and then pulling up he makes a detour and gains a couple of minutes on the hounds. He too is thinking like the fox. Then he follows straight again. It is beginning to get dark when the hounds send the vixen to earth in her home covert and the Master orders them whipped off. Then comes the long ten or fifteen miles of slow jogging homeward through the darkness of a November afternoon.

American hounds rarely run down and kill a fox in the open, and for that matter English hounds in this country rarely do either, but perhaps a half dozen times a season a fox will be pulled down after a long hard run and there is a scramble for the mask and brush. Whether English

or native hounds score the most kills is a vexed question, as is the question as to which are best for American conditions. Personally, I prefer hounds bred from English stock, but in woodland countries such hounds as Mr. Stewart's, Master of the Green Spring Valley or the Radnor hounds, offer excellent sport.

There are no set rules for fox hunting as there are for many games, but there is a vast tradition and an elaborate etiquette. The management of hounds and the finding of foxes is an art which requires the instincts of woodcraft and long experience, to say nothing of non-interference on the part of the field. The code on this subject is based on the general philosophy of good manners with many specific *don'ts*. To the outsider it seems mysterious and terrible. He looks in vain for some handbook which will conduct him to knowledge. A good deal can be gathered from various profound treatises which have been written on fox hunting, but these are all English works and the conditions in this country naturally are very different.

A good many years ago there was a



Coming Up from the Richmond Kennel's



Going to covert.

Photograph by the Pictorial News Co.

printed leaflet issued by one of the greatest of American fox hunters, Major W. Austin Wadsworth, who has been hunting hounds continuously for twenty-eight years in the Genesee Valley. This "hunt bible," as it was irreverently termed by his flock, was produced to satisfy a need. I know of no other writing which so tersely expresses the essentials of right conduct.

Of the farmer he says "You have no business on a man's land, but are there by his sufferance, and he is entitled to every consideration. It is no excuse that you are in a hurry. It is much better for the Hunt that you should be left behind than that a farmer should be injured. If you take down a rail you should put it back. If you open a gate, you should shut it. If you break a fence or do any damage you cannot repair, you should report it at once to the responsible officers of the Hunt that it may be made good. Although you may feel convinced that it improves wheat to ride over it, the opinion is not diffused or popular, and the fact that some fool has gone ahead is no excuse whatsoever, but makes the matter worse."

Of the Master he says: "The M. F. H. is a great and mystic personage to be lowly, meekly and reverently looked up to, helped, considered and given the right of way at all times. His ways are not as other men's ways, and his language and actions are not to be judged by their standard. All that can be asked of him is that he furnish good sport, and so long as he does that he is amenable to no criticism, subject to no law and fettered by no conventionality while in the field. He is supposed by courtesy to know more about his own hounds than outsiders, and all hallooing, calling, and attempts at hunting them by others are not only very bad manners but are apt to spoil sport. As a general rule he can enjoy your conversation and society more when not in the field with the hounds, riders, foxes and damages on his mind." (N. B. The proffer of a flask is not conversation within the meaning of the above.) Of the fox he says, "Don't take after the first whip and make one of a line of sentries around a covert. How can a fox break if you do? Keep your mouth shut when you see a fox until he is well away and you are between him and the pack. Then, if you are sure it is the hunted fox, stand still as nearly on his

line as possible and yell for all you are worth. Don't clap on the first hounds, but let the huntsman bring up the pack. Don't gallop after the fox by yourself. If you caught him alone he might bite you. Don't give tongue on a woodchuck. It will cause you humiliation. There is a difference in the tails." Of the hounds, he writes as follows: "Keep away from them at all times and at every time. Even if you consider them worthless the Master may be quaintly indifferent to your opinion, and as the quietest horse will kick at a strange dog, and the stupidest dog distrust a strange horse, keep away. Stand still at a check and give them a chance to work. No hound can hunt while figuring the odds of being bitten, kicked or stepped on, and if the field keep pressing them in any direction, however slowly, the benighted beasts are capable of thinking there is a rational cause for it. And keep away from the huntsman also, that he may be in full view and the hounds see him and follow his movements and signals. And do not get between him and the whip on the road. There are miles of it before and behind where your equestrianism will be more appreciated."

Finally he closes with this injunction to the rider: "Don't say 'Ware horse!' to the hound. Say 'Ware hound!' to the horse. It is never any excuse that you cannot hold your horse. You have no business to bring out a horse you cannot hold any more than a biter or kicker. If you cannot hold him, go home. Never follow a man closely, particularly over a jump. If he should fall while landing you might kill him while helpless. Take your own line and keep it. Everybody is supposed to be entitled to the panel in front of him. If you don't like yours you must not take another man's till your turn."

It would be impossible to get a more explicit category of things to do and not to do in the hunting field, to say nothing of the picturesqueness of the foregoing composition. Every fox hunter should paste it in his hat.

The outside world might think that when the hounds come home and the sun goes down, the fox hunter would call it a day's work and cease from toil, but such is not the case. No principles of unionism limit his activity. Beginning in that

delightful hour at tea time when he sits before the fire still dressed in hunting clothes, continuing on through dinner when he appears refreshed with a tub and peacocks in a pink coat, and reaching his climax in the postprandial period, he labors continuously to make the day live in reminiscence. The great text, "did you see me?" is discussed with many categories. The fence that I jumped; the way my horse took the big ditch; how I fell over the stone wall and the way I got up again, are samples of the infinite variations which can be played upon this theme.

During dinner a tradition of gallantry may cause the male portion of the company to defer to the ladies who have been hunting and to listen to them recount their exploits, but after a safe retreat has once been made to the smoking-room, then every man for himself, and once intrenched in the smoking-room, soothed with a delightful sense of fatigue and good tobacco, it is an intrepid hostess who can storm the position and capture a detail of men for the drawing-room. The women

who have been hunting bear no resentment. They are willing placidly to doze, but the non-hunting women and particularly visitors, young and pretty from the outer world who know not the customs of a hunting community, wax hot with indignation, for they had hoped for a better fate than to talk to one another and listen to a third play on the piano. This is the time when the knowing observer detects the seeds of tender passion in the hunting man, for it is only this which will lure him from the smoking-room. His fellows talk and smoke and doze until the guests leave. Then he willingly goes to bed to reap the harvest of sleep which six or eight hours in the saddle in the open air has sown, and as the rain falls upon the just and the unjust, so sleep comes to the man who rode straight and to him who pounded upon the highway; to him who jumped the big fences and to him who went through gates, which perhaps intimates that after all the end of fox hunting, like the end of every honest sport, is to fit a man for honest work.



End of a Good Day.

Photograph by Jennings.



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The Scout.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE OUTDOOR WORLD

RUSSELL, THE WEST'S COWBOY
ARTIST

THE virile life of the Great West has had no lack of interpreters. All phases of existence on the great plains and in the mountains have been put on canvas as well as in literature. But it is only once in a while that the genius arrives on the scene—the man who is capable of putting down the “real thing.” When he arrives, the West takes off its hat to him. Of late years the West has been doffing its sombrero to a painter who has generally limited his subjects to cowboys and Indians, for the reason that cowboys and Indians he knows best, having lived with both. C. M. Russell is the artist's name, and his studio, instead of being pitched among the skyscrapers of New York, has been modestly sidetracked at the little town of Great Falls, Montana. Now Great Falls, Montana, is supreme as a “sheep town.” It is also some shakes as a cow town—or used to be before the pumpkin-rolling ranchers crowded the cattlemen so far toward the edge of the map. The teamsters bring great loads of wool across the desert to Great Falls and the town echoes to the crack of their long whips; the herders walk in to spend their last four weeks' pay, and cowmen clatter to town to talk about the times when they rode in bunches of twenty instead of melancholy groups of three or four. The town of Great Falls is busy, and prosperity has set its seal there—but as for art, nobody ever thought of it in connection with Great Falls until “Charley” Russell struck town and began to paint and draw. It was in 1892 that Russell, to use his own expression, “quit the range,” and took to the serious work of art, and in that span of years the cowboy, in spite of lack of academic instruction, has made a name for himself as one of the best and most faithful delineators of Western scenes.

It is only because he loves the West and its life that Russell did not long ago turn to the centers where art is supposed to flourish best. Indeed it is recorded that

one time the cowboy determined to attend art school and get the technical training which some folk said all artists required. Some say that he remained one day in school—some say less. But at any rate he was soon back in Great Falls, Montana, where he could fling a saddle across the back of his faithful pony and get the good, crisp air of plains when the voice of the range called him away from the canvas and the easel. A genuine cowboy like Russell is not going to get far away from the creak of saddle leather, and consequently it is likely that the ateliers of Paris will beckon in vain for this Western genius who, like Walther in “De Meistersinger” is “by nature taught.”

The story of Russell's early life and hardships is best given as the cowboy-artist himself has told it:

“I was born in St. Louis in 1865, and when I came to Montana twenty-four years ago I engaged as a sheep herder in the Judith Basin. I did not stay long, as the sheep and I did not get along well, but I did not think my employer missed me much, as I was considered pretty ornery. I soon took up with a hunter and trapper named Jake Hoover. This life suited me. We had six horses, a saddle horse apiece and pack animals. One of these is the pinto I have to-day. I stayed about two years with Hoover, when I had to go back to St. Louis. I brought back a cousin of mine who died of mountain fever at Billings two weeks after we arrived. When I pulled out of Billings I had four bits in my pockets and 200 miles between me and Hoover. There was still much snow, as it was April, but after riding about fifteen miles I struck a cow outfit coming in to receive 1,000 dougies for the 12 Z and V outfit up the Basin. The boss, John Cabler, hired me to night-wrangle horses. We were about a month on the trail and turned loose on Ross Fork, where we met the Judith roundup. They had just fired their night herder and Cabler gave me a good word, so I took the herd. It was a lucky thing no one knew me, or I never would have had the job.

“I was considered worthless, but in spite



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Custer's Last Stand.



C. M. Russell.

of that fact I held their bunch, which consisted of 300 saddle horses. That same fall old True hired me to night herd his beef, and for eleven years I sung to the horses and cattle.

"In 1888 I went to the Northwest Territory and stayed about six months with the Blood Indians. In the spring of 1889 I went back to Judith, taking my old place as wrangler. The Judith country was getting pretty well settled, and sheep had the range, so the cowmen decided to move. All that summer and the next we trailed the cattle north to Milk River. In the fall of 1891 I received a letter from Charley Green, better known as 'Pretty Charley,' a bartender in Great Falls, saying that if I would come to their camp I could make \$75 a month and grub. It looked good, so I saddled my gray and packed Monty, my pinto, and pulled my freight for said burg. When I arrived I was introduced to Mr. G., who pulled a contract as long as a stake rope for me to sign. It showed that I was beginning to get a reputation as an artist, for according to the contract, everything I drew, modeled

or painted in a year was to be his. I balked. Then he wanted me to paint from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, but I argued that there was some difference in painting and sawing wood, so we split, and I went to work for myself.

"I put in with a bunch of cowpunchers, a roundup cook and a prize fighter out of a job, and we rented a two by four on the south side. The feed was very short at times, but we wintered. Next spring I went back to Milk River and once more I took to the range. In the fall I returned to Great Falls, took up the paint brush and have never 'sung to them' since."

This brief autobiography, however, told with all the true cowman's lack of ornamentation, gives little idea of the struggle of the artist within the puncher of cows—a struggle against the environments of the cow

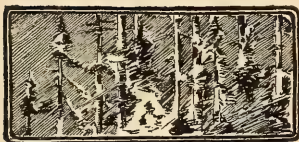
camp. For, recognizing all the virtues of the American cowboy, there is little in the society of the average roundup hand to encourage artistic instincts in a companion. The cowboy's work is a primitive sort, and his play is likewise primitive. His heart is generally in the right place, but he is as unlettered as a child and is usually not ashamed of the fact. Long hours in the saddle, whether on the roundup or on the range, leave him little time for thinking of higher things than cattle, and consequently it is not strange that Russell's art studies during the first years in Montana made slow progress. But the young cowpuncher had the spirit of determination. His spare hours at the bunkhouse were spent in sketching, when the other men were telling stories or playing cards. On the roundup he sketched by the light of the campfire, when nothing but snores came from the blanketed forms of his tired companions. He sketched the cowboys, the ponies, the cattle, the bears and other wild animals of mountain and plain, and he made a thorough study of the Indians.

MOOSUK

A WHITE AND RED CHRISTMAS OF THE DEBATABLE GROUND

By FITZHERBERT LEATHER

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



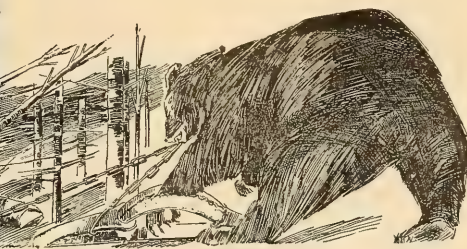
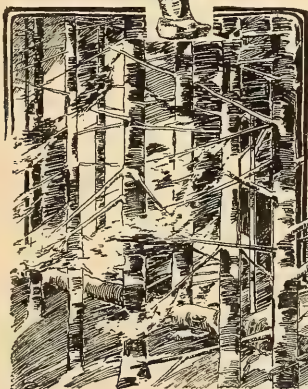
FULL man's law is to-day over all the big bend of the Columbia, and there is some religious creed. But one hundred years ago man there was unruled, and pagan as the gorge's basalt shafts, plinthed to the river like giants stood up *in pillory* in a day dead to all word of truth. And if later west-going Jesuits from the peaks of the Rockies blessed that Columbia plain, and called the far-off waters roaring a hymn of peace and God's good will, the land was yet (in that earlier day) neither Reuben's nor Gad's. For pagan and Christian, for Briton and American, and white and red, it was the Debatable Ground, as lore and history calls it. And it was bad, as to common law.

White society was first staged before the gaping Shushwap folk by the fur-seeking Hudson Bay monopoly at Fort Okinakane. With the willing reds the profit percentage was big for the firm, and bigger with the Caucasians of all sorts who bore on the fur trail in those days as buccaneers did the main—but on other odds: By exact computation the company debited its profit account with its white trapper force (all of it), transferred to the accounts of the next world, through the hard or bloody way of the Rocky Mountain foothills and west, once every three years.

* * * * *

The old gold trail (God only knows its

"His
instinct
was
too
keen
and
the
trail
too
fresh."



length) from Cariboo to California, sights the timber along the valley of the Sans Poil. The land rolls and tumbles to mountains above and below; and so vast is the plain the snow peaks often fall far below the hem of it, and tell nothing of their world-wondering grandeur. And that spot where the Sans Poil strikes the Columbia was in the old days the winter camp of a thrifty tribe; and here was life organic in all its primitive fullness; every day the scent of the village brought out the keen-nosed carrion in the air from the hills miles about; every night the coyote lulled the papooses to sleep in the tepee by envious howling at his rival curs of domestic breeds; day by day the redman worked out the simple problems of his little-taught life.

* * * * *

The light alder smoke which blew from the cone of Moosuk's well-made moosehide tepee, told that his squaw was there and waiting with his mess. She watched the warm smoke run to the funnel, and harked for the moccasin *boof-boof* tread of her

buck coming back over the snow; the while she uselessly dreamed of Blackfoot bogies too afraid or too lazy to raid in snowtime. Moosuk was not held by Blackfoot; and his toes pointed to his camp. But he did not just then kick the snow in front of him: Moosuk had shuffled up to his swamp, set his few traps (hard enough earned last winter at the fort), and hugging himself, and again blowing his fingers for warmth, he was swinging happy but hungry to the village, when he suddenly stopped; he jerked up on his heels, his quiet face turned to an astonished mask, and from his throat came the best guttural of his gamut:

"Oogh-ki!"

Before the surprised buck the snow was red. A new made trail was there—a wide trail as if a mad moose had pushed sideways through the thick growth. Moosuk's mouth slowly shut. His lips pouted, then drew back to a smile, and again he spoke:

"Big bear!" His Indian mind easily deduced the fancy of a bleeding bruin wrestling with some gripping steel; and a small forest of entanglement with him. Then Moosuk's face looked serious, and again he spoke:

"Jules' bear!" Jules was the fur company's Sans Poil *voyageur*.

Moosuk put his face closer to the snow. He forgot his hungry stomach as his keen eye read the trail; and again there was a satisfied Shushwap guttural as the young Indian decided Jules had not yet followed his game. Jules' track was not there; it may have been too early in the day.

The soul of the simple Sans Poil had been mightily changed of late years by the new questions in the red book on the rights of man. Moosuk's gift was of an easy, honest sort, but the coming of the pirating Caucasians (they took his food from his mouth) had undone his primitive sense, and the old fine dealing between red and red did not in those days apply. Moosuk's little-wise mind had known no rest since he first saw a Sans Poil beaver biting the steel of Jules' skilfully laid trap the winter gone.

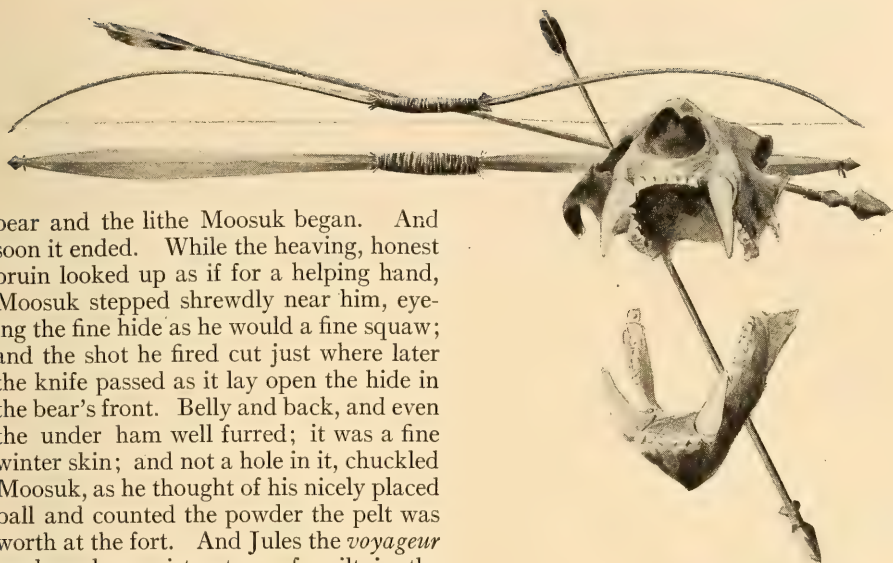
But the Indian had no time to sift this immediate question of the Debatable Ground. His instinct was too keen, and the trail too fresh. The fever in him pressed, and the race between the tired



bear and the lithe Moosuk began. And soon it ended. While the heaving, honest bruin looked up as if for a helping hand, Moosuk stepped shrewdly near him, eyeing the fine hide as he would a fine squaw; and the shot he fired cut just where later the knife passed as it lay open the hide in the bear's front. Belly and back, and even the under ham well furred; it was a fine winter skin; and not a hole in it, chuckled Moosuk, as he thought of his nicely placed ball and counted the powder the pelt was worth at the fort. And Jules the *voyageur* made only a misty atom of guilt in the Indian's happy mind.

* * * * *

Jules Perrin sat on a pine log outside his cabin, his mink-peaked beaver back on his head, and his face pointed to catch all the winter sun's meager ration. Jules took off his gloves and cut an end of black twist with a mighty pleasure to the length of a smoke, thinking of his profitable winter campaign and the Christmas feast at the fort nearly due, when he would meet the rest (spared by the grace of God) of the over-Rocky Mountain brotherhood. Jules rolled and pressed the weed in his palm in a time-wasting loafer's way, as he thought of his little sweetheart in Montréal. Finally he felt for his pipe and his tinder; and he wondered if his bear trap ten miles south had results. He lifted a leg off the log; put a glove on; fixed his cap snug to his head, and, satisfied with his morning preparatory, started south over the snow. Jules kept by the river, trailing in the timber near the bank. The maple's wiry lacework, the white alder, the low berrybrush, all showed the mark of Jules' industrious axe above the beaten path where



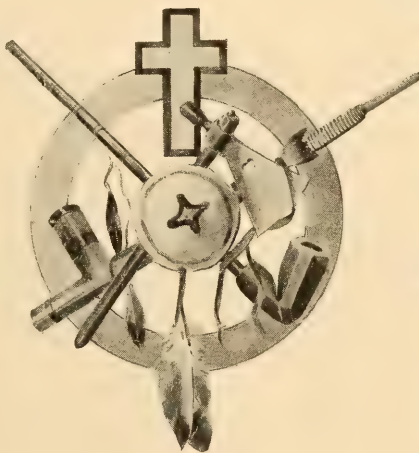
first (and ages before his time) the salmon-seeking bear ran; or where bruin listened as he heard the kingfisher crying down the stream at game in the water too big for little birds; where the skunk ran sniffing tremblingly the heavy odor of his bigger friend, or the wild cat's dangerous musk. The trapper's trail often led on a log swaying across the frothing creek, and again angled inland to the beaver and otter slides. When dipping into the timber Jules left his pipe in the trail, lest the smell of it prove too strong for the suspicious fur ahead. Shortly Jules put away his pipe altogether. He stopped, too, to rub his cold nose. Then he fixed his cap firmly again to his head, and tied again his moccasin strings;

he took up a hole in his belt, and looked to the lock of his gun. Jules thought he was near bear ground.

"This must be about where I fixed that trap," said Jules.

He worked more cautiously forward, bearing by slight new axe blazes on the bottom's timber.

"It's too quiet for real business," thought Jules. "Ah!" Jules opened his eyes. "He has come and gone,"



he added. "With the trap!" he appended.

Before Jules was a space well cleared of small brush, and finely thrashed about. The trees were barked as if something there had been kicking mad. Jules picked up the trail, more earnest in the business of getting bear; and his lively footing became livelier as sign more and more proved it sure his bear needed only the fine finishing touches of powder and shot.

Soon, however, the trapper slackened his pace. His well-posted hunter's sense told him his quarry had not struggled beyond a certain brush knoll above him. He primed his gun afresh, and cautiously he entered the arena of a bear's death struggle. But for Jules it was not to be.

When Jules Perrin saw the fine carcass of the late bruin, the skeleton jaw openly grinning at him, his attitude doubled Moosuk's when that innocent, thrown back on his heels, first guessed the nearness of Jules in the valley. Jules a moment after danced a mad reel about his well-skinned trophy, and loud patois oaths traveled over those Okinakane wilds as his strong voice sent everything rouge rapidly to purgatory and other perdition.

Jules felt as severely involved in the rights of man on the Debatable Ground as Moosuk. But Jules had no scruples. His mind read the guilt of the Indian by his moccasin marks, and his conscience said at once, "an eye for an eye"—a Mosaic pattern unknown in that exact way to the ignorant red. And later Jules swung over the tracks of Moosuk to where the untaught red fellow had worked all that raw day in the swamps with his miserable half-score traps. Jules was soon the mortgagee of all Moosuk's winter capital stock. Then he took the trail for home, satisfied with his financial deal and any developments Sans Poil red men might excite from it.

* * * * *

The first ceremony of another act on the Debatable Ground was now over. Moosuk's squaw next day feared a paleface bogie instead of a Blackfoot as she listened for the *boof-boof* tread in the snow coming back.

Moosuk on the trail in the first gray of the day noted Jules' track. Soon he noted Jules' work. Every trap in the

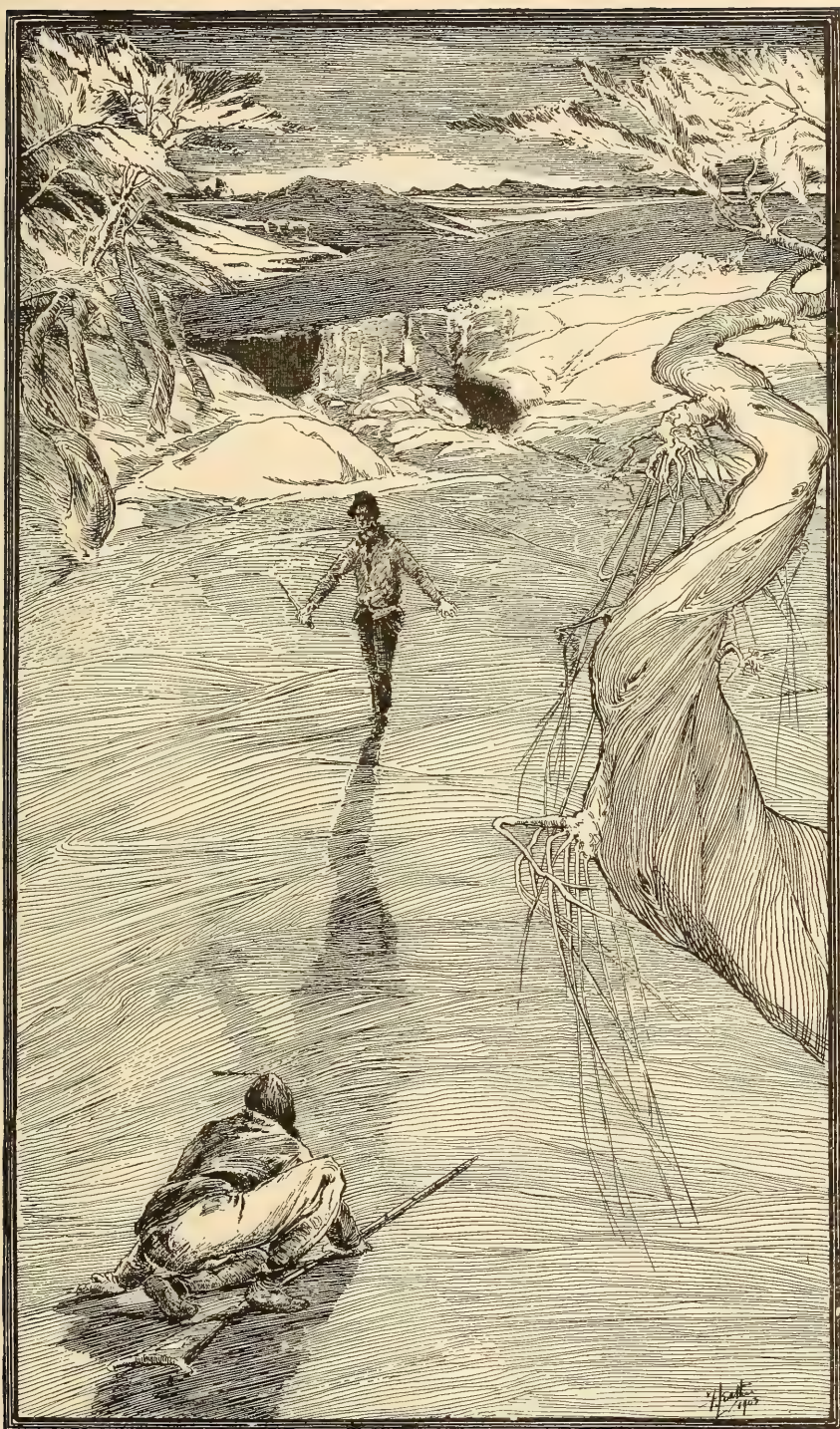
beaver swamp was gone. The young Sans Poil let his jaw drop as if he were sick. Then his eyes showed his blind madness, while his mouth roughed out the picture of a redman's hate. Soon he turned sick again with the whole effect of it; thinking hard of the work those traps had caused him. Moosuk yesterday had thrown up his face and sniffed the heavy beaver taint in the air, as he thought of more tobacco and a new blanket for his wife at the fort, that now he could not buy. Moosuk grew sicker. He counted the beaver he should have found in the drift with the white whittled pole marking the steel below. A Blackfoot could not have done worse, he thought. The Indian saw again the moccasin track of the alien, and turned home to nurse his rights in primitive common law.

* * * * *

Moosuk's squaw after that was worried about Moosuk. The buck slipped out of his tepee in the morning only to come back early without a hair of fur, and to mope the rest of the day. Fur did not seem to be his business. She did not see, nor did Jules see, the swift Moosuk lope up the Sans Poil each day, and at the end of an hour climb a high alder. If Jules had had the eyes of a hawk he would have caught the intent gaze of Moosuk, as he perched high in the limbs of a tree not far below the *voyageur's* cabin. But the morning came when Moosuk did not back trail to the tepee. Far out on the snow-covered plain a black speck moved west. Moosuk saw it from his perch. His mouth opened, and his face smiled as he said:

"Jules—fort!" Jules was, in fact, tramping at a good gait for the Christmas feast at Fort Okinakane, four days away on the Cariboo trail.

There were soon two black dots on the plain that led to the Columbia—two specks on the great snow plateau, moving over low hills and among bits of winter-dead timber and brush. Moosuk trod lightly in the trail of Jules. Jules crunched the new snow that had had no man's foot on it that winter; the wide highway to him was his alone, and Jules looked only forward. The brilliant glare of the sun gave him his only distraction, but that worried him as much, perhaps, as if he had known that his murderous enemy Moosuk was behind him: Now



"The Indian watched Jules open-mouthed."

and again Jules put his hand nervously to his eyes, and he swore a little at a pain that shot back in his head. Moosuk at times saw Jules' peculiar action, and wondered humorously what flies could bother him in dead of winter and on the desert snow.

Moosuk was following steadily the trail of Jules on the second day, and he was closer. Once Moosuk climbed a higher hill, and looked west to where the Columbia tore its way through the earth; and that spot, if Moosuk's mind could have been so skilfully divined from his well-written facial expression, had intensest interest for him. It was there Jules would have to ford the river; and it was there that Moosuk might find the opportunity fitted to his cautious Indian idea.

The roar of the river reached up as it plunged through its canyon, the only voice to the two moving objects on the snow world above. There was little distraction in Moosuk's desperate game. But it was odd, thought Moosuk, that Jules now goes north. In fact, Jules' trail now bore away from the true course. Moosuk could not understand it. He sat down to figure the matter. Then he followed more swiftly. North, then south, then north again, and east and west, Jules wandered indifferently. He might have been crazed.

Moosuk was mightily puzzled. He could not account for Jules, and as his enemy continued his erratic movements the Indian could only utter a guttural "That's queer!" The Indian now came nearer, and now Jules bore back on his trail. "That is queerer still!" Moosuk must have thought. Moosuk was within a few yards of his enemy. He dropped into a clump of brush. Hidden, the Indian watched Jules open-mouthed. The trapper strode aimlessly in every direction.

"What is the matter with him?" Moosuk was asking himself. No answer was suggested by the trapper's strange bearing; though often he clasped his hands to his head, and a round patois oath would soar above the plain; nor even when Jules at last sat down on his furs and buried his face in his hands. Moosuk then muttered the equivalent for "terribly sick," as the best solution of the mystery. Jules put his hand to his head; rubbed his eyes. Moosuk involuntarily did the same, but

the mystery remained. "*Oogh-ki!*" exclaimed Moosuk. It was his first hearty guttural since he saw the blood-covered trail of Jules' troublesome bear. "Him not lost trail. Trail clear!" he further thought. The Indian was completely foiled by the manner of Jules. He now lay down to await developments. Nothing like this had happened in his life before.

Jules did not sit silent long. He astonished the Indian by sudden activity. The trapper shook a little powder into the pan of his gun; he blazed away, and the Okinakane wilds awakened to a rifle shot, while Moosuk, with peculiar adroitness and suddenness, flung himself flat on the snow. Again and again Jules fired, but no shot replied. Moosuk only heard, trembling. Then the trapper tossed his rifle from him, as if in despair.

Jules half disarmed, Moosuk felt freer. He peeped out of his hiding place for a better view, his curiosity as much as his hate tempting him. The Indian stole now to the rear, softly crawling in the snow. He understood the silent art of moving on his belly—Moosuk had raided his neighbor Blackfoot in his day. The rear, however, taught Moosuk nothing, and he stole past a hummock to the front, his knife anxiously clenched in his hand. Soon he raised his head. Yet Jules did not move. Moosuk's face was cut in bronze against the faultless background. There seemed no passion in the mask that propped itself on the snow, but a child's absorbing curiosity and wonderment. From the tendons of his neck to the ligaments of his heels he was tense and rigid as the salmon he smoked in his tepee and chewed in the winter time. That was from physical anxiousness. Moosuk's nature was under a new trial, and it was tempted with new emotions. There was no creed to apply here, and as his muzzle pitched over the snow the Indian blinked and blinked again to unfathom the helplessness of his enemy. Soon he once more asked himself:

"Is Jules sick?" Just then Jules moved. The Indian gopher disappeared in the snow, and Jules was alone. Slowly, however, the apparition showed again on the snow. Then more slowly above the confident head came the shoulders, and Moosuk, with his elbows and his chin



Jules was not dead but strong yet in that wild, desert plain."

resting on his hands, kicked his toes into his soft bed, still waiting patiently. Jules fronted Moosuk square, but he saw no more of him than Montreal; but with his face pushed in his hands he seemed absorbed. At last Jules lifted his face and seemed to look earnestly over the snow. Moosuk diplomatically slipped, as it were, into the earth. Jules still stared as Moosuk lifted himself cautiously again. As the mask appeared and it saw Jules' face, it opened its mouth. There could be but one answer, and Moosuk breathed:

"*Oogh-ki!*—Jules no see." The practical Indian did not pinch himself to know if he were in a dream. He could under-

stand now that the keen-eyed trapper had lost one of his senses.

"Him no see, him no hear; him mebbe half dead," might have been the expressed jargon of the Sans Poil's collected thought, and from it sprang an original idea. The Indian's mouth took a flat oval form, and his face muscles became rigid, while from his throat tore a yell that Blackfoot over the Rockies might have heard. The effect was all that could have been desired. If Moosuk was astonished at Jules' rifle shot, Jules was thrilled by the Shushwap war whoop. Jules was transformed. Straight up he stood, holding his knife in his hand. He was not dead, but strong yet in that wild, desert plain, and brave



"His quiet face turned to an astonished mask."

among his enemies; and if Jules ever cursed things rouge he cursed them then. His desperate patois oration in synopsis simply meant:

"Come on, ye devils, if ye dare!" No further Moosuk yells greeted Jules, however. Moosuk simply kept silent in front of the unintelligent jargon, and as the minutes ran by without a sound the *voyageur* sat down and cursed himself for a dreamer and a madman.

Moosuk was a cautious, calculating brave; but not a coward. He would bring this odd circumstance to a climax. With another yell he was now within two steps of the trapper, who jumped upright and defiant before him.

But Moosuk went no further. Jules' face was clear, and the Indian dropped his hands: the complete solution of the mystery was his. He uttered one word. It meant this:

"Snowblind." In his Shushwap lingo

Moosuk repeated: "Snowblind." And he knew what it meant. The tall, strong trapper was less dangerous than a cub bear, and his head was racked as if fire had been plunged in his eyes. Moosuk repeated:

"Snowblind!" His hands dropped, and his face lines again moved to new and sudden emotions. Moosuk again repeated the momentous word. His face showed he had forgotten the devil that was in him all day, and the temptation to send Jules to eternity was strangely weak in him.

"Come on, ye varmint, and fight," roared the trapper. "Fight a blind man. Stick yer knife in a blind man!"

But Moosuk was not ready. He rummaged his mind for ideas. He held a council of war with himself, as he and his tribesmen had together before the slumbering lodge of Blackfoot. There was Kyak, thought Moosuk, if his thoughts

could be so freely translated; he killed everything, like a cougar and he stuck his knife into his dead for simple ugliness. There was more good in Moosuk than in Kyak; though there was less in Kyak than in the ordinary coyote. But there was Feather-at-His-Back. He killed Two-Horse because Two-Horse tortured that Utah when Feather-at-His-Back said "Enough." Over such and other domestic knowledge Moosuk lingered to find a cue to that problem standing blind and defiant on the snow.

Then there was the temptation of Jules' fine furs; the danger of discovery of a killing; the Columbia could carry Jules' corpse to eternal silence, but the bloody snow plain might tell the tale. But Moosuk was not a professional murderer. That was not in his red heart. And he did not know enough of the white to hate him deep forever. So ran the complex data of thought and emotion through the strategic, half-soulful Indian mind—a mind capable enough, as his council talks had proved. And he knew no creed but

his simple inspiration and the rough training of his utilitarian Indian life. And Moosuk had cried like a child when his sister died. And once he traveled forty days with a ransom to the Cayuses for his brother. And Moosuk often had grown sick of the torture tricks of the old women when Blackfoot were tied to the stakes of his tribe. And there was in this situation something akin, and that touched his human strings. He did not know that as he stood alone with his worst enemy, doubting, he had already worked out a little of the detail of the true love of a Christ; and he did not know as at last the nature in him took pity on Jules, and he sulkily put back his knife, and came to terms, that that was Christian. And Moosuk's red soul knew nothing, as he led Jules over the Columbia (the roaring voice of it a hymn to Jules) ford, of other men's creeds. Nor until he led the trapper by a string through the stockade of the fort on that Christmas day had he ever heard:

"Peace on earth, and good will toward all men."



LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

AN EXPERT ON SNAKES

By JUSTINA JOHNSON

NOT all fish stories are about fish. Some are about snakes and other natural objects. This is a proposition that will surely be upheld by all who are conversant with the wide range said fish stories may take. I have observed that no one is more welcome to the angler than the man with a new story or with a new edition of an old story. I am frequently forced to believe that of the two he really most appreciates the old story in a new dress. Not long ago the Old Angler ran up, one evening, on the hotel porch, against a man from up York State somewhere who knew things about snakes that nobody the old man had ever encountered had known. That he also had opinions on fish and fishing did not lessen his attraction. As the old man came up the steps he heard the stranger relating his experience to the usual audience: "So none of you fellows knew that a rattlesnake has legs? Well—I'll be danged! Every youngster up our way knows that. They know well enough that if you catch a rattlesnake and build a fire on its back, it will stick out its legs. Seen 'em do it myself. Sure."

Now, of course, the Old Angler is not without information on the snake question himself, but he quietly settled on a chair, with a pleased look on his face while the York State man went on:

"Yes! and these rattlesnakes aren't half as bad to live with as people make out either. If you'd seen as danged many as I have, you'd feel that this was such a safe sort of place to live in it would make you lonesome. Of course you have to be careful, and keep them from getting too thick. When you come to close quarters there are all sorts of ways of killing the critters, you'll find. Best way I know, though, is to catch them by the tails and snap their heads off with a good, sharp snap, like cracking a whip. Have to be most danged careful where the heads fly to, for the critters don't find out much before the next day that they are dead, and they'll bite you, even with their heads off; and it'll kill you just as sure as if they were alive. Seen it happen, myself. Yes sir!

"Another good way to kill them, if you have to kill them, is to catch them quick around the throat when they are ready to strike, and cut their heads off with a knife. That's a little old fashioned, I know, and it's sometimes unhandy to get at your knife, for of course a rattler is danged lively with his tail—and smart too, danged smart. Why once a fellow up our way caught one, and it quick wrapped itself around his arms, before he could get his hand into his pocket, and, sir, those two wrestled around for two whole days, without one getting ahead of the other. Then the rattler gave up. Saw the whole thing myself. Yes sir I did, but I was on the other side of the creek and the creek was too high to get across.

"Have any hoop snakes up your way, stranger?" He went on. "The kind you know that take their tails in their mouths, and stiffen up so as to make a hoop of themselves and roll after you? Your story of the two buck rattlesnakes made me think of them. You have? Country rolling full of them, you say? Well, that's a little different from here. They were always scarce here in Pennsylvania. Fact is, we don't hear of them at all any more, but when I was a boy, now," he went on with a laugh, "out alone in the woods somewhere about dark, I'd hear a rustle behind me, and I'd know without looking what it was. Many a time the awful thing would chase me clear to the side gate at home on a dead run. I'm afraid of snakes, myself.

"You see," he continued addressing the roomful. "They are a queer kind of thing. Have a horn on their tails that's deadly poison. They roll after you, you know, and when they get close, they slap their tails loose, and its sure death to be hit. Lord! I've often heard Baldy Sanders tell about how his father was one time hoeing in a clearing over on the edge of the woods, when a terrible big hoop snake came rolling down at him off the mountain. Big as a cart wheel, Baldy said it was. When it got close to him—slap went its tail. The old gentleman dodged it himself, but the horn in its tail struck the

handle of the hoe he was holding, and sir, inside of five minutes, Baldy said, that hoe handle had swollen up as big as a man's arm. But they were always scarce.

"Have many fish up in your state, stranger? I'm rather interested in fish, myself."

The man from York State drew a long breath.

"Fish! well. I should say so! I don't believe, now, you fellows around here know what fish really are. Every place is full of fish, rivers and runs and creeks and mill races, up where I come from. Even in the winter you can cut a hole through the ice and one man can catch them so fast it takes three men to keep up with him, taking them off the hooks. Yes, and it gets cold up there, danged cold, I tell you, and the fish freeze solid just as soon as they are out of the water, so all we have to do is to pile the frozen fish on a bobsled, like cord wood you know. Its not much of an afternoon's work for a man to catch a bobsled full. Then we climb on top the load, and hoist an umbrella, and let the wind blow us home. Its great, I tell you!

"All the streams are full of fish, up there." He went on hastily. "One place, up in the woods there is a big mill dam. I know the spot well. Beautiful place it is too, beautiful. One time this dam got so full of pike and catfish that they actually had to eat each other up to keep from smothering. Pike, they say, are pretty smart, and they soon cleaned the catfish out, once they got started. They were so danged smart, these pike, that they wouldn't catch a catty just any way, and eat him up. No, sir! They knew if they did they'd get stung, and that catfish heads weren't good for much, any way. So they got to catching them by the tails, and biting them off just back of their heads. Well, sir: these pike got so danged slick at the business that at last the catfish wouldn't know it when they were caught, and the heads would go on swimming around as lively as you please, without any bodies. Seen it myself—lots of times—whole top of mill pond swimming full of catfish that hadn't any bodies, just heads, and the fools—"

"Do you fish much yourself, stranger?"

"Fish!" answered the man from York State. "Well, I should say so. I don't suppose you fellows around here know

what fishing is. Up where I live, though, I tell you we catch fish. Give me a good pole and line and a good bank to stand on and I'll throw them out over my shoulder all day long, so fast you can't catch them—"

"Oh," interrupted the old man, with his most significant drawl, "that's the way you fish! Don't you lose a good many, throwing them over your shoulder so careless as that? You do! Well I thought so. I've always thought if I had to fish that way, I'd do all my fishing in the winter when there was snow on the ground, so that I could track them. Ever try that? No? Do now, sometime, and see how it turns out.

"Going to stay long, stranger, in these parts? No! only to-morrow! That's too bad. I'm afraid there's not much fishing to show you that would interest you, just now. Streams are too low. If it was only huckleberry time now, we could take you for huckleberries. We could show you plenty of snakes then. I'd rather like to take you on such a trip as that, stranger. I'm afraid of snakes, myself, but I always did hanker to see one killed one of these fancy ways you tell about.

"I remember once, though, Baldy Sanders had a great disappointment with a man he took for huckleberries, who said he knew a good bit about snakes," he went on as he rose and prepared to go home. "Baldy was something of a snake killer himself, as you know. First rattlesnake they came across, Baldy saw first. It was lying all coiled up on the side hill, pretty steep too it was, about three feet below the stranger. When Baldy called to him to look out, and the stranger saw the snake so close to him, he gave a jump and slipped and sat down hard right in front of the snake, with his feet kicking in the air over its head. Baldy said he was scared to death for a minute, but the stranger was lively and scrambled away, and neither of them said a word about any fancy way of killing him. So Baldy killed him with a stone. Later in the day, Baldy saw one under a bush the stranger was beginning to work on, and Baldy heaved a stone into the middle of the bush. When the rattlesnake sang out, the stranger jumped three feet, and didn't make a move towards it. So Baldy killed that one, too, with a stone. Yes, he was a great disappointment to Baldy."

PLAIN BOB—POINTER

By ALEXANDER HUNTER

DRAWINGS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

DURING the last ten years I have spent five Christmas days sitting solitary and alone in a blind with the keen wind chilling me to the marrow, despite thick underclothing and waterproof costume outside, and a bottle of ten year old inside.

Most people would denominate a man who deliberately would leave his friends and home, forfeiting light, warmth, comfort and conviviality, to sit as solitary as a pelican in the desert, or a sparrow on a housetop, on the barren seashore, with the thermometer below the freezing point, and the wind blowing forty miles an hour as, to say the least, a crank; others would call him a mild lunatic that ought to be watched.

In wild-fowl shooting there are often days, sunny, bright and calm that he sits in his blind and doesn't fire off his gun. It is the same with most any kind of game. Frequently in fox hunting not a trail is struck, though I hold that chasing an "old red" through field and stream, over hill and dale, is the keenest excitement that the human mind can feel, but a half-dozen runs in a week will break down the dogs and satisfy the most enthusiastic hunter.

A man can hunt partridges all the open season and never tire. For one thing, he is sure of having sport in a good country every time he goes out, and it takes one fully a half-dozen hunts to understand the nature and capabilities of his dogs. And then there is infinite variety; the sportsman never knows what will happen; the uncertainty tunes him up to the A string. In duck shooting, he has notice of the approach of the game, and can pull himself together; but in partridge shooting, after the covey is flushed, he must be on the *qui vive* every moment. A bird may rise at his very feet and a moment's hesitation and the chance is lost. He may stumble into a flock, yet if his nerves suffer a momentary shock, away the birds scatter, unharmed and untouched. In speaking of

nerves, I mention a point that is a serious matter with most sportsmen. I know there are some wooden, unemotional, automatic men who shoot the same, day in and day out, but they are rare exceptions, and they do not know what real sport is. Most men, who have spent years in the field, are bound to become, at least, fair shots; but some days they are so disgusted with their bad shooting that they are almost ready to give away their dogs and guns. The next time they go out, with many misgivings, every time they pull the trigger the bird falls, and they feel immensely proud of their own performance.

In shooting partridges, there must be an instant and perfect coöperation of sight and swiftness; and above everything, an instantaneous steadying of one's aim. It is the latter that the nerves affect; they can be quick and single out their bird every time, but if their nerves are out of tune the muzzle of their guns vibrate a trifle and they shoot wild. There has been, and always will be, a great deal of discussion among sportsmen as to what causes nervousness. A jovial night spent in drinking and over-eating will affect the shooting the next morning of the most seasoned huntsman. Too much smoking plays the very dickens with the nerves. If a man gets into a state of worriment with his dogs, good-bye to successful snap shooting. If he hunts with an individual that blazes away, hit or miss, at everything, he is bound to throw away his own shots. Then, again, one never knows where he can find the birds. A big field where he stirred up three or four coveys a few days ago is now barren of a feather. The birds are around somewhere, but where—in vain the dogs hunt faithfully and carefully in field, wood and thicket, and the huntsman goes away sullenly as if the birds had played a confidence game on him.

Now those coveys may be nestling under a hollow log, or clustered together in an

impenetrable bamboo patch, or they may have flown at the first alarm and scattered in the woods. The partridge has a small head but he has more brains than any other bird that flies. He carries out the Darwinian creed of "the survival of the fittest." Bob White, in the days of the old muzzle loader, was a very different bird

of a large covey is the average bag. While all other feathered game has decreased, the partridge is as plentiful as in by-gone times. There are many coveys that make their haunts in the depths of the woods and never venture out except a couple of hours to feed.

There is, in middle North Carolina, a



On top of the last rail was Bob.

from what he is now. The coveys could be found, generally, in the stubble fields, and flew to cover only when flushed. Now the birds don't stray ten yards from a thicket, and when startled, they scatter more widely and many hide in the branches of the trees. The time was when a crack shot could exterminate a flock; now the birds have learned to take care of themselves, and three to eight out

choice hunting ground where I always go in the fall. It is a wheat-growing section, and the birds fatten and thrive on the stubble. I stay at a farmer's house, who has been a devotee of the art of killing a whirring partridge at all angles. He raises and trains dogs, and always has a couple of choice pointers for his own use. He knows the habits and haunts of the birds, and is a good man to hunt with. In

hunting in this section, the sportsman generally rides; and both H—— and myself follow the custom, and have a pair of mules that are broken to the task and are the very perfection of luxurious sport.

A trained mule is far superior to a horse; for one thing, he is easier to mount, and when the rider dismounts, scores of times a day, it is a luxury to step into the saddle instead of swinging into it. Then a mule is sure-footed, and can thread in and out among the trees in a forest in a way that a horse can never learn. We use a military McClellan saddle, as it is the handiest to hang one's game bag on, and to swing the rabbits by the rings.

Many sportsmen make a mistake in starting very early in the morning. Partridges are like chickens in their habits, and if you look out of your window into the yard, when the frost is still white on the ground, you will see the fowls preening and stretching themselves, and they do not commence foraging for food until the morning is a little advanced. Nine o'clock is early enough to start.

H—— has a fine pair of dogs, and I have as good. One is a young setter of fine promise, and a perfect retriever; the other is a pointer, named plain "Bob." If I was in the profession, and kept a kennel, I would have given him a more sounding name, such as "Robert of the Dale," or "Robert le Diable," but to an amateur sportsman, plain Bob sounds good enough for all intents and purposes, just as plain Jane, Mary, or Sally suits our daily life, and we leave to the novelist Genevieve, Maude and Gladys.

"Bob" is the most peculiar dog I ever saw; he is morose, cynical, sour and ill-natured. To know him well is enough to confirm one in the belief of Pythagoras and that the spirit of some misogynist has entered the dog's body. Yet Bob is a phenomenon; I can truly say, of the scores of pointers I have owned in my life, I never saw his equal; nor do I believe for reason, judgment, and abnormal, keen scent, that he can be matched in this country. I said he has reason; and by the shades of Diana! if it is instinct instead, then there is such a faint line between the two that no one can tell where one begins and the other leaves off.

I bought Bob two years ago, when he

was only a year old. His mother and sire were fine field dogs, but as the North Carolina sportsmen judge a dog like the Argonauts do a man in a mining camp, not for his blood or ancestry, but for his performance; so I was unable to obtain his pedigree. Bob shows his lineage; he is cut and built like a greyhound. I trained him last year, and hunted him during November; and I propose to tell of some of his work, which will show that there is one dog that thinks.

It was a lovely morning when, with my companion, I started off. The dogs gave vent to their exuberant delight by their joyous barks and gambols, all save Bob, who, contemptuous and disdainful, trotted along the road, one ear hanging down, and his head carried sideways in the most grotesque manner. Some dog had, the summer before, badly torn the left organ of hearing and marked Bob for life.

About a mile from the house we turned off from the road and entered a large field, intersected with many washouts; there were two or three dense bamboo thickets scattered about. Most of the field had grown up in broom-sedge, and we could see the dogs only at intervals, as they sped through the heather. We stopped and waited.

H—— said:

"I wonder what Bob is up to now."

"I don't see him," was my reply.

"Look over there towards the woods," said H——.

Turning in the direction of the pointed finger, I saw Bob standing on a prostrate tree, gazing around as if admiring the scenery; then, as we watched, he took a course for the far end of the field and reaching the edge of a fence he came to a stand. As we rode up he turned his head several times to see if we were coming, and then as we advanced he stiffened into a statue. There was a thick growth of chickweed a few yards in front of him, and as the other dogs backed him beautifully, I stepped forward and flushed the covey; as they rose we both emptied our guns, but only two fell. I suppose there were about twenty birds.

"Where did they go?" I asked.

"Most of them went into the pine woods," answered my companion.

"But say, why did Bob come to this particular spot?"

"Well, I suppose he took in the lay of the land, and saw that this was a good feeding place, and as it was the birds' feeding time, you can just put two and two together."

"That's all very well," said my companion, "but a dog doesn't think."

"You just wait," I said to him, "and you just keep an eye on Bob."

We went in quest of the scattered birds, and got one in a thicket, and then started for the pines.

"I don't think it is worth while to hunt there," said H—. "There is no cover, and the birds won't lie close."

"Keep the other dogs to heel, and send Bob in," I said, and when H— had corralled the others, I gave the word to the pointer, and he entered the dim recesses of the pines. There were no briers, no fallen timber; the ground was level as a billiard table, and carpeted with pine-needles an inch or two deep. Bob did not run, he simply glided, making no noise; he reminded me of a phantom dog as he flitted along the ground. All at once he stopped so suddenly that he bunched himself in a knot. I never saw such a grotesque position; and had I photographed him in that position, people would have said it was a stuffed animal twisted out of shape.

There being no cover, the birds were simply squatting close to the ground, and as I tiptoed to the place, I tried to discern the bird, but its plumage so harmonized with the cover that I could not detect any living thing, though not three feet away. I slipped a pace closer, and then the partridge sprang not over an inch from Bob's nose. I brought it down with the second barrel, and that flushed all of the rest.

"I never saw a dog that had the self-control of Bob," said my companion.

Now any other dog would have snapped at that bird and caught it, but Bob knew that it was not his day for sport, and held himself in so as to give us the pleasure of shooting.

"If that is not thinking, what do you call it?" I said.

"It's a kind of arguing, anyway," he replied.

After traveling through the woods and scattering a covey that dispersed to different parts of America, we entered a rough

meadow of wire grass, and trailing briers. To our great astonishment a large flock rose under the mules' feet, and sailing away in a body dropped in a broom-sedge field.

"Who would have supposed partridges would be found in such a field?" I exclaimed.

"That's so," responded H— "you will often find them in the most unexpected places, but we could not have chosen a better spot for them to alight, and now we are going to have glorious sport."

We dismounted, tied our steeds to a sapling, and calling the dogs, went direct to the spot. As they hunted, we stood ready with cocked guns, but no birds rose. We both agreed that this was the very spot where the birds dropped to earth, but not a sign did we see. In vain we traversed, and retraversed the hillside, not a feather was to be seen.

"This beats me!" I said, as I mopped the perspiration from my forehead. "Let's try again; you take your dogs on the left of the hill, and I will go with Bob to the right."

As I was moving off, a bird jumped up right beneath Bob, and a more astonished dog I never saw. He positively jumped in the air from the nervous shock.

Being unready, I did not fire. H— then came up and remarked: "If there is one bird there, the rest can't be far away."

We tried the hill again—all in vain; the dogs got tired of ranging over the same spot and went hunting their own way, but not a bird was seen.

"What do you think about it?" I asked.

"It recalls to my mind a saying of the oldest and best sportsman of this section, he said 'Never follow up a flushed covey at once, for when they first alight, they cuddle up and close their wings tight to their bodies and give no scent. If a partridge is moving about, a dog can scent them.' Now," continued H—, "there are forty or fifty birds in that heather that will not move until you place your foot on them; and they have contracted themselves into a small ball, and as it is very dry and the broom-straw smells rank, the dogs are at a loss."

I called Bob to hie on, but he deliberately lay down and composed himself to slumber. I knew enough of his nature,

to be certain that if I whipped him he would either run home or follow my footsteps sullen and indifferent, but would "see me damned" ere he worked for me. So we moved off, and I told H—— that Bob knew the ropes better than we did, for as soon as we mounted our mules, he started off lively as ever.

A long continued rain kept me confined in the house for a couple of days, and made the ground so soft and muddy that it stopped all hunting. One evening after it cleared off, I called Bob, and taking my gun, strolled around the farm more to stretch my legs than anything else. A short distance from the house was a corn-field, the grain of which had all been gathered, leaving nothing but the bare stalks standing. There was not so much as a weed or blade of grass in the furrows. Bob was pottering along in front of me, and I saw him drop like a flash in the middle of the furrow; and what was more, in a pool of water. Bob hated water worse than a Scottish witch or an Angora cat. I had never seen him drop at a point before; nor was this all! The water in the furrow covered the ground about an inch, and he flung himself, spread-eagle fashion, in the middle until only a part of his head was visible. I called him but he took no notice, nor stirred a hair-breadth, and I walked up to him utterly astounded at the strangest action I had ever seen a hunting dog perform. That there were any birds in that bare stretch of ground, never crossed my mind. When I reached the spot I simply stood and stared. Coming down the furrow was a covey of partridges, right into the jaws of Bob. The birds were utterly unconscious of danger, although but a few feet distant; they would stop, peck at the ground, ruffle themselves, and then trip a few feet farther; at last they reached within a foot of the dog, and his eye must have betrayed him, for the bird in advance gave a frightened cluck and sprang aside to the top of the furrow. The rest of the covey now perceived their danger, and with a loud whirl, took wing, and melted in the distance. I believe that I could have killed every bird in that covey at one shot, had I fired when in line; but I never took a pot shot at Bob White in my life, and I was so absorbed in watching the dog that I forgot to fire when the birds flushed. As for

Bob, he got out of the water, shook himself, gave me a reproachful glance, and with his head on one side and his left ear drooping, he trotted off to find the scattered birds. I got two, and that squared me up with Bob.

I often went alone on my mule, with a darkey trotting behind to hold him when on foot, and also for the purpose of marking the birds. (Lord save the mark). This son of Ham was a typical North Carolina negro, one that a Southerner likes to have about him, for he, as H—— said, "Don't put on the airs of them city niggers." His name was John, but he was nicknamed "Mutch," just why, I could never learn; anyway, everybody called him that, and he never answered to any other. I soon learned that I would have to rely upon my own observations, for when I questioned my sable servitor as to where the scattered birds went, he would wave his arms about, like a wind-mill and answer "dataway," or "dis away." So often was I provoked at his ignorance that I called him "Too dam Mutch," and that name fitted him like a glove. Unlike most Carolina negroes, T. D. Mutch could not shoot, as the slang goes, thirty cents' worth. He was a king of spades with an ax when the tree had a possum or a coon in its branches, but he had no use for a gun.

I had been hunting nearly all day, and it was well towards evening that the dogs struck the trail of birds on the bank of a broad stream. There was a dense brier thicket near by, and naturally the dogs worked through the labyrinth of vines, bamboo, wild thorn and briers; it was tough work, and every now and then would come a yelp of pain as a keen brier stuck through the skin. Bob stood by, watching; he never placed his precious hide in any danger of being punctured; when the dogs got through and no birds found, it bothered him. He made a half circle run, and came back to the stream and began studying the situation. Across the run, the ground was perfectly bare; a close cropped meadow, where not even a sparrow could hide. Now where were the birds?

I sat on my mule, silent and absorbed, watching that dog. He trotted along the stream, then came back and thought, then again went to the bank and looked across,

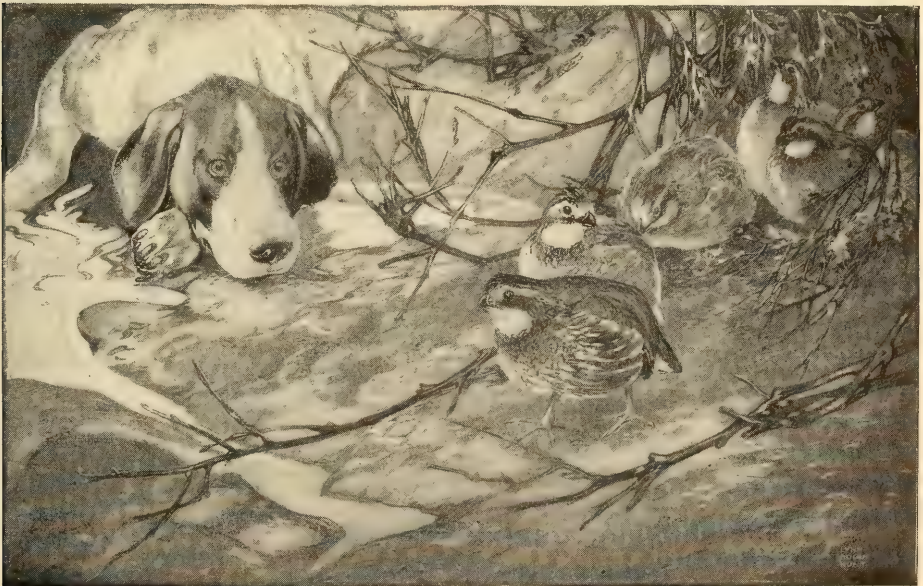
The other dogs were ranging a half a mile off; but Bob was bent on finding that covey. All at once an idea seemed to strike him, and he went to a hill near by, and as I am a living man, he surveyed the country as carefully as a general examining the topography of a section he intends to throw troops into.

Bob saw from his elevation something that held his attention, and he kept on down the stream, looking neither to the right nor left, until he came to the crossing where the stepping stones gave him a dry crossing. I followed him closely, and saw him go on a trot to where there was a small gully in which there were some briars, and looking around and seeing me, he came to a dead point. I dismounted and sure enough a covey was hidden in that small space; and I got two good shots. I hugged and petted Bob, and he showed that he loved at least, to be appreciated; his eyes lit up and he actually barked.

It was on my last day out that Bob spread, or, literally, balanced himself. I was riding through the woods smoking and feeling rather bored after several hours of mostly riding in search of game. As I reached the end of the woods, I came to an old Virginia snake fence enclosing a field, and on top of the last rail was Bob.

I dismounted at once, and told Mutch to tie the mule and make a detour, climb the fence and flush the birds, which would be sure to fly back to the woods, thus giving me a side shot, a kind that I am very partial to.

There was a clearing of about twenty yards between the woods and the fence, and I calculated that the partridges would pass to my right. As I waited for the boy to act, I watched Bob curiously, for I never in all my experience saw such an animal creation. I would have given much for a photo of him, hunched and bunched up on a single rail, in imminent danger of falling, now swaying one way, then sliding another, his head was twisted around, his tail, which is the index of a sporting dog's action, was like a ramrod. His eyes, as he turned them toward me, was as expressive as a human being, and said plainly, "Hurry up, I can't stand this much longer." I would have given a good deal for his picture just then. Poor Bob! Before Mutch reached the spot, he slipped, caught himself, scratched frantically on the rail, and then fell ignominiously, head downwards, right in the center of the covey, which went off like fragments from an exploded crater; the noise of their wings half muffling Bob's groan as he struck the ground.



"Coming down the furrow was a covey of partridges."



The Black Leopard.

By Charles Livingston Bull.



The Lynx.

By Charles Livingston Bull.



By Charles Livingston Bull.

The Leopard.



CHARLES LIVINGSTON PULL

The Ounce.

By Charles Livingston Pull

Duchess of Devonshire. Earl Dudley, Viceroy of Ireland. Jack Leonard, a famous jarvey.



At the Punchestown Races.

HOW PAT TRAVELS

By VANCE THOMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE

IT had rained for two days and two nights as only in Ireland and Scotland it can rain. We had driven out to Killiney Hill (Barney O'Hea and myself), and the good little mare was bringing us home through mud and squall. At the old town of Dalkey we pulled up and put the mare under cover. 'Twas at Mrs. M'Gildowney's inn.

"Y'ere drivin' Lawler's little mare, Ba-arney?" she asked.

"I am, Mrs. M'Gildowney," said Barney O'Hea, "ye may say that."

"'Tis wet the night is, an' your poor gentleman looks wake wid the wather that's bin on him," she said.

"'Twas a timperance dhrink we had in mind, Mrs. M'Gildowney," said Barney, squeezing the water out of his hat.

"Deed, thin, I'll mix him a timperance dhrink," the good dame made answer; and, for a "temperance drink," a very

good drink it was, too. Lest it be lost, like Brillat-Savarin's famous recipe for devilled turkey-rump, let it be set down here: To an egg beaten up in quarter of a pint of whiskey add a quarter of a pint of boiling milk; then drink. After a day on the flats or a night in the rain it is like a dram of life. With gaysome hearts we made on for Dublin.

"But why call it a temperance drink, Barney?"

"Sure," said he, "because it's a stab in the dark."

That is the great advantage of an Irish car; you can "collogue" with your driver. He on one side, you on the other, lean elbow to elbow. Conversation is easy, almost necessary. I learned a great deal from Barney.

"You've not heard of the little mare? No—sure I cud jump her over thim tram-cars, bad win to thim annyway. 'Tis



Tourists Outside the Dublin Museum.

Lawler's little mare. He was in Ameriky wance. He was. He kapes the place in King's Inn Street. But he's a ha-ard man to see, for if he's not at the races, he's aslape an' the wife kapin' watch on him. Deed, the wife is right, for him an' money is bad frin's. Faith, he can't hould it wid both han's, after he's the better of a glass; he cannot. 'Tis great luck for thim as is wid him, but ha-ard an Lawler. Isn't it enough to make wan disgusted wid human nature, an' almost a Pagan, to see the robbin' tindencies av people? Well, the little mare, here, under the ca-ar, is Lawler's mare. Few min have such wonderful cliverness. Day or night if ye dhrive her by Saint Patrick's Cathedral down she goes on her knees. What do ye think of that?"

I thought it admirable good taste, whether she knelt to the stately church—or to the memory of Dean Swift.

The mysterious Lawler I never saw, for when I went to King's Inn Street the good wife told me he was asleep, but Lawler's mare and I (with Barney) covered many a league in Dublin and the lands thereby, even unto Drogheda and the

Valley of the Boyne. And with Barney I visited the Car-Owners Association Rooms, which are at 107 Talbot Street, and had more than a word with Fred Field, the president; saw, too, the building of the car and—Oh, 'twas a gran' night!—danced the "Humors av Glynn" at the jarveys' ball. And of these things I write—even as I write I can hear the squealing of the pipes and the rhythmic feet t'umpin' the flure. Oh, boys of man, it was a gran' night!

But let us go soberly about our business.

The Irish "outsider" is the most whimsical contrivance for getting about in that ever man devised. It consists of two high wheels, with a let-down seat over each wheel and a front porch for the driver. If there be only one passenger, the driver takes the other side in order to preserve the balance of the cranky vehicle. With two passengers he sits on the front seat; with three he takes a side-seat and joins, in a friendly way, the party.

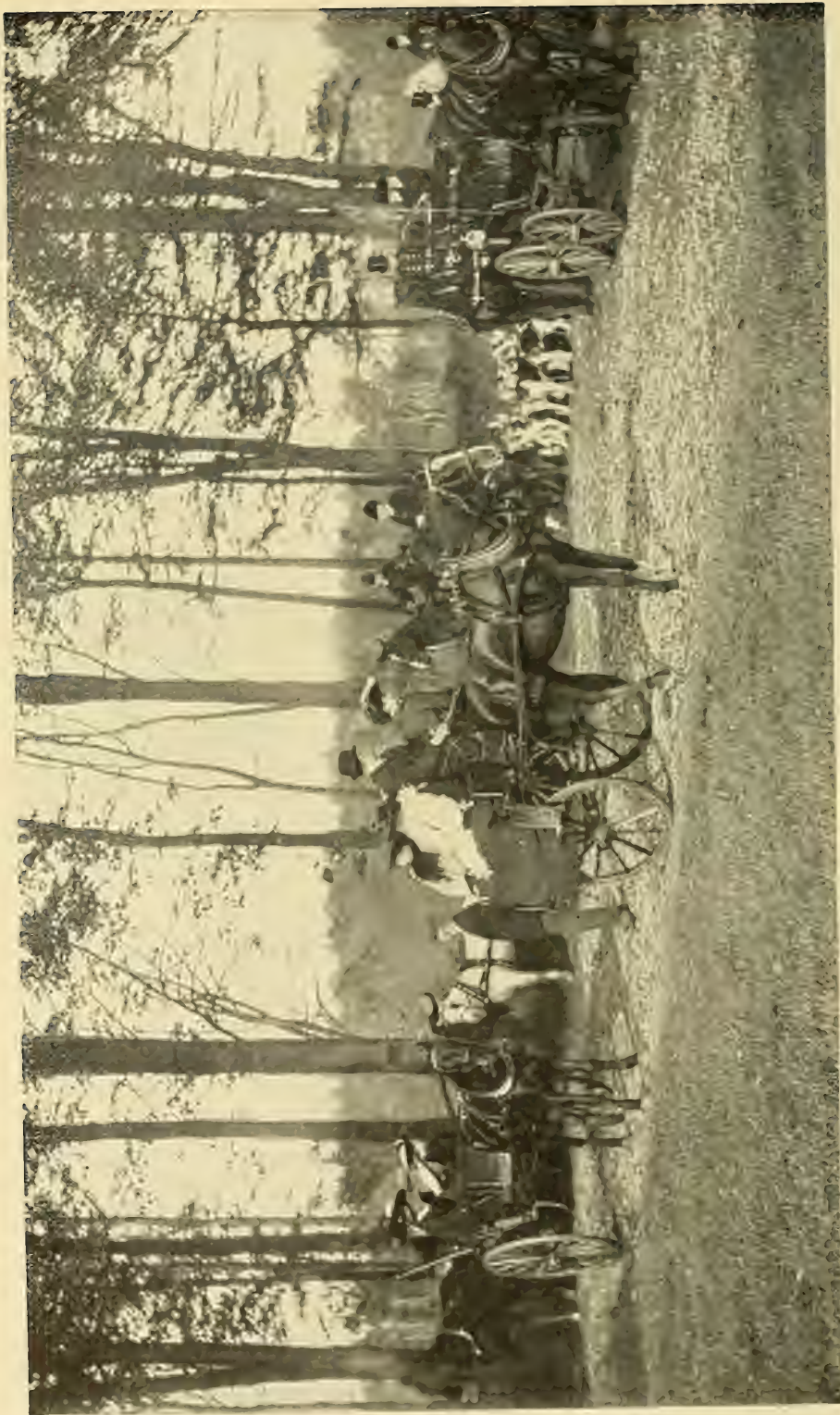
And here let one thing be said: In England there is more servility than service; in Ireland there is service and no servility. The Irish servant—public or private—will



Car Stand at the Old Irish Parliament House, now Bank of Ireland.



Going to the Kildare Hunt Meet at Johnstown Inn.



At the Opening Meet of the Meath Hounds, where Car Men are Very Much in Evidence.

guide you, protect you, rob you, it may be, advise and comfort you; but it never occurs to him that he owes you the slightest measure of servility. If he approves of you he will treat you with friendly good-nature and if he does not he'll try and educate you into a proper frame of mind. He may blarney you, for his sense of humor is keen, but who looks for the smug servility of the English "man" has far to seek. Kelt or Gael or Basque are alike in this. In Spain I had a servant, a slim, hardy, upstanding lad from the Basque country of Guipuzcoa. There were days of hard travel and hard work; never was a "man" quicker to foresee and readier to serve. Every night when he took himself off with my boots José straightened himself up, looked me in the eye, said good-night and shook hands on it. There is a little of that ineradicable sense of equality in every Irishman. 'Twas in Barney O'Hea or I had niver danced the "Humors of Glynn" with a light-stepping girl.

There are in Dublin about 2,000 public cars. For a license the owner pays one pound and the driver, for his license, pays half-a-crown down and a shilling a year. Of course well-to-do people have cars of their own. The Dublin doctors who used to drive soberly in victorias, now cut about in cars like the rest of the world. A car costs from £40 to £55, though you may pick up one without rubber tires for thirty guineas. A deal of work goes to the making. From start to finish it takes one month to complete a car. The wood used is birch or walnut, usually American wood. The birch car stands the weather far better than the soft-grained walnut. Moreover it will take paint, and eighteen coats are laid on. The cushions are nearly always of cloth. Lancewood or hickory go into the shafts. Underneath the car there is a movable well for bags or dogs. From Dublin these cars are shipped world-over. (Cars are made, too, in Derry; but I was there of a Sunday and Derry was dead; I am of Tom Moore's opinion; said he: "To the devil I pitch a Protestant town of a Sunday!") They go to England, to India, to Johannesburg, to New York, to Chicago, to Springfield and California; the car follows the exile. It is a pretty fancy and not without a touch of sentiment. When wealth comes to the Irishman, far away from the old sod, he sends

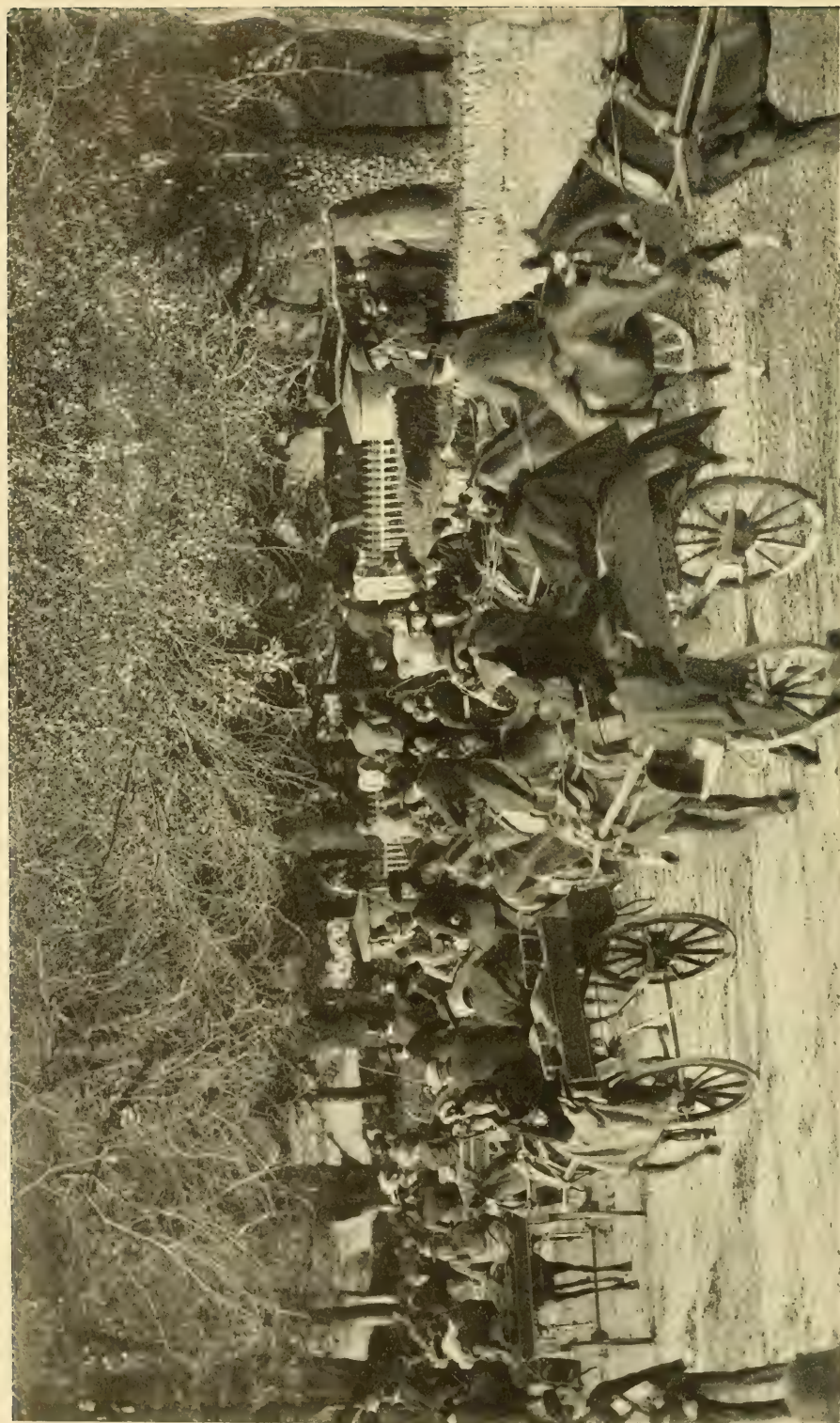
back for a bit of home discomfort to make him content. And then riding on a jaunting-car is good for the liver. Personally I like the cranky vehicle. There's a deal of fun to be got out of it. In the first place the motion of a well-balanced car is delightful; then, too, you can see well about you; and you are near the horse. So far as the horse is concerned the vehicle is a kindly one. If the car be rightly loaded, there is no weight on the nag's back. Moreover it is easy hauling, for the horse is well under his work.

The Dublin jarvies are not what you would call good whips. They drive, as unladylike people say, like the divil; they cut around corners fealty enough and go slashing up heart-breaking hills; but nine out of ten of them drive with a loose rein. They talk to the fare and the little horse runs on, doing the best he can and following his own dauntless will. I lay no fault upon the jarvey. The Irish horse shares Paddy's *gragh* for independence. Of him, too, it may be said that he serves without servility.

The jarvey—light-hearted lad, be he young or old—gains in the run of the days an average of six shillings. The fares are jolly cheap. For a "set-down" within the boundary the charge for two persons, between 9 A.M. and 10 P.M. is only sixpence. By time the charges are one-and-six an hour, with an added sixpence for each succeeding half hour. Still the jarvey does fairly well. Barney, who is no better than the others, took me to his home. It was in Spring Gardens, where there are rows upon rows of neat little red-brick cottages, with gardens and stables. They rent at £20 a year. Owning his car as he does Barney pays no car-rent to anyone and, if he drives Lawler's mare, 'tis more for love than profit. Year in and year out he puts by a bit, for the "childer, God bless 'em!" are growing and will have need of education. In his smart little home, with his smart little wife, there are unluckier men than he.

"If 'twere not for the fightin'," says Mrs. O'Hea, "a better man than Barney never pulled a shirt over his head."

Barney, it seems, believes that animosities should be cultivated. Being a good man with his hands and blithe and gay in battle, he colors the week's end with riot.



Following the Course of the Hounds in Jaunting Cars Along the Road

"'Tis for love of you, agraph," says Barney, winking.

"Go 'long out o' that, Barney!"

"'Tis all for the swateness of comin' home to ye, darlint, an' seein' the tear in yer eye for love av me."

"It's for shame av ye, Barney," says Mrs. O'Hea, "ye onmainin' man!"

I drank a cup of boiled tea to Barney's reformation and beneficed Mistress O'Hea with a Venetian charm, infallible against the evil eye—which is very prevalent in Dublin—and we drove away, the little mare trotting under us.

"Where'll ye be goin'?" Barney asked with friendly interest.

"The Kildare Club."

"There's many fortunes been won an' lost there," he remarked, "thru'e, Sir, why shud I carry lies abroad? You'll be betther home."

It is always pleasant to offer disinterested (and unsolicited) advice about matters that are none of one's business; my brave Barney took a great deal of pleasure that way.

"If you were thinkin' of takin' the could av the tay off your stomach," he added, "I'll drive ye to Higgins's."

Mr. Higgins's tap-room adjoins the office of the "Freeman's Journal." In the bar-parlor Mr. Higgins introduced me to Mr. Geraghty. Mr. Geraghty was a dirty, handsome, old buck—the raggedest, dirtiest gentleman I ever met in my life. He assured me that he was an "Irish gentleman and a Catholic," and that he had an estate—at least he hadn't spent it quite all. He went out into the street and bought me a nosegay and presented it with a grace that would have raised the black envy in Lord Chesterfield; then with equal grace he borrowed half-a-crown.

"It's bestowin' it, you are," said Barney, as he drove me to the Kildare.

En route he explained to me certain secrets of the jarvey's craft. Thus: It shows that one is not Dublin-wise to speak of a car being on the stand or on the rank; 'tis "on the hazard." Thus, also: Decoyed jarveys take to the trade of "caller" or "whistler"; their duty is to call or whistle up the jarveys who, while on the hazard, may be having a drop across the way; his pay is tuppence a week from each driver.

"That ould man is Pat O'Grady," said

Barney, pointing out a whistler by Stephen's Green, "a good driver he was too, he was. But sure he niver was the same man afther he tuk to dhrink."

The Jarveys' Ball was held in a big room on the first floor of a new brick tavern in the crowded suburb of Rathmines. The name I have forgotten, but Dan Tiernan, the landlord, has dug himself deep into memory. He was a big man in a blue suit of clothes and had more brains than he could be quiet with. If he was not relating the misfortunes of Ireland, he was reciting "Fontenoy" or singing a song—and when he sang it was the black reverse of melody. Bakis, as Aristophanes informs the learned, was given to drink and prophesied in his liquor; my brave Dan Tiernan was a little like Bakis. After the eating and drinking was over for the moment (and the remains of a great deal was put on the table in a corner, for future use) Dan informed us that Ireland would be free and that it was a matter of utter indifference to him, whether he died on a battlefield or on scaffold high. As to the date of Ireland's freedom his prophecy did not speak. Barney got him below on the business of sending up the porter and him we saw no more.

When the tables were pushed back, between fifty and sixty bhoys and girls stood up—a couple at a time cut out into the floor, as the fiddler struck up the "Fox-hunter." The big bouncing girl was light on her feet. Her partner was a humorous lad. And if it's dancing the jig you mean, they danced the jig. At first they shuffled slowly, working into the beat of the music; gradually they footed it quicker and quicker—

"More power to ye, Larry!"

"There's dancin' for ye!"

"Oh, bhoys of men, where are we at all!"

"Give him the elbow, Kitty, darlint!"

"Bend your knees, Larry, an' kape your backbone over your heels!"

"Boneyparty niver did betther!"

"Bloody battle! There's a step for you! Is the feet on him at all!"

"No they're not! How cud they?"

"The light's lavin' me eyes, Kitty, darlint!"

"Whatever she'll be ashamed of, 'tis not jig-dancing!"

"That's it now, avourneen!"

Gradually, they footed it quicker and quicker until the jig ended (Oh, the height o' glory crown us!) in a wild and marvelous double-shuffle.

"Don't let the music be goin' wastin'!"

Two, three; there were five couples, eight; there were a dozen, sthrikin' fire out av the flure; while they who danced not rained praise and criticism. No country's mirth is better than our own, quoth 'a! Only if our country be Ireland. How it come that the fiddler gave way to a piper I know not. The pipes, however, gave us the "Rocky Road to Dublin" and the "Humors of Glynn"; and when it was finished Barney whispered me: "Take the dacent woman that danced wid you, sor, an' give her a glass." I blushed at my lack of *savoir-vivre*. The piper came our way. In the enforced pause the humorous lad made himself heard:

"Me name is Larry Flanagan, a native av the soil,
If ye want a day's divarshun I'll drive ye out in style.
Me car is painted red an' green an' on the well a star,
An' the pride av Dublin City is me 'Irish Jaunting Car'!"

Said the piper: "'Tis good, the porther. Me wind was dhry. I dhrink good luck to you an' God bless you!"

The Saxon imagination has never quite compassed the Irish character. To men of Teuton tradition and habits of thought he will always be more or less of a puzzle, this Kelt, at once visionary and practical, at once sad and merry, astute and simple. Hard work is not the handle he takes hold of the world by, and yet there is no one so laborious. Under the divine laziness of the Kelt there is a turbulent fund of activity. If he is an idealist—always knocking his raw knuckles against iron doors—there is none keener at a bargain. The hiring of an outside car goes beyond mere business into art. In Dublin, to be sure, there is no wide range of discussion. A sixpenny course, is, after all, a sixpenny course, boggle at it as you will, and eighteen pence an hour is not a flexible fare; still the

smart Dublin lad does wonders, considering the limited opportunity. It is with the alien, of course, that he is at his best. With joking and blarneying he accomplishes a great deal. He is, as I have said, no mere driver; lolling beside you on the car he is guide, companion, friend; his jocular, epigrammatic countenance is at your shoulder; he gets the whiff of your pipe; and, no matter how thick the Saxon dignity be crusted on you, 'twill be chipped off in the first half hour and you will find yourself as chummy as two girls, sitting on the floor, taking down their back hair. Bargaining under these circumstances is quite impossible. You can't quarrel over a beggarly half-crown with the "dacent," merry lad who has taken you to his heart; the result is that you spend more money that way in Dublin than in any old-world city. But it is when you take a car in the country that you really begin to understand the Irish jarvey. No civic regulations trammel his optimistic imagination. The miles that spin along by glen or wooded hills or mountain tarn or bleak bog-side, are infinite in possibilities. The reckoning runs faster than the stout, little horse in the shafts. The Irish mile is not as other miles are. It is no measured distance. It is a vague fragment of the fourth dimension of space. And so you pay in proportion to your driver's imaginative faculties. Why not? I had rather pay for long-distance poetry than for mere dirty miles of jaunting. It is not for me to discuss the Irish troubles, but it is safe to say that poverty is at the root of them all, and he who leaves his share—or a bit more than his share—of alien gold behind him is doing a rare good work. And what more profitable bargain can the Saxon make than exchanging his money for Irish salmon, white trout, gillarroo, grouse and snipe; for the air of mountain, lough or bog; for the wild ride on the rocking car and the joke or "dhrame" of the lad who drives? Upon my word I know not. As for the jaunting-car itself, there is no neater vehicle for the country-place and nothing smarter for the park. There should be more of them in the Ireland-over-sea.



THE LADY OF THE WILDERNESS

By MARIE MANNING

HE bore so excellent a New England name that you would be sure to identify it at a glance. But this story has nothing whatever to do with the New England side of his character, which was abeyant. His mother had been an Alvarado and that accounted for much in José that did not suggest the Pilgrim Fathers, or the temperament that is so largely conscience. The "W-Square" outfit, with whom, for two years, he had been a cow-puncher in good and regular standing, did not quite know what to make of him. He was undeniably their cleverest man with a rope—in those slender brown fingers a lariat would all but take on life as it skimmed the air after bolting steer or frolicsome pony, coil after coil loosening as it gained in pursuit. Then it would fall neat and true and José would smile to show that it was really nothing.

He had a pure tenor voice and when he sang, sometimes to the guitar, sometimes to the mandolin, the rest of the outfit would think of their first loves and grow tearful. As for José, when he played and sang, he thought of his phantom lady of the silent spaces—but of her he had never spoken.

The range was the range in those days. It was before they raised vegetables and had barbed-wire fences and when cow-punchers wrote home that it was a God-and woman-forsaken country. So José would ride out into the wilderness and take part in all the drudgery that goes to make up a cow-puncher's life, and accomplish it without those equivocal lapses into "good times" that periodically disorganized the outfit; this because of the phantom lady to whom he made his prayer and in whose honor he lived as befitted her knight.

In the year that these things came to pass, Indian summer had lingered and autumn was painting her pictures with a palette dripping with colors. Later came a season of illusion, of half-tone effects, of silver-grays and mystery. And the traveler, pausing to give his horse a breathing-spell, saw the girdling pines on the moun-

tains as in a mirage—the desert, faintly visible through the violet mists of evening, seemed like some strange lifeless sea, engulfing imperceptibly the rest of creation. The burning autumn glow that but so lately had challenged at every turn, now took on tones that had the brown richness of old violins. It was a season of vagrant delights; to live was to be in love with life. And José rode out into the sunshine like a young knight with all the world before him.

His phantom lady seemed very near him at this magic season. His songs had little tremulous pauses as if he half expected her to answer from the pine wood, the willow grove by the creek, or from the mysterious purple distance of the desert. At evening, when they returned to camp, José was usually last in the string of horsemen winding their way over the hill; he liked to detach himself, to stay alone with his fancies in the wonder of the autumn evening. They were riding home one night, José as usual in the tail of the equestrian comet, when the foreman, who was in the lead, pulled up and waited for the boy to join him.

"If you weren't always first when there's any trouble on hand, this growing habit of being the last buck over the bars might be misjudged. But I've got a piece of news to make you kick up your heels. Col. Walworth wants you to help with the fall accounts, and for the next few weeks you're to be a pampered darling with a roof over your head and three hot meals daily. And I forgot to say that Mrs. Walworth is at home and that the house is milling with company, and of course you boys will eat together instead of with the Colonel. So you see you're in luck all round."

To eat with Col. Walworth was not reckoned a wholly undiluted blessing by his cow-punchers. The foreman noticed that José's sombrero nodded two or three times in assent, but he seemed singularly reticent for a cow-puncher who was so distinctly in luck. In truth there was still too much of the Alvarado in José to relish the distinctions that were so sharply



Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

“He held for her inspection a curiously wrought ring, a coiled snake, emblem of eternal union.”

drawn between the "bunk-room" and the drawing-room, when Mrs. Walworth was at the ranch. On the range, where lines of caste were as invisible as those of longitude, José loved his work, and the great, still spaces where his shadow lady came. But attending to clerical work about the ranch where he would be "one of the men," a something remotely associated with the cattle, the prairies, and the general wildness, was not to his liking.

The Walworth ranch was half a day's journey, as the crow flies, from the old Spanish mission town of Santa Michela, of which there was nothing left but the adobe church with its carved stalls, and the altarpiece that had been brought from Spain. In the days when it had been new, a monastery, one of the silent orders, had established itself at some distance from the town. The monks in their guilelessness had come from Spain to raise olives and grapes in the alkaline soil. But the monastery did not prosper. And the handful of surviving Carthusians went back to Spain. For years the monastery was deserted. Then Col. Walworth bought the property and made one of the most beautiful ranches in the Southwest.

José had been at Santa Michela for a week and there had been never a glimpse of his lady of the wilderness. The late afternoons he would spend in the saddle, taking long, solitary rides. Mist veils hung about the desert at evening; mist veils that were of rose, violet and silver gray, one within another, and sometimes, as he looked and looked and forgot that there was anything else in the world but his lady, the wilderness and himself, her loyal squire, he would see for a moment her face, half smiling, half sad, as if, perchance, the time might come when they two would not share this wonder world between them. And José, full of reassurances, would put spurs to his horse and ride toward the sweeping levels that melted into the sky line; but as he drew near there was always the same brown, arid waste with the mists rolled away, and nothing but the sand, the sage-brush and the desolation and maybe a coyote laughing shrilly at him for his pains.

And he would bring back with him something of the calm of those silent spaces to the boisterously merry group of comrades at the supper table. But he

was glad to escape after the meal to a favorite haunt of his own, the stone steps that led to the smaller of the cloister gardens. The cow-punchers occupied the wing that had formerly belonged to the lay brothers and the small garden had been left as the sun and wind and the seasons had left it. Flowers and weeds scrambled up together. In the center was the stone well, its iron wheel and chain rusty and silent. Built into the wall was the shrine to the Blessed Virgin who held out her arms protectingly to her neglected sanctuary.

José had lingered rather later than was his custom one evening. The air was deliciously tempered for that season and the moon had wandered far afield. José thought of his shadow lady, perhaps she might come to-night to the old garden. He had had never a glimpse of her at Santa Michela. He lit and filled his pipe, lit and filled it again. Another hour had slipped from his life.

The window above the cloisters opposite the step on which he was sitting was flung open by no uncertain hand. The long unused shutters grated back on their hinges with a triumphant shriek. They flapped against the walls of the old monastery loudly, brazenly, as if they called on the sleeping wilderness to see what they had to display, and José, stunned by the apparition, gazed up at her like some forest thing taken too suddenly unaware to think or act.

She stood contemplating the old garden, his lady of the silent spaces—she who until this moment had been but a beautiful wraith culled from his day-dreams. She was there, real, breathing, in the flesh. The lamp-light streamed through the open window, throwing the watching figure into sharp relief, surrounding it like a glowing nimbus. High at the top of her head, the lamp-light caught the splendor of her red hair and it burned there like a tongue of flame.

He had taken off his sombrero at first glimpse of her and now he dropped to one knee as unconsciously as though he were at mass in the old mission church and the bell had rung for the elevation. She leaned across the sill for a better view of the old well with its clinging lichens, and her eyes, grown somewhat accustomed to the darkness, chanced upon the kneeling figure. She drew back hastily, then de-

liberately leaned out once more; but this time with decision, as she grasped first one shutter and then the other with the scorn that might have been expected of a red-haired girl. And the adobe wall was as blank as it had been ten minutes before or at any time in all the years since the monks had left it. José scrambled to his feet with something of the sensation of having had his ears boxed.

The moon had not yet risen, next evening, when he dropped into his favorite place in the old garden. Other windows in that long unused upper wing were open now and the cow-puncher saw that he would have to seek another haunt. He knew furthermore that she was at dinner and felt at liberty to take what comfort he might from a last look at her window. He did not lounge in his customary easy attitude on the steps, but adjusted himself to the pose of almost penitential rigidity that civilized man is taught to believe that civilized woman demands in a first call. He arose and bowed. The curtain at the empty window opposite flapped derisively. José resumed his afternoon tea attitude and proceeded with his barmecidal call.

"Barring the disadvantage of not knowing your name, Signorita, there is also the handicap of your absence; but all in good season. Did you never play at make-believe games when you were a little girl, and weren't they the very nicest games of all? Now if we were story-book people I should undoubtedly get the chance to save your life—catch the bridle of your runaway horse. But alas! I am only a poor cow-puncher and it is not likely that I shall ever get the chance to be heroic. But I have long made you the patron saint of all my days and sometime you will reward me. Sometime you will believe that I am not—what you thought me last night. You opened your window and I forgot—forgot everything. Who would not have forgotten?"

A light from the window opposite flashed across the dark garden. José sprang to his feet and ran through the passage to the bunk-room. He was not going to have those shoulders shrugged at him a second time.

The days slipped by. The sorceries of Indian summer waned. The world looked brown and shrivelled as the husk of last year's nut. The torch-like head glowed

but intermittently in the solitary comings and goings of José. He had learned that her name was Philippa Ware and that she was Mrs. Walworth's niece. The news was not promising. Neither was there encouragement in that other rumor that there was shortly to be a wedding at the ranch. Could Philippa—? But through it all his faith in his star never waned. Why had her soul come to him in the wilderness if not to recognize him at last? He had lived all the years of his youth as befitted her knight, surely she would know in good season. All of life was before him; it was good to wait for a smile from her. There was more of living in it than in reaching out for the things in which he had no heart. With him the turn of the battle lay in his supreme confidence. The faith that moves mountains was in him.

He was at his accounts rather later than usual one afternoon when he caught the flash of her hair as she walked past his window. Involuntarily he looked for her escort, having a mournful curiosity as to the identity of the lucky dog. But the lady was quite alone. Where could she be going? Women did not walk unescorted in that country. He waited for her to turn, but she kept to the trail till she was but a dwindling speck on the horizon and then José hesitated no longer. Some mad impulse had led her to visit the Indian burial trees. He banged down the lid of his desk, grasped his sombrero and made a spirited dash in the direction of the stables. He would have to go around by the longer road; he did not dare risk his horse over the cactus-grown trail for fear of laming him. What had led her to go to those trees alone? His inner eye recalled them as they would be now in the waning of the autumn afternoon—the wind-stripped branches with their shapeless pendulous bundles, swaying and heavy.

When he had come to within a stone's throw of the burial trees an owl began to hoot—once, twice, thrice, then all was still. José's blood chilled a little. The owl's cry he knew had been an Indian's note of warning that a pale-face had invaded the red man's holy ground. Involuntarily his hand went to his cartridge belt. He smiled wanly—was he going to get a chance to be heroic? Then the real danger of the situation confronted him. Nothing in the entire gamut of tenderfoot foolhardiness—and

it was extensive—was so likely to be provocative of dangerous results as the adventure into which his lady was walking so blandly. The burial trees had been disturbed lately, and the Indians were keeping careful watch, as the owl-cries indicated.

Already she was in sight, and disconcerted, apparently, by his presence, for she turned and pretended to look at the sunset—to look in every direction, in fact, but that which she had come to seek. Her attitude grew distinctly defensive as he came toward her. But when he was within speaking distance, it was her turn for embarrassment. Her amazing dignity must have been for some one else; someone whom she expected or feared to meet.

She looked at him as if she had been suddenly startled from sleep, and brushed her hand across her forehead. "Oh, is it you? I thought—" but she did not say what she thought. "This is such a horrible place. I came to put back these." She held out her hand. He saw that it was full of the crude brass ornaments in which the Indians bury their dead. "Someone took them from a woman's grave and gave them to me. I couldn't bear to keep them, it seemed so cruel to take them from the poor, dead thing—"

"And you thought to put them back yourself?"

"Yes, I had no idea it would be so horrible here—"

The hoot of the owl again sounded. José crowded the ornaments into his pocket. "I'll put them back another time. You must hurry, now." He held out his hand for her to mount his horse; she gave a glance at him, then did as she was told without a single question. He sprang up after her, she felt the horse bound with the dig of the rowel, something whizzed past them with a metallic p-i-n-g, and again the horse bounded with the prick of the spur.

"Are you all right?" he inquired breathlessly.

"Perfectly—and isn't it splendid?"

José thought over this later and it reconstructed his impression of her somewhat. His lady of the silent spaces would have been more timid—but he was head over heels in love with the reality. Comparisons were absurd now. He showed the horse no mercy till they were at the outer gate of the Walworth place, and the lady who had

been heart and soul in the adventure now seemed to remember that riding double with one of her uncle's cow-punchers might be open to question at the house. The flavor of the adventure was too fine to risk by sharing with anyone—of that there could be no question. But before they parted to go their different ways she had given him her hand and said, quite as a matter of course, "I wish you'd finish that song you were singing the other night," and before he could reply she had flitted toward the house.

He found occasion to finish the song and that shortly; and there were other songs. But the window remained inexorable and for a week or more there was never a glimpse of the torch-like head. The wilderness no longer lured him with possibilities of a glimpse of his phantom lady. The shadow had given place to the substance; he was likely soon to see enough of the wilderness. But he loved the quiet of the old mission church with its mellow tones and stately simplicity of line. And here he would think of Philippa—Philippa she was now—no longer the shadow lady of the silent spaces.

Had he been asleep or was he dreaming, even now? He had been warm and fatigued with his long walk when he entered the mission church and there it was so still, so cool, so quiet that he must have slept. When he awoke, candles were glimmering on the high altar and all the shadowy spaces of the church glowed with them, like stars in the purple dusk of evening. There were flowers on the altar, too, that he had not noticed when he entered, and stray scraps of melody floated from the organ-loft. Surely he was dreaming and those people filing into the church were dream-people—and yet it seemed so real—

And then the music crashed fortissimo! and burst into the peals of gladness that they call the wedding march. José turned toward the door and in the massing of the bridal procession he caught the flash of her torch-like head. His brain grated in protest, then whirled wildly—seeing, hearing, grasping the whole situation in advance. The priest in his white surplice awaited them at the altar rail. And now the music whispered only of love, stealing into the shadowy corners of the church, deep, ecstatic. José bowed his head in an atti-

tude of prayer that he might not see, and in his heart was grief and bitterness. All his life he had lived for her. Her soul had come to him in the wilderness. Real, breathing, in the flesh, he had seen and spoken with her; he had held her on his horse as they flew through the deepening dusk while the Indian bullets whizzed near; and then he had come to the silent church at this unfrequented hour to think of her reverently and to pray; and his lady, his lady of the silent spaces, was there too, and the errand was her marriage!

The pain branded him like the iron when it is white and the air quivers about it. The priest's voice sounded hushed and solemn. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, in the face of this company, to join together this Man and this Woman in holy matrimony." And in a moment more he had come to the words, "If any man may show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

He paused. A frenzy seized the cow-punching scion of all the Alvarados; an unshackled impulse, bred doubtless of some long dead forbear who had snatched his bride at the very altar rail, put madness in his veins. He stood up to cry out, but his voice died away in an inarticulate gurgle—for the bride's hair was black and his lady played but a minor rôle in the bridal picture.

José knelt and poured out his heart in wild, incoherent prayers of thankfulness. The ceremony proceeded, the priest pronounced the fateful words and the procession turned from the altar. Philippa leant upon the arm of a gorgeous person in gold lace, but her eyes were for José and in them a look that he had not seen before. There was bantering mirth in them and a something else that set his heart pounding. She dropped the arm of the gorgeous per-

son when she was within a little space of José and bade him go on to join the wedding party. She had lost something, she said, that she must look for. Then she faced her cowboy lover with eyes that sparkled with laughter.

"Did you hear me when I—" he began.

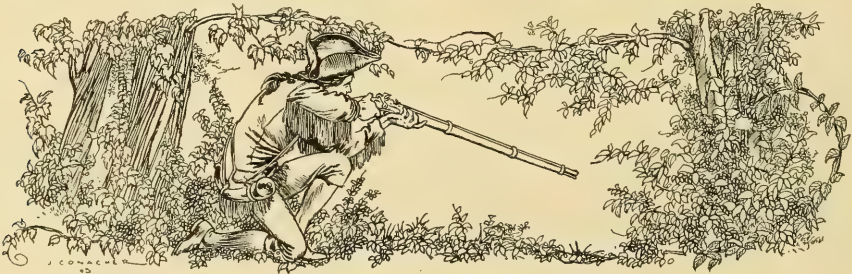
"Tried to forbid the banns? It would have terrified us more if we had not noticed that you were sound asleep when we entered. Even Lohengrin was powerless to awake you."

"Was it Lohengrin? I thought it was the dead march from 'Saul' when I looked up and saw you near the altar. Then I saw the bride's hair was black."

"And that reassured you?" She began, smiling, then stopped suddenly. "Have you returned the things to the burial trees?"

"I put back all but this." He held for her inspection a curiously wrought ring, a coiled snake, emblem of eternal union; in the head was a dull-green stone. "I thought," José went on, "that maybe you would not make me put this back, that you might feel that the Indian woman to whom it belonged would lend it to us. Her lover gave it to her here in the silence of the hills, where your soul came to mine, where I knew you before I had seen your face. She is dead now, this woman; and the man who placed the ring on her finger no longer needs this emblem of a union that has been complete. There in her tree-top she would be glad to know that her ring was still the symbol of a love that lives."

The last notes of the wedding march came softly from the organ loft. There was a banging of carriage doors as the bridal procession drove off. Someone called, "Where is Philippa?" There was not a moment to lose. She held out her finger for the ring as she hurried with a single backward glance to join the wedding party on the porch.





"Free to ramble from place to place."

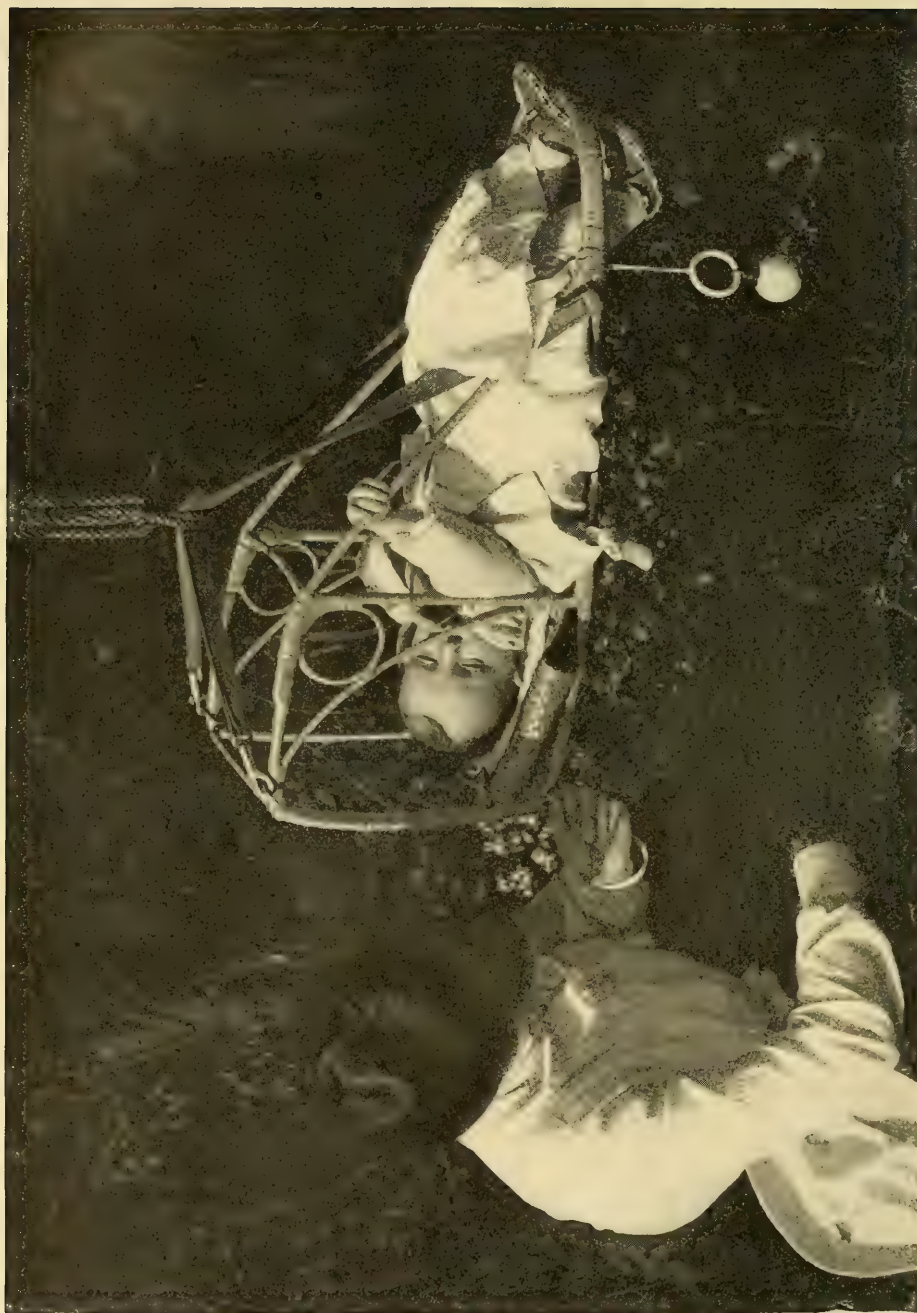
PAPOOSE CRADLES FOR OUTDOOR BABIES

By HARRY STACEY BENTON

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WE had always lived outdoors even before "taking up the burden" together. We would seek out some chosen spot to see the sun rise; or

stay late after a day's walk to watch the moon come up behind the bare, purple tree tops; or choosing a night when the moon rose late, take the car for a short



"Soon snail-boy is traveling from a convenient limb."

distance out of the city to walk back in the cool of the quiet night.

There, on the top of the high bluff overlooking the lake out of which was rising a great red disk, we ate our breakfast of oranges, hot pork and beans, rolls and coffee brewed by the fire we had kindled.

The sun rose winking and blinking across the ruffled water, dazzled by his own brilliancy. Before he got too heated in his arguments we hunted up a car line and dodged into town among the sleeping inhabitants.

"That's all right, but wait until you have children"—said the mother, and went on to tell how it was *necessary* to give up everything in the way of outdoor excursions and stay at home. So they will tell you, and so it will be, if you allow it to be so.

Nature has a faculty of keeping a person young—not childish but child-like—receptive, enthusiastic, inquisitive—of keeping our minds off ourselves and thereby preventing all sorts of imaginary ills that only tend to pull down the corners of our mouth and stoop our shoulders. Those having little time or liking for nature more often find it necessary to call on nature in a dried and concentrated form to restore health and make them less of a burden to themselves.

Things were changed somewhat when son arrived with his trunk full of small worries. For the first five months he was military governor by right of birth—military in that he presided personally over all forced marches or otherwise. Then our little excursions began again—not as extended as before, I will admit, but still the mother was not cut off from the woods she loved so well.

Small boys need lots of care, not as much however as they are often bothered with, but where are they happier than while out of doors.

The trees and shrubs reflecting health and happiness from their many ever-changing surfaces are fully as good a soothing syrup as when mortared by the chemist and sold in bottles with fancy labels.

Our first two trips were enough to show what a nuisance a baby might be, but thanks to the Red Man who has given us so many practical wilderness styles, we can now step off with little inconvenience from our firstborn.

A papoose-frame did not meet all the

requirements of the present-day babies' wardrobe, but from it was evolved one which we call our "totem." The totem weighs less than two pounds, being made out of reeds and raffia, material used in basket making.

The space under the seat is utilized to carry all that goes with a baby, so no extra parcels are in the way. Getting on and off the cars or around the city son is carried like a dress-suit case, by either one or by two persons.

When we leave the car line, this precious bundle I sling on my shoulders, the beaten path is soon lost track of and we are free to ramble about from place to place, stopping here and there and yet anchored to no particular spot.

The rustle of leaves as they dodge about letting in little flecks of light, and now the brook kicking up its heels among the rocks are a source of great delight; and our young apprentice of the tramping game shows his appreciation with dilated pupils and a series of bubbles to help out his exceeding small vocabulary. He likes it.

The car ride, the jog along the country road and now the buzz and quiet of all the woodland life have made son a little drowsy; so the totem is readily converted into a cradle by flattening out the jointed seat and soon small-boy is dangling from a convenient limb.

A piece of mosquito net keeps off the inquisitive bugs while baby is rocked in the breeze and sung to sleep by a tree toad up among the leaves.

Mother gets out a box of beads and works away on a pair of diminutive moccasins, stopping now and then to squint at some bird through the field-glasses, and Dad, he wanders off with the camera to record bits of nature.

After the lunch box has been investigated and baby awakes, the caravan moves on to continue the exploring and wasting of photographic plates, until the long, graceful shadows tell the closing of one more happy and profitable day.

With baby absent, worry over irresponsible nursemaids—though Father may forget—will follow Mother like a shadow and rob the outing of most of its pleasure. But baby always in sight is practically out of mind and the hindering of true comradeship is not the due of the little tyrant.



" Small boys need lots of care—sometimes."

If Big People need fresh air and the smell of green things growing, how much more must the wee one with all its room to expand in size and understanding? Then surround it with things that are beautiful, now at its first and most impressionable age, and with Nature, who still is at least something—and Mother and Child—who are everything—spend a day ideal, far from the madding crowd.

MAKING A RIFLE

By W. B. ASHLEY

IN saying that this is the age of invention we mean that principles of force discovered years ago are being brought into the perfection of mechanical expression. Somebody says inventions are accidental results of observation. He means discoveries are so. We are a people wonderful for inventing devices for extracting from other folks' discoveries everything they can yield, be the discoverer a Marconi, a Newton, a Galileo, or an Adam, and, although the discovery of spiral grooving of gun barrels was so little valued at the time that both date and discoverer are unknown and its advantages to gunnery were long disputed, to-day the rifle is the shooting-iron about which sportsmen and mechanicians gather in most eloquent and inventive fervor.

The rifle of to-day is the splendid child of immense mathematical calculations and marvelous mechanical experiments; an almost perfect scientific weapon for war or sport.

The fundamental scientific principle of the rifle is that the projectile, being forced to follow the spiral track grooved inside the barrel, takes a rotary motion about the imaginary axis of the bore; a motion that is essential to a straight path head-on to the mark. In the smooth bore, the bullet is of necessity smaller in diameter than the bore, and its center of gravity is seldom the same as its center of figure or bulk, so that when the explosive force strikes the bullet it starts it whirling with the heaviest side leading while the bounding of the bullet against the sides of the barrel sets up a different whirl, and when it leaves the muzzle it performs all sorts of aerial gymnastics excepting walking the tight rope of the desired trajectory; giving rise indeed to that life-saving rule, "Don't dodge!"

Naturally the main question was what form of grooving will most nearly effect a flat trajectory (path of the bullet from muzzle to mark) of the longest distance and at the greatest velocity? The solution of this simple query would provide for one rifling with a fixed projectile, veloc-

ity and range, leaving open the interesting problems of what to do with such game as that gun would either knock into smithereens or merely deceive into reaching for a bothersome fly. And, after enough twists and bores and bullets had been arranged to thoroughly exterminate the animal creation, beginning with the buffalo, there came sneaking into notice, as an element to be reckoned with, that thorn in the flesh of all gun makers, personal equation.

The other problems were solved, but the "all-round-gun" still prowls in ghostly unreality through the columns of sporting periodicals, haunts the moonlight stalking of letter-writing Horatios, and leads manufacturers again and again to the very brink of advertising its appearance.

"Hope is by artists painted an angel in thin clothes,

But 'tis not so;

Hope is the wisp of hay tied to a donkey's nose

To make him go."

It was determined by these extensive investigations that different riflings were required by projectiles differing from each other either in calibre or in size of charge; and, when at last paper and pencil had done what they could, forge and drill took up the work on the lines laid down and produced a very fine assortment of guns for later-day museums. Almost everything in to-day's fancy guns, particularly the coveted repeater, was tried, for sportsmen early demanded something better than the muzzle-loader with its slow process of ramming the bullet to take the grooves; and competition among makers had a decidedly familiar effect of inciting to new methods and good work.

Considering the accuracy and delicacy indispensable in rifling, one wonders to a headache how it ever was accomplished by hand. To-day the work is committed to the steely finger of a powerful machine, feeling its way slowly, a .00035 of an inch at a time through the barrel previously drilled and bored to calibre. As that long slender digit passes into the barrel, fitting the bore snugly, its "nail" gouges

out a tiny curl of steel and withdraws: the barrel is automatically turned just the distance of one click, and the inflexible finger again advances to start another groove. The desired number of grooves once under way, the tool proceeds through the barrel, one stroke to each groove in succession, the inclination of the twist being secured by the involuntary but regulated wince of the barrel at every sudden cut. Before that scratchy nail becomes glutted with flesh of steel, it will mark over one hundred barrels for life.

Along all one end of a clacking, clanging, clattering room, stand the massive horizontal frames, waist high, which are called the rifling machines. They are one-armed, but the arm is strong, and its single finger long and mighty. When once a barrel is clamped midway between the heavy, outstretched legs of the giant, there is no escaping the purpose of that swinging arm that imparts to the cog and pinion and rack muscles of its hand the slow rotation



Testing Metal Chemically.

that can only be prevented from forcing the finger on its way by the watchful workman who is brain and will and mood to the monster. Fascinating as is this work, as is indeed every such remarkable product of mechanical ingenuity in operation, it is but one of the many processes the rifle barrel goes through before it gets into your unappreciative possession.

When it started on its trip through the factory, it was solid steel bar, cut to length, one of thousands, all of them rough and unhandsome. The first machine it attempted to wreck drilled a hole straight through it: the second rough-bored it to calibre: and then, although the metal from which it had been forged had been tested chemically to determine soundness and quality, melted in a crucible, poured into a glass, looked at, smelled of, labeled O.K., yet now the barrel must go to the proving room to be



In the Gauge Room.



Polishing Rifle Stocks.

mounted on a dummy stock, loaded with an excessive charge, locked in a long box with a string hanging out from its trigger, and fired. If it bursts—but that would be a reflection on the young man who smelled of the sample, so, showing no strain nor crack, the barrel is next put in the hands of a trainer to be straightened out for the mills yet to be gone through to a finish.

Focussing the bore on a line that crosses a piece of ground glass hanging between him and the light, this skilled workman detects each variation from absolute straightness by breaks in the two parallel lines that are reflected half way down the barrel, and with hammer and anvil quickly rectifies such deflections in that half, reversing the barrel and repeating the process on the other half. This is one of the very few pieces of hand work done in the fac-

tory, and is a most important part of rifle making. The barrel is next put into lathes and milled down to its correct size and contour, the octagonal style and finish being given to five barrels at one time, the arbor or shaft which carries them under the cutting tools turning automatically to present the successive sides. These machines are so nicely adjusted that one man can attend to several, and when they have done with the barrel its outside surface is ready for polishing and browning. Attention is needed from the straightener next, however, and then the bore is drilled true, the finishing touch being given by the reamer, a cutting tool that is adjusted by slips of paper to the absolute gauge desired. The

next operation is the rifling, after which comes inspection of all the work done, then chambering and sight cuts, another inspection, the browning, and then again inspection for finish, when the barrel is ready for its stock and receiver and forearm.

Glimpses of Hell and of its imps! Man-



In the Assembling Room.

imps, grimy faced, streaked with sweat that sizzles, peering eyes, big muscles. This is the forge room of the rifle factory, where, before a row of fierce furnaces, stands a row of ugly drop-hammers. In and then out of the furnace mouths pass the castings that have been received, rudely shaped like the parts to be finished. Under the heavy weights they are thrust one by one—*crash*, and turned—*crash*, and turned—*crash*—*bang*, and the perfectly shaped part is knocked off the stem to clatter onto the cooling pile beneath. Then—*crash* again on the next. Then they pass into the machine room, where thirty pairs of jaws engage each piece for one hundred and thirty-five operations, until it has lost fifty per cent. of its bulk. Around a massive perpendicular shaft, a heavy metal plate automatically revolves, carrying twelve of those pieces altered from solid blocks to

strong, graceful shells, under as many different drills to be pierced and grooved;

and elsewhere there is shaving off to be done, rounding edges, squaring ends, threading openings for barrel and magazine, and all by machines governed by expert operators.

None of the parts escape this room, for the drop-forges play only the part of the carver at the table, and these rows on rows of teeth must prepare the pieces before they can be swallowed up in the rifle and become its nerves and bones and tendons. Here, too, are cut from the sheet and bar the many little pins and screws, and the important springs. Tools devised and made by the factory do the work. Every cutter, every drill adjusted to gauge and working up to ten thousand



A Thorough Testing of the Rifle.



He Detects Each Variation.

pieces at a run, the completed rifle taking from nine hundred to twelve hundred different operations according to the mod-

el; and for every operation there is an average of three gauge points; for after this room of lathes and chucks, and streams of oil, the completed parts pass on to the palate of the gauge room for determination as to their acceptability.

In the quiet gauge room, clean, light, deft hands and quick eyes are applying small steel plates, the size of your card-plate, to many places on the various parts. One such plate may have many cuts and curves and angles into which the designated portion of the part must absolutely fit: holes must take gauge rods with just the exact degree of snugness or freedom: pins must fit into gauge holes as they shall later fit into the gun system. This room holds the secret of the perfect action of the modern rifle.

There are no tricks in this business, but one or two little devices add materially to the effectiveness of the product. One consists in plunging certain metal parts into a bed of fired charcoal and powdered bone and then into cold water with a resulting mottled blue effect technicalized case-hardening. A hard, handsome glaze is produced that withstands weather and rocks, and you will find it on your receiver perhaps, or the finger lever of the repeaters, or the trigger guard. And then the idea of coloring the barrel has proved popular, even though somewhat misleading as to the quality of the metal. There

can be no sane questioning of the quality of a reliable factory's output in this day and generation, and it does no harm to think the beautiful, distinctively "gun-black" color of your barrel betokens exceptional merit, for it does: it tells of many careful washings of the barrel in acid baths, of heatings to just a certain temperature, of vigorous rubbings-down with oil. This bluing of the barrel is a genuine asset to the gun; and browning is identically the same thing in another color. Both are forms of deliberate rusting to enhance the beauty and prolong the life of the barrel.

In a month's time, perhaps, from the start, possibly in a year in some cases, all the parts are finished and gathered together in the assembling room. Factories have different methods of getting the gun set up, but none omit a system whereby each individual rifle may be traced to its purchaser and back again to its assembler and inspector. The wonderful accuracy of the machines and the calm certainty of the gauge room have changed the aspect of this work. Formerly the assembler who had in turn been forge and drill and lathe, got his parts, made of softer metal, about him and started in to build up his masterpiece. He used more files than are needed to-day and soiled his hands and morals past cleansing: and he made enemies as fast as rifles.

AT THE YEAR'S END

By LLOYD ROBERTS

THE plowed field sinks in the drifting snows.
The last gray feather to southward goes.
Rattle the reeds in the frozen swamp,
When the lonely north-wind blows.

The harrow and sickle are laid away.
The barns are warm with the scent of hay;
While Death stalks free in the silent world.
Through the gloom of a winter's day.

In the creeping night the black winds cry.
The daylight comes like a stifled sigh.
The hearths gleam red, while the long gray smoke
Crawls up to a gray sky.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

By ROBERT DUNN

TIME makes only history of tragedy, and all the heart-quickenings details on the hither side—the laughter side—of its tears are lost. Thus it was with the Eldorado exodus of '49 and its desert deaths, and so it was with the Yukon stampede of '98; so above all with the story of that trail which was no trail, from Edmonton, Alberta, on the Hudson Bay slope, northwest across one-third the length of the continent, on which two hundred of a thousand argonauts perished in ways strange even to Chilkoot Pass and its snow slides, or to the Copper River glaciers and their ice demons that stole your brain. But what lay between tears and laughter in that country, roamed by starving Indians and wilder far than when John Franklin died there in the hey-day of the great Fur Companies, five years have only quickened in the memory of two seekers, not for gold, not yet of age, but alone with five horses, four months' grub and the wisdom of the diamond-pack hitch, who chased the thousand and mingled with them a fortunate short while.

Perhaps you think Jack and I may forget our first waking in the smoky dawn mist on the wooded prairie of the North, as the tender light glistened on our bare arms and the chill scent of dried grass and strange pollens stung our nostrils. Never! But I remember, too, how the wide-reaching winds whipped, coiled, frayed to nothingness the opal fog that morning—and the rain spat on the little tent, hissed out the willow fire as we sat at tea and beans; and how from 4 A.M. to 10 we chased our five vanished bronchos, hobbled bronchos at that, under the raw murrain sky and over hills that filled out the world. Maybe you have seen—Oh, a twenty ring circus; but it's only marionette work to two tenderfeet, for two hours in the rain, cinching the wind out of five bronchos, splitting open their 700-pound load of grub sacks; mosquitoes rising around like the smoke of judgment day.

"I say," gasped stocky Jack at last,

with the rest of the skin cinched off his hands, "that rawhide's great, Bobbie. Rawhide across the knees when a blind beast bucks in a cart. That makes a cayuses' hair grow." And he fell into the saddle, dropping his big hat with the silver cross that buckled up the brim, his pipe, his revolver, and his \$60 binoculars.

So, the blind horse in the Red River cart, the cavalcade drove on in the silent track of the dreamers who had gone before, due north into the gloom, whither the ducks flew in drooping lines out of rushy lakes scattered about like smoky glass; labored along stagnant creeks, pot-holes, and quivering marshes, as the scud flattened the grass, hid and shivered the thickening outer mantle of spruce and willow of the great northern forest. At last the hermit thrush piped up. Distances grew vivid. The sun from a bright chink in the boiling clouds spread over the dripping grass where the north pink glowed a deeper crimson, and the smell of black soil rose with the crinkly heat.

Hours pass; again the thread bewildering labyrinth of willows to hot yellow lakes—Deadman's, the map called one—set in stagnant marsh lands, where weeds outspread like human hair dulled the oily surface, and flies drowsed on rotting lily pads, and delirious loons splashed in the thick water. . . . Jack, who had dashed ahead with the roan pack-horse, shouted back excitedly. Jack, in his baggy, English horse-clothes, always loved the cavalier, Lochinvar style of exploration; so I called him Byronic, which he didn't like.

No cinch had slipped—no; the greasy bacon sides hadn't been absorbing all the sugar—no; Jack had only been trying to shoot loons with our \$7 muzzle loading shot-gun, barrel enlarged and hollowed out from an old British army rifle. He had merely jammed the wadding down one barrel and the powder down the other, and forgotten which was which. "Now wouldn't that annoy you," he said as I came up. So he poured water down both barrels, shook the gun, raised it in

air, and putting back his head drank out of each barrel in turn, holding the other with his finger. "Gunpowder has salt-peter, you know, and that tastes," he said. But when the gun was dry and I had loaded it, the hammers wouldn't work. "Oh, I guess it's a bum gun anyhow," said Jack, "chuck it away." All the loons have flown anyhow." And we did, still having our 30-40 rifles.

So we rose to vast uplands of fire-blackened spruce, whose branchless trunks prisoned the livid west; we half slept in our saddles; stopped to swim in red pools where the barbed forest was mirrored downward, and toward dark reached the Atlantic-Arctic height o' land. Height o' land! Widely dividing continents, that thin, elusive line, whence one drop flows north, one south, is more vital to Nature than equator or Capricorn, is the one source for the long thoughts of the saddle as you pass from the basin of ocean to ocean.

And we camped in another hurricane. The mosquitoes at twenty paces hid the color of Jack's coat, stamped the horses till we rounded them up far back on the trail and built a smoke heap of sod, where they crowded and burned their hoofs. I remember we sat in the tent that night, I trying to explain scientifically why the gale bulged it outward instead of in; and Jack, who had just lost his binoculars, growling, "What difference as long as she doesn't blow down? And what difference then, with your pancakes inside us?" But we had come sixty miles from Edmonton, and it seemed we had been on the trail for years and years.

Toward midnight, when the stars came out, a grizzled prospector, old, Scotch and weathered to a uniform yellow brown—skin, whiskers, clothes, and all—appeared at our fire and began to cook pancakes. "Ten years' savings gone to hell. That's all," said he when we spoke. "Back from Smoky River. Ain't nothing but float gold this side the Rockies. Next time I take me outfit to the Liard headwaters. I know a mon has a voyageur's map of that section with crosses marked where the prospect is."

The prospector believes the word of every man, and so always comes indifferently upon death or Eldorado. He is a prince of dreamers, and yet the most prac-

tical of men. This human paradox always steps with certainty, and always in the dark; lives a life of mixed farce and tragedy in their most dire colors; lives a life of strange intensity. Where was the partner of this man? Had he quarreled with him? Was he dead? I remember I wondered that night what it must be to travel alone in this country. What must be a man's fiber who can get along with no one here where life is reduced to its simplest terms, where the play of naked trait on trait gives through charity and forbearance a chance for humanity to glorify itself? Must it always ring out a discord? Is man inherently so base? Does familiarity among men in the vast only make the artifice of daily life more hideous?

At dawn we passed Lac La Nonne, wandering for miles among blue highlands, and by noon reached Pembina River, tributary to the Athabasca, the head water of the Mackenzie; crossed it by half-breed Vallon's wire ferry, and camped. The night following was the most memorable I have ever spent in the wilderness. I remember that morning Jack caught with bacon rind a bluish-white fish with golden eyes, which we called the *poisson inconnu* that you read of in Gilbert Parker's tales about the Spirit of the North. It was a mad day; our first taste of the bitter toil of northern travel, which ages you years in a fortnight. We left the forested prairie, and entered the actual forest—the Great Northern Forest of America. Now we drove upward among hissing poplars and wheeling colonnades of spruce (*l'épinette blanche*), then down across muskegs, which are morassy quicksands of yellow slime, ankle-deep sphagnum, and Labrador tea—the cursed *terra horribilis* of the North. Twice the cart horse stuck to his middle and we hauled him out by ropes tied to our saddle pommels; three times the cart sank to its axles. Each beast's neck and flank streamed with blood drawn by bull-dog flies and mosquitoes; and they whinnied, stampeded, whipping their legs from the mud as they sank deeper and deeper, till they laid their heads piteously on one side. . . . At last we came to great windfalls blocking the trail. Dark showers drove over us. Dizzy and exhausted, we camped. It was cold, and we expected frost.

I remember we felt fearfully alone that

evening, there in the fresh silence after clearing-storms, in the middle muskeg of a wild morass, a place of utter stillness in the loud-voiced forest, whose faint, repressed noises seemed the tones of silence. The swale was carpeted with long, fresh grass—sharp as a field of sabers, grass flattened hither and thither by rains, bent guardingly over bottomless pools, swayed back and forth in the twilight stir to the verge of the open, where it was banked with pale-green willows under pointed spears of spruce. Always that somber background! But from it here and there sickly black spruces started out among the swamp tufts, a few dead white branches twisted about their trunks, a great, dead, nestlike thing of withered shoots spiked atop of them—wasted specters each, from whose leprous forms the bark was scaling.

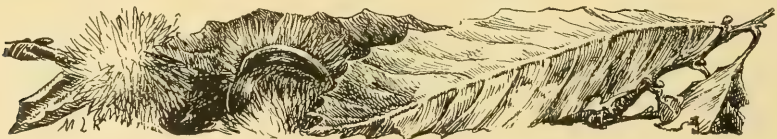
There were no mists, no shadows; the evening descended with weird stealth; the torch-lit tree-tops faded; no thrush lamented. The air was lucent, as if even the slight impenetrability of the atmosphere had been dissolved and precipitated in color on the flecks of ribbed cloud. It seemed an outstretched hand might have touched the forest edge, an upturned mouth breathe upon the silver-blue of the high heavens. We felt confined by the imminence of all external things, overpowered by a significant *formlessness* in Nature. We could no more conceive of time or distance than if we had been suspended in the thin blue of spacious light—years beyond our sphere. Our voices betrayed awe, and we spoke as if each word revealed some vital secret. It seemed had that atmosphere been continuous about the world, we might have waited, on calling to the east, to hear our voices soon venturing through the spruces westward. At last the wood-thrush ventured his thin, up-cadenced note—loved nightly requiem of the wilderness traveler—and the last exquisite notes suspended upward, fell one upon the other, dissolving to silence in clear, mellowing ecstasy. Again it sounded from afar, then more faintly, then died. A dozen snow birds in brown summer

coats whisked about like a haunting little cloud; chattered softly, foraged on the sly in our food sacks, darted to the forest, ruffling hazy corners of the bush with a tremor of gray.

The smoke of our fires gradually formed a haze half-way up the forest ramparts. Ourselves in the vapors of a bowl, the clarity above was intensified. The smoke receded to corners, undulated into forms and symbols; and just as the imagination was giving them life, shadows stalked out and enveloped them. Having once looked at such a corner, we glanced there again reluctantly. Then overhead the clouds burned carmine, violet, peacock green; and toward the jagged forest that cut the heavens in a great sawedge, the sky was gold and blue, like the flash of tempered metal. Suddenly the zenith shone like a dome of ice-crystals, holding in dissolution the seven essences of color. We felt the numbness of cold without its chill. From the wearying labor of the day, our minds were dormant, our senses intensified. We worked abstractedly, moved guiltily, as if passing muster before some Unseen Presence.

Indeed, that night, I felt that some such spirit did exist, inseparable from the wilderness and the North. It seemed that then we were first in the dominion of this Presence of the high bars of latitude. This Spirit of the North, I felt, was an embodiment more subtle than Nature, to which it seemed to be a sort of parent God; a spirit that betook itself from men and turmoil to the waste places of the earth, there to impart to outcast and wanderer the wisdom of silence and self-reliance, the knowledge of the eternal and the transitory in man and life that comes with loneliness, and the unity of exultation and suffering—all to be learned by a kind of intuition, impressed through the dawn wind and the aurora.

And so with a slight aberration of all our senses, a sort of concentration upon some new nobility and peace that had entered life, we slept under heavens eternally gray.



NORTHWARD WITH THE SHORE-BIRD HOST

By HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SWIFT and tireless of flight, late in May the hordes of migrant shore-birds are gone as suddenly as they appeared. No one sees them go; probably the start is in the evening. But by the time we miss them they may be a thousand miles further to the north—that is, when they have really decided to be on the move. Previously they may have fed leisurely along from beach to beach and marsh to marsh, recuperating from their long flight across southern seas. But now the vernal influence sounds the clarion call, and they forthwith strike the real limicoline pace.

Where do they go? Less is known about the breeding-haunts and habits of this mysterious tribe than of any order in the system of ornithology. While a very few of the species linger on our southern coasts, the great mass of them push on for the far north. Nor do the bulk of them stop till they are where the curiosity of man can seldom disturb their privacy. The eggs and nesting habits of a number of these species are hardly known to science. Their summer home is the barren ground along the Arctic sea. In the damp moss near some pool upon the cold ground still frozen underneath, in the early part of June they scratch a slight hollow, build a rude, frail nest of grass and lay four eggs, pyriform or pear-shaped, drab-colored and heavily blotched with black or brown.

Somehow, the mystery and romance surrounding the lives of these dabblers in margins makes strong appeal to me. From the time when in boyhood I first heard the clear whistle of the yellow-legs over the salt marshes, and the long-drawn, plaintive notes of the plovers on the bay flats, or saw the nimble band of sandpipers upon the ocean front chased by the surf, I have longed to know more of them all.

Never shall I forget the thrill of my first

experience with these northerners in their summer homes. It was on the Magdalen Islands, in the stormy Gulf of St. Lawrence, well up toward southern Labrador. The day was the 13th of June, clear and cold, the air of the early morning having almost the sting of the frost. With a companion and guide I was exploring the extensive marshy barrens of the East Point ponds which Audubon, some seventy years ago, vainly tried to reach. On this my first day upon these northern islands it was delightful that I should be privileged to hear the melodious love-song of these northern shore-birds, the Wilson's snipe and the least sandpiper. In the vicinity of a small pond the little sandpiper was flying about in circles, now low, now high enough to be almost lost to sight. The wings were beating tremulously under the impulses of love, and the little fellow was uttering a continuous mellow twittering very pretty to hear. Many other shore-birds have this habit; it may be characteristic of them all. The love-song of the woodcock is an example, and is comparatively well known.

Separating, now, from my companions, I had almost exceeded the limits of my boot tops in reaching the nests of some rusty grackles (a northerly species) in a strip of low spruces, when I heard a faint halloo, and saw my companion in the distance eagerly beckoning. When I reached him he said nothing, but pointed down near his feet. He was standing just up from a wet depression, in open ground which bore only the coarse, sparse grass and the gray moss of the arctic barrens. Following his direction, I saw a least sandpiper trotting nervously about near us. Then, looking closer, I saw the nest. This sandpiper is the smallest of the "peeps" or "ox-eyes," as they are popularly called, which in spring and fall flock upon our beaches and marshes and breed in the arctic regions. The nest was merely a



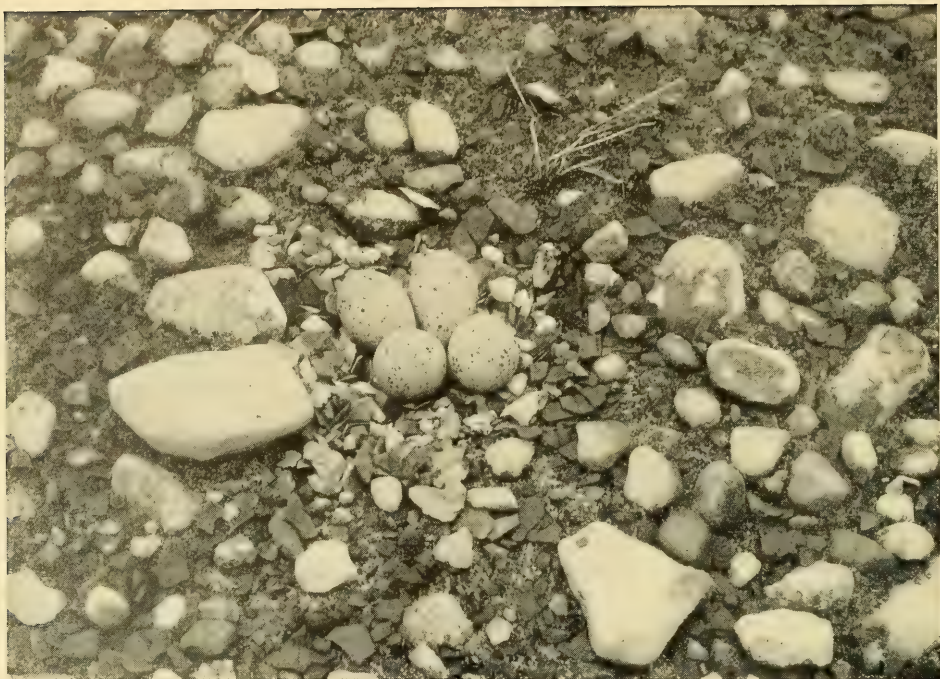
"Here we saw the first of the whole family."

round hollow scratched out in the moss and lined with a few dry bayberry leaves. The eggs were four, as is usual with shore-birds, and were arranged with the small ends together, which is also good form in shore-bird etiquette. They were of a very dark-drab color, heavily blotched with brown. My delight may be imagined, as I stood gazing at an exhibition which but few naturalists have been privileged to see. It was near this spot that we had just heard the love-song. What luck thus soon, in all this vast waste, to stumble upon its cause! And here, now, were both the owners. The singer had heard the distressed chirping of his mate and had come down to trot about with her, though more careful than she to avoid too close approach to danger. It was the mother who showed herself the really anxious one. At times she would come close up beside us, throw herself prostrate on the moss, limp, flutter and drag herself, as though about to expire—the familiar ruse of shore-birds.

As luck would have it—perhaps to even up matters—this was the only time in my life when I had lost the tripod screw. Not to be outdone, I cut down with my knife a small spruce, made a stake, and drove it into the ground near the nest. With my tree-apparatus I clamped the camera to the stake and was ready for business, the first part of which was to attempt the picture of the mother bird on the nest. The camera was properly focussed and screened with spruce boughs; then, with a thread in hand, attached at the other end to the shutter, I lay flat on my face, peering over a dune, and waited. Poor little bird, she did not like the looks of this blunderbuss with staring eye any more than should we to find a cannon trained upon our front door. Again and again she approached almost to the nest, only to flee in dismay. Finally, becoming bolder through immunity, after twenty minutes of this parleying, without warning she suddenly fairly “scooted” over the moss and settled down upon her eggs. Snap went the shutter, and her portrait was mine. Instantly she darted off in great fright, too much alarmed to venture again, so I photographed the nest and eggs and withdrew. This past June, four years later, I was again at the Magdalens. Daily passing along a road by a fisherman’s house revealed nothing notable, until one day,

at the very end of our stay, one of our party, passing the spot, was attracted by the actions of a pair of small sandpipers. Desperate with anxiety, they fluttered along the road before him and alighted, vociferating, on the posts and wire of the fence. Upon learning of this, I came at once and found the birds acting as described, and alighting a good deal in the adjoining field of short grass. It was evident that they had young, so two of us made a thorough search. At one place the sandpipers were especially solicitous, and here we soon found an egg-shell, and presently the whole brood of four of about the most cunning bird-mites I ever had seen. They were of a mottled rich brown and white, and were squatting close together on a bare spot of earth, perfectly motionless, and so blending with their surroundings that we had overlooked them many times. No nest could be found, and yet here were the newly hatched young, too feeble, seemingly, to have traveled but a few steps. This was a prize indeed, a splendid complement for my other least sandpiper pictures—for they were of this species. After photographing them, I placed the camera so as to secure a picture of the mother brooding. She would not venture, and the brood was becoming chilled in the raw evening air, so I removed the camera, and in a few seconds they were under mother’s wing. Next morning I readily found the brood again in the same field, stronger now, and running about singly. The old ones were as demonstrative as ever, and I secured pictures of the female upon stub, fence and ground, and also of single young. That afternoon they were gone, and in the evening I saw the old birds a third of a mile away on a salt marsh, whither they had evidently led their brood.

Besides the breeding horned grebes, bitterns, red-breasted mergansers, black ducks, blue-bills and teal of these interesting East Point ponds, another striking phenomenon is the gyration and love-song of the Wilson’s snipe. This is the bird so dear to sportsmen, here breeding quite commonly. We first hear a peculiar, continuous winnowing sound somewhere above us, reminding one of the sound of the wings of the golden-eye duck, or “whistler,” in flight. Though we strain our eyes in scanning the blue vault, noth-



"Deposits its eggs among the stones which they wonderfully resemble."

ing is at first visible. Finally we see what looks like a speck of a bird, so high up is it. The wings move rapidly, and with great velocity it darts about in wide circles, far and wide, high and low. It may at length dash close down over our heads, uttering now a continuous vocal alarm note, somewhat after the style of the Cooper's hawk. The first thing we know it will alight pell-mell upon the topmost twig of a spruce, whence it will continue its sharp vociferation, or stand for awhile in silence, when it may start off again on another ten mile flight. When an intruder approaches the nest, both birds will fly about in this erratic manner. The nest is hard to find, and I have tramped and tramped searching for it in vain. But this season one of our party undertook to watch a pair of snipe from a hiding-place. In the course of half an hour he saw one of them alight in the grass on the edge of a sort of marshy bayou. Waiting a few moments, he walked up and soon flushed the bird a few rods from where she had alighted. On damp ground, amid a tract of low bushes and sparse grass was the long-sought nest, containing four dark-colored, mottled eggs,

rounder and less pointed than the eggs of most other shore-birds,—for the snipe is classed among shore-birds, or limicolæ. The date was the 18th of June. After duly photographing the nest and eggs, both snipes meanwhile flying excitedly about overhead, I prepared the camera for a possible picture of the mother snipe upon the nest at close range. When all was ready, the camera being set upon the ground only a yard from the nest, I laid the line of connecting thread clear across the bayou, where I hid under some low spruces to watch. One snipe only seemed to be flying about, and there was no way of telling whether the other had returned to the nest but to creep up and look. Before doing this, however, I rejoined the party who were eating lunch up on a sand-dune. After nearly an hour's absence, I crept silently to my spool and pulled at a venture, not knowing whether or not the bird was on the nest. As the sky was somewhat overcast, I had set the shutter for one second, trusting that the snipe might be dozing on the nest and would not move. Then I silently tiptoed over to where I could learn my fate.

There was the blessed snipe at her vigil, facing the camera, head low and bill resting on the ground. She made no move to start till I was within ten feet of her, when she fluttered away and dropped down on the bank close at hand beside a spruce thicket, where she lay flapping her wings much as does a nighthawk under similar circumstances, reiterating the familiar "scaip" note that every hunter knows. Then for half a minute she lay still as though dead, but then stood up, ran a little way and flew quickly off. So tame was she that she returned to the nest in my very presence, before I was ready for the next shot. Driving her off, I set the shutter again and took my station under a spruce about twenty feet away. In just four minutes I saw her alight near by, and in another minute she had settled down upon her eggs, this time side to the camera. A steady pull on the string gave me a splendid timed exposure, the bird not moving at the click of the shutter. After being flushed again she would not return for awhile, but I finally got two more pictures before a shower started us back for the boat, myself delighted that I had succeeded, probably for the first time in his-

tory, of photographing Wilson's snipe from life. Episodes like this are what, to my mind, make camera-hunting the finest of all sports. There are still many birds and animals which have never yet been photographed. But even when a species, as such, has been photographed, there is well-nigh as great a field remaining as in human portraiture after the first man had been successfully photographed.

In 1900, during a boating trip among these islands, I happened upon a locality where, along with piping plovers and spotted sandpipers, there were quite a colony of ring-necked plovers, evidently breeding. These plovers, so common upon our flats and beaches during the migrations, breed generally in the arctic regions, but here they were, at the southern limit of their range. Two parallel sand-bars connecting two "islands" here form between them a natural canal or lagoon over a mile in width, with sandy shores and grassy dunes between these and the outer sea-beaches. The plover ground was on the eastern shore of this lagoon. Numbers of the pretty plovers kept trotting along the sand in front of us, evidently anxious about their nests or young. These, un-



"Perfectly motionless and blending with their surroundings."

fortunately, we were unable to discover, owing to lack of time to prosecute the search. The fact of seeing a young piping plover led me to believe that the more northerly species also had young.

Upon my return this season to the Magdalens, I made it a point to devote a whole day to this locality. It was the very same time of year, the 20th of June, and so cold that we had to exercise hard to keep warm. The plovers were there as before,

plover, being heavily blotched with black, instead of sprinkled only with small dots. The parents ran or flew about near by, uttering the familiar alarm note heard in the gunning season.

Two of us each discovered a young plover, whereupon the parents began their limping and fluttering antics, trying to draw us away from the young after them. The young were pretty little striped things and could run like witches. They would



“The chick is beginning to grow independent.”

and this time they could not hide from us their treasures. Our party found four nests, there being four eggs in each nest, save for one which had three. The latter was a full complement, as they were nearly hatched. They were all in the dry sand, either just at the edge of the beach-grass above the shore, or a few rods back among the low dunes. The nests were little more than hollows in the sand, with a few straws gathered around the edges. The eggs differed greatly from those of the piping

not stay in one place, and it occurred to me, as the parents were very bold, to tether mine to a stalk of grass and try to get some unique photographs. Having secured the little fellow, I sat down on the sand near by, with my camera in hand, set with the single combination of the doublet, and the curtain at a fairly wide aperture. Both parents forthwith began to run around very near me, and the female in a short time became so daring as to settle down and brood her chick within ten feet

of me. It was the chance of a life-time, and the illustrations selected from the eighteen plates exposed will tell whether or not I improved it.

Not only along the seaboard, but up through the interior of the country there is a great migration of the shore-birds to and from their nesting-grounds. Out on the prairies of North Dakota I have had splendid opportunities to study them, both the migrants and those that stopped there to breed. Most of the multitude go far north of this latitude, but there are certain kinds which have a more southerly distribution which are here found nesting. Notable among these are the upland plover of hunters, or, more properly, the bartramian sandpiper, and the kildeer plover. The eggs of these two species are laid in the grass of the broad, open prairies, and are very hard to find. In the case of the former species, I have usually discovered the nest by flushing



Ring-necked plover brooding chick.

the bird from under the horse's feet. As for the kildeer, they leave the nest the instant the intruder is sighted, come to meet him, and keep up a great racket, giving no indication of where the treasure is; hence its discovery is a matter of chance—and sharp eyes. On the pebbly shores of islets in the larger lakes the piping plover deposits its eggs among the stones which they wonderfully resemble. Present science tries to make us believe that these birds are different from the eastern form;

I do not believe it. Another curious wader, the Wilson's phalarope, nests in tussocks of grass in moist places by the sloughs. There the willet vociferates its anxiety for its young and the stately great marbled godwit also breeds in sparing numbers. A few years ago the sickle-billed curlew did so, too, but now this seems to be a thing of the past. The singular avocet, with the upturned bill, makes its summer home on the alkaline lakes.



Where snipe and sandpiper nest.



The Day's Work.

THE GYPSY OF ENGLAND

By RALPH D. PAINE

THE Romany in England, he of the open road and the black tents, king of all true vagabonds and wanderers, dwelling in the smuggest, primmest and most conventional country to be found, is the very limit of incongruity. Where all the fields are like lawns, the forests tamed and tended, and the commons inclosed by Act of Parliament, the gypsy seems like a lawless and jarring intruder encamped in some conservative old gentleman's back-yard. The stanch old laws which fine a man ten shillings for beating his wife with a wooden chair, and send a luckless wayfarer, out of work, to prison three months for sleeping under a hedge or snaring a rabbit, leave small room for the gypsy folk, yet there they are, and he who would seek the dusky vandwellers need not wander far afield.

Thousands of the English gypsies have become house-dwellers since the march of the railways was followed by the crushing Enclosure Act which barred their vans and tents from the public commons and waste lands, but several hundred of them still dwell out-of-doors and cling to ancient custom with a tenacity unbroken since this mysterious people wandered out from India at the threshold of history.

If you care to loaf along the roads that lead to Henley, just ahead of Regatta Week, keeping a little way back from the Thames, whose banks are policed like a city park, a turn of a hedge-row lane may bring to view a van on the march, or a wisp of smoke curling from a bit of woodland where little, dingy tents are glimpsed like so many bee-hives. Or, perhaps, in the heart of London, one of the big, gay vans may be seen, outward bound, a disreputable craft in strange and crowded waters. Acres of tall-hatted and frock-coated Britons on the tops of an army of busses look down on this moving home-on-wheels of the children of darkness, and the contrast is as if an organ-grinder were to invade a reception in a mansion on Berkeley Square.

Henley Regatta is such a pretty, dainty toy-picture of holiday-making, and popu-

larly believed to be so exclusive, that the gypsy migration to its outskirts is even more surprising than to find the Romany in England at all. Back from the river in the meadow is a long line of booths and catch-penny attractions where the populace may enjoy those diversions shocking to the sacred "upper classes" on the river and the club-house lawns. Searching at random beyond, may reveal in some sheltered corner toward the hills, the gypsy camps that tell the old story of the conspicuous ability of the vagabond race in separating the guileless country-man from his money by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

In front of a booth on the Henley meadow, a hundred open-mouthed yokels are swallowing this kind of verbal intoxicant:

"Now, my friends, you look intelligent, and I don't believe that under the whole bloomin' fermentation of Heaven I could collect a more intelligent audience. I'm 'ere to give you something for nothing. Any fool can get rich by givin' you nothing for your money, or tryin' to delood an' deceive you by heartfelt tricks an' halloo-cinations. 'Eere I 'old a bright new shillin', stamped with the himposing and worshipful liniments of His Majesty, the King, God bless 'Im. Is there any sturdy British yeoman in this assemblage reckless enough to give me six-punce for this 'ere shillin'? Ah, don't all speak at once. There, the gentleman makes six-punce clear profit with a turn of th' wrist. To show 'im that he isn't bein' done, I gives 'im a set of these forty-seven karet wirgin gold shirt buttons, fit to shine on the buz-zum of the Hemperor of Barracaloo. No, I aren't givin' away any more six-punces until I knows what you think of this Bond Street watch, same movement as the royal chroneymometer at Gre'n'ich conservatory wot the sea captains sails their big ships by on every hocean, Pacific, Hattantic and Gigantic. If the sun rises three minutes late by this watch, you can bet a tanner, that the sun is just that much behind time, an' needs regulatin'."

It was late in the afternoon before the fakir a half-blood gypsy had reaped all the loose sixpences where he had sowed a few shillings, and was free to take us to the nearest van of a nearby colony. A covey of brown and bright-eyed children scurried to cover in the leafy shade, a strapping young man in sunburned corduroy and velveteens lounged into the foreground, and beyond him a little fire twinkled under the cooking pot hung from the iron, or *sharsta*, stuck in the ground, which is as ancient as gypsydom.

seem wilder and more of an anachronism than elsewhere. The photographer arranged to make some pictures next day, and confided that these were Coopers of the real old stock, very superstitious about photographs, and that the bargain was made only on condition that he should give the old lady a pair of shoe-strings, which breaks the evil spell of the camera's eye.

Two or three days later, the same van was passed on the road to a country fair in Surrey, and taking the hint, the "Gorgios"



The Social Pot.

An ancient woman, whose wrinkles were framed in a red hankerchief knotted under her chin, crept out of the van and began to beg, with a fury of eloquence unknown among American gypsies who have put begging under ban. In England, where half the population chronically expects to be "tipped" by the other half, the gypsy begs and is no worse than his neighbor.

This van and camp were such as can be found in the woods of Jersey and Pennsylvania, and it was their setting in this speckless, well-ordered park of a country that made this bit of English gypsy life

or white pilgrims followed after by train. It is not hard to pick up gypsy lore along the open road in England, for the place of the American "hobo" is taken by the gypsy itinerant who has a vocation and plies it with considerable industry, lest he fall afoul of the Vagrancy Act which sweeps the countryside as a remorseless drag-net. The pure strain of Romany tries to follow the tradition that the woman should trudge over the country in summer, laden with baskets, household utensils, toys and cheap ornaments, while the man makes a pretense of trade, and is more

likely to be found loafing around the village tavern or trying to trade horses. The children stay with the van or the tents, in care of the eldest of them until the night-fall sends the elders home. It is the summer that draws the gypsy families to the open road when the living joy of out-doors is as irresistible as when their ancestors in England in 1522 were described as "an outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, exercising no craft but palmistry and robbery," or when a few years later they were included in a search made

very frequently," and so it is in England to-day. As a vendor of small household wares, the English gypsy takes the rôle of the old-fashioned Yankee "tin peddler" with his high, red wagon, and his clattering armament of pots and pans.

The country fair, as it survives in rural districts, finds the gypsy at his busiest, and the visitor is not long in finding out why any kind of a trickster in horse-flesh is called a "gyp." The American gypsy has come to realize that in a horse-trade, he is as likely to lose as win, and approaches the



Bachelor Quarters.

through Sussex for "all vagabonds, gypsies, conspirators, prophesiers, players and such like."

In the autumn they crowd into London to buy baskets, brooms, clothes-lines, and tin-ware, and then scatter again with their wares. As winter comes on, the vans are less restless, and the men work at making clothes-pins, baskets, skewers, and always trading horses when the chance offers. When gypsies first appeared in Germany in the fifteenth century a contemporary observer shrewdly wrote: that "those who rode, changed their horses

Yankee farmer with fear and respect, while in Merrie England, the wits of the Romany move in so much swifter orbits than those of the yokel with whom he deals, that the boot is on the other leg. It was in Surrey that the opportunity came to see the thing done by past-masters, in a little town not far from the old coaching road from London to Brighton. The photographer supplied the key to the transaction, because he had seen it before, else the stranger would have been taken in as cleverly as the farmer who bought the horse.



On the Road



The Summer Colony.

It is to be presumed that a day or so before, there could have been found in a gypsy camp not far way, a broken-winded and weather-beaten plug of a horse worth, perhaps, six pounds in open market. Then began such a grooming, clipping, polishing and doctoring as must rank among the fine arts. Mane and tail were miracles of braiding, intertwined with fresh straw and fetchingly beribboned. Into the crowded village was led a mettlesome and shining steed, carefully escorted, too valuable, forsooth, to be put up for sale. After the horse was tied near a popular public-house, three or four rustics strolled up to the owner of the beast, who looked to be all "hay-seed." They looked the "bargain" over, shook their heads in disappointment that no dickering was possible, and drifted into the tap-room of the "pub." Presently other farmers pricked up their ears, and wanted to see the horse. And so it went on, until the cleverly disguised gypsies who made up the original bunch of "rustics" had created a strong undercurrent of interest setting toward the transformed "plug."

The first show of cash came from among these masquerading farmers, whose identity lurked only in the midnight eye and shifty glance with the true gypsy slant in the corner of it. And after hours of palaver, over many mugs of beer, it was one of these "made-up" Hodges who closed the deal, bought the horse, and paid for it in ostentatious sovereigns. The genuine farmer, for whom the bait was cast, could not withstand this evidence of a "rare bargain," and was the more eager now that it had slipped out of his grasp. Therefore it was not long before the "fake" buyer was offered a bonus of a pound, to let go of his purchase, held out for two and got it, and vanished as if on wings.

That this trick, or its kind, has been played all over England since the days of Henry Eighth, in every summer season, is no hindrance to its success to-day, any more than the fact that despite the habitual exposure in American newspapers of the "gold-brick," the "green-goods" and the "wire-tapping" swindles, the victim

continues to be parted from his thousands with painful frequency.

The glib and swarthy man who conducts the "cocoa-nut shy" at rural picnics and fairs, the saucy girl in the canvas shooting gallery who tempts you to pepper vainly at targets with rifles whose sights and barrels are crooked, the vendor of ginger-bread and ginger-beer on the road to Epsom Downs on Derby Day, are kin to the people of the black tents, and it is more than likely if you say to them, "Rakassa tu Romanes?" (do you talk gypsy) the reply will show understanding of this quaint and hybrid speech, which under all skies has preserved its primitive texture of Hindu. At such festive scenes may be found the gypsy and his performing bear, and one may mistakenly set him down as belonging to the English Romany. But he belongs to another brotherhood of the same people, for he is of the Ricinari, or bear-leading gypsies of Syria, and for centuries his clan has wandered the world over with their clumsy pets as their source of income and their peculiar trade-mark.

Through hop-picking time in Kent, the gypsies gather in force, and there you may see some of the lithe and tawny belles of the old English families of the Romany, and learn that with good reason our slang term "mash," or "mashing," comes from the pure gypsy "mashava," meaning "to fascinate, or take in, by the eyes"; for these are the wild beauties "who sealed their souls into the corners of their eyes by many generations of shafts sent sidewise and wantonly."

Alas, the van and tent dwellers will be extinct in England before many years have passed. They are being driven more and more under the roofs, and even in the outskirts of London, in a settlement called the "Potteries," more than a thousand gypsies have harbored through a winter. The old rovers are coming in from the highways to join the backsliders from the free and joyous people who have dwelt so long in all weathers, "pals" (and this is a gypsy word) with the sun and rain and sky, in the freshness of God's world, untrammelled by any ties beyond the van and the dingy tent.



Visiting.



Parading the Japanese Wrestler.

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The Fish Pond in the Garden.

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Drawing by A. B. Frost

Just where you want 'em

THE KING GANDER OF SEA DOG SHOAL

By SEWELL FORD

NOT all the wonders of natural history are written about by spectacled scientists. Often it is the silent, taciturn, eagle-eyed, sharp-eared fellows, who spend their lives in the open, that see and hear the odd things which never get into books, things which those same scientists profess not to believe.

For instance, there was the unique discovery concerning the habits of wild geese, made by Captain Otis Huckins, B.O. (Barnegat Oysterman). Let it be told in his own words, just as he told it that December evening in the cabin of his oyster sloop, with the frosty creak of boom and rudder head, the crackle of thin ice under the bows and the distant gabble of wild ducks as an accompaniment. If it was possible, you should see him, round of face and beardless, his pop-eyes shifting restlessly as he talked through the lantern-lighted, tobacco-scented haze which filled the cramped quarters wherein four town-bred sportsmen smoked and listened.

"High Bar, eh? Well, now, I'd like to take ye acrost; like to be accomodatin' when I kin, but you see, Si an' me's been tongin' sence sun-up an' we're some tired. Besides, they ain't enough air stirrin' fer to hardly git us there 'fore mornin'. They's new ice a-makin' in the Bay, too. Don't want to git froze up to leeward with oysters bringin' a dollar a bushel right on the dock.

"Five? Well, five dollars is five dollars, I s'pose. Shall we chanst it, Si? All right. Tumble yer stuff right aboard. Ker-honk! Ker-honk! Brung live decoys, did ye? Aint that old Joe a-honkin in that thur box? Thought so. Oh, I've seen old Joe come down to the Inlet every season fer goin' on a dozen year now. He b'longs to Poppy Van, up to th' River. He's a good one, old Joe is. Reg'lar old Judas Iscariot, I says. Joe 'll honk 'em down if they's any gittin' 'em to stop. Tickle him to death, too, ter see ye drop a goose. Oh, I've seen the old sinner at his tricks. He can hear a flock comin' a mile off an' he'll jest stretch his old neck an' talk to 'em, talk as nice as

he knows how, jest as if he was sayin': 'Hello, brothers! Glad to see ye, dumb'd ef I ain't. Goin' to stop a while, ain't ye? That's it, set yer wings an' come down here fer a rest. Bully feedin'. Hanged ef I ain't glad ye come along. Why, bless me ef—' an' jest then, when yer raises up outer the blind to poke it to 'em, old Joe he pulls in his neck an' squats flat, squintin' over one shoulder to see if ye drop ary one. Knowin'! He's as cute as Satan an' jest as wicked, he is. Honk away, old Judas Joe. I wouldn't have as many dead geese on my conscience as you've got on yourn fer this whole sloop full of silver dollars.

"Got yer duffle all aboard, have ye? Then git down into the cabin where it's warm. I'll be down soon's I help Si git under way. Lucky we got a full moon to steer by fer it's a windin' channel up that there thoroughfare to High Bar. Oh, we'll git acrost all right. Little more on yer peak halyard, Si. Little more. There! Shove her head off with the settin' pole. Look out, that deck's slippery'n glass. Here, you take the tiller while I go below an' keep the passengers comp'ny. No, don't try Mud channel to-night. Put her straight fer Oyster Crick an' sing out as you pick up the buoys, so's I kin know where we're at.

"*B-r-r-r!* I tell ye, gents, it's some frosty out to-night. Warm as toast down here, though, ain't it? Have a cup of coffee? Pot's right thur on the stove, help yerself. Cups in the starboard locker.

"So you're goin' down to High Bar to shoot over old Joe? Guess you'll have some sport fer they's a heap o' ducks in the Bay. They been a comin' in all this week—red necks, mallard, black ducks and brant. My suz, but the brant's thick! And fat! Saw a pair yesterday that weighed four pound apiece if they did a ounce. There's thousands on 'em, too. We kin hear 'em, when we git further out into the Bay, jess a-settin' round on the water an' gossipin like a mess of old women. But geese is skurce. 'Tain't been cold enough yet to drive 'em down an' them as has come has gone on South.



Bill about to cut loose.

Saw three flocks go over to-day. They was travelin' high and lively, like they had business some'r's.

"Me? No, I don't do much shootin'. I stick to oysterin'. Geese? Well, I'm no goose hunter, leastways, not now. S'pose I might's well tell ye about it. Like's not you'll hear the yarn an' won't hear it right. Don't s'pose they's a man on the Bay, from Harvey Cedars up, but knows why I don't shoot geese no more.

"It was jest 'leven year ago the twenty-second of this month that I quit goose shootin'; 'leven year, an' I don't feel a bit more like tryin' it now than I did the day that happened. Before that, mind ye, I'd killed geese from the time I could lift a gun. The way we come to go was like this: My brother Sam he'd been workin' in a brick-yard up Freehold way an' hadn't had no fun fer months. I'd jest got home from a two year v'yage from Frisco to Hong Kong an' back as ship's carpenter on one o' them big Maine vessels. Sam he says:

"Ote, d' ye know what we oughter have fer our Christmas dinner?"

"Canvas back,' says I, kinder suspicionin' what was in his mind.

"Canvas back nuthin',' says he. 'We want wild goose fer our Christmas, an' a big fat gander at that.'

"Geese ain't come down much yet,' says I.

"Mebbe not, Ote, but they'll be comin' 'fore long. Let's hook up the old *Shinin' Star* an' go over to the Inlet an' wait fer 'em.'

"So we got our kit together, beat the ice off'n the mainsail, shoved the *Shinin' Star* to the mouth of the crick an' scudded over until we rounded to under the lee of Clam Island. That was the fifteenth of December. Well, fer four days we jest lay there, waitin' fer goose weather. They was ducks, plenty of 'em. They was bangin' away at 'em over on High Bar, and we could see the fellers from the Life Savin' station shoolin along the beach—*pop, pop, poppety, pop*—but we wa'n't down there to do no meadow-hoppin'. We jest loaded shells an' iled our old pot irons an' waited.

"One mornin' we woke up to find a sou'easter mixin' things up. It rained an' blowed all day an' kept the ducks on the move. That night it swung around into the no'theast an' blowed some more.

"That's the stuff, Ote, let her swing,' says Bill.

"Swing she did. By the next night it had come cold an' the wind had jumped around into the no'thwest. Then she did blow.

"Now, Ote,' says Bill, 'we'll git geese.'

"It was about four o'clock in the mornin' when we tumbled out of our bunks an' begun to git ready. Smokin' mackerel, but it was cold! I put on three pair of yarn socks before I hauled on my hipers and I wore three coats besides my oiler. You can't git on too many clothes when you're goin' to lay in a blind that kind of weather.

"Shall we try the North point of Clam Island, Bill?" says I.

"No, sir," says Bill. 'Sea Dog's good enough fer me when I'm after a gander.'

"You know Sea Dog, don't you, right inside the mouth of the Inlet? It's jest the top of a shoal that sticks up when the tide ain't too high. Well, we gits into our sneak-box and rows out to Sea Dog. Mostly it was covered with ice but we shoveled some away and dug us a hole. We put out fifty goose stools, scatterin' em to make 'em look like a big flock. Then, jest about day-break, we crawled into our sand hole an' wrapped ourselves in two old pieces of canvas. Talk about your blinds, that was a slick one. The sand was white, the ice was white an' we was white. But you have to be cute to fool Mr. Goose.

"Well, it was more'n an hour 'fore we got a crack at anything in the geese line. Then five of 'em split off'm the tail end of a flock an' came in to us. We poked it into 'em good an' plenty. Bill, he cuts one out

with his right barrel and another with his left. I drops two first lick and knocks the last one endways jess as he was biddin' us good-bye. Yes, we could shoot some then, Bill 'n me. Besides, we was cal'lating on goose when we put six drams o' black powder and two ounces o' BB's into them shells.

"There, Bill," sez I, as we waded back over the shoal after pickin' up our kill, 'There's yer Christmas goose.'

"No 'taint," sez Bill. 'I want gander fer mine. My teeth's good and I like his flavor better'n that of hen geese. Mr. Gander's a good feeder, he is, an' he oughter be good eatin'. We'll wait fer him.'

"So we waited, an' it was the coldest an' onluckiest wait I ever had. They was flyin', all right. We could see 'em, strings of 'em, goin' down between us an' the main, huntin' fer rest and feed. But none of 'em came our way. 'Long about ten o'clock, when it seemed as if I was froze as stiff as the barrels of Betsy, my old eight bore, I says to Bill: 'Bill, we got enough geese to last a month, les's quit.'

"No," says Bill, in that mule way of hisn. 'I'm after gander, an' gander I'm agoin' ter have.'

"Well, sir, 'twant more'n ten minutes 'fore we heard music comin' down the Bay. Bill, he pokes his head up fer a squirt.



Making the Blind.

"'Holy cats!' sez he. 'Cover up! Cover close! Here comes a bunch o' geese as big as the United States army!'

"They was away up by Great Sedge when we see 'em but they was jabberin' so we could hear 'em plain. They wa'n't travelin' in no V an' they wa'n't keepin' step with their wings, fer they was beat, dead beat, an' flyin' ragged an' low. We knew what that meant.

"'Ote,' whispers Bill, 'did ye ever see such a bustin' lot of 'em together afore?'

"'It's the all-firedest flock I ever see, Bill,' sez I.

"An' it was. I ain't goin' to try to tell how many they was, 'cause I hain't got no idee. They was just a slew of 'em. An' leadin' the bunch was a gander. Well, talk about big ganders, he *was* a big cuss. There wa'n't no mistakin' who was boss o' that flock. Looked like a six-foot drum major leadin' a lot of school boys. P'raps he wa'n't twict as big as ary other one, but he looked it. He just gave a squint at our decoys with one eye, then he turned an' squinted with the other an' the next minit we see him set his wings an' come plump down at us with all that slew o' geese behind him.

"You know how foolish a goose generally looks when he let's himself go fer a quick light; how he sticks his wings down an' spreads his legs out stiff an' stretches his neck? But that old gander didn't look foolish a bit. He jest came down kind of proud and solemn and dignified like, same's the President or Governor settin' down in a chair after he's made a big speech an' the folks are all cheerin'. My suz, but he did look grand, with them great wings of his spread, as he came sailin' down through the air. Fer the life of me I couldn't do a thing but set an' watch him. But Bill, he didn't give a cuss fer nothin' when he see suthin' he wanted.

"'Let 'em have it!' he yells, an' throws off the canvas as he riz up.

"That big gander was right over us an' not more'n sixty feet away when Bill cuts loose at him, an' the next thing I knew there was that great, gray-bellied thing a whirlin' an' a tumblin' smack down onto us. I yelled an' tried to jump, but I wa'n't quick enough. Next minit I didn't know nothin' at all, not a blame thing.

"Well, it might of been minits, an' then agin, it might of been hours. I wa'n't

takin' no account of the sun jest then. But when I come to I was feelin' mighty sore all over an' I was stiff from cold. Fer a bit I didn't know where I was or what had happened. I saw the Bay, all runnin' full of new ice. I saw the lighthouse, acrost the Inlet, standin' up still and straight outer the sand. I heard a gun bang over on Vol Sedge, an' that made me remember that all-fired flock of geese an' that big gander.

"Then I looked around fer Bill. There he was, settin' on the edge of the sand hole, his right arm hangin' limp an' his face half covered with frozen blood. His eyes was set an' his mouth part open. First off I thought he'd shot himself an' was dead. Then I goes over to him an' sees he was alive.

"'Bill,' sez I, 'what ails ye? What's the matter, Bill?' But Bill he wouldn't pay no more attention to me than 'sif I hadn't been there at all. I shook him, but it didn't make no difference. 'Twas then I found his arm was broke.

"Next I looked around fer the gander. The top of Sea Dog was about eight inches out of water then an' there was a strip of sand an' ice p'raps fifty yards long an' ten yards wide. There was blood an' feathers all around an' the ice was mashed and the sand tore up like a lot of horses had run over it. But there wa'n't no gander. He wa'n't in the blind, neither. An' yet I had seen Bill pump a load of BB's into him at short range.

"But I didn't lose no more time huntin' fer that gander. I jest uncovered the sneak box, loaded our stools onto it and dragged Bill in. He wouldn't move a step by himself, or do a thing. I must a-worked half an hour gittin' him from the sneak box into the cabin of the *Shinin' Star*.

"Some way or other I got him home. We put him to bed an' got a doctor to set his arm. It was broke in three places and his trigger finger was broke, too. But that wasn't the worst of it. For three weeks Bill was the craziest sort of a crazy man you ever saw. Brain fever, the doctor called it. We had to strap him hand an' foot to the bed. I tended him through it all an' heard most of the things he said when he was out of his head. Couldn't no one else make head nor tail of it. But I could, an' it made my flesh creep.

"Never hear tell of a king gander, I



The wee nippee touches the spot after a good mornin's sport.

s'pose? No, most folks hain't. The sharps that write the bird books says there ain't no such thing. But I know better. I've seen one.

"There ain't never but one king gander at a time, same's a country never has but one king at a time. But a king gander's a real king, that's what he is. It ain't jest because he's the biggest gander of any, or the knowin'est. It's somethin' more. He's kind of a sacred gander, he is, and there ain't a wild goose that flies but knows it. He's captain of 'em all, an' it's only the pick of the geese that flies with him. He takes 'em further north than any other gander dares go, he stays later than most of 'em an' when he does start out for the

south he goes thousands of miles at a clip.

"Ner that ain't all, neither. What do you s'pose became of that big king gander Bill shot? Ever hear of a dead gander bein' carried off by his flock, restin' on their backs and them a-honkin' out a reg'lar buryin' dirge? Well, I've said enough. Fact is, I've said all I dare say.

"But I'll tell you this; if ever you have a chanst to shoot a king gander, don't you do it. 'Taint good luck. If you don't believe it, look at my brother Bill. He killed one; leastways, he shot him. And then what happened? Only the Lord and Bill Huckins knows. An' Bill 'll never tell. Why not? Cause he's been as crazy as a coot ever since; yes, sir, crazy as a coot!"



PHRA RAM MAKES A PILGRIMAGE

By CASPAR WHITNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THREE things are dearer to the Siamese heart than life itself: (1) chewing the betel-nut; (2) "making merit"; (3) a pilgrimage to the ancestral home. The first is at once his joy and solace; the second his simple method of mollifying Buddha through the building of prachadis, or monumental sacred spires, of greater or less pretension; the third the Mecca of his active years, and the comforting reminiscence of old age.

Now, although Phra Ram was the governmental chief of the line separating Burma from Siam, the king's representative to the Karens—jungle folk living on both sides the boundary—and an official before whom the common people prostrated themselves, yet was he none the less Siamese. As to temperament he was distinctly native, but exotic in the clever ways and means devised to satisfy appetite and tradition simultaneously. He was an enlightened Oriental who acquiesced in the harmless and somewhat delightful superstitious humbuggery surrounding him—but lost never an eye to the main chance. In the vernacular of the street, he was "sawing wood" all the time. When, therefore, the king's minister ordered him to escort my hunting expedition to the Burma line, Phra Ram instantly saw his opportunity for making that long-deferred pilgrimage through the land of his fathers.

The average Oriental is a bluff, inscrutable for only a brief period, if you are a little wise in the ways of the Far East; Phra Ram was a pastmaster in wearing the disguise. In fact, just to know the Chief of the Siam-Burma line, was a liberal education in far-eastern-life philosophy; not that he had traveled, or was beautiful to look upon, or learned in his Buddhist faith; but he was so ingenuous in his ingenuity. You would never have thought he even had ancestors, much less suspect him of planning a pilgrimage to their abiding place; on the contrary the preparations making for the journey would have convinced you that the jungle

immediately on the outskirts of Ratburi overflowed with tiger, elephant and buffalo; especially buffalo—that being the game I sought. And he could be so important and so busy and so bumptious over the trifles of life! you could not persuade yourself that he had a thought above the knotting of his sarong, or the quality of his betel-nut. Really, he was deliciously artless; the most subtle gentleman I ever encountered. Not that I would infer dishonesty—by no means; he was just Oriental. With all, he was jolly, even-tempered, obliging, and a source of unceasing entertainment throughout the journey. He gave me an interesting trip, and an experience which subsequently proved invaluable; and should this fall under his eye in the Far East, I hope he will accept the felicitations of the pupil to a master.

Despite a cross in his left eye, Phra Ram carried a certain air of distinction which he supported imperiously in intercourse with his people. He was about fifty years of age, with a generous stomach, an assortment of wives, and a pair of gray cloth, black-buttoned spats he had got from a German on one of his occasional trips to Bangkok and which he wore, over bare feet, only when in full dress. He was a loud and constant talker with a voice that even Italian could not have mellowed, and which rasped the nerves of those within reach of its nasal, unmusical, Siamese twang.

Seated tailor fashion on a square of cocoa matting, with several attendants ranged in semi-circle behind him, Ram spent the greater part of the night of our arrival unfolding the extensive plans he had made for my hunting. Between disclosures he consumed betel-nut; and as it was my first intimacy with a betel-nut chewing gentleman, the performance interested me greatly. Preparation of the morsel began by the approach of one of three attendants, who came servilely forward, bent nearly double, and took his place at the right of the Chief, where were



The carts were always arranged at night to encircle the camp.

displayed a bewildering assortment of silver boxes of exquisite workmanship. Having made his obeisance by bending first on knees and then to elbows as he pressed the floor with his forehead at the feet of Ram, the attendant settled cross-legged before the boxes containing the ingredients of the "chew." Taking a green leaf he smeared upon it a dab of lime paste tinted with the juice of the aromatic plant turmeric. Into this he pressed several different seed-like things, one of which I recognized as cardamom, and over all liberally sprinkled pieces of a betel-nut which he had divided into eighths with an iron pair of cutters elaborately inlaid in gold on handles and blades. Then deftly rolling this into a cone-shaped tid-bit, he offered it on bended knee to Phra Ram, after industriously smiting the floor with his forehead a few times.

During all the process Ram watched his servant carefully, at times crooning in pleasurable anticipation, at times bursting into an impatient loud note of disapproval; and when he had slowly and deliberately placed the tid-bit well back between his upper and lower molars, the look of peace that came over his countenance would have put a babe to sleep in confidence. Silence would now continue while Ram chewed a few moments in undisturbed

ecstasy; but when a bright-red juice began to run from the corners of his mouth his tongue was loosed again. Occasionally, while he talked, an attendant at his left held up for contribution a silver cuspidor-looking affair; and Ram was a liberal contributor.

Betel-nut chewing is the national diversion of the Siamese. Every one, from high to low, is addicted to the habit, and preparation of the quid for those too poor to own ingredients and boxes is, in every town, quite a business of itself; in the smallest settlements one sees peddlers squatting before their trays of little boxes holding lime and seeds and tobacco, and packages of syrah, or green betel leaves. The betel tree is among the most common in Siam, sending up a trunk sometimes full sixty feet, always, like the cocoanut, limbless except for its bush of a top where, again like the cocoa, the nuts grow in closely attached bunches, to harden and redden before gathered. The cardamom seed, or clove, is an extra of the well-to-do, and especially of the women; the common habit among men of the country is to add a pinch of tobacco after first rubbing it over their gums. The bright-red saliva from chewing is, in the town house, carefully deposited in a handsome silver



The expedition set forth with twelve carts and bullocks.

receptacle; in the up-country house slits between the open bamboo flooring obviate the necessity for such niceties. But always on formal occasions, even in the jungle edge, the betel-nut chewer carries his box for the freely flowing juice that stains the teeth a deep red, which, among the better class, with care and attention becomes a highly polished black. And this is true even of Siam's most enlightened classes, whom contact with the outside world appears not to win from the betel-nut and discolored teeth. In Bangkok I talked with one of royal blood and his wife, both of whom had lived several years in England, yet the teeth of each were black as ebony, and the woman frankly expressed her disgust at the white teeth of foreigners. Dogs and other four-footed animals she declared have white teeth. Blessed is contentment!

The betel-nut boxes are to the Siamese what toilet articles are to the Occidental—a necessity made ornamental; for just as one of us may take pride in the pattern and workmanship of the dresser-table equipment, so the Siamese search for the unusual in design and quality, and possess with frank pleasure the series of little boxes, which may range from plain brass to delicately carved silver, or even to gold. And you can learn the Siamese social scale by a study of these boxes. As the Mexican

will unhesitatingly put his last dollar into a wondrously and valuably ornamented bridle or saddle or hat, so the betel-boxes of the Siamese may represent the sum total of his worldly wealth. Frequently I saw a native, who kept body and soul together with difficulty on the fish that he caught and the fruit that he plucked, bring forth with much pride a betel-nut set which represented money enough to maintain him in luxury and in idleness for a year. I am sure the Siamese would cling to the betel-nut if he had to choose between it and food. In fact such incidents came under my personal observation. Often I stopped at a native house where, although the larder was empty, they still had betel-nut to chew and to offer to the traveler; for the betel-nut is the token of hospitality here as the cup of tea is in the Far North.

For the following few days Phra Ram was the busiest man you ever beheld getting his men and carts together; and, as each new problem necessitated a period of consultation—and betel-nut chewing—and as the latter periods were prolonged by the constant arrival of new counselors, the decision of problems rated as about one to the half day. Meanwhile I made acquaintance with Ratburi, and took little journeys up and down the river. Ratburi



Priests on a pilgrimage to Patal Wat to view the Sacred Footprint of Balaia

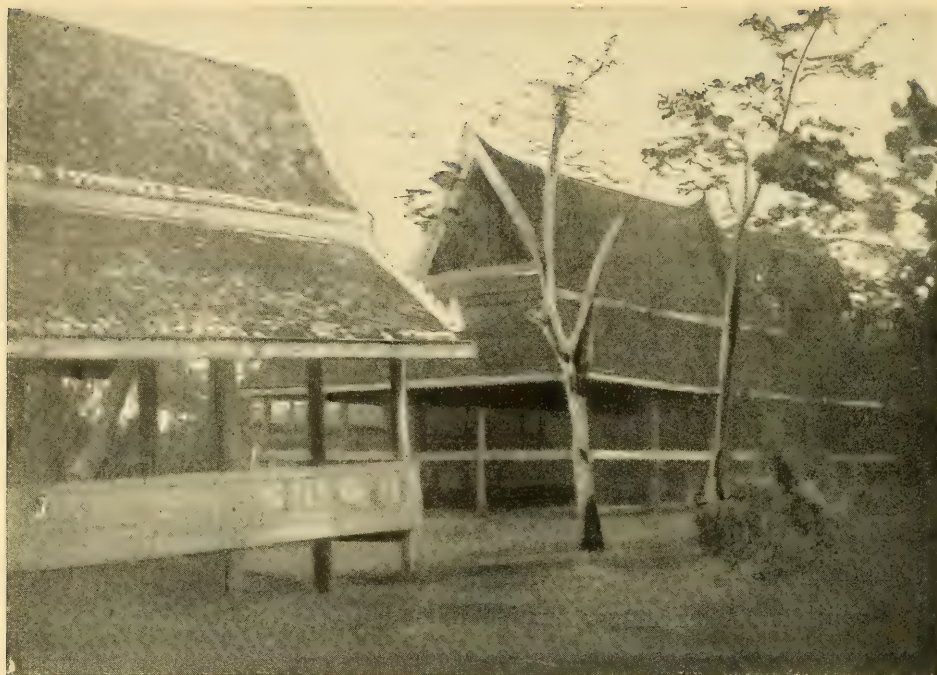
was soon explored without results for, despite its local halo as the one-time residence of the king, it is none the less an unkempt, dirty, little town, full of Chinese shops and filthy, mangy dogs that skulk at your heels or peer out fearfully from behind house corners as you pass: the king showed excellent taste indeed in moving elsewhere. But the little river journeys were productive. Once I came up with a picturesque group of yellow-robed priests resting in a mosquito-netting camp on their pilgrimage to the far-famed Wat Prabat, where the faithful may view Buddha's sacred footprint. Another time I sought refuge in one of the rest-houses, which, at intervals of about a day's journey, are scattered along well-defined routes for the free convenience of pilgrims to the many wats around Bangkok, and other travelers less religiously inclined. These houses, which are built at the expense of the king or the government or of some private individual as a merit-making enterprise, consist of a raised floor covered by a roof supported at its four corners by plain teak-wood posts, and open on all four sides. Now as the average journeying priest or Siamese wayfarer is none too clean, it is well, if you use the rest-house, to be provided with a brand of insect destroyer of instant killing power. But if you are thus well armed, you may have a piece of the wooden floor to yourself, and pick up a fruit and fish breakfast from the peddlers who make the rest-house a first call on their early route.

The day of our departure was heralded far and wide and all Ratburi, with its sisters, cousins and male relatives, gathered to behold our expedition set forth. And no doubt, with Phra Ram afoot leading the procession, closely attended by his group of body servants, we were a sight for the gallery, as we wound our way through the town; for it must not be supposed that the Chief missed such an opportunity of impressing the natives.

We came out of the town at the end of the main street, and under the king's deserted palace high on the hill we paused while I photographed the distinguished company. Then our road wound through padi (rice) fields where water stood one or two feet deep; such, with occasional dry patches, being the kind of going we enjoyed for the first couple of days before finally reaching the edge of jungle coun-

try. Of our eleven carts, three were devoted to Phra Ram's personal luggage, one to a wife of his, and the remainder carried provisions and the personal luggage of my interpreter, Ni Kawn, and myself. The carts were truly primitive, with long, narrow, high body (about a foot and a half wide, by two feet high and six feet long) and a wheel hub full two feet deep. The bullocks were small, having withers raised, like all Asiatic draught cattle, into a well-developed hump, and of no great strength; quite appropriate indeed to the cart they hauled. Attached to the nose of each was a small rope on which their drivers laid hold as occasion needed; but that was not often, for the temperament of the cattle and of the natives seemed fittingly harmonious, and mostly commands were given by word of mouth. There were two drivers to every yoke and they by turn talked almost continuously to the bullocks. Now they would beseech faster gait by such earnest, direct appeal, as "your father left word with me that you were to go on this journey"; again they would threaten to expose the sluggish-moving bullock to the cow mother and all the bullocks of Ratburi district; and often there came a sing song of entreaty in peculiar, whining tone which even Ni Kawn could not interpret. Rarely did a driver lose patience and upbraid his cattle; and I do not recall an instance of beating. But nothing quickened the steps of the bullock.

On the third day we came into a more or less open section lying between the lowland and the jungle edge, and then for ten days journeyed in the most attractive country I saw at any time. Here I had the only pleasing, outdoor camp life of my far-eastern experience. The country was wooded, not densely except in patches, nor with large trees. Intervals were filled with bamboo clumps and bushes of various kinds—most of the latter more beautiful to view than to touch. And there was scarcely an hour when we were out of the sound of cooing doves. I never saw so many doves in my life, and my reputation as a mighty hunter before the Lord suffered seriously with my party, I discovered, because I would not shoot into the large and close coveys upon which we were repeatedly coming. There were quantities, also, of small, brilliantly plumaged



The "rest-houses" for homeless wayfarers.

paroquets, which zigzagged around us with the rapidity of a swallow. Also there were vultures, and an ugly appearing kind of hawk. It was entirely delightful to tramp along with scent of the fragrant, pulsing earth, and of the moist forest ascending to your nostrils, while bird voices sounded high and low. Everywhere were patent evidences of refreshment, and all nature united in rejoicing and in thanksgiving for the rain that had quenched their thirst. Of birds there were many and strange; birds with somber plumage and voices melodious as our thrush or meadow lark; birds of beautiful plumage and no voice, like one little canary kind of creature with wondrous golden-red feathers. Daily I listened to the curiously fascinating, liquid tones of the poot bird, with its natural and flat notes sounded simultaneously, for all the world like a xylophone. Another bird trilled long on a single high note, with lowering and ascending cadence. And perhaps most frequent and certainly most familiar of all was the caw of the crow. A large woodpecker, black, gray and golden nearly overcame my scruples

against shooting out of mere desire for possession, so attractive was it; but there was another, long-legged and about the size of the dove, against which murderous thoughts ever arose on sight. It had a brown body and wings spotted with black, black and white striped head, with a white ring about its neck, red bill and red eyebrows. 'Twas not its appearance that disturbed, but its voice and its habit. In the jungle whenever we came upon fresh game tracks, we were almost sure to immediately after hear this bird set up its distracting incessant cry. Like the teru teru of South America it is commonly called the sentinel of the jungle; and an alert sentinel it is, that sounds its warning note on the slightest suggestion of man's approach. Luckily it does not penetrate deep into the jungle. Occasionally we came upon a yellow morning-glory-shaped flower with black center; and now and then in open grass spots I nearly stepped on a tiny, blue-and-white thing growing close to the ground and resembling the forget-me-not. Immediately about us at all times butterflies of exquisite and varied coloring fluttered irregularly, un-

certainly, everywhere. Strangely, in this land of tropical extravagance in foliage, birds and butterflies, there should be no varieties of handsome, wild grass like in our own country, and particularly in the mountainous parts of Colorado and New Mexico. Variety in bushes however is not lacking in Siam; they grow in all sizes and shapes, bearing every variety of thorns that may differ in pattern, but are all fashioned to hold whatever touches in passing. There are straight and curved ones of different lengths; some curve forward, some curve back; and one of the back-curving variety has an additional thorn somewhat like the barb of a fish hook. When this double-thorned, unholy thought-breeder fastens upon you, don't try to yank yourself free, but stop, go back smilingly with the limb to the parent bush and there sit you down with a glad heart and a patient hand to untiringly follow the back track of the tenacious thorn. And keep your eye open lest it further entrap you. Once as I sat thus engaged—and thinking things—other barbed, thorned branches reached out while I worked in happy industry, and embraced me by the shoul-

ders, at the collar, at the skirt of my coat, in the pockets, so that when I finally arose I stood in my shirt sleeves. The largest tree we saw, sometimes attained to a diameter of two feet, though half that was usually its average; always its light-gray trunk was smooth and bore no branches until at its very top, which stood against the early morning sky grotesquely.

Mostly the jungle edge is noiseless. Just at the first light of day when the stars are beginning to fade and the darkness is losing some of its density, birds begin to twitter: one with a voice like the meadow lark; one, a cross between a bobolink and a canary; another, with a single note, first slow and at deliberate intervals, gradually increasing in volume and rapidity; one chirping like a robin; a second like a lost chick; a third like a catbird. Then a burst of melody as day breaks, and the gray sky grows lighter and lighter until it is blue. From out of the southeast, where the sun is soon to shed his rays, a rosier hue shows; and the rakish tree tops, and palms and festooning canes silhouetted against the gray-blue sky make an early-morning picture of strange beauty. As the



One of the ladies of the jungle dressed for afternoon tea; the bamboo ear-rings in her ears are two inches in diameter.

sun rises, bird notes grow fewer and when the heat of day has fully developed, the quiet of the grave has again settled upon the country; a quiet that reigns always in the interior of the dense jungle, where one does not see the sun or hear a single bird note.

At night, as dusk closes upon the jungle edge there comes the catlike, distressful call of the peacock, as it speeds swiftly to its roosting place in the very top of the highest tree it can find.

Through the more or less open country approaching the jungle edge, the heat increased during the day until it became close and sultry, though seldom the thermometer registered above 94° (and this was December) but the nights were comfortably cool and insect life less disturbing. Though mosquitoes were plentiful and persistent, of the small kind requiring a fine mesh of netting, yet the real insect pest was red ants that took hold of one with no tentative grip, and held on. But as to attendants, it was the most luxurious camping that ever I had, for, with our thirty men, there was a servant if you did but lift your hand. Phra Ram had been directed by the king's minister to make this journey in style—at my expense—and he was not leaving anything undone to add to my comfort or to multiply the importance of his pilgrimage. Usually we started at daylight and pursued our lumbering way, at the rate of about two and one-half miles the hour until sundown, with a two-hour stop during the fierce heat of midday for the benefit of the bullocks, which were not up to much and being pretty well worked by the heavy roads. The night camp, made after much loud direction on the part of Ram and equally much misdirected energy on the part of the natives, was always picturesquely located in a clearing in the jungle; and while the men ate, the bullocks wandered in and out and around and over like so many dogs, the natives occasionally chiding them for too abrupt friendliness. Occasionally a bullock made his way to where we pitched our tent just outside the circle of carts; but invariably fled discomfited by the persistence and the contempt with which my servant reminded it of its being “but a slave that had tried to play the gentleman.” But bullocks never stray far from

camp. At dark they are driven in to form scattering groups within the circle of carts where each driver ties his own cattle around him and builds a little fire, which every now and again during the night he awakes with a start to replenish as the bullock plunges on the tie rope in an agony of timorous fancy, suspecting every noise in the surrounding jungle to be a prey-seeking tiger. If wood happens to be scarce, a lantern is kept lighted all night to scare away the dreaded tiger. The bullocks are quite as fearful of the night jungle as the Siamese themselves; which is saying much—for the low caste are cowardly, beyond any people I ever fell among. Poor, simple souls, they are so superstitious that supplication and merit making occupy most of their waking hours.

A bedraggled, young Siamese who came exhausted into our camp one night, reported having seen the wet tracks of a tiger and of spending his night building a merit-making shrine as appeal to the great tiger that he be allowed to pass safely to the camp of Phra Ram for whom he carried a letter announcing the illness of his head wife; news which Ram and his accompanying wife discussed with obvious interest. Wherever natives journey these crude little altars are erected. Sometimes the supplicant offers in tribute articles of comparative value, such as their bamboo ornaments, or a piece of the cloth of which a turban-like head covering is fashioned; sometimes it may be only a handful of leaves gathered near-by; sometimes fruit. I never saw betel-nut offered. The low-caste Siamese of the jungle have few wants, and live like animals, eating chiefly wild fruits and rice, which they raise in small, cleared spots, wherever they happen to temporarily settle. Like the Karens, the jungle people of Burma, they are always on the move, and in common with all low-caste Siamese are petty thieves of an incurable propensity. Yet they are obedient—servile to an unpleasant degree for white blood. They manufacture nothing save crudest domestic household necessities and personal ornaments from bamboo. Clothes are of slight consequence. On the jungle edge they go uncovered, men and women, above the waist, the panung reaching within four inches of the knee; but deep in the jungle they are

practically naked. Their single implement is a long-bladed, butcher-like knife used as path maker, as weapon, (together with a wood spear) and industrially in fashioning out of the ubiquitous bamboo their ornaments, their buckets, their rope,

a turtle, or the much dreaded tiger done elaborately, but the one most frequently seen, and the simplest, is a sort of a lace or fringe pattern in the middle of the thigh, or just below the knee, like a garter. The women do not tattoo, believing in beauty



Some of the "hunters" we gathered by the jungle side.

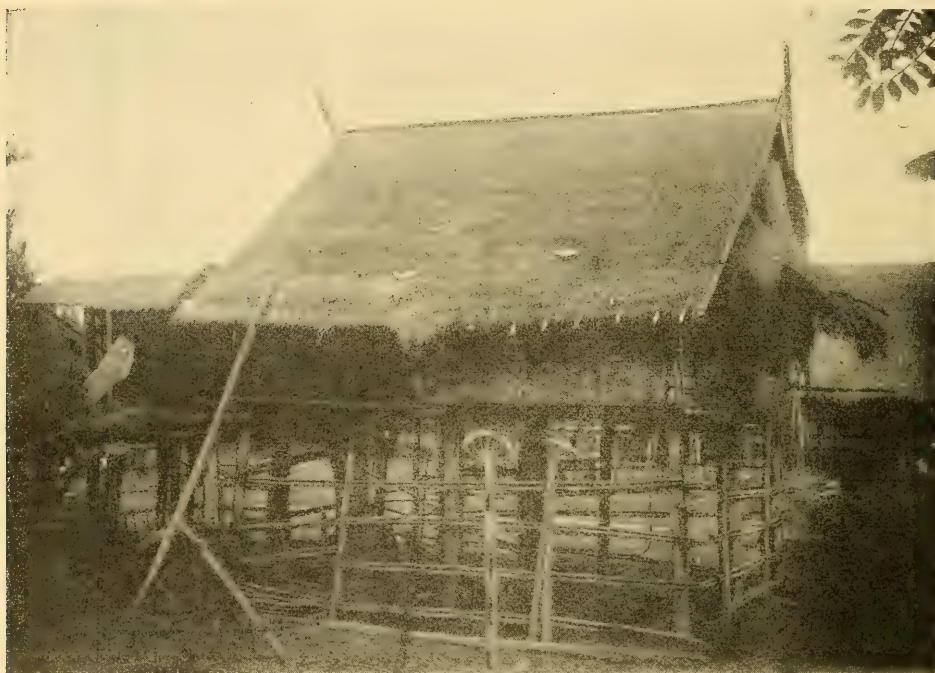
their string, their houses and the food receptacles which take the place of pots and pans and plates. Nearly all of the jungle folk on both sides the Siam-Burma line tattoo the thigh, sometimes from knee to hip, more often from the knee to only six inches above. The design may be

unadorned; heaven knows they need adornment as my photograph of an average looking, jungle lady will bear me witness.

Before we had traveled many days together my doubts, concerning the effi-

ciency of the men of our expedition as hunters, became convictions. When we had passed through the comparatively open, park-like country and got well into the jungle, the attractive, natural settings and the pleasing bird notes were replaced by dense timber and bush growths which shut out the sun, and an appalling silence that was broken only by the sounds we ourselves made in pushing through the forest which so hedged us in that a clear view of fifty yards was unusual. For a few days after reaching the jungle proper we

went forth nightly to jack rabbits, while in the jungle he sat up many a night on a platform over a tied-up bullock in the hope of getting a shot at tiger. To see—and to hear—Ram and his servant escort departing for and returning from these platforms was perhaps the most impressive event of the pilgrimage. He always set out for the platform before dark and returned at daybreak. Long after we could see him as he went, and long before we could see him on the return, we would hear his strident voice reaching up out of the wil-



The up-country Siamese house.

occasionally heard the choking, startling cry of a big, blackish, gray ape—but even that lonely disturber of the solitude soon ceased his uneven efforts. We were now in what Phra Ram was pleased to term the hunting country, and I have forgotten just how many he declared my bag should be of buffalo (the animal I particularly sought), of gnuadang (the wild red ox) and of kating (the local name for the Indian gaur and the Malayan seladang).

At least the Chief appeared to have full confidence in his assurances for he hunted diligently. In the open country he

derness about us, and the smashing and slashing of brush as his servants cleared his way—and incidentally announced his approach to all the jungle four-footed folk in the province. In the morning as the Chief emerged from the jungle with trailing servants, bearing his gun, hat, tea-making set, cigarettes, knives, shoes, wraps, lantern, he would make direct for my tent, where he saluted and then recounted to Ni Kawn every thought he had had and every sound he had heard, since he had left the previous afternoon, in voice so loud as to be distinguishable at the

farthest corner of our camp. He always told his experience with great gusto and much good humor, while the servants squatted around him nodding energetic affirmation of the thrilling recital; for there was sure to be something thrilling.

Ram's servants were a picture in themselves. One aged chap carried over his shoulder a pole with native, bamboo-made bird cage inclosing Ram's pet dove, swinging from one end, while at the other hung a Chinese paper umbrella, which was held over Ram's head when he ven-

alia. The eighth, Si, really came very near to eclipsing the glory of Ram himself; not in raiment, however, for of that there was not enough to mention. Si wore long hair, an unceasing smile and a G-string, and enjoyed wide distinction among his fellows as being the man who had erected the king's tent throughout the latter's up-country pilgrimage. The post appeared to have put him in perpetual good humor with himself and the world. He was always laughing or cutting some kind of monkey shine, and in fact was the cap



Phra Ram and His Body Guard.

tured from under his covered cart during the strong noon heat. A second servant carried in his arms a rooster which he invariably tethered by a short string to the first convenient bush whenever a halt was made. Why Ram included this rooster in his retinue I never could learn, but it stayed with us the entire trip to enliven the monotonous silence of the early, jungle morning by lusty crowing. A third servant carried Ram's armory of kris and gun. A fourth and fifth shared his personal luggage. A sixth and seventh divided the betel-nut chewing parapher-

and bells of the expedition. He seemed to prefer my camp-fire to that of his own, and he and our busy little Chinese cook, who never worked without a fan in one hand, which he alternately devoted to himself and to the fire, were constantly falling foul of one another, for Si was ever playing practical pranks on the Chinaman. The gem of Si's earthly possessions was a short, white jacket, which he informed us had been given him by the king and which as his sole clothing he wore on his body only on very special occasions. At all other times he wore the jacket on his head,

fashioned into a kind of turban. One day, as he tormented the Chinese cook, the latter grabbed the coat-turban and cut off a half of one of its sleeves before Si could come to the rescue. And that was the end of Si's jollity; for the remainder of the trip he was content to follow demurely last of the train of Ram's personal followers.

The Chief was not permitting this pilgrimage to ancestral lands to move unheralded, and probably there was not a man, woman or child on the hither side the Burma line who had not heard of our proposed invasion before we left Ratburi. At every camp they came flocking to swell the expedition and to reduce our provisions, until the thirty men of our original party had increased to about seventy-five. Some of these had guns, and many of them professed to be hunters, so on my suggestion, Phra Ram sent a dozen or two or three of them scouring the country for tracks. Usually they reported either none or old ones. Sometimes they brought tales of fresh tracks and excellent prospects. As the result of these hopeful stories I made a number of side-hunting excursions of several hard days' duration after buffalo and kating; but without luck, for though the tracks at times were rather fresh and success seemed imminent, yet after eight or ten hours' tramping the Siamese usually decided the game had passed into another section and was too far to reach for that day. The day never seemed long enough for us to reach game. There were plenty of the little muntjac deer, with its reddish coat, white marked breast and rump and dog-like tenor bark. The natives call this deer on a leaf, making a bleating noise somewhat similar to that resulting from blowing on a blade of grass between the hands. But it is a skulker and not so easy to kill, though many opportunities offered, of which I did not avail myself, having already one head as trophy. Several times I saw a red necked jungle fowl, about the size of a small hen, and counted myself very lucky in the sight, for it is shy; and three times a splendid shot offered at the dark brown, far-eastern sam-bur deer, which is about the size of our Virginia deer, and carries two to four upstanding, branchless spikes varying from eight to twelve inches in length. After several of these excursions the Siamese showed disinclination for further jungle searching,

complaining to Ni Kawn that I walked too long and too far, but a little tea, judiciously doled out, reawakened their interest and the daily hunting trips continued.

Within two weeks I had seen and had opportunity to shoot about everything in the jungle, including elephant, except the buffalo which was the only quarry I wanted, but as we approached the Burmese border we developed into an itinerant police court with calendar so full and interesting that no Siamese could be induced to forego any of its frank recitals. Apparently the jungle folk had not for some time before been given the chance of telling their tales of woe. And they were mostly domestic tales, unsavory and shamelessly personal. Ram always held court at noon in the most open spot to be found in the jungle where we might be, and here under the shade of a tree with his servants on either hand, he would sit in judgment upon the cases brought for his consideration. Squatting in humble attitude, in the immediate foreground, were the plaintiff and defendant, and behind them in a semi-circle, reaching back as far as the clear spot would permit, squatted the entire expedition and the visiting spectators. Whether it was a man seeking to cast off one of his wives who had ceased to charm him, or a woman wishing freedom from a cruel husband, or a case of theft, the Chief read the law without fear of contradiction, and to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned. And when court adjourned, Ram's servants gathered up the presents laid before the bench in open evidence that the jungle folk knew it to be wise to propitiate any man on a pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors, especially when that man happened to be so lofty a personage as Phra Ram, chief of the border line, and possessor of many wives. Always these proceedings were followed by a love feast in which curry and rice and fowl served to bring harmony even to the recent disputants. In time I came to share local homage, because from having given quinine and cathartic pills to some of the men of our party it got noised about that I was a medical wizard. At every camp I became the object of adoration and petition by individuals, families and groups, ailing from one thing or another, who approached me on bended knee, begging drugs. At times I was practically mobbed. It mattered not



Phra Ram Holding Court.

Drawing by Sarka.

what the ailment, or whether it was fancied or real; they had heard of my medicine and would not be denied. In the thought of ridding myself of their embarrassing entreaties, I one day gave out some pills—the bitterest things ever compounded; but the “patients” to my utter consternation *chewed* them greedily and with evident satisfaction asked for more. The more distasteful the stuff, in fact, the more convinced they seemed to be of its medicinal properties. In a foolish moment, at one camp, I painted some grotesque figures in iodine on a woman’s swollen breast which had been offered for treatment; and within three days every similarly affected woman dogged my footsteps until I had to appeal to the Chief for deliverance from their importunities. Citronelle, too, which I had brought, in the delusion of its sparing me from mosquitoes, proved a great favorite with the ladies.

Personally, I used very little medicine. Although advised by doctors in town to take five grains of quinine daily, it seemed to me that such a course would get my system so accustomed to the drug that it would not respond when there was really need to dose. Days did come when I needed it pretty badly, yet never so badly that I could not travel, and on such occasions I took from fifteen to twenty-five grains to knock out the fever I could feel coming on. And the knockout generally followed, for though I got into some notoriously unhealthy country here and elsewhere in the Far East, I escaped serious attacks. I always took the precaution to first boil water before drinking and, in the most noxious parts of the swampy jungle where we had many times to camp, to keep a fire going all night with the smoke blowing across me; yet I did not wholly escape. Another plan I pursued and which I believe in a large measure answered for my good health, was to have my servant bring me at daylight a full, large cup of strong, milkless, sugarless coffee, which I drank to fortify my stomach against the early morning miasma. It may have been fancy, but it served me well. Dysentery, which may run into fatal cholera, is the most dreaded of lurking jungle dangers, but though attacked several times Brown’s chlorodyne safeguarded me promptly and effectually.

Ram continued to hold court day after day and to assure me between sittings of my getting the buffalo I sought; but by this time I knew that until the Chief of the Burmese line had completed his pilgrimage and reached the Karenson the border I was not likely to get much game. The Karens I had heard were accustomed to hunting and really experienced in the jungle, whereas the Siamese we had, and were rapidly acquiring, knew nothing of the jungle beyond the beaten paths or the sections immediately near their settlements. So I made a virtue of necessity and became reconciled, abiding the time we should reach the Karens. Meanwhile, during the closing days of the court’s circuit, the best sport I had was with peacock, which, as I learned, is a mighty difficult bird to get. I had fancied it easy until I tried. Seldom do you see the bird during the day, for it is wary and very rarely takes to wing, relying upon its hearing and legs; and in confidence as it well may, for it runs like a racehorse where you make way slowly and with much labor. Therefore you listen for the catlike call with which the cock invariably announces his flight to the roosting tree at dusk. He is too high, as he soars swiftly, to reach on wing with a shot gun, even if you see him in flight, and too indistinct a mark in the gathering darkness for the rifle; so you watch where he alights, if you can, or you guess it if you have not seen, as most likely you have not, and then you quietly camp under that tree until dawn. The chances are that you are under the wrong tree, and that while you are trying to locate the bird in the morning, he will suddenly spring from a near-by treetop and go away so rapidly that you have only time to glimpse his long, trailing tail. He must be located with certainty for with the very first break of day he leaves his roost with a rush. Many an unrewarded, long night I spent before favored.

It was with great relief I sighted the Karen settlement and felt Phra Ram’s pilgrimage to be finally at an end; yet the trip had not been without value, for it had provided me with needed experience and, now qualified to distinguish the jungle man from the town loafer, I set about engaging men for my buffalo hunt on the Burmese border.

A DEAL IN EGGS

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

THE moon rode high. From the porch of the gray, old plantation house we could see the wide, gray fields and the vague dim lines of the fence-rows as they lay transfigured in the thin and misty light. Out of the west a faint breeze was blowing—a breeze that brought to our nostrils the odors of the curing hay and the faint, sweet perfume of the hedge-roses that bordered the long, brown road. Overhead there were wisps of white cloud, and stars, and the deep blue interspaces of the infinite sky.

Looking out into the silent night I leaned back in my old-fashioned rocking-chair, dropped my pipe to the floor, and breathed a sigh of almost inexpressible content. The chair had been my mother's, the old house had once been my home. For a long time the building and the half-worn-out plantation had been in alien hands and it was but recently that I had acquired them again. So, for a season, I had left my office in Bellville to care for itself and had come hither to refresh myself and to celebrate my repossession of the spot which above all others I may most truly call mine own.

For mere legalities and deftly drawn titles to real estate are by no means full evidence of ownership. That man possesses the land who loves it and cares for it and takes cognizance of its moods; who draws very close to it and to whom it reveals itself willingly. And I had been reared under the red-oaks hereabout; each gullied hill held for me a memory, each stream had the voice of a lifelong friend. Hence, for my rest-time, I had established myself here and later I had sent for Wash.

For Wash Bozeman is a man of infinite variety—no small man is he, no quibbler. Imaginative he well may be, but shall you and I who lack his gift cavil at our superior? Moreover he is pleasing in his manner and quaintly seductive in his marvelous lore; conventionalities do not hamper him, nor is his fancy bounded by the narrow limits of crass and mundane things. A rover and a free trader in wit is he, and who

shall say at what port the ship of his conversation may touch.

Nor is my friend devoid of sentiment. As my pipe fell to the floor he raised his hand warningly.

"Hush, Squire," he said, "hush!"

I looked toward him but he did not need to answer. Somewhere in the cherry trees that stood by the garden fence the slant moonbeams had wakened a mocking-bird, and now with a thrill of melody its love-song to the night arose. Listening I forgot myself. What a scene it was and what an accompaniment, what a wonderful night of pale lights and inky shadows, what enveloping silences with the soft notes breaking through!

Now I heard the whippoorwills calling, and the wind was rising in the pinelands, and the brown bats were circling high; now it was the quail in the meadows; now the air was tremulous with the flutings from a negro's "quills." Then as the song turned softly I thought of other nights—of the swish of a dress, of a footfall among the roses, and the light touch of a loving hand.

Diminuendo—crescendo. Crescendo—diminuendo. The world was growing darker, the moon was going down and the full notes were lowered sleepily. "Heart—heart—heart! Sweetheart!" It was but a whisper at the last—a world-secret pulsing mysteriously through the warm and odorous air.

As the low strain died away I looked across the hills. Thinner and thinner the light had grown and grayer and grayer the shadows, and the moon was but a red semicircle, half hidden by a strip of pines. Northward there was cloud and heat lightning and the low, dark line of the hills; nearer was the river-slope, where sassafras and sumac and wild cat-briar grow. Beyond the slope and the river an old house used to stand—a house that was hedged with roses and sentineled by poplar trees.

"Wash," I asked rather suddenly, "do you remember Skinner Smith?"

My friend leaned forward in his chair.

"I has 'cashun ter 'member him," he replied with an ambiguous grunt. "How-come yet ter ax me, Squire?"

"I wasn't thinking of the man," I said, "so much as I was of his daughter. They lived just across the river there."

"Shore 'nuff," assented Wash, "they did. I recklec's 'at you usen ter go over thar right smart when you wuz young. You wuz a good-lookin' lad, too, but looks is deceivin' an' a man's prospects fer 'em is often disapp'intin' ter his fren's."

"Oh, well—I'll do, I guess," I answered with some asperity.

"Now Skinner," continued Wash without heeding the interruption in the least, "Skinner Smith wuz stingy. Maybe I oughtn't ter speak uv hit seein' as he air dead, an' likely oncomfortable, but he war, an' that air a fac'."

"I have heard some stories to that effect, myself," I remarked. "I recall one in particular. It was said that Wiley Brown found Skinner's pocketbook in the road where the old man had lost it. Wiley returned the money duly, but Skinner claimed interest on the sum."

"I dunno 'bout that air tale," said Wash judicially. "Hit may be 'at Wiley Brown yarned er hit may be 'at the thing got mixed; but I shorely kin tell yer, Squire, how ole man Skinner got 'way yander ahead uv me."

"How was it?" I inquired.

My friend solicited a match and having obtained it he got his pipe alight. "Hit wuz this-er-way," he answered. "You know, Squire, whar ther cross-roads is, over thar on ther Bell county side. Wa-al Skinner he kep' a sto' over thar at them cross-roads same time ez I was a ferryin'."

"I had almost forgotten that you ever ran the ferry," I interpolated here.

Wash sighed. "Yas," he said, "I done some ferryin'. I had ter lay off right smart ter go fishin'," he added reflectively. "So much so 'at atterwards they sot in an' built a bridge right thar whar ther ferry useter be."

"That was a benefit to the community," I remarked, "but it was quite a loss to you."

Wash removed his pipe from his mouth and gazed up at the stars. "Wa-al," he said resignedly, "'hit air altogether 'cordin' ter how a man looks at ther thing. Ferryin'

fetcht in some money, ter be shore, but fishin' air a heap mo' fun. Anyhow Skinner Smith kep' a sto' an' I done some tradin' wi' him."

"Credit or cash?" I asked for want of something better to say.

"Wa-al," replied Wash, "'twuz a sort uv a mixtry. Pocket-change warn't allers handy wi' me an' Skinner kep' a little book. At ther end uv a mont' we settled ef I had ther money; if I didn' have hit we waited tell ther nex' mont' come."

"That was convenient," I remarked, "but how did Skinner get ahead of you?"

Wash laid down his pipe. "Ther time I air tellin' yer 'bout," he remarked reminiscently, "my rashins wuz a runnin' skeerce, an' I finds hit pow'ful onconvenient ter do wi'out rashins. Hit gives a feller a kind uv a sinkin' feelin' erbout ther pit uv ther stummik an' hit spiles 'is temper lak."

"I know the symptoms," said I interrupting him. "Go on with your story."

"My espeerunce wi' yer, Squire," rejoined my friend severely, "is 'at yer appertite air a sight better fer drinkin' 'an hit air fer eatin', an' 'at in both yer has suffered mo' f'm too much 'an yer has f'm havin' too little. Hows'mever rashins wuz nigh erbout out at ther shack an' I sot out fer Skinner's sto'. Them days Skinner kep' aigs—tuk 'em in trade f'm ther nigger wimmen here an' thar—an' when I come ter 'is place I walked right in.

"'Skinner,' sez I, 'gimme some meal an' le's see yer aigs.' An' when ther ole feller had weighed out ther cawn dus' he sot down a basket uv ther aigs.

"Now, Squire, I haint no jedge uv aigs—not ontell they is busted, I haint—an' them thar aigs looked 'bout all right ter me. Suttlenly they wuz kinder slick an' shiny lak but I tuk no thought uv hit. 'Gimme a dozen,' sez I; an' when I had put 'em in my basket I put out ter go back home. Hit wuz summer-time, yer see Squire, an' mighty warm hit wuz, an' I wanted ter fry them aigs fer fear uv accidents."

"And?"

"An', Squire, when I got ter ther long hill thar below my house whar ther road comes up f'm ther bridge I heerd a sort of a fumblement. Hit wuz not a big noise but hit sounded s'picious lakैसे 'twuz under ther baskit led. At fust I jest

slacked my gait an' batted my eyeleds but atterwards, bein' uv an open an' inquirin' mind, I stopped right still an' lissened. Then whut I heerd flusterated me an' onkiverin' ther top uv hit I sot ther baskit down."

"What did you find?" I asked with interest.

"Squire, hit do soun' onrees'nable, but ther sun were a hatchin' them aigs."

"Remarkable!" I ejaculated. "And pray what did you do?"

"Squire," returned the fisherman, "I is sorry ter say hit, but I played ther fool an' got mad."

"Lost you temper did you?"

"I pintedly did—I jest riz up f'm thet groun' thar an' flung thet baskit plumb over ther pastur' fence."

"What then?" I asked.

"I went back ter Skinner."

"And Skinner?"

"Wa-al, Squire, Skinner he squinted at me kinder cuyious lak. 'Wash,' sez 'ee, 'hit's all right. I 'lows yer ten cents fer ther aigs an' charges yer a quarter fer ther chickens!"

"Chickens?" sez I, 'Whut chickens?'
 "'Them air chickens,' sez 'ee, 'whut hatched out uv them air aigs!'"

Realizing the futility of any remark I looked at my friend and groaned inaudibly. Then from somewhere in the long paths that lead through the crops a sound of voices arose. Suddenly I remembered that this was prayer-meeting night, and that out in the darkness there the negroes were coming home. They do not change—these country negroes far removed from the ways of the town—and for one brief moment I caught the spirit of their melancholy parting song. Over the hills the music drifted and far out across the valleys, and echoes came from the woodlands to join in the full refrain.

"In the new Jerusalem;
 In the new Jerusalem;
 In the ne-ew-ew, in the ne-ew-ew,
 Je-ru-sa-lem!"

When all was still again I raised my head and sniffed the dewy air.

"Hit air midnight, Squire," said Wash. "S'posen we go ter bed."



THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Babes
in the
Woods

THIS has been called a season of football "surprises" and "upsets"; every-day life is full of just such surprises—the upsets that come to the unprepared and the fatuous. And so it will continue; the wail of the incompetent against the competent, of the improvident against the provident.

I fail to see cause for surprise, or, in fact, anything remarkable in the defeats of Yale by West Point, or Columbia by Amherst, or, much less, Harvard by Pennsylvania. West Point has been well up in the first class for several years—their advance in the early season is always comparatively faster than that of the university teams for several good reasons. They have been within a few points of victory over Yale, Princeton and Harvard on several occasions, when it needed only a little loose work on the part of heavier, slower moving, less-advanced-in-the-season's-development opponents to give those few points to the cadets. This year the opportunity came again to the cadets, and they seized upon it, playing, meanwhile, football of a kind to suggest another victory over Annapolis later.

Amherst's beating of Columbia was like Dartmouth's conquest of Harvard last year and Pennsylvania's victory over the same institution in 1904—the well-earned triumph of an undervalued team playing better football and revealing more intelligent direction, over a heavier combination caught in the early season less prepared, less of a unit and less mobile. Such victories make for the good of the game, for they show what "getting together" and spirit may accomplish. Undoubtedly, all Harvard was surprised at the close of the Pennsylvania game, if not before. Such surprises at Harvard are common enough to be accepted philosophically, but this one appears to have provoked Harvard criticism, much of it unjust, and some of it unhappily bitter. It's the old Harvard ailment—too little foresight, too much hindsight. The making of the Pennsylvania game into a practice event to be taken in Harvard's stride in the first few weeks of

the season was a deliberate courtship of just what has happened—defeat. It was also an uncomplimentary and an unwarranted estimate of Pennsylvania football, which the latter resented deeply and to which has been administered a richly merited rebuke. It is, of course, Harvard's privilege to allot Pennsylvania any date on the season's schedule to which the respective captains may agree; but if it is to be a practice game the Harvard coaches and players should be spared vicious criticism when defeat comes from a team that is further advanced in the season and can play better football.

Truth is that Pennsylvania outplayed Harvard from the start.

I do not know which side began the foul play in the Harvard-Pennsylvania game—but I do know that at the time of a flagrant offense during the game the captains of each side agreed not to demand rulings from the umpire because each was equally guilty; and I believe the umpire, Edwards, who is one of the very best we have, made a mistake in not ruling the offenders out of the game regardless of the agreement between the captains and their request of him. It is a new point and I believe should be taken up by the Committee. Men who play foul ought to be sent out of the game as fast as they offend, regardless of the captains' wish to pair off transgressors. The decency of the game is in the hands of the umpires and they cannot be too strict.

It was the foulest game I have seen in several years and thoroughly discreditable to both Harvard and Pennsylvania, that, so far as I could see or discover later, were equally guilty.

LAST year the golf championships upheld the women as showing comparatively the greater and wider improvement in playing form; this year, however, the work of the entries in the men's tournaments and final championship event show the sterner sex as making much the greater comparative improvement on past performances. The women's champion-

ship events, especially, showed general play of mediocre quality, and winners of a class distinctly below those who have hitherto held the honors. Quite the best all-round play of the season among the women was shown by the veterans. The saving act of the season, however, was defeat of Miss Dod the English visitor, who is only a fairly strong player and not in the class with Miss Adair, who visited us last year.

WITH the successful defense of the Seawanhaka Cup, Scholes' victory at Henley, and one of its militia marksmen, S. J. Perry of Vancouver, carrying off the King's Prize at Bisley, Canada won at least its share of 1904 sporting honors.

Sport for Revenue Only How many Harvard men will be found, I wonder, to approve the financial policy recently announced at Cambridge, as one likely to encourage the more general participation of the undergraduate body of that University in outdoor life.

"1. The four major sports, football, baseball, rowing and track athletics, shall be supported from the general gate receipt fund in those branches, and in addition it shall be necessary for the track team and crew managements to raise \$2,500 and \$3,000 respectively in subscriptions.

"2. All minor sports shall be self-supporting and receive no appropriation from the athletic committee except for permanent equipment."

This looks like a policy to give generously unto him that hath, and to discourage play among the general body of students who cannot make the first teams, but are none the less benefited, mind and body, by lacrosse, tennis, golf, cross country running, bicycling, etc.

Football makes from thirty to fifty thousand dollars annually; to what better use can it be put than in helping the popular if less profitable major sports, and in making possible of existence the non-supporting minor sports, in which the largest number of undergraduates participate? The minor sports are the ones from which the student body derives benefit; to thus handicap them, and to levy upon those like rowing, having no revenue, appears to place gate receipts above all other considerations.

In this connection I cannot refrain from

remarking how little there comes to us from Princeton of experimentation, lamentation, recrimination or other 'ations. Nor do I know of an institution more truly endeared to its undergraduates—nor one with such an *esprit de corps*. Would not a study of how Princeton does it reward some of the less contented in the university world and relieve the American college world of a Baltic Fleet?

Do It Now THE football rules offered for 1904 showed excellent and greatly needed codification, which should upon the close of this season be extended without delay until clearness supplants whatever remains of confusion. Three or four intelligent, experienced men could accomplish this without exhaustion within a month at the outside. As to the changes in rules, it remains even yet to be seen what permanent good will result from extending the quarter-back-running-with-the-ball privilege; and the experiences of last year seemed to uphold the wisdom of the old and plain rule of always seven men in line, instead of further experimentation, as now permitted, with always six, and the seventh, if behind the line, to be outside the end rusher. This is an improvement on the rules which in 1903 permitted the old formations outside the 25-yard line; but why not the simple rule of seven men on the line, without striving for fancy legislative effects. It would so much more benefit and uplift the game if the Football Rules Committee showed more of the qualities of real leadership. All its members are more or less efficient. Some of them leaders, and one of them, Walter Camp, far and away the most learned and most far-seeing football legislator in America. Then why should not this Committee step out in front boldly and legislate for the game of five years to come, on the broad, sportsmanlike, and common-sense lines laid down by Frank Butterworth in his article on "Honesty in Football."

And this is written thus frankly, not that my friendliness for the Committee as a committee is less, but because my interest in the wholesomeness of university sport is above all other considerations.

At the present rate of progress there is prospect of the playing rules of the game being codified and made intelligible to players, officials and spectators by about

the year 1908; always provided, of course, that nothing more important occupies the official attention of the committeemen during their annual conference. To have a few hours' work presented each year with the solemn announcement that next year another few hours will be devoted to the discussion of remaining problems or delinquencies, would be amusing if it were not so irritating. Industrious prosecution, the job could be finished before the present year ends.

**The Greatest
American
Endowment**

Unless it be for the material things which directly concern its members, Congress evidently believes in virtue being its own reward. Lucky is the man who, lacking that paramount endowment of modern America—a "pull"—escapes the slanders of the envious or receives Federal recognition for a valiant deed he has been indiscreet enough to perform.

Recently the Secretary of the Navy presented gold medals to Lieut. E. P. Bertholf, Lieut. D. H. Jarvis and Surgeon S. J. Call, for their heroic rescue in 1897 of 275 imperiled sailors. At the risk, and very nearly at the cost, of their lives, these three men made a 1600 mile overland trip to Point Barrow in midwinter to carry relief to sailors starving there on the ice. Nearly eight years later they each receive from this great and expanding nation a gold medal valued at \$210!

EVERY citizen who is worthy the name will congratulate any friend he may have among the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, on that organization's recent edict decrying the wearing among its members of elk tusks as charms. By this official command the Order has become a powerful ally in protecting the elk which so much need it.

Congratulations to the B. P. O. E! OUTING, in recognition, will send a year's subscription for the library table free to every regularly organized branch chapter of the Elks whose secretary will mail me the name and address of such chapter.

**"Service"
Rifle
Buncombe**

After the Palma Trophy experience of last year it should be a *sine qua non* of all shooting matches arranged between military or militia teams that the arm used be the ac-

tual service rifle as made and issued by the government arsenal. Barrels made by private makers, whether "viewed" or not by government officials, defeat the object of these military matches which, as I understand it, is, in a broad sense a contest between the soldiers, volunteers or otherwise, and the service rifles as issued to the troops of the different countries concerned. It matters not if the privately made barrels are of the same rifling and sighting as those made in the government arsenal—the object is defeated just the same. It then becomes a contest between the expert rifle-makers of the world and not one between teams using the field arm of their respective countries. Otherwise the word "service" should be stricken out entirely and the match opened to rifles of any pattern.

Incidentally—and as a side light thrown on that finished Palma controversy—the 5,000 barrels manufactured by the United States government still remain unissued at the Springfield arsenal. They are, by the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, reported to me to be of the same sighting, number of grooves, and twist (one turn in eight inches) as the privately made (Pope) barrels with which the American team won at Bisley in 1903. The twist of the present American service rifle, which was expected to be replaced by the unissued pattern, is one turn in ten inches.

**The Game
Not Worth
the Candle**

Wisconsin is reported as being of half a mind to send no more crews to Poughkeepsie; and I sincerely hope such a course will be finally decided upon. We will miss them from the Hudson, for they are sportsmen, but Wisconsin and Middle Western rowing will be benefited. With such facilities as the Middle West affords, there ought to be an annual inter-collegiate regatta, and so there can be if Wisconsin will spend the energy—and money—at home which has been devoted to recent Eastern trips.

Western colleges are prone to set too much value upon meeting Eastern athletes, and to be willing to pay too dearly of nervous energy and time and money for the doubtful privilege. It's treasure not wisely spent. The game is not worth the candle. Let the East do some of the traveling. Occasional meetings between

teams or crews of the East and the West are entertaining, but as regular institutions are meaningless unless under conditions equally fair to all. There is no cause for the West to fear that we shall not know the quality of her sons; every year they are among the most skilled and serviceable athletes on Eastern college teams.

AN effort is making in Australia to abolish selling races, designed originally, at least, in England and here, to help owners of second-class horses.

THAT scheme for importing reindeer into Alaska from Siberia, which met with criticism and even with ridicule when first suggested a few years ago by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, is now proving the salvation of the Alaskan Eskimos. While the original thought was only to repair the rapidly lessening food supply of the natives, yet it has developed into a veritable reindeer industry. So successfully has the plan worked, in fact, that not only does it furnish the natives with food, clothing and means of transportation, but holds out the prospect of putting Alaska in a few years in the position of supplying deer meat to an outside market. Reindeer does are prolific, and an excellent cheese is made of their milk. As carriers they have already supplanted dogs for the U. S. mail, and may be ridden, or will carry easily a pack of 150 pounds. In fact, the reindeer industry is already a very important one, with widening significance.

APROPOS of mountain climbing, I have the following under date of October 16, 1903, from Judge James Wickersham, who was reported as having conquered Mt. McKinley, the highest of North American peaks:

"I did not make a *successful* ascent of Mt. McKinley, having reached only a point 10,000 or 11,000 feet up its southwestern slope, near which point Dr. Cook also arrived some time later in the season."

Meantime Miss Annie Peck and Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman have been making new climbing records for women; the former recently scaled Mount Sorata in Bolivia, which is but a hundred feet or so lower than Aconcagua (highest of South American peaks) in Chili, mapped at

22,884 feet, and Mrs. Workman reached 22,585 feet in the Himalayas. Previous to these performances the best woman's record was 21,000 feet, made by Mrs. Workman in the Karakoram mountains. Mr. Workman's record is 23,394 feet, made in the Himalayas.

ILL luck appears to follow the Ziegler North Pole hunting expeditions; the second one is reported as having failed to reach Franz Josef Land, which means that further attempt must be deferred until the spring.

ARTHUR DUFFY, who holds the world's 100-yard record of 9:3-5 seconds, wants now, so his friends say, to try for new marks behind a wind shield. If there is any device that will lead this young man to patronize home games instead of annually touring Great Britain, by all means let it be forthcoming.

Et tu, Brute In an issue of *The American Field*, before me, appears an article by O. R. Wright, M.D., descriptive of "An Antelope Hunt in New Mexico." The account chiefly reports some poor marksmanship, but the party did manage to kill six antelopes and wound two others which escaped.

As it is against the law to kill antelope in New Mexico, the season being closed until 1906, O. R. Wright should be arrested and fined. And we hope the editor will not open his columns to another tale of an unlawful exploit.

Sportsmen rightfully expect their particular journals to uphold the game laws; not to encourage violation of them.

IN Germany about half of thirty-five million acres of forests is under state or municipal control, and all kept up in the highest state of cultivation. In the productive results attending upon system and economy of natural resources there is an object lesson for America and a warning against our wastefulness, which Congress should study.

MR. GEORGE L. WATSON says he will not design another *America's Cup* challenger until we revise our measurement rule; the existing rule appears not to affect the work or the temper of Mr. Herreshoff.



SCHOOL AND COLLEGE OUTDOOR WORLD

By RALPH D. PAINE

CONCERNING SOME RECENT FOOTBALL FICTION

FOOTBALL fiction had its usual prominence in the autumn magazine pages, and some of it was unusually amazing. Two of these stories land themselves square on the horns of dilemma. If football is played at our foremost universities as these authors picture it, then it is an atrociously unmanly, currish business that libels the name of sport, and ought to be suppressed. If there is no basis of fact in this fiction, then the authors stand convicted of bad art, and should ask forgiveness of the deceived public. In one of these stories, written by Arthur Stanwood Pier, the coach tells his players on the eve of the big game:

"Now and then you can take a chance and slug, but you want to time it just right. Spoil your opponent's play every way you can, and take care the umpire don't see you. It doesn't pay to be too refined in football."

However, the opponents show that they need no instructions from *their* coach to play "dirty football." The hero has a car-

buncle on his knee, and is forced to play against the better judgment of the doctor. He is in agony when he goes on the field, and after the first play, "as he got to his feet, a burning, stinging pain radiated from his knee, and he gritted his teeth, realizing that this and worse was what for the next two hours he must endure."

His opponent, Snell, by sneaking round the training house, had seen the doctor putting cocaine into the hero's knee, so, therefore, after the first line-up, Snell began systematically to jab and kick the torturing carbuncle of the hero.

"On the next line-up, Snell made not only one, but several vicious jabs, all reaching unerringly the tender spot. . . . When, on the third play, Snell resumed his attack on Warden's vulnerable spot, jabbing it once with his elbow and once with his hand, Warden straightened up, though the signal had been called. 'What a mucker you are!' he said quietly."

Later in the game, "Snell's attentions to Warden's knee became incessant. The



Photograph by Tebbs.

Freshman felt his nerves giving way under the torture; he wanted to scream, to drop the ball and spring upon his assailant."

In brief, the story is a character study of a boy and a harassed carbuncle, and it is called "The Inside Story of a Championship Game." The other piece of fiction referred to is written by James Hopper, and is called "The Passing of the Vet." This hero also has a "bad leg," which his opponent persistently hammers, falls on, kicks and punches, in the hope of putting the cripple out of the game.

The hero has a clever inspiration, pretends sudden disability, and orders the trainer to bandage his sound leg. Thereafter the manly adversaries are deluded, and assault the wrong leg. It is a resourceful hero, for between the halves, "from the trainer's grip, brought to him, he took two thumb guards and slipped them on. They were reinforced with steel, ending in hard leather hidden tips. The coach was imploring the eleven now, urging them to show their manhood, to sweep from the field in the next half the men who were dishonoring their college. Kelly stood up, and, stepping to the wall, he sunk his thumbs into the woodwork, smiling at the dents left there."

With these "steel-tipped" weapons, the hero proceeded to wipe out "dishonor."

"Holding Horan and the end off with outstretched arms each time they sprang at him, he sank his thumb guards into their flesh. Their faces were contused and cut, but still they charged and charged with undiminishing fury."

Now football is a rough and often a brutal game, but putting dents in a foeman's features with steel points is too violent a pastime to be countenanced by fond parents and guardians. For the credit of the Western university where Mr. Hopper learned his football, denial should be entered that brass knuckles, black-jacks and "steel points" are commonly used in the games of his alma mater.

THE INVENTOR AND THE ATHLETE.

The mechanical inventor played a conspicuous part in this season's football training. The "tackling dummy" was used by many squads, and the "bucking machine" was tested and adopted as another useful device. One Western coach tried a "bucking harness," another taught his back-field to charge low by stretching a wire in such fashion that unless the men ran low at the line they were caught under the chin and automatically cut their own throats. All these inventions are intended to increase the attacking power of the player, but the

needs of the player who is attacked have been sadly overlooked.

It is as if the power and range of ordnance were steadily increased, while the resistance of armor-plate remained at a standstill. These machines teach the player to hit the opposing line like a projectile, and to tackle with the shock of a steel safe falling three stories. Recognizing the singular failure of the expert talent to assist the "attacked," a correspondent sends the drawings and description of a device for increasing the ability of the human frame to withstand this tackling and battering. The inventor expresses the hope that the machine may be tested in time for adoption next autumn.

A steel frame patterned like a derrick, holds in air a gigantic pair of tongs, whose inside surfaces are well padded. A simple combination of levers operates the derrick and tongs, whose motive power is supplied by a small dynamo. The pressure of a finger swings the derrick, another guiding touch lowers and elevates the tongs, which close automatically upon whatever they may seize. The apparatus is to be set up on the edge of the football field. In front of it is a lane inclosed by a stout fence whose planking and posts are heavily cushioned.

The trainer, who operates the machine, takes his position at the switch-board, and a player is told to run at full speed down the lane. As he comes within range of the long derrick arm the tongs swoop down with lightning quickness, and despite his desperate attempts to dodge grasps him deftly around the waist or by one leg or an arm. The operator swings the derrick and the player is dropped to earth. Gradually the distance is increased, until the tongs fling him ten feet at every clutch. When he is well hardened the machine lifts as it swings, and the player is dashed to the ground with such force that he has to be pried out of the turf.

The last step is to fling him against the padded planks with such violence that he caroms off and rebounds from the opposite barrier. In this way his frame is taught to endure such shocks of collision as will make the fiercest tackle seem like a caress and the assault of a formation play no more than a slight jar. The inventor hopes to try the device first on the Carlisle Indian team. Frank Hinkey, the old Yale end, thinks highly of it. He has a record of tackling a man so hard that the victim was dug out of the clay sub-soil with the aid of pickaxes and small charges of blasting powder.

THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

One of the grave objections lodged against college athletic systems is that the interest of only the specialized few is focused in "making" the eleven, the nine, or the eight, while the student body is content to look on. Cornell has joined the organized crusade whose purpose is to interest

greater numbers of students in athletics for the sake of pastime and recreation, and the new system which will be operated this winter is heartily approved by campus opinion. Charles V. P. Young has been placed in charge of the physical department of the university, with a policy whose keynote is to change the compulsory physical culture work of the gymnasium into exercise that will be attractive instead of a drag and a bore. In place of the prescribed drill in calisthenics the winter work will include football, track athletics, baseball, rowing, boxing, wrestling and swimming.

A man will not have to be "trying for the team" to join these squads, he will not be weeded out if he fails to keep the pace of the veteran athletes, but can practice whatever branch of athletics he likes best to his heart's content. The varsity coaches will coöperate by instructing these squads in the gymnasium, and if they find promising material for their respective specialties so much the better, but these will be "by-products." Work along these lines will be counted in the schedule of required exercise, and no shirking will be allowed. There are many men in every class that are fond of outdoor pastime, yet who have no chance of making a varsity team. If they know that the coaches are willing to look after them, and that they can play and row for the fun and exercise there is in it, they will take hold with lively interest. And in the long run, their surplus activities, trained and encouraged along attractive lines, will find an outlet in more class, club and "scratch" teams and crews. Therefore many more men will be busy out-of-doors, getting strong and keeping so, which should be the chief end of all college athletic stimulus and system.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PROFESSIONAL COACH.

Harvard has again brought the professional coach question into the foreground of discussion, and after a lively agitation against paid athletic talent, has made official surrender in favor of this sort of instruction and influence, rather than the graduate staff which works for love and loyalty. The most important argument seems to be that if Yale cannot be beaten on the water without the aid of professional coaching, then it is time for Harvard to go and do likewise and invest some of its athletic funds so that they may earn dividends in victories. This seems to be begging the question, and the real issue is thus outlined by the *Harvard Bulletin*, which has stood bravely by its guns against professional coaching:

"The trouble is that college athletics are no longer sports. They are becoming too much like business. There is hardly a college or school in the country in which the straining for victory over some athletic rival does not interfere with the real purpose for which the institution was established, namely, the pursuit of learning. The thing which is healthful in its proper place

has been tremendously exaggerated. Those who oppose the employment of the paid coach do so because they think it tends to disturb the balance still more."

The *Harvard Monthly*, while advocating the professional system, makes this astonishing confession:

"As it is, we go into competition deprived of a sort of equipment which, though plainly objectionable, seems most essential to success." This assumption, that it is better to win rivalries by "methods plainly objectionable" than to lose without them, is far astray from all the ideal spirit of sport, and sounds too much like an extract from a manual on practical politics to be creditable to Harvard.

While this discussion was at its height a significant incident occurred at Cornell. It was decided to abolish the position of captain of the university crew and in his stead elect a "Commodore" of the Cornell crews. One figurehead is substituted for another, for in the Courtney system the crew captain has long since failed to have anything more than the empty title. There is no room for a shred of other authority than his own in the Courtney system of absolute dictatorship in rowing matters, which reduces college aquatic to the level of a successfully conducted business.

The responsibility and authority of the crew captaincy, with all the honor it brings because it has been hard earned, is a fine and wholesome thing in college life. It means, also, that the men in the boat have some share in the laurels of victory, but under the professional coaching system neither the crew or the football captain can be more than a figurehead. The crew belongs to the coach, and the honor of winning is his by right of proprietorship. If all sentiment, sport and loyalty to ideals are to be wiped off the slate for the sake of turning out a winning eight or eleven, it is a dear price to pay. And the action of Cornell in dropping from her list of college honors the captaincy of the university crew is a notable symptom of the inevitable drift of the professional coaching influence.

"THE COLLEGE SPIRIT," EAST AND WEST.

At Yale, Harvard and Princeton there is a distinct trend of opposition to the organized cheering and singing of the undergraduates and alumni on the fields of athletic rivalry. The ancient practice is called "ungentlemanly" and "unsportsmanlike," on the ground that its intent is to rattle the other team. These are praiseworthy reasons, but may it not be that the movement is also a sign of affected dignity, born of a smaller steam-pressure of youthful spirits than formerly? At any rate, this is the explanation voiced by Western commentators, who see in this agitation a symptom of effete decay. The daily newspaper of

the University of Minnesota shouts derision at the reformers:

"Harvard, the center of the esthetic East, has decided that systematic rooting is not just the thing at amateur athletic games, and has compiled deductions showing that the spontaneous brand of enthusiasm is much more to be admired. That may be very well at Harvard, but here at Minnesota we have our rooter king, our yell master, and other titled denizens, whose business it is to lead the rooting, and it is up to the student body to do the rest."

There is a distinctive dash and ginger in the Western college atmosphere. It shows in their style of football and in the way that athletics arouse the campus to cyclonic pitch of ardor. It is a more picturesque quality of enthusiasm than that of the Eastern colleges, as is shown even in the battle-songs chanted on the football fields. Here is how Minnesota rooters lead the megaphone battalions:

"There's a bunch of husky huskers
From Nebraska's sunny land,
Who can hit the line and make their runs,
And kick to beat the band.
But there'll be something didding
When they meet the Gopher team,
For things are not just always
Quite exactly what they seem."

This smacks of big prairies and strong winds, and how conventional, tame and stilted sounds the latest slogan of Brown University, by the Atlantic seaboard:

"We're men of Brown, we're known around,
For the spirit which marks us all;
We'll use our might to strike right,
And cheer when we stand or fall."

When the Western college editor wants the student body to support its athletes this is the way he voices his whole-souled exhortation:

"Get out and root.
"Join the Rooter club; get a megaphone,
put a rooter hat on your head, get up some enthusiasm, and
"Root."

At Leland Stanford University the "football rallies" this year were hugely impressive:

"Six hundred men took part in the yelling and singing. The program for the evening was opened with a selection by the band. Special stress was laid on the learning of new songs and the Freshman class yell. Yell-leader Thorpe made a few remarks in regard to the small number of rooters who appeared on the bleachers at football practice. After an hour of good yelling and singing, the band led the way down the quad and the rooters formed a serpentine and marched around, cheering and yelling for nearly half an hour."

SOME NEW WINTER CAMPS, AND HOW TO BUILD THEM AND HEAT THEM

By DAN BEARD

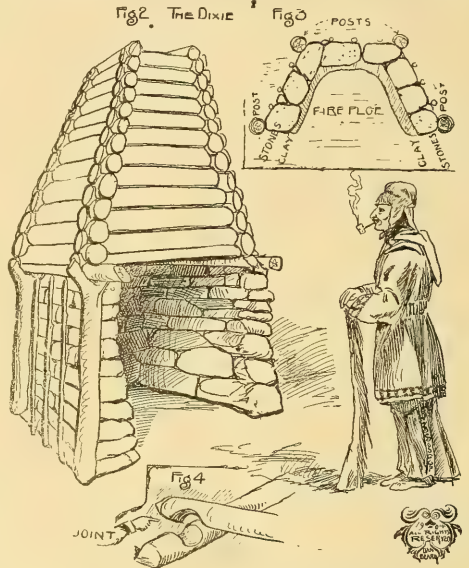
ONCE again we are in the grip of that grim old gentleman familiarly known as Jack Frost. He is no effete degenerate, but is forceful, lusty, strong and energetic, yet he is not unkind to those who fear not to meet him face to face in his boisterous play. To be on good terms with winter, it is necessary to take the buffets good-naturedly, and not whine when one's ears and toes are pinched, for old winter does this to remind us that we must protect those members of our body, or suffer frost bite.

However, even the toughest men care not to spend the season in one long tussle with the cold, and when they tire of the strenuous play of Jack Frost and his roaring companions, the North Winds, they find it desirable to have some place of refuge handy, some retreat where the camper may retire while the storm rages, or when an excess of vitality and exuberance of spirits on the part of Jack Frost, develops into a howling blizzard.

If we go to the Indians, we find that these native Americans and hereditary campers, long ago, devised substantial winter lodges which no boreal winds overturn, and which protect the hardy redskins from the frost of the severest cold weather.

Formerly these winter lodges were common along the shores of our northern lakes (Fig. 1), but they are now only to be found away up north in that vast country only frequented by Hudson Bay men, explorers and prospectors. These log tents are there often built of halved hollow logs arranged like tiles, that is, alternately with the convex side out and its edges fitting into the concave side of the others, thus . Fig. 1 is the old form which was a common sight to the missionaries and Indian traders of this country, before the reader and writer were born. The log lodge may be covered with shingles of bark, held in place by the weight of poles laid up on the logs, as in Fig 10, or covered with sods, earth, moss and clay, or both. Of course the Indians always have camp

fires; but these log lodges are unprovided with a fireplace, such as white men are accustomed to have in their most primitive



abodes. To provide one of these useful adjuncts fitted for

A WINTER CAMP,

one will do well to take a hint from the homely architects of the picturesque log-houses which dot the mountains in the "moonshine" districts of the Southern States, where the cabins are almost universally supplied with a simple fireplace built of stones, on the outside of the house, and surmounted by a "stick" chimney, that is, a flue built with small sticks laid in the same way as the logs which compose the walls of the house, but, unlike the latter, the sticks decrease in size as they approach the top. The stick chimneys are liberally daubed with clay, which dries and is hardened by the heat from the fire below. With a few unimportant changes in the "moonshine" plan,

A DIXIE

may be made to heat a log lodge, built on a modification of the ones invented by the Indians. Figs. 2, 3 and 4 show the details of the construction of the Dixie. Fig. 3 is a ground plan of the fireplace, which, as may be seen, is built by laying stones up against four posts and a number of sticks that have been firmly driven into the ground. The stones are laid so as to break joints, after the manner already described



in a previous issue of *OUTING*. A thick coating of mud or clay will not only prevent the fire from cracking and crumbling the stones, but also help the chimney to draw up the smoke. It is, of course, understood by all who have built fires that the less side draughts there are, the stronger is the current of air which ascends the chimney, and the less liability is there to a smoky fireplace.

as may be desired, or as is locally convenient for the architects.

THE BRUNSWICK AND THE NORTHWOOD.

These well-known winter camps were depicted and described in the March number of *OUTING*. It will be remembered that they are both open-faced shacks with the opening protected by a log-fenced fireplace, or one with a green hemlock fire shield, but in both cases the snow and wind is but slightly impeded from entering the camp, and if a Dixie is substituted for the uncovered fire, as is the case with

THE RED JACKET,

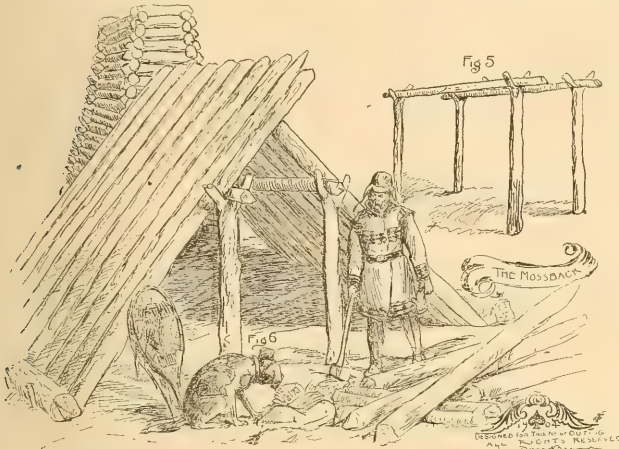
shown by Fig. 8, a much more comfortable and cozy winter camp is secured, with but little additional work. A tent is all the protection many sportsmen and explorers require, even when camping in the extreme north, and a tent can be made very comfortable by surrounding it with a

wind and weather shield, built of snow in the form of a wall, as in Fig. 7. In this way the whaler's ships, frozen in the Arctic Ocean, are walled in to keep the interior of the vessels warm during the long winter months.

But the city man who camps in winter for a short holiday in the woods, may not find sufficient snow for this purpose, or he may find it too wet to be used in this manner. Such a man may even prefer to go without a tent and depend upon the material the forest furnishes to supply him with shelter from sleet and cold winds. In this case a light, easily constructed camp may be built on the plan of the

PONTIAC,

shown by Figs. 9 and 10. This pretty little shack is built of light poles, and covered with pieces of birch bark, laid so as to overlap each other like shingles. The bark is held in place by the weight of poles laid on the roof, and sticks driven into the ground, as shown by the unfinished part of

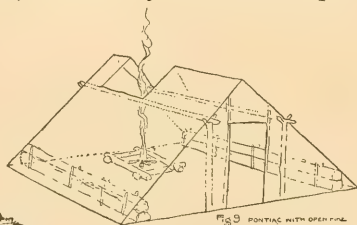


A glance at Fig. 2 shows that small logs have been used in the construction of the Dixie, in place of the small sticks of the moonshiner's cottage chimney. The logs make less work and require less skill than the stick chimney, besides giving the structure greater stability. The logs, however, should be plentifully coated with mud or clay, the same as the more dainty sticks. This is essential, not so much to prevent a conflagration, as to do away with leaks and insure a draught.

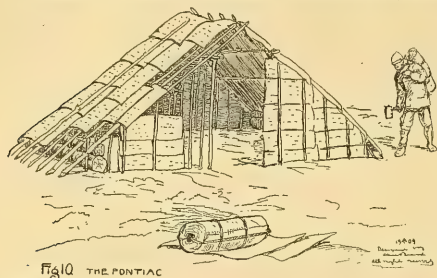
There is small danger from fire, otherwise the stick-chimney cabins of the South would all have been burned down long ago, in place of standing unharmed for years. There are cabins in the South to-day, with clay-daubed wooden flues, older than any of the readers of *OUTING*, and I have seen chimneys, made of unprotected flour barrels, which have been in constant use for many months. Fig. 4 shows the notches in the logs where they cross each other at the corners.

THE MOSS BACK,

one form of which is shown by Fig. 6, is built with two rafters (Fig. 5) in place of one, as in Fig. 1. This is done to prevent the rafter from interfering with the construction of the chimney. Two side logs are secured on the ground by pegs, and against these logs the lower ends of the roof logs rest, while their upper ends project above the rafters, as shown in Fig. 6. The front of the moss back may be closed with more logs laid up against the roof, with bark or with beaver mats of brush,



the one in the diagram. Fig. 9 shows the outlines of a Pontiac arranged with an Indian fireplace and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The fireplace itself is made of mud enclosed with four green



logs. Only two forked sticks for rafters are shown here, the others being omitted in the drawing of Fig. 9, the better to show the fireplace. The doorway to the Pontiac is protected by a blanket of skin, hung there for the purpose. Birch bark is very inflammable, and can be used as a torch, when it is green, hence a big fire is not desirable in a lodge of green birch bark.

A SAFE HEATER

for a tent, or a birch lodge, can be made by digging a hole in the floor and filling it with the hot embers from the camp-fire, and then covering the hole and embers with an inverted metal pail; or stones may be used heated very hot, heaped on the floor and covered with a galvanized bucket.

The objection to the Pontiac is the objection to all birch-covered lodges used for winter camp. They are difficult to build tight enough to prevent the wind from blowing in under the bark shingles; but if the campers are provided with good sleeping bags, the wind will bother them but little, even when there is no roof at all over their heads.

When it can be procured, there is no doubt a good, snug shack of some kind is the thing to have for a winter camp. There need be no fear that such structures will prevent the camper from getting a good supply of fresh air, for unless the reader is a much better workman than even the most skilful backwoodsman, there will be an abundant supply of ozone in any of the shacks here described.

A CAMP FOR THE NIGHT

can be made with two forked sticks driven into the ground, a cross stick laid in the crotches, and the whole covered with brush,

thus making a miniature open-faced camp of the form of one-half of the Pontiac (Fig. 10). This one-night shack need only be built tall enough to admit the camper when he creeps to cover to sleep. The small size of this shack makes little work in construction, and less work in collecting the material of bark or boughs with which to cover the simple framework.

A BIG BONFIRE,

built in the morning and kept burning all day, will dry and warm the earth so as to make a most comfortable place to sleep upon, after the hot coals and ashes have been carefully brushed away. A thorough baking of this kind will cause the earth to retain the heat for hours after the fire is extinguished, and give forth a most grateful warmth on a bitter cold night.

WIND SHIELDS.

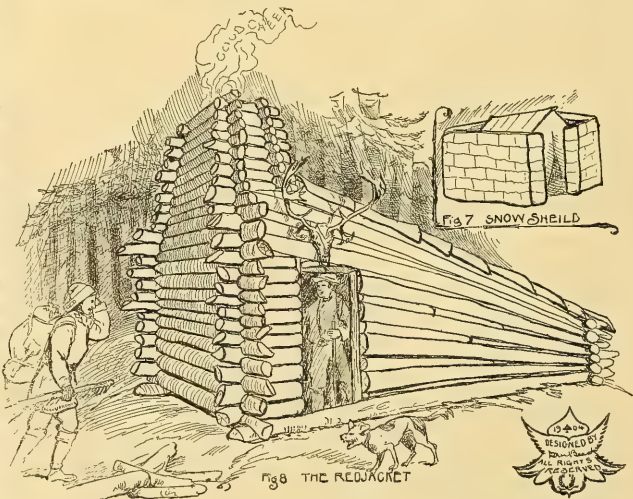
A large rock, a steep bank, or the flat upright mass of clay and roots of an over-turned tree are all good wind guards, behind which one may camp with more or less comfort when the cutting north winds are sweeping through the woods.

Upon some occasions a big, hollow log is not to be despised as a bunk in which to spend a cold winter's night.

But when one expects to spend the whole winter in the woods, the ideal camp is a small, but regular built

LOG HOUSE,

a square structure with a Dixie fireplace and chimney, a bunk in one corner, racks on the walls for guns and traps, pegs for clothes, snowshoes, etc., and a warm welcome for the passing stranger.



THE SCARCITY OF GAME BIRDS

By EDWYN SANDYS

WITH the passing of the best of the northern sport, it is only natural to indulge in a backward glance at a shooting season which appeared to promise but poorly when it opened. After all, it was not so very bad. A number of correspondents who, some three months ago, wrote most mournfully of the prospects, have lately informed me that they had managed to enjoy shooting but little inferior to the average of recent years. From what I saw earlier in the year, and have since heard, the crop of web-footed fowl, snipe and plover was by no means a poor one. The record of ruffed grouse, woodcock and wood-duck shows the most noticeable falling off, and for this, unfortunately, there seems to be no visible remedy. The three great foes of the ruffed grouse—the ax, the snare and the gun—would appear to have been working full time and completing their tasks with a regrettable thoroughness.

The nature of the ruffed grouse practically forbids the application of those comparatively simple protective measures which can, and are made to do such useful work in the cases of the Bob White and the grouse of the prairies. Nor is the reason difficult to find, as was proved by a recent examination of an extensive and, till recently, excellent country for grouse. The times have changed, and with them the methods of the only men who really can preserve ruffed grouse, *i.e.*, the farmers. The country in question needs must appear strange to men who knew it well, as lately as three or four years ago. Then the average farm comprised one hundred or more acres, of which as a usual thing, twenty acres and upward were under heavy timber or slashings and dense second growth. These rough, usually tangled, wild expanses formed ideal haunts for ruffed grouse—all the better because so close to well-cultivated fields. In such a country the grouse, unlike his ancestors, is not necessarily the haunter of heavily wooded sections. As every well-informed sportsman knows, some of the best ruffed-grouse grounds of to-day are those where great masses of heavy timber are broadly bordered with dense thickets and briery patches, which in turn dwindle to the borders of fields, notably clover-fields.

Why this is so is a matter easily understood. The big woods serve the three-fold purpose of breeding-ground, handy refuge from pursuit, and feeding-ground after severe weather and deep snow have compelled the grouse to turn from the no longer possible ground fare to the characteristic "budding," *i.e.*, feeding upon the buds of various forest growths. The border thickets offer pleasant shelters, dusting places, and a variety of foods, such as berries, wild grapes and insects, while a broad field of clover means one huge salad, the tender tops being a favorite fare. Such, then, is an ideal

grouse ground, but, alas! in many places it has shrunk to insignificant proportions. Farmers have learned that all such practically waste lands mean so much dead loss, and, in consequence, every available foot of ground is cleared and made to yield its share, no matter how small. Woods, too, long silent save for the crash of wind-topped stuff and the hum of a grouse's wing, have re-echoed the measured beat of axes, the roar of falling giants, and the swish of pole-like saplings which not long since were regarded merely as handy shade-providers for cattle, and not worth the labor of felling. In fine, the country is pretty well cleaned up, and because the grouse does not like neighbors who do their house-cleaning with axes and most uproarious accompaniments, the stately bird has retired from the now, almost denuded field.

Somewhat similar influences are responsible for the scarcity of woodcock and wood-duck. The strongholds of the latter, the late timbered margins of ponds and streams, now show little of the original growth which made them so attractive. Old timber about water meant plenty of hollow trunks for nesting places and a profusion of wild-grape vines which in turn, afforded privacy and tempting food to a duck which, in a tree, is as much at home as the average perching species. Hollow trees presently fall and, once down, seldom are replaced by new planting. The plentiful grapes, formerly left to such fowl as fancied them, now usually, are carefully gathered as soon as fit, the process meaning both noisy invasion of the spot and the wrecking of the vines. In addition, the haunts of the wood-duck, the fowl's comparative lack of shyness, its toothsome qualities and the striking beauty of the plumage of the male, all encourage attack by every idle man and prowling lad who can lay hand upon a firearm—and in these days of dirt-cheap arms, who cannot? A search of the houses of a country like the one referred to, probably would reveal more poor, bad and worse-stuffed wood-drakes than any other species of bird. The small fellow of the musical voice and lovely garb, has indeed felt the weight of the fatal curse of beauty.

The marked scarcity of woodcock is hardly to be wondered at. During certain seasons a haunter of moist, boggy, deep-shadowed grounds, clearly the hand of improvement is against this choicest of our small game. The bird, too, is a victim of his own rare qualities, for what wise sportsman would not rather tramp a mile further for a brace of cock than for twice that number of snipe, Bob White or plover? Too free tree-cutting, aided by more thorough drainage, has ruined miles upon miles of erstwhile, prime ground. Letting in too much sunlight, even if it does not destroy the feeding-grounds, is very apt to drive away the birds, because the cock prefers actual darkness, or, at most, the dusk shad-

ows only found beneath dense foliage. And it must be remembered that this bird is not a prolific breeder, like Bob White and the grouse. All things considered, three matured young would be as many as we could expect of a pair of woodcock. In fact, the cock lays four eggs, as compared with the Bob White's from ten to eighteen and the grouse's from eight to a dozen. So far as I can see, and no matter what earnest bird-protectors may do, never again will there be such cock-shooting as we of the middle-aged brigade enjoyed in the days of our youth. The cock is doomed, and doubtless fifty years hence a freshly-killed northern specimen will excite considerable comment.

The case of the snipe is quite different. A haunter of treeless, wet lands, he cares naught if the forests vanish. Our present drainage and the to-be-expected further improvements along that line certainly must spoil many thousands of acres of what now is snipe ground, yet that would not of necessity mean the loss of the birds. Snipe are hardy and famous travelers, and it is to be presumed they are quite capable of adapting themselves to changing conditions. Even the putting under cultivation of what now are vast marshes need not deprive the birds of their feeding-grounds. To-day, with plenty of marsh at their disposal, snipe regularly frequent thousands of acres of lowlands which for years have borne corn. Then there are lake-shores and the margins of countless ponds and waterways which will furnish more or less feeding-grounds so long as water stands and runs. For an illustration of this one has but to look over a prairie country. No matter how dry the grasslands proper, a large proportion of sloughs and ponds needs must have the muddy, worm-peopled margins which form no poor substitute for the older feeding-grounds. The true danger for the snipe lies not so much in the loss of old-time broad marshes as in the fact that new conditions are apt to concentrate the birds of a district upon long, but comparatively narrow and easily-covered ground where the gun has a much easier chance than was offered upon the broader areas. When snipe-ground spread for miles in several directions, the sportsman was compelled to go afoot. The best he could do was to struggle over the most tiresome of soft footing until well-wearied, which, even to the sturdiest of men, meant the thorough working of only a comparatively small area. To-day, the man can, in many places, drive from one strip of ground to the next and find the game more closely grouped, while the labor of getting at it is reduced at least one-half. This, of course, is against the welfare of the birds. The best thing for the sportsman to do is to hold his hand a bit and not work his "pay-dirt" too zealously. He is supposed to be after sport and not all the game he can get.

The possibilities of one of these border-strips of good snipe-ground was strikingly illustrated during a recent trip to the Lake

Manitoba country. A four-handed party of us was out for the wildfowl, and near camp was one of these wet strips, perhaps a couple of miles long and about a gun-shot across. Day after day that strip could easily have yielded from twenty to fifty birds, for each night brought new wings. Nobody dreamed of thoroughly working that veritable mine. Instead, it was kept as a sort of recreation-ground, where any fellow who had early secured his day's stint of duck in the big marsh, could amuse himself with the small, swift flyers. A tramp of one-third the length of it and back might mean from ten to twenty-five shots, and the members of our party had a nasty habit of making shots count, yet the shooting the last day was as good as it had been at first.

One of the greatest difficulties in the path of the wise and earnest protector of game, is the migration of such families as the waterfowl, woodcock, snipe, plover, etc. We are prone to the framing of such laws as appear good for our own grounds, while forgetting that the extensive movements of the birds compel them to run the gauntlet of two open seasons in one year. When the law of the North declares the open season to be at an end, the law of the South allows the shooting of returning feathered travelers. This, of course, means that the fowl get no respite, except during the actual breeding-season, a state of affairs which few species will for long be able to stand. Were there no shooting in the North, the South would have plenty of birds for many years to come, and *vice versa*, but, unfortunately, it is impossible to do away with the dual season. If sportsmen of North or South would feel called upon to lay down their arms, the difficulty would at once be overcome, but I gravely suspect that it would require not a few ornithological Bull Runs and Gettysburgs to convince either party of the wisdom of such a course. Northerners and Southerners rightly having equal claims upon sport and game, there can be no such thing as legislation favorable to one over the other. The sole feasible remedy appears to be a judicious curtailing of gun privileges at both ends of the migration flight, till the present destruction has been reduced to a point which will permit the fowl to hold their own. Should this finally demand an open season of only one week's duration, even that, to my notion, would be much better than the entire loss of the game in question.

It is an entirely different matter in the case of our gallinaceous game birds. Among them the nearest approach to a migration amounts to nothing more than a shifting from summer haunts to nearby winter quarters. Little Bob White travels farther than many of his kin, but even his most extended rambling would be as nothing to a true migrant. The gallinaceous fowl of our State, or province, remain within our boundaries the year round, so there is no earthly chance to lay their decrease at the door of our brethren to the south. We, and we alone,

are responsible for whatever over-killing there may be, hence we also should be held responsible for the breeding-stock of game. To all appearances, this coming winter promises to be a severe one, hence hard upon the Bob Whites especially, and sportsmen located within easy distance of the win-

ter haunts of these birds will do well to early make preparation for some possible needful feeding and care during that trying period, sure to arrive with any sustained spell of severe weather. The time for prompt action is yet weeks distant, but the time for preparation is right now!

CLASS IN SPORTING DOGS

By JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

A MATEURS, whose experience in sporting dogs is just beginning, are likely to be puzzled by constant use of the word "class" in public prints and in the private discussions of the sophisticated.

In its application to bench-show exhibits the word is not so difficult to understand. Those who use it, generally mean one of two things: either that the specimen under consideration has a general distinction of appearance which is better expressed by the word "quality," or that the typical points regarded as essential by the specialists are present to an extent which overshadows minor defects. For example, in the case of a pointer, a general smoothness of finish and symmetry of parts might produce an impression of class, though small defects of detail would impress one who was following the rules as he had read them in the books. In setters I might cite the example of a noted winner, the orange belton, Queen's Place Pride. This Laverack had undoubted class. Her coat, color, and finish were beautiful, and her head and expression remarkably fine. Her class was apparent to the most negligent observer, but she had important defects of structure—being decidedly out at elbows and over long and flat in body. It was her superb class which enabled her to defeat a great many setters which, according to a tapeline scoring, might have outpointed her.

But it is in comparing the work of dogs in the field that the word is used in so many senses which puzzle the amateur. Some men speak of class when they have in mind nothing but speed and range. Those, however, who are careful about meanings employ the term to designate a high degree of ability in all the essentials of performance. That is the only accurate application.

Coming to definitions, class means the ability to do at high speed and with rapid accuracy what the mediocre can do only with deliberation, slowly, and under favorable circumstances. In addition to this definition a strict judge might add that class includes the doing naturally and with little practice what an ordinary specimen can do only as a result of severe education.

Just why class in the field is attractive to most men and especially to Americans, is something which is explained in the remark of the old fox-hunter, who said, "I don't keer much for these extry fast hounds, but I always feel a little better when old Brag is out in front." Hardly one man in four will say, theoretically, that he admires particularly fast dogs; but three out of four will look for the fastest dog they can find when they are either buying outside or selecting one of their own breeding for personal use. This merely means that the American does not propose to see some other man's dogs taking the lead from his in a fox-hunt, or working on the outside in a quail expedition.

Class is the same attribute in all competitions, whether of men or animals. It is of such basic importance in the search for truth that anything is worth while which illuminates or illustrates.

Begin with man. To bring out a plain illustration let me say that, allowing for the obvious possibility of a mistake, the finest mind which I ever had the pleasure of seeing at work was that of the late Jay Gould. I have never found reason for modifying the opinion, though I have been at close quarters with three Presidents of the United States, several convention candidates for that high honor and a number of possibilities, twenty or thirty college presidents, and not a few national authorities on various subjects, not to mention a hundred or so of successful authors. I saw Mr. Gould but once, and then probably not more than thirty minutes. My professional duties placed me where I listened to his view of a question then extensively interesting the West, involving many side topics of commerce, transportation, and politics. To this day the beauty—I use the word with matured appreciation—of that wonderful mental machine in action, comes vividly to my memory. Without apparent effort, in a low voice, and not once "false pointing," he described, measured, compared, selected, rejected, and welded; bringing into view, not only the general facts and arguments ordinarily connected with the subject, but a vast

array of material which indirectly had to do with its settlement; touching upon statutes, human enthusiasm and prejudices, necessities and rules of commercial development, transportation, building of cities, and the momentums and checks which in alternate periods stimulate or retard investment. His mental process was extremely rapid but frictionless and conducted with unswerving precision. A clarification which the average educated man would painfully and, in all likelihood, confusedly reach after a couple of days' study, he seemed able to attain in ten minutes by that insight which, with direct celerity, seizes and measures the essential.

You cannot call such mental action hasty or hurried. It is well within itself, and is as reliably accurate as the slowest operation of a lesser mind. In other words, it is class.

Jacob Schaefer is an example of class among billiard players. I never saw Schaefer in a great match, but I have seen him give big odds to a good amateur. He played with almost unnatural rapidity. The stroke came as quickly as he could get the cue in position; yet it would be foolishness to suppose that his play lacked any accuracy, or that he was at all in doubt as to the result of each calculation.

Cesar Thomson will transcribe a set of awkward violin runs into octaves and tenths and play them with added velocity. Yet, his pupils tell me, he practices less than any other great fiddler.

Put a first-rate professional baseball player on the bases. Some might suppose that his apparent willingness to take chances was only blind and reckless daring, when, in fact, his perception of where he is coming out is much more definite and his adjustment of capacity to the task much more scientific than can be predicated of the cautious and hesitating player in the tenth-rate team.

These illustrations make plain, at least to me, what is meant by class when the term is intelligently used. Now see how it works in our study of dogs. It is often true that the foxhound which habitually goes out in front, does not do it because he possesses the higher order of mere speed. The fact is more likely to be that he can use his fox sense and can rely upon his nose when going at a great pace. While the dog of lower grade may be able to run faster, simply as a matter of running, he cannot carry his head and nose with him when under severe exertion. I have seen greyhounds of great speed which did not dare extend themselves, because they had discovered that they could not score except at a moderate gait. On the other hand, a dog like Diana or her sister Melita could "sit down" behind a jack-rabbit and score just as fast as he could make moves—let him do his utmost.

One day, after the setter Sport's Boy, had given a not very good account of himself in a public trial—a case of "rabbit rattles"—I went out into the country with Mr.

Askins, his trainer, to give the string of dogs some work. Sport's Boy and another dog were put down in a large field. A ravine, probably a quarter of a mile long, ran through the center of the field. The other dog, a very good animal, began ranging across the field. Boy started straight for the ravine, running the full length of it at lightning speed and coming down the other side. When half-way down he stopped as if changed to stone, never slackening his speed until he jumped into the point. He hesitated two or three seconds, moved his tail slightly, as a dog usually expresses doubt, and turned around sharply to the right. Without lowering his head or showing the slightest indecision after the first moment of doubt, he marched thirty or forty feet and stiffened to a stanch point on a large bevy of birds. Somebody will say that any dog would do that. I say that any dog which did it would be a high class dog. In the first place, there was the speed at which the whole performance was acted; in the second place, there was the instinct by which he chose the ravine as the place most likely to harbor birds; in the third place, there was the bird sense with which he skirted the ravine instead of wasting time in searching out particular spots; in the fourth place, was the instantaneousness with which his nose told him of the scent of birds; in the fifth place, was the quickness with which he recognized that he had felt only the scent of where birds had been; and, in the sixth place, was the positiveness with which he went straight on body scent to where the birds were. The other dog was a much more than ordinary animal, and a few minutes later might have done exactly what Boy did. But the fact remains that he did not do it, and that the coming champion, with equal chances, beat him in the whole series of acts leading to the location of a bevy.

One of the best exhibitions of class shining through disadvantages, was that of the Llewellyn setter, Joe Cumming, when he won his championship. This performance brings up a story which I have never seen in print. In the final heat of this championship stake, Joe Cumming was to run for first with Dave Earl. Joe had severely injured his foot, and Mr. Titus, his owner and handler, who was always tender-hearted with his dogs, decided to draw him. The judges, however, were anxious to have the dog finish the competition, and Mr. Titus's friends persuaded him to let Joe go on as long as there was a fighting chance. The development showed how closely a dog can come to winning a championship without reaching the honor. This was the fortune of Dave Earl. When they were put down, Joe went lame for a few minutes, but soon warmed up, forgot his foot, and began to show nearly his fastest and best form. At that, handicapped as Joe was, Dave Earl had a shade the best of the heat and seemed likely to win the championship. It was a long three hours for an injured dog which

was compelled to show championship speed and bird-work. Toward the end of the heat Dave Earl ranged up to a clump of bushes, nosed at it an instant, and passed on. A few minutes later Joe Cumming swung over to the same clump of bushes, hesitated, dashed around to the leeward, and made a stanch point on a bevy. Of course, nothing is a more decisive incident in a field trial than when one dog misses a find and the other, with precisely the same opportunities, makes a location. Consequently, as the dogs were not far apart in other respects, the decision and the championship went to Joe Cumming.

King Cyrano, the orange-and-white son of Jingo, was a pointer which always impressed me particularly with his class, for the reason that even when he first appeared in his derby year, he was what a field trial man would call badly overtrained. His trainer, Mr. Updike, had been previously giving his entire attention to shooting dogs, and was probably the most finished trainer in the West. All of his dogs at that time obeyed the slightest order and retrieved with perfect manners. A dog which, after such an elaborate course of training in his youth, could begin by winning a derby and afterward compete successfully with the best dogs in his all-age form, must have had inherent class of the highest order. In his second season I saw him put down with a fast pointer, Spring Dot, owned by Mr. Turner of Chicago. Cyrano is not a large dog, though somewhat above the average size. That day he was going so high that he looked as big as a St. Bernard. The two pointers dashed into a large wheat field where the growth was scanty, except in one corner. Notwithstanding the speed of his competitor, Cyrano swung round the field on the outside and then made straight for the heavier growth in the corner. There he jumped into a sharp point on a bevy. A few minutes later he took a course almost touching the fence, on the other side of which was a cornfield. He jumped again into a quick point, evidently locating the birds on the other side of the fence. His handler rushed up and threw him over the fence. The birds proved to be running. He followed them accurately and cautiously, finally bringing them to a flush to order, two hundred yards from where they were first located. The class of the performance appears in the fact that the dog evidently knew exactly what he was about at all times and managed his actions to suit the conditions. High speed did not interfere with the accuracy of his work.

In the same trial the derby dogs, Marse Ben and Prince Rodney, gave an attractive exhibition of class. Both of these dogs subsequently distinguished themselves as worthy of the highest consideration. In their derby year, each had a fine turn of speed, Rodney the faster. As they looked very much alike, they made an attractive race. Just after the start Marse Ben swung around to the right into a cornfield. I was

riding on the right and the other judges followed Rodney, leaving me to look after Ben. It was the year of the great drouth and the field, except for the standing corn, was almost as bare as a floor. I heard a shout a little behind me to the right, which evidently meant that some one saw the dog in that direction. I turned my horse and rode into the corn. Gilchrist, Ben's handler, came running along to take care of his dog. While going rapidly through the corn, Ben stopped on a stylish point. Two birds got up. In puppy fashion he made a jump or two in their direction, but quickly changed his mind and stopped on another stiff point. The rest of the birds soon after flushed in front of him. Some outsiders thought that Ben had flushed the first two birds either wilfully or from an error in judgment in getting too close to them. As a matter of fact, the birds flushed wild on account of the absence of cover. The dog really made a perfect exhibition. Fifteen minutes afterward Marse Ben did almost identically the same thing in another patch of corn. The birds flushed ahead of him, but after he had established his point. Just after the judges ordered the dogs up, Rodney imitated the performance, jumping quickly into a stanch point on a bevy in a cornfield almost as bare of under cover as if it had been plowed. One would have to see the pace at which these dogs were going and the bareness of the cornfields to appreciate the keen noses and cleverness with which they established point on body scent.

If there be an absolute best, field trial history would probably give the premium to the performance of Mr. Herman Duryea's setter, Sioux, in her second championship winning. There was no competition, as all the other dogs had been drawn and she was running with her kennel mate, Clip Wind'em. The weather had been rainy the day before and had suddenly turned cold, freezing the occasional drizzle as it fell and making the ground severe for not only the dogs but the horses, glassy as it was, on the surface. Though the mud and rain were frozen all over her legs and underbody, the little setter went three hours and a half at high speed. When taken up she was in a wretched plight, showing the ordeal through which she had been put. Birds were very plentiful and nobody knows exactly how many points she made. The judges counted fourteen beves found by the dogs or flushed by the riders, and Sioux must have made at least twenty points with only one or two slight and excusable errors.

Most of these incidents refer to dogs in Western competitions and illustrate the taste of Western men. None the less, class shows itself even in Massachusetts and Connecticut, though it takes a somewhat different form where dogs are expected to adapt themselves quickly to small fields, to the caution of work on ruffed grouse, and to the unreliable habits of the jack-snipe. My impression is that the alertness, nerv-

ous energy, and quick intelligence which make class in one part of the country, make it in another, and that a high-class dog with a little experience is high-class anywhere. I can say, at least, that when nearly twenty years ago I introduced Llewellyns to the lower part of the eastern shore of Maryland, a practised amateur who got quite a fast young dog—for those days—became very proud of the animal's ability to outpace the natives and to find bevs ahead of other men's favorites.

It must be admitted that in the small and patchy fields and thickets of the East, obedience and caution are more exactly required. The West does, speaking generally, admire speed and range, and the East lays stress upon biddableness. I find that among the many persons who come to me for information and advice this more or less general contrast is manifested. During the writing of this chapter, a devoted amateur shot, a prominent St. Louis physician, dropped in to consult me about breeding a bitch. I told him that the only dog I had at home was a handsome youngster by Sport's Gath, which was promising, but rather a shooting dog than a high-class performer. The doctor was much obliged, but concluded to look further. About the same time a gentleman in the East wrote me in regard to two young dogs which he bought at my suggestion not long ago. He said that in his judgment the youngsters were first-class, but that his trainer wanted to reject them because they were hard to handle. I see that Mr. Buckell has recently made a criticism along this line in regard to the English field trials. He says that the trainers control the entries and that they pick dogs which are trained with the least trouble. This disposition of the trainers he regards as responsible for the inferior natural class of the dogs now contending in public on that side of the water. It is likely that Eastern amateurs will have to read their trainers a lecture if they desire dogs which are capable of what a Western man would call first-rate bevy work and are at the same time responsive to command.

Mohawk, Mr. Duryea's latest crack setter, has given two recorded exhibitions of class. In his derby year at the United States trials,

he was on a wide cast, going a great pace, for at all times he is one of the fastest of setters. He jumped a ditch and in the fraction of a second from the take-off of the leap, he caught scent. When he struck the ground he was flattened on a stiff point, his head turned to the bevy. The next year, in the same club's all-age stake, he was several hundred yards from Avent, his handler, ranging at speed. Passing a bushy place, he whipped into a quick point, head and stern up. In a moment a rabbit jumped out. Mohawk held the point. Avent came in sight, signalled the judges, and called "Point!" As the handler reached the dog, another rabbit scudded away. Avent began to grumble about the luck. The judges reached the scene, the dog still immovable, and ordered Avent to flush. He told them that the point seemed to be on a rabbit. But he walked ahead of the dog and flushed a bevy of quail. Here were speed, nose, decision, intelligence, and stanchness.

Everybody's dog does these things, except when witnesses are present. In public tests, however, we must be satisfied with an occasional performance in which the whole combination of desirable field qualities is shown to a high degree; and we are glad to have a few to treasure for purposes of illustration.

But the end of the whole matter is that every amateur should have a dog to please himself. Speaking for one kind of taste, I am not backward in saying that, while I admire and appreciate these extremely high-class performers when owned by other men, my private favorite, even in the West, would always be a good-looking and stylish dog of average speed, and not only bird sense but intelligence and responsiveness in all other respects. This is because I very much admire quality and appearance, and because I am a moderate walker and rather a poor shot. But I have discovered that nine good field shots out of ten among amateurs, are like the old fox-hunter to whom I have referred, and enjoy seeing their dogs outranging other dogs. If that is their enjoyment, they are right, and this analysis of class will be of use to them as well as to those who desire to measure the work in public competitions.

Mr. W. H. Blake, of Toronto, Canada, sends quite a lengthy explanatory letter about the leap of the trout, in which he states:

"During the past summer, I observed rather carefully the behavior of twenty-five trout, running from two to four pounds, taken by me, or in my presence. In six instances the fish came clear of the water when on the fly. I may say that this struck me as being perhaps a larger proportion than usual. None of these fish were taken in a rapid current. I have questioned a number of friends who have fished these waters, and all remembered instances of trout jumping when on the fly. Among them were two French Canadian guides, who have assisted at the capture of many hundreds of trout,

running up to eight pounds' weight. When they were told that it had been asserted that trout did not jump when hooked, they were politely certain that the gentleman had not had an opportunity of observing the fish of that part of the country. It was, I must confess, a satisfaction to me to find that one of my friends recalled the leap spoken of in my former letter—gave the distance six feet as his own estimate, and remembered the weight of the fish (four and a half pounds, I think)."

"I never give a fish 'slack line' for an instant, if it can be possibly avoided, and have seen many a good trout lost by doing so. Where fish run out fifty or sixty feet of line, there must be varying degrees of tension, but I cannot definitely remember an instance of a trout coming in so fast that the line could not in some way be controlled (except when something had gone wrong with the reel). I did not assert (and would not care to do so) that trout jump on a slack line!"

NATURAL HISTORY

By JOHN BURROUGHS

DO ANIMALS THINK?

WHEN we see the animals going about, living their lives in many ways as we live ours, seeking their food, avoiding their enemies, building their nests, digging their holes, laying up stores, migrating, courting, playing, fighting, showing cunning, courage, fear, joy, anger, rivalry, grief, profiting by experience, following their leaders, etc.—when we see all this, I say, what more natural than that we should ascribe to them powers akin to our own, and think of them as thinking, reasoning, reflecting, etc. A hasty survey of animal life is sure to lead to this conclusion. An animal is not a clod, nor a block, nor a machine. It is alive and self-directing, it has some sort of psychic life, yet the more I study the subject, the more I am persuaded that it does not think or reflect in any proper sense of those words. Animal life shows in an active and free state that kind of intelligence that pervades and governs the vegetable world—intelligence that takes no thought of itself. Here, in front of my window, is a black raspberry bush. A few weeks ago its branches curved upward, with their ends swinging full two feet above the ground; now those ends are thrust down through the weeds and are fast rooted to the ground. Did the raspberry bush think, or choose what it should do? Did it reflect and say, Now is the time for me to bend down and thrust my tip into the ground? To all intents and purposes yes, yet there was no voluntary mental process, as in similar acts of our own. We say its nature prompts it to act thus and thus, and that is all the explanation we can give. In like manner the nature of the animals prompts them to the deeds they do, and we think of them as the result of a mental process, because similar acts in ourselves are the result of such a process. See how the mice begin to press into our buildings as the fall comes on. Do they know winter is coming? In the same way the vegetable world knows it is coming when it prepares for winter, or the insect world when it makes ready, but not as you and I know it. The woodchuck “holes up” in late September; the crows flock and select their rookery about the same time, and the small wood newts or lizards soon begin to migrate to the marshes. They all know winter is coming, just as much as the tree knows, when in August, it forms its new buds for the next year, or as the flower knows that its color and perfume will attract the insects, and no more. The general intelligence of nature settles all these and similar things.

When a bird selects a site for its nest, it seems, on first view, as if it must actually think, reflect, compare, as you and I do when we decide where to place our house. I saw a little chipping sparrow trying to

decide between two raspberry bushes. She kept going from one to the other, peering, inspecting, and apparently weighing the advantages of each. I saw a robin in the woodbine on the side of the house trying to decide which particular place was the best site for her nest. She hopped to this tangle of shoots and sat down, then to that, she turned around, she readjusted herself, she looked about, she worked her feet beneath her, she was slow in making up her mind. Did she make up her mind? Did she think, compare, weigh? I do not believe it. When she found the right conditions, she no doubt felt a pleasure and satisfaction, and that settled the question. An inward, instinctive want was met and satisfied by an outward material condition. In the same way the hermit crab goes from shell to shell upon the beach, seeking one to its liking. Sometimes two crabs fall to fighting over a shell that each wants. Can we believe that the hermit crab thinks and reasons? It selects the suitable shell instinctively, and not by an individual act of judgment. Instinct is not always inerrant, though it makes fewer mistakes than reason does. The red squirrel usually knows how to come at the meat in the butternut with the least gnawing, but now and then he makes a mistake and strikes the edge of the kernel, instead of the flat side. The cliff swallow will stick its mud nest under the eaves of a barn where the boards are planed so smooth that the nest sooner or later is bound to fall. It seems to have no judgment in the matter. Its ancestors built upon the face of high cliffs, where the mud adhered more firmly.

A wood thrush began a nest in one of my maples, as usual making the foundation of dry leaves, bits of paper and dry grass. After the third day the site on the branch was bare, the wind having swept away every vestige of the nest. As I passed beneath the tree I saw the thrush standing where the nest had been, apparently in deep thought. A few days afterward I looked again, and the nest was completed. The bird had got ahead of the wind at last. The nesting instinct had triumphed over the weather. Dogs often do things that look very much as if they were the result of some sort of mind process. I recall one incident of this kind.

A friend and I were camping in the woods by a trout stream not far from a farm house. The farmer had a collie dog that was very poorly fed. He used to come about our camp and pick up any scraps he could find, or that we threw him, and growing bold, tried to go through our pails and pans. To this we objected and drove him away with sharp words of reproof, probably backed up by a stone or stick. One afternoon my friend and I strolled over to the farmer's house for a little chat. The dog was lying beside him on the grass. The moment we

appeared the dog got up and walked off, straight toward our camp. In a moment my friend said, "Did you notice that dog? I have a feeling that he has gone to loot our camp." So we cut short our call and hastened back. Sure enough, there was the dog in the shallow water about our larder, with his nose in the butter pail, which he had uncovered. The moment he caught sight of us he sneaked away in the most guilty and shamefaced manner, and whenever during our stay we encountered him after that, he slunk away with a guilty look. Did the dog reason? Did he think "Now they are away, *therefore* I can help myself to their food"? Now dogs and other animals certainly have the power of association. One thing reminds them of another. My neighbor's dog associates me and my dog. Whenever he sees me passing he looks up and down the road and over the fields to see where my dog is, and he did this for two years after my dog died. In the case of the above collie, the moment he saw us he was reminded of the food in our camp, and his chronic hunger prompted him to go thither. He also associated us, too, with the check and reproof he had received there. It was all the result of a very simple mental process. Was it, indeed, any more than takes place in any animal when it sees that which has barred it from its food taken away? a door opened, a cover removed, a fence prostrated? My friend and I had stood between the collie and something he coveted. When he saw us out of the way his hunger asserted itself. If animals were not capable of being stimulated into activity by the memory of food which is at a distance from them, they would all soon perish. We can hardly say that such things imply reason; they imply the animal forms of perceptive intelligence.

There was a time when I used to think the grouse reasoned; because it would allow me to approach it more closely as it sat on its drumming log, or in a tree, when I walked boldly along making much noise and never aiming at concealment, than when I tried to creep upon it. But the truth is, the grouse had never suffered harm from animals that moved through the woods in this fashion; its real enemies—the fox, the lynx, etc.—were stealthy, and stalked it with very little noise. Hence such movements alone alarmed it.

A KNOWING COON.

As we sat by the fire one February day, an old woodsman told me a wonderful story of a coon he had tracked. He described how he found the tracks of the coon by a spring, in March, and had followed them to its den in a big red-oak tree on the mountain top. The sun had melted much of the snow, leaving many stones bare, and on these the coon had always stepped whenever he could. The woodsman emphasized this, assuring me that this was a most knowing coon, a cunning old dog coon that knew

the woodsman would be trying to follow his trail, and so he stepped on the stones to baffle him! The idea of this knowing old coon imagining or picturing to himself the trapper following his trail and being baffled wherever the coon had stepped on a stone, delighted the old woodsman exceedingly. He really thought this was what the coon had imagined as he ran through the woods. This is exactly the attitude of the "new school of natural study" and of most city people. But I had not looked for it from a real country man. The old raccoon had stepped on the stones that came in his way, to avoid the wet snow, no doubt, and get a better footing, just as you or I or any other beast, four-footed or two-footed, would have done.

SUICIDAL DUCKS.

Several correspondents have written me, touching the question raised in my September notes, of wounded ducks committing suicide. Four or five cases have been brought to my attention, of wounded ducks that have dived to the bottom and held fast to some object till they were dead. I do not for a moment dispute the fact; I only differ from my correspondents in my interpretation of the fact. My explanation of it is this: The wounded bird has but one impulse, and that is to hide from its enemy. If it were on the shore it would hide in the grass or weeds. In the water it dives, and in its death agony holds to some plant growth at the bottom. In all such cases the bird is no doubt mortally wounded and dies quickly. When it is not wounded unto death it swims under the water, seeks the shore, creeps out very cautiously and tries to escape in that way. The intent of deliberate suicide is of course absurd.

THE LEAP OF TROUT.

Mr. Arthur St. John Newberry, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has taken thousands of trout of all sizes, from an ounce to four pounds, from waters in nearly every section of Newfoundland, Canada and the United States, takes a sensible and practical view of the subject, yet is at a loss to understand just what was meant by trout leaping on a slack line, an explanation of which is given above. He writes:

"For a trout to leap from the water, when hooked to a long line and held under gentle pressure of the rod, is certainly not common, but I have seen it done in many instances. I remember one particular two-pound trout, caught in Munising Bay, Lake Superior, which leaped three times at the end of fifty feet of line, going straight up into the air like a bass, and have seen the same thing done in many cases and by trout of nearly all sizes. It is certain that trout rarely do this, but equally certain that they do occasionally, perhaps one out of every hundred I have caught leaped, certainly not more than that.

"I have found it the rare exception when black bass do not leap under similar conditions, and yet occasionally have seen a bass play entirely below the surface without jumping at all.

"According to my experience trout occasionally leap and black bass occasionally do not."

The two last paragraphs of Mr. Newberry's letter are comprehensive and conclusive.

WESTERN CANVAS-BACK SHOOTING

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

AS long back as Frank Forrester's time, canvas-back ducks were flying at Lake Koshkonong. Their flight at times darkens the skies in Puget Sound, and southward along the Pacific Coast. And while the Chesapeake Bay waters may still claim numbers of them in their pilgrimage from the far north, southward during the crisp November days, the sight of the broad wings of this king of all wild-fowl are now a familiar part of the duck-shooter's experiences in the middle West.

In Illinois, the variety of duck-shooting ranges from teal shooting in early September, down to wet cornfield, overflow, and timber shooting, and to the canvas-back, red-head, and blue-bill shooting over decoys, until the lakes and rivers freeze over. "Pass" shooting, "jumping" ducks, timber shooting on mallards and sport over the decoys in open water or along shore gives a constant change to this most fascinating of all recreation with the gun.

No bird that flies is so rightfully the hunter's admiration as the canvas-back duck. Averaging close to four pounds in weight, wary, hard to bring in to the decoys, tenacious of life, handsome, and lastly, a fine table bird, the canvas-back is indeed the monarch of the wild-fowl. To hunt him successfully requires knowledge of his habits, good marksmanship and a scientific accuracy in preparation, which includes many a minute, but essential detail.

To begin with, a large flock of decoys is needed. And they must be canvas-back decoys. The heedless blue-bills and the less cautious red-heads will come in to a bunch of decoys which may or may not have a liberal representation of their kind; but the fastidious canvas-back demands a goodly number of his brethren among the decoys before he will condescend to make the blind a visit. Not less than a hundred decoys are needed to make a good showing, and if two hundred, all the better. They should be heavily weighted, with strings of good length holding the weights. This will keep them from dragging or drifting in rough weather, or in sudden spurts of wind. They should be set out by an expert hunter, allowing for the location of the blind, the direction of the wind, and the general trend in which the flight of most of the birds is coming from.

The decoys must not be too far out, nor too near in; and they should of course present the appearance of a flock of live birds, as they ride the water. The proper setting out of the decoys, the shifting of them when changes in the wind makes that advisable, and the keeping them properly scattered and not allowing any of them to get upset is one of the particular angles of the game. A couple of upturned decoys will frighten away the keen-eyed wild-fowl, and if a decoy persists in up-ending, the best thing to

do is to bring it ashore and put it out of service.

Equal in importance is the building of the blind. If the blind is poorly constructed you will get no shooting, however well your decoys are placed. The blind should be as near the color, texture, and general appearance of the surrounding vegetation as can be. It must be as inconspicuous as possible. It ought to be made as nearly weather-tight as the builders can make it, for canvas-back shooting usually means an exposure to nipping winds and inclement weather.

If the blind is built on a willow point, thatch the blind with willows and have it well hidden from sight on all sides. A board blind, built like a box, can be thoroughly hidden by skilful work, and will be very comfortable to shoot from. A blind must not be too dark, nor too light from a distance. Too much care cannot be taken in this respect. It must blend with the willows, brush, dead grass or rushes, or whatever be the nature of the cover by which it is surrounded.

All blinds should have a narrow opening to slip out from and get the dead birds. If on shore this can be kept closed with a bunch of vegetation. If built in open water, the boat can be run in and out of this opening.

No paper, empty shells, tin cans or any thing of unusual color should be allowed to remain in or about a blind. A shelf, consisting of one broad board, when a shore blind is built, extends across in front of the shooters. On this the loaded shells are piled, and in the top board shallow, square notches are cut, in which to rest the guns. Another board at the back serves for a seat for all. If hay is used to make the seat more comfortable, it should conform, in color, to the blind. The thatch of vegetation, whether willows, grass or brush, should hide the blind, but not make it darker than the cover around it. It should be disposed about in a loose, natural way, and not too thick.

The clothing worn should be, as near as may be, the color of the vegetation. These bright buff hunting coats and shining yellow caps that you see on quail and snipe shooters, will never do in a duck blind in the late autumn when you are after canvas-backs. The growth about the lakes and rivers has deadened by that time, and the colors have darkened perceptibly. A very dark yellow, approaching brown, is the color best adapted for producing the proper blending with the colors of November vegetation.

Guns should be twelve gauge, and shot sizes from sixes to fours. A good load is chilled sixes in the right-hand barrel, and fours in the left-hand barrel. Full-choke guns are the best. A "pump" gun, or repeater is an exceedingly handy thing in a

blind, for cripples. Load it with shells charged with number eight shot, and it will save you birds in a day's shoot. When a duck is crippled, and swims away, about all that is visible is its head. The number eight load has several hundred grains in it, and a single one of these will end a cripple. As the pump gun is good for six shots in six seconds, it is a great cripple gatherer. No crippled bird should be left to die a lingering death, and the pump can often get them when a charge of fours or sixes, on account of the fewer grains in a load, would fail to lay them out.

A good rule is never to stand up in a blind. Ducks fly quickly, their sight is marvelously keen, and they can see a hunter "juke" down a mile away. Often a good shot is lost by some fellow wanting to stretch himself, or just take a peep around. You can never bring a duck by establishing yourself as a look-out, but you can often miss a good chance by it.

One necessary adjunct of a well-equipped blind, is a pair of powerful field-glasses. You can sweep the lake for miles with them, and locate a cripple as easily as if it were ten feet away. To chase and recover a wounded deep-water duck such as the canvas-back, blue-bill or red-head requires a hawk-like vision, a hunter's judgment and quick shooting. They dive, dodge and swim under water when pursued, and a quick shot, as the head appears, is the only hope to get one.

There should be one man in the blind to give the word when to rise and shoot. The word may be "Now!" or "Soak 'em!" but it should be given by one man always, so as to prevent confusion. When a bunch comes in, supposing there are three men in the blind, the first birds go to the man at the other end from where they come in, the middle birds are for the center man, and the last birds are for the first man as they come in. If they wheel in as if to settle, presenting a rank in front, or to the right or left quarter, then the left-hand man takes the left-hand birds, the right-hand man the right-hand birds, and the man in the cen-

ter picks his birds from among the middle ones. Experienced hunters seldom ever shoot at the same duck, although sometimes a man fixes his eye on a left-hand duck which shifts suddenly to a middle bird or *vice versa*.

Canvas-back generally appear high up in the skies over a body of water. As they see the decoys they will drop down a certain distance and begin to circle around the lake. They rarely ever rush in like the reckless blue-bills, but proceed to deliberately investigate. They may circle as many as five or six times before they are satisfied as to the outlook. And during this time, with their guns resting against the top board of the blind, the hunters must wait, absolutely motionless. The slightest turn of the head, the moving of a finger along a gun-barrel, the hitch of a shoulder, the least possible movement, yes, even a loud-spoken word, will be noticed by these wary birds, and they will swing away. Here, too, the set of the decoys, the way they are placed, and the color and general appearance of the blind all count heavily as to the outcome.

What a glorious sight it is! Full seventy-five great birds are sweeping in, rank on rank, straight for the decoys. Right gallantly they come, into the jaws of death. The waters of the lake ripple against the shore, the decoys bob up and down alluringly. Nearer and nearer—they are only about seventy yards away now. Their long necks are outstretched, their broad wings are bringing them in easily and rapidly. Forty yards away now, low to the water, and coming in beautifully.

And then the ambush is unmasked. A dozen sharp reports split the air; the birds break in confusion, climb upward, and plunge down again to the water—a wild sprawl of beating wings.

The water ripples along the shore. The decoys bob up and down alluringly. Far northeast a line of wild-fowl flies. With the field-glasses their flight shows the canvas-back, high up and fading swiftly in the November skies.

THE GROUSE DOES DRINK

THERE appears to be some doubt in certain quarters over the way in which the ruffed grouse drinks. While I am convinced that the birds very often take drops of water from foliage, there is no sound reason why they should depend upon "rale mountain dew," or any other brand of dew, for their regular tippie. I have seen a captive grouse drink from a shallow earthenware saucer—not once, but many times. The bird dipped and raised its bill, somewhat like a bantam fowl does, but

with a peculiarly dainty action, followed by what looked like a rather prolonged tasting of each drop—as some connoisseur might sample wine. There are plenty of captive grouse. Any owner of one can solve the problem by removing all water for a reasonable time, and then placing some within the bird's reach. If it doesn't drink, that's no sign that it doesn't know how, but rather that it doesn't happen to harbor a thirst at that particular moment.

SOME VICTORIES IN GOLF

By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THE participation of the British title holder in the women's national championship gave a certain interest to the meeting; otherwise it would have been a dull affair indeed. Conclusive it assuredly was not, for Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Manice and Mrs. Horne were among the absentees, and none of the novices showed hopeful proficiency, unless we except Miss Ayers, who lasted through two rounds and showed fairly good form.

On paper, the Boston contingent was by far the strongest, but the luck of the draw compelled the New England players to kill each other off and so smoothed Miss Bishop's progress to the finals. Indeed, the showing made by such really strong players as the Misses Curtis, Miss Osgood and Miss Wells was distinctly disappointing. Miss Bishop was at least consistent in her work, and so deserves the honor that finally fell to her. Undoubtedly Mrs. Stout could have walked through the field had she been a contestant.

Bearing in mind Miss Rhona Adair's triumphal progress of a year ago, much curiosity was shown in Miss Dod's work. She showed a game that was well-balanced, but hardly brilliant. Miss Dod was a tennis expert before she took up golf, and has many triumphs on the courts to her credit. But her golf is of the "made" order, with consequent limitations. It is true that the hardness of the ground at Merion had an unfortunate effect upon her iron play, but the really "class" golfer must be able to deal with such contingencies as they arise. We all remember Harry Vardon's wonderful work on links good, bad and marvelously indifferent. Miss Dod was able to lead the field at medal play (tying with Miss Vanderhoff and Miss Harriet Curtis), but she fell down in the first match round, losing by 2 and 1 to Miss Mackay. And in the international match, played at Toronto, between teams of American and British golfers, Miss Dod lost again to Miss Bishop, who therefore added fresh luster to her brand-new title. The entry list was large and representative, as usual, one player coming from as far West as Los Angeles. As usual, again there was one day of atrocious weather. It would seem that the middle of October is a trifle late for this meeting. The greens are never good at this time in the autumn, on account of worm casts, and the shortness of the days is an added factor of uncertainty. The last week in September would seem to be a better date for this fixture.

Harvard seems to be as preëminent at golf as she used to be at tennis in the good

old days of Dick Sears and his successors. The Cambridge University has now won the Intercollegiate team championship in six out of the nine years since the event was instituted, Yale holding the honors on the other three occasions. Neither Pennsylvania nor Columbia has ever made a serious bid for the honor, and Princeton has been consistently promising on paper and disappointing in execution. This year the Nassau players were again picked to fight it out with Harvard, but they lost to Yale in the first round, only one Princeton man scoring for his team, and Reinhart, the individual titleholder, being seven down to Max Behr.

Harvard smothered Pennsylvania (the latter being minus the services of two regular players) by a score of 99 to 0 (actual holes). Indeed, the victory might have been made even more crushing had not the Harvard men let up during the afternoon round. Chandler Egan, who led his man by 11 up in the morning, merely halved the afternoon play, being too generous a sportsman to rub it in.

Harvard won from Yale by a comfortable margin in the finals, although Behr had the consolation of breaking even with H. C. Egan. The collegians still stick to their private scoring system, under which the team scoring the majority of matches won, is supposed to get the decision. As every golfer knows, a team may win on the tally of matches played and yet lose on a total of holes through the overwhelming defeat of a single player. This seems to be unjust, but there is argument on the other side. In baseball or in football the errors of one player may lose the game for his team, and why not so in golf? The better players do not always win, and the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link.

For some unexplained reason (surely not lack of sportsmanship) the Yale golfers, with one exception, did not take part in the individual championship. It is a great pity that Behr should not have improved the opportunity, for the title was within his grasp, he being at the top of his game and Chandler Egan showing the strain of his strenuous season. As it was, White of Harvard won from the national champion, in a closely contested match for the final honor.

Both the Chicago and Onwentsia clubs desire the national amateur meeting for 1905, and the contest will probably be lively enough to recall old times. Onwentsia stole a march on Chicago by getting in its application ahead, but the latter club will probably be able to muster more supporters among the Western delegates.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE BEGINNER

THE DARK ROOM

By L. W. BROWNELL

MUCH of the success of a photograph depends upon how the negative is treated in the dark room, and therefore it is, while not absolutely necessary, still very essential that the dark room should be properly made and conveniently equipped.

In the first place, this room need not be large. Four feet square is plenty of space, but another foot added will make it a little more roomy. My advice is not to attempt to use the bath-room or some closet for a dark room. These places are never as convenient as they might be and, besides, the operation is bound to be more or less injurious to the bath-tub or wash-bowl. It is much better to build a room in some out-of-the-way corner, such as the garret or cellar. The latter place is the better, especially if it contains a furnace, for it is apt to be cool in summer and correspondingly warm and comfortable in winter, and the temperature of your dark room is a great consideration.

It should be built of about one-inch planks and, as I have said, four or five feet square, with a door that will shut tightly, on one side. The boards should be dove-tailed, so that no particle of white light can come through any crack. On one side, at a height of about three feet from the floor, should be cut a hole about one foot square, which should be covered with a piece of ruby glass, and a shade that can be pulled down to shut out all light when necessary, should be hung over this, inside.

Just underneath this window should be placed the developing shelf. It should extend the full width of the room, and if another one should be placed beneath it to hold the hypo trays it would be a great convenience and obviate all chances of splashing hypo into the developer. It is a great convenience to have running water in the dark room, and it would be very inexpensive to have a plumber run a pipe to it and put up a small sink at one end of the developing bench. The convenience of it would fully compensate for the outlay.

On the right-hand side of the room should be built two shelves, one for loading and unloading the plate-holders and the other for holding the empty plate-holders, boxes of plates and any other paraphernalia which it is found necessary to take into the dark room.

On the left-hand side two more shelves should be placed, one for holding the developers and the other the developing trays. It is well to have plenty of shelf room, so that things may not be crowded, and it is also well to have one place for each thing and always keep it in that place, for it is often necessary to work quickly and the success of a picture sometimes depends upon one's being able to place his hands upon a bottle or other object

without taking his eyes from the plate he is developing.

The source of light should come from outside the window, for if gas or a lamp is used inside it would quickly over-heat the small space of the dark room. Of course, electric light is the best and most convenient, and if the house is wired for electricity, a wire can be run to the dark room and a bulb hung outside the window at almost no cost. A lamp, however, placed on a small shelf outside the window, will answer all purposes.

If ruby glass for this window is not easily obtainable, then common window glass covered with three or four thicknesses of orange postoffice paper will answer. This, however, is more opaque than the ruby glass and consequently does not admit as much light with the same amount of safety. The curtains over the window should be made of some dark material that will shut out all light, for it is sometimes almost absolutely necessary to work in the dark.

This dark room should always be kept clean and free from dust, for in photography cleanliness counts far more than godliness, for godliness will not make a picture, while cleanliness will oftentimes aid materially in doing so. Therefore, as I say, the room should be kept as clean as possible; the shelves frequently dusted, especially the ones used for changing plates, and one should always be careful not to splash or spill his developer or hypo any more than he can avoid. Of course there are careless, sloppy workers in this as well as any other profession, but the careless worker is never the one who obtains the best results.

A towel should always hang in the dark room, on which to wipe the hands, and this should be made of some cheap material, for the chemicals used in photography all stain more or less badly, and a towel soon loses all semblance of whiteness.

The door of this room should be weather-stripped, in order to preclude any possibility of light coming through the cracks, and it is always a good idea to have it fitted with a lock and key, in order to keep inquisitive people from annoying you while you are at work and from upsetting your arrangement of things when you are away.

This describes a dark room that can be built at little cost, but which is absolutely convenient and complete.

It may be well to add that no plate will stand too strong a light, even though that light may be red or orange, without becoming fogged. Much of the ruby glass that is sold is very poor for photographic work, and it is always a wise precaution to test the glass with a spectroscope before using it, to be certain that the white ray is entirely eliminated.

OUTING

FOR JANUARY

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New Year's Greetings.

OUTING

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JANUARY, 1905

No. 4

LINNET-SINGING AS AN EAST LONDON DIVERSION

By RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the "scale of charges" for advertisements you will find published daily in the "Sporting Life" of London the following paragraph:

"Where money is given as prizes, under Rowing, Billiards, Bagatelle, Boxing, *Bird Singing*, Cycling, Coddam, Dog Racing, Rabbit Coursing, Swimming, Skittles, Pigeon Flying, Quoits, Wrestling," etc.

In this column may appear such a challenge as this:

"Mr. Hibbard will sing a linnet against a linnet, an home and home match, for two pounds a side. A match can be made by calling at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, any evening after 8 P.M."

Bird singing as a sport, therefore, has a recognized journalistic status along with such fascinating diversions as coddam and skittles; but to find the haunts of the linnet, its owners and backers, you must leave the London of the tourist and seek the East End. Here in the midst of what the social scientist calls the "Lower Strata," the "Other Half" or the "Submerged Tenth," there is as keen and lively a sporting spirit as flourishes on the sleek cricket fields of the "Upper Classes," or on the crowded race-courses of Newmarket and Epsom Downs.

In the little, swarming streets off Whitechapel Road, down through Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, linnet-singing is the pastime of thousands and the business of scores of men, who will bet themselves to a standstill over the sweet-voiced rivalries of two wee, brown birds caged on the wall of some public house whose reputation makes respectability timorous of intrusion. The hard-faced "East Ender," whose chiefest joy is a bloody "limited round go" in the prize ring of Harry Jacob's Wonderland in Whitechapel, may be seen next night in the back room of Tom Symond's "pub," sitting in breathless silence, and behind locked doors, with a hundred of his kind, while his linnet sings a match for "pleasant song," and a stake of ten shillings a side.

There was never a more incongruous sport than this, yet despite its gambling interest, inseparable from all kinds of popular English sport, it is to rejoice that so sentimental and whimsical a pastime makes many a bright spot in the clouded life of the East End. To those who do not know, it may be well to explain that the vocal school of the linnet in the world of sport is as thoroughly systematized and as fast bound by tradition as the preparatory



Young linnets, such as are caught in the snare of the fowler.

training for grand opera. This is no haphazard issue of betting which of two birds will sing longest, or loudest, or sweetest. Every detail of a match is fixed by unwritten law molded through many generations of referees, time-keepers, scorers and owners.

It was my good fortune to be instructed by the two leading authorities of East London, Jack Hibbard, who acts as referee in all important matches, and "Brummy" Meadows, an infallible court of last resort in all branches of sport beloved of the masses. It was "Brummy" Meadows, who interpreted much of the explanation proffered by Jack Hibbard, for the latter expert was so full of the technical mysteries of his calling that he waxed impatient when the novice failed instantly to grasp the difference between "rough song" and "pleasant song," or between a "jouk" and a "chuckle."

In the early autumn, when the birds have molted and are in prime song, the linnet is taken on a circuit of the public house where its prowess is tested, and its training assisted. Sometimes fifty or more small cages will be seen on the walls of a "pub." These contain the promising linnets of "sporty" enthusiasts, who leave their birds several days in one "pub" in order that they may pick up songs, or add finish to their repertoire, by hearing the piping efforts of scores of their little comrades. The East End "pub" is, therefore, the natural focus both for challenges and matches, and here is where the seeker

must fare to listen to the most learned arguments in this field of accomplishment. The conditions of a match are based upon purely technical differences in the singing powers of the linnet. This little bird of the English fields and hedgerows, has a certain round of melody, every note of which is known by ear to the expert. He quotes the various songs of the repertoire when he is talking birds, as in discussing an opera you would refer to the airs by their names, or by their opening lines. A linnet cannot pipe more than two notes before his owner and others interested know which song he has begun.

No attempt is made to teach the linnet set musical airs as is done with the goldfinch. The finished performer sings his own native songs in faultless style, and when he begins one of his several warbles he goes through to the end without flaw or variation. When his owner discusses this list of songs by name, the conversation seems to be broken by a series of whistles. As near as can be imitated on paper, such comment goes like this:

"Th'— bird begun on 'Tolic-e-keequay,' and I'm blown if he didn't stop, an' make another start, an' make a try at 'Tolic-lug-arkee,' an' then chuck it hup."

All matches are guided by this list of known songs, or catches of song, and the opera singer faces no sterner critic than does the linnet, for both songsters must sing as it is written, or be judged at fault. From time beyond reckoning, the linnet's singing vocabulary has been fixed and set

into the two divisions known as "pleasant song" and "rough song." The first consists of a list of refrains, each of which contains more than four notes or syllables. If a match is made for "pleasant song," then the contesting birds must stick to their more complicated strains, else they are scored against. In such a match, if the linnet interjects one or more of the shorter or "rough songs," each fault is chalked against him by the score-keeper, and appears in the final totals. If the stipulation is for "rough song," then the bird may use these contracted or easier sequences of notes, and receive perfect marks. The birds which can be backed to sing only "pleasant song" are the grand opera stars of the bird stage in East London.

The list of "pleasant songs," as compiled by Referee Jack Hibbard, is that used everywhere birds are matched in the "East End," and was written out by him with painstaking care. It looks like so much gibberish, but it must be remembered that it is as simple to the linnet expert as if you were to write a list of the popular songs now being played by the street organs in New York. Here is the repertoire of "pleasant song":

- (1) Tolic-e-kee-quay kerwheet.
- (2) Tolic-e-kee-quay.
- (3) Tolic-tuck-wizey.
- (4) Tolic-bargy-wheet.
- (5) Tolic-joe-y-tuck-wizey.
- (6) Tolic-chow-arkee-wheet.
- (7) Tolic-quay-kee-wheet.
- (8) Tolic-e-kee-poy-chow-wheet.
- (9) Tolic-lug-arkee-wheet.
- (10) Tolic-lug-ar-see.

The list of "rough song" of an inferior quality is as follows:

- (1) Tolic-chow.
- (2) Tuck-wheet.
- (3) Tuck-joe-y.
- (4) E-kee-quay.
- (5) Tolic-fear.
- (6) Tolic-wheet
- (7) Lug-see.

When a match is arranged for a Sunday afternoon in Tom Symond's famous "pub," where Jem Mace and other

pugilistic lights of other days had their headquarters, the birds and the audience retire to a quiet back room. The doors are locked, and the cages hung from opposite walls. The officials sit round a table in the middle of the room, and behind them crowds a rare collection of Shoreditch and Whitechapel "sports," rough to look at, but now they are as meek as mice, and as quiet as if turned to stone. The time-keeper makes ready his stop-watch, and the score-keepers arrange their sheets. Each bird has its own scorer who "chalks" its successes and failures through the match. Behind these two stands the "looker-over," whose duty it is to see that the "chalking" is correct and that the totals are properly added. The referee completes the list of officials, and his sphere of activity is limited to passing on disputed points. The match continues through a period of fifteen minutes by the stop-watch.



Tom Symond's "Pub" in Shoreditch, where linnet matches flourish.

When the referee says "Now," the watch is started, but this does not mean that the birds are yet engaged in any rivalry. They sit on their little perches in silence and the crowd sits in silence watching them. Perhaps four or five minutes pass before a note is heard from either cage, or one bird may begin to sing without much delay. However, the performance is wholly optional with the birds. Presently one of the rivals pipes up his opening lay. This is called the "lead-off." The first note of a song is called the "chuckle." Perhaps the bird which makes the "lead-off" may stop with this "chuckle" and not finish his song. The stimulus is enough to start the other bird, however, and he in turn makes his "chuckle," and then without a break performs the whole of his repertoire of ten "pleasant songs."

The sulky bird is frenzied at this superiority, and to make up for lost time sings as if its heart would break. Both scorers are busy now "chalking the scores" as fast as their pencils can fly. To the untrained ear, the torrent of piping notes is hopelessly intermingled, and even when one bird is singing alone, it is impossible to tell where one song ends and another begins.

Now one linnet trills on while the other seems to listen. The soloist hesitates, his song breaks, and the scorer chalks one against his tally. The other bird picks it up and receives an adverse mark because he has warbled a "rough song." This sweet piping, now intermittent, now swelling in a very ecstasy of silvery melody, now silenced, absorbs the attention of the audience, while just beyond the closed door a horde of bloated men and slatternly women are drinking themselves more sodden with blasphemous and vulgar merriment. The birds are all of purity and sentiment and sweetness that can be found in this East End "pub," and they sing as gladly as if green fields were their environment.

In the midst of the music the stopwatch clicks, the match is finished, and the audience crowds to the table to look over the "chalks," and learn the winner as soon as the totals are added. The door into the "pub" is opened, the stakeholders disburse the shillings and half-crowns entrusted to them, and oaths and wrangling follow, as unholy echoes of the sing-

ing carnival. Yet there must be a softening influence somewhere in this sentimental pastime you think, and, at least, the linnets do not suffer from neglect or abuse. They are petted and well cared for, and their owners are genuinely fond of them, especially when a "champion bird" will bring from ten to twenty-five dollars. As much as a hundred dollars has been paid for a feathered artist surpassingly accomplished in "pleasant song."

Every sport has its tricks, and the wily sportsman has ways that are dark in getting the other fellow's shillings in a linnet match. One stratagem occasionally successful is known as "working with a dummy bird." This is possible only in a three or four-bird match, in which there are "trial heats."

One owner, for example, enters, among his lot, a "champion bird," of which the opposing owner is afraid. The latter, instead of entering his best bird against the "champion," puts in a "dummy," that is, a linnet which can't or won't sing. The watch is started, and the "champion" waits for his rival to "lead off." The "dummy" sulks in silence, without even a "chuckle." The "champion" waits a while, and then tries it alone. There is no reply from the cage on the opposite wall.

The "champion" is not used to giving this solo performance. He stops singing, waits for a tuneful response, cocks his head at his silent rival, and tries it again. Alas, the "dummy" flings back no spirited defiance, and the singer begins to feel discouraged. He will not keep up his "pleasant song" alone, his refrain falters, breaks off, and the "champion" has lost heart.

But he wins the round, and is therefore pitted against a second linnet. This time the crafty opponent hangs up *his* best bird against the "champion." But the linnet which was in such fine fettle at the beginning now has his innings of discouragement. The "champion" tried his best in the first round, could awake no reply from his rival, and now refuses to continue such dispiriting exertions. He sulks in silence, or pipes a few jerky and querulous fragments, and is beaten by the inferior bird. The "dummy" accomplished the crafty purpose sought.

"Th' trick don't always work," said my friend, the referee. "I knewed a man, do



A lover of birds, who makes a bit of country in crowded London.

y' see, what put in a dummy bird, and the other bloke thought he was so bloomin' hartful that he put in a dummy bird. So here was two dummies like, each man thinkin' th' hother bird was a champion. We waited the whole fifteen minutes, fifty of us, do y' see, an' in a manner of speakin', it was that still and 'ot, our tongues was hanging hout. An' neyther one of the two birds sung a note. They wuz two dummies, do y' see, an' we wuz 'and-somely done."

Most of the linnet experts of the East End make this sport their evening diversion. Those who work all day sally forth after supper, with one or two small cages carefully wrapped in old shawls, and tucked under their arms. If you see a man with a bundle under his arm walking along Bethnal Green Road, and taking uncommon care that he be not jostled in the crowds, it is more than likely that he is on his way to a "pub," where the linnet fanciers gather.

There he meets his friends who have brought their birds along. Over a round of "bitter," or "Johnny Walker," they talk shop, and try to get a match on. If there is an interesting discussion, and a bird of prowess is in the issue, the landlord may contribute several shillings toward a stake, knowing that the audience will buy considerable beer after their ordeal in the closed back room.

The owners may be rubbing a few shillings together in their pockets and "fancy they will back their birds for a bit of a race," and the match is soon arranged. If the contest promises a good quality of sport, scouts depart hurriedly to find Jack Hibbard, or "Brummy" Meadows, or some other official of exalted reputation. The most famous contests have been held at Tom Symond's, and, very properly, he has one of the best "champion" birds in all the East End.

"How much would you sell that bird for?" he was asked.

"Not for five pounds, even if you flash it on me falterin' vision without warnin'," was his reply. "Havn't I won fifty pounds off him in the last year? An' didn't Sammy Watts get five guineas for a bird that couldn't sing within the length of Mile End Road with my bird?"

Catching and selling linnets is a profitable industry of the East End. The poor

of London are singularly fond of birds as pets. Two whole blocks of one street in Bethnal Green are lined with bird-stores, quite the prettiest sight in all this teeming center of population. Their cages hang by hundreds on the front walls, and the birds fill the street with melody from morning to night. Here are linnets, whole blocks of them, and larks and doves by scores, until, looking down this odd and unexpected vista, it seems as if there were birds enough in sight to fill all the homes of East London with song. New York has nothing like it, nor is there such a bird colony as this in the poor quarters of any other large city. The accompanying photographs, taken in this street of birds, were made at random from more than a score of such picturesque shops.

The followers of linnet-singing buy many birds from these stores, but the trade is chiefly among those who buy them for their homes. The expert sportsman prefers to catch and train his own linnets for singing matches. He goes into the fields beyond London in the spring, when the young broods of linnets are still nestlings, and searches them out with a hand-net. He will bag a dozen or more in a short time, and perhaps place them all back in their nests. Sometimes he will capture three dozen young birds in a day and take home only two or three. His trained eye condemns those which have not the marks of the promising songster. The few that seem to suit the requirements are carefully reared, with many traditional oddities of feeding which are supposed to increase their singing powers. There is no such thing as "teaching" them, for, as has been explained, the linnet sings at his own sweet will and in his own way. His repertoire is made complete by permitting him to hear the efforts of many other birds, and here his education ends.

A remarkable fact about this singular pastime, vouched for by the authorities, is that the linnet of to-day is not as versatile a performer as were the "champions" of fifty and more years ago. The plaint that "the birds ain't what they were" seems to be well founded, for octogenarians who still totter into East End "pubs" to strain their dulled hearing for the linnet's note, say that in their boyhood the birds had more songs. The explanation is beyond both the writer and his informants.



One of a score of bird shops in a little East End street.



Officials scoring a linnet match. "Brummy" Meadows, time keeper, seated at the right of the table. Referee Jack Hibbard standing just behind him.

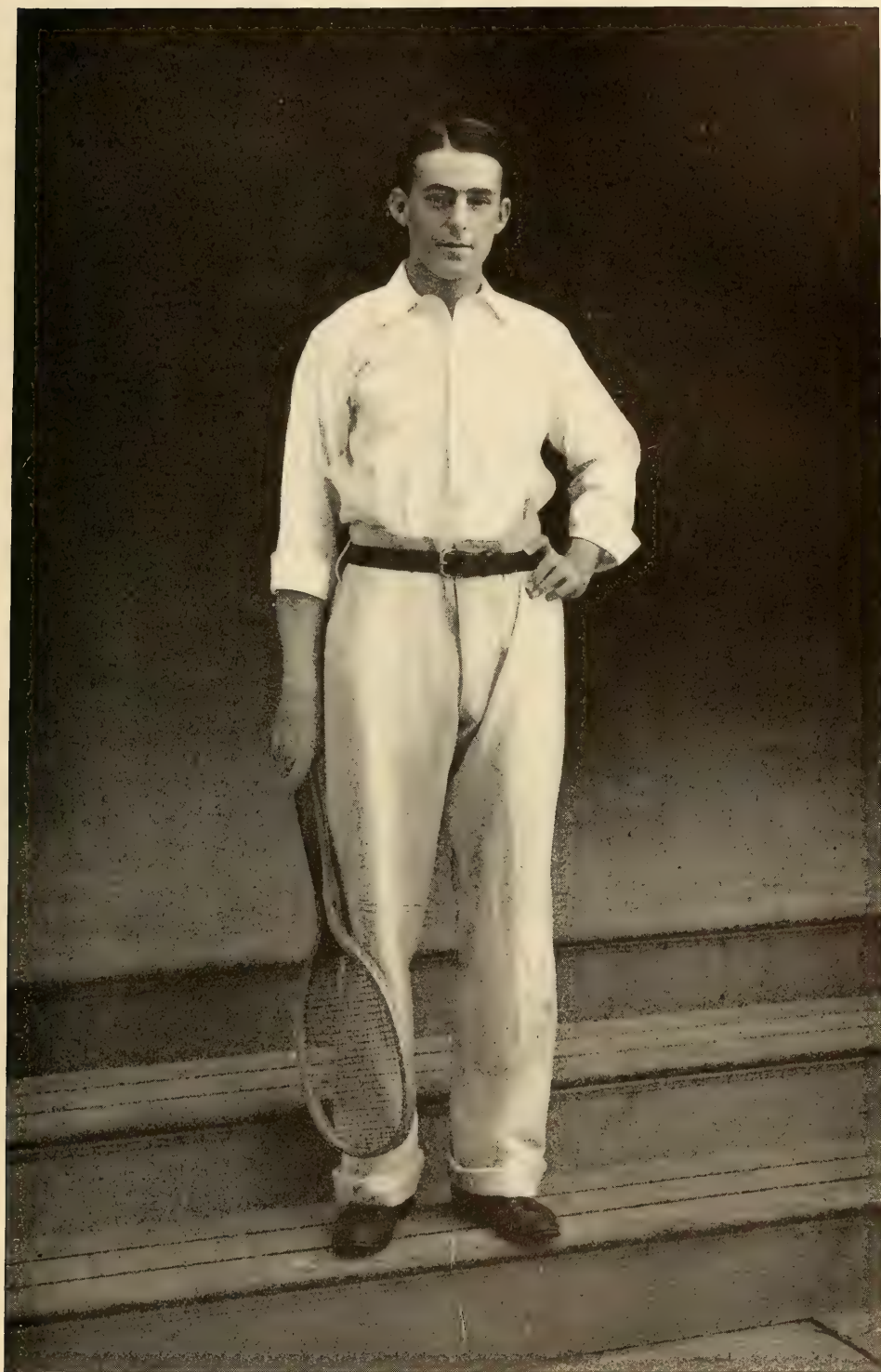
If the singing birds were bred in captivity, it might be plausible to assume that their power of song had diminished after a caged life of many generations. On the contrary, the fanciers prefer to catch wild nestlings

and raise them. But this question leaves the field of sport for that of ornithology, while linnet-singing as a pastime will long remain a unique feature of the life of East London.



A Whitechapel corner and a halt for a little gossip. The young man in the foreground is typical of the linnet-singing enthusiasts of the East End.

SOME CHAMPIONS OF 1904



Holcombe Ward, Lawn Tennis Champion of America.

Photograph by Alman & Co.



Thomas F. Kiely, the Irish All-round Individual Champion of America.

Photograph by S. W. Penfield.



Photograph by T. C. Turner

H. Chandler Egan, Amateur Golf Champion of America.



C. R. Snowden

J. E. Cowdin

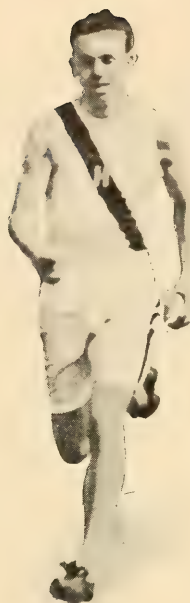
J. M. Winters, Jr. Lawrence & Winters

Copyright 1910 by N. W. Purfield

The Wanderers Polo Four that beat another packed four, the Free-sooters, preceding Fathal Keene, D. Milburn, Joshua Crane and R. L. Agassiz for the supremacy of America.



Victor—Yale.
High jump 6 ft. 1-8 in.



Dives—Harvard.
Quarter, 49 1-5 seconds.



Clapp—Yale.
Hurdles, 15 4-5 seconds.



Sheffield—Yale.
Broad jump, 21 ft. 10 3-4 in.



Shevlin—Yale.
Hammer, 152 ft. 8 in.



Schick—Harvard.
100 yds., 9 4-5 seconds.

The American First Place Winners in Harvard-Yale-Oxford-Cambridge-dual Athletic Meet.



Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.

A lot of wild geese, borne on the pinions of the wind, were coming with a grand sweep toward our blind.

A CLOSE CALL

AN EPISODE OF BRANT SHOOTING

By ALEXANDER HUNTER

DRAWINGS BY HY. S. WATSON

THE shooting of all other kind of waterfowl is a mere pastime as compared to hunting the brant. One can build a blind in the reeds at the end of a peninsula, promontory, or an island, for wild ducks and geese, where, well protected from the icy winds, warm and comfortable, royal pleasure may be had in shooting canvas-back, red-head, black duck, pin-tails and shovelers, over the decoys; or he can build a cozy shelter on the banks of some creek that runs through the marshes and sea-meadows, and try his marksmanship on the black ducks. But he may sit in those land blinds during the whole winter and never see a brant hovering over the decoys, for that wary game-bird gives a wide berth to marsh, cape, island or mainland and feeds only in the open a half mile or more away from shore.

You may call the suspicious wild goose to the decoys, and even induce the cautious swan to come within shot, but there is no call, no lure ever devised that will induce that king of the waterfowl, the brant, to come within range of the heaviest caliber shot-gun. Unlike the black duck, they love a crowd, and like the canvas-back they gather in great flocks of their own species. In the early morning and evening they ride the waters in vast numbers and are quick to leave the water at the sight of any craft. They do not investigate, and have no sense of curiosity, and take wing at the slightest alarm. At low water the sand shoals are black with unnumbered thousands, and it is simply exasperating for the sportsman to gaze at them and know that if he tries to creep up within shot, their sentinels, well posted a hundred yards or so on the front, rear and flank, will give the alarm and in a second, with a noise like thunder, the huge mass will rise high in air and alight only when they reach a wide expanse of water where there is no boat in sight. Yet brant hunting is the most fascinating sport of all water shoot-

ing. To knock over one of these birds, going like the wind, fully repays the sportsman for many a long wait, and the risk only gives the sport a keener flavor.

Just before one Christmas I wrote to Roy Masters and Bruce Singleton that I was going after brant, and arranged to meet them at Bayview, a hamlet close to the coast. Going down a day earlier to get things in shape I found Jake Martin the master of the little sloop, and Jerry, his assistant, with everything in readiness. The next evening when my companions arrived, we all went immediately aboard the vessel, and were soon humming down the broadwater before a stiff breeze, running into an estuary at dark, not over a mile from Smith Island.

The first three or four days were windy but clear, and we had some good sport shooting black duck in the creeks, marshes, and sea-meadows, with spasmodic luck among the shovelers; but not a crack at the brant which we saw by the thousands only half a mile away. However, a sportsman must take the fat with the lean, so we enjoyed the days fully, knowing a change of weather must soon occur to give us the chance we longed for.

One morning the skipper awoke us, saying "there is going to be a change of weather, and I think you all will have a good chance at the brant to-day."

My companions hurriedly got out of their bunks and began to dress in the dim light of the swinging lantern, but as it was not my day out I turned over and was soon in a profound slumber. It seemed to me I had hardly closed my eyes when I was aroused by Jerry shaking me violently, who said a storm seemed likely, and he had signaled the two men in the blind to come back; but they did not appear to understand, and were banging away at the ducks right and left. Dressing quickly, I went on deck where the two boatmen were work-

ing with a will to lower a boat and go after my companions.

The weather outlook was certainly portentous. It was after dawn but the sky was black as ink, with the wind rising. For a while I clung to the mast, watching the war of the elements; but as a tornado swept across the wide waste of waters, with snow in a great, gray cloud, I hurriedly retreated below and closed the hatches. The sloop heaved, dipped and heeled until I thought she would be blown over on her side, while every mast, spar and rope creaked, rasped and hummed, each in its own language. I felt no anxiety about the absent ones for their guides, born and bred on the coast, could outface any storm that blew, and I fancied my companions, by now, must be safe on land.

The whole day passed with the storm showing no sign of dying, and when the next morning dawned and nobody came, I grew seriously alarmed; but I was as much a prisoner as if I were an inhabitant of a convict ship off Boulogne. There was no boat—not even a skiff about the vessel, so it was with a glad heart I welcomed a boat of the life-saving service, which shortly brought me news of the safety of the crew and guests. When I reached camp, Bruce told me the following story of their experience. He said:

It was pitch dark when we reached the deck, and we had to be very careful in getting into our boat, for the wind had risen

during the night and the water was choppy and rough. By the light of the lantern we stowed away our traps. Jake, who had already loaded the other boat with decoys, started off first and we soon followed, guided by the gleam of the ship's lamp which Jerry had placed in the bow of the boat. It was bitterly cold, and the salt spray on our clothing froze as it fell. We could not see a yard ahead but the air was vibrant with sounds that were sweetest melody to the sportsman's ear: the swish of the wildfowl's wings, the splash as they sprang from the water, was all around us. In a half-hour we reached the blind, and the two guides anchored the last of the decoys: some two hundred and fifty in number. After our boat was shoved into its place of concealment, the skipper said he and Jerry were going back to the sloop, but would hover around the blind when day broke and gather in any game we might kill. The two then disappeared and we were left alone.

When day broke we looked around and took in the scene. A half-mile off was the lofty lighthouse tower at Smith Island silhouetted against the murky sky; close to it was the life-saving station. In front, about two hundred yards away, was the sand beach that separated the ocean from the broadwater; in the rear, in plain sight, was our sloop tugging at her anchors, and pitching violently. The surf was booming sullenly on the bar, and as the morning advanced the clouds grew denser and blacker.

Roy called my attention to the sloop, and turning, I saw the skipper and his companions waving their hats frantically. Now, whether they were signaling us to return or wishing us good luck we did not stop to speculate, for just at that moment a big bunch of mallard came heading straight for the decoys, that were riding the waves like things of life, and it was a pretty sight to see the ducks set their wings as they approached. We used our number twelve as they hovered over the decoys, and then dropped. We had hardly replaced ourselves when we both hurriedly exchanged our guns for heavy-caliber ones, and instead of using the standard No. 4 shot, we took shells loaded with double B, for a lot of wild geese and a couple of swans, borne on the pinions of the wind that was now rising into a gale, were com-





ing with a grand sweep toward our blind. We sat silent and allowed them to come directly over us. How large the swans looked; their necks seemed as long as fishing-poles!

I chose the one on the right and I could catch the gleam of his questioning eyes as he turned his head first on one side and then the other.

"Now give it to them," I shouted, and raised my gun. In an instant the powerful wings of the great bird beat the air with tremendous strokes; he was soaring upward when I pulled trigger, and slantwise he hurtled downward. Roy killed his bird and it fell dead among the decoys with outspread wings.

It then began to snow and trouble was brewing, for protected as we were by the cedar trees that formed the blind, yet we could feel the swell of the billows as they came in rapid succession; but we had no time to think of our situation for the brant flocked around the decoys in a way I had never seen in all my experience. The tempest had scattered the flock into fragments, and in flying about they had caught sight of our immense raft of decoys and came up circling around us fearlessly. Such sport as we had for a quarter of an hour surpassed our wildest hopes.

Had it been raining, one could say it came in torrents, but being snow, it seemed to blot out the world; so fierce was the wind that the flakes came horizontally and we had to turn our backs to the blast. We could not see the wildfowl until within a few feet of us, and then we found it was like aiming at shadows. We did not realize our position; the roar of the tempest, the shrieks of the seafowls, the blinding gale, the darting birds, the firing and loading gave us a sporting fever that made us temporarily mad. How long it lasted we did not know, but we were recalled to our senses by the sight of our decoys dragging off. The water was about three feet deep and each decoy had six feet of line held by a four-pound mushroom anchor, yet such was the fury of the wind that they were blown away as literally as if unhampered. We laid our guns down and looked into each other's eyes; then Roy shouted to me to hang onto the cedar bushes which were nearly submerged, for if the boat should get loose we would be gone.

"Where are the guides?" yelled Roy.

I screamed back that they couldn't find us in such a blinding snow storm.

After a little while I told my companion to shoot off his gun at regular intervals of ten or twenty seconds. The tide had swept in from the sea and our boat had risen to the top of the blinds, but the cedars still held,





and I clung to them for all I was worth. Our boat was narrow, shallow and flat-bottomed and could not have lived a minute in such a sea. It was only the cedar blind that broke the impact of the waves and kept our craft from turning upside down, and I knew it to be only a question of minutes before the waters would submerge the blinds entirely. Our small quarter-of-a-minute gun called for help, faintly perhaps, but as earnestly as the minute guns of a doomed ship in mid-ocean. I got my flask from the depths of my pocket, unscrewed the top, took a heavy drink and handed it to my partner; it looked like it was to be the last one we would take in this world. I forced my comrade to hold on to the cedars, while I slipped off my big, hip, india-rubber boots, and when I resumed my hold he did the same. Just at that moment the storm held up, the skies lightened, and the air became clear, and then our guides sighted us and their boat darted to the blind.

"Jump! jump!" they cried, and as Roy started to gather his traps together the skipper with his face ashy white, screamed, "My God, man, don't stop, it is a matter of life and death!" and we were fairly hauled headforemost into the boat. Then the guides, with furious haste, made for the sand beach of Cape Charles.

The boat was big, roomy and well keeled, capable of carrying a dozen people, and had they put her before the wind we would have fetched up somewhere on the Virginia mainland; but the attempt to reach the sand dunes, a couple of hundred yards away, with the heavy surf breaking over the bar, was a bad error of judgment, for when we reached the sandy bar the oncoming breakers were beating with terrific force. The guides of course were ignorant of this. They could not see a boat's length ahead and naturally struck for the nearest land. The wind and tide were against us, and the rowers had to fight their way inch by inch.

At last we reached the bar and found ourselves in a vortex of swirling waters; the boat was swung around and a great wave striking it broadside, turned it completely over and emptied its living freight and the guns and ammunition into the white-foamed surf. We got upon our feet and grasped hands and clung to each other; the water was waist high but the league-long rollers were way over our heads and we would duck to let them sweep by, then rise and wait for another. We dared not move for we were on the highest point of the bar. There was nothing to do but wait. In a few minutes the icy waters numbed our limbs; the struggle for life waxed feeble with every onrush of the waves, and it seemed to us we must soon be where tempest and storms could harm us no further. And then George and his boat crew loomed beside us to our great relief.

Just as the dawn broke that morning, John Goffigan, the keeper of the Cape Charles' lighthouse extinguished the great lantern, and stretching his arms, after his long and lonely night's vigil, prepared to descend the spiral stairway, when he happened to notice the barometer, and the rapidly dropping mercury which foretells a great storm. Lifting a spy glass from the

rack he stepped out on the gallery and swept the scene with his glass. What he saw caused him to rush back into the room, open the trap-door and go down the winding steps faster than he ever did in his life before. Once outside, he ran at full speed to the Coast-guard Station, a few steps distant, where the guardsmen were sitting around the stove waiting for breakfast, and breathlessly shouted, "George there are two d— fools sitting in a blind off Little Clam Bar, and a big storm is right on us; they be doomed as sure as fate."

It brought all of them to their feet and before long a boat was launched under direction of Captain George Hitchings and on its way to the duck hunters. The guardsmen kept outside the breakers and made their way parallel to the shore until they were opposite the stranded men, and then went on with a magnificent rush through the raging surf.

The Cape Charles' surfmen are the pick of the watermen of the coast, and make a crew which for efficiency and daring, is unequalled. They did their very best that morning, and strained their muscles to the uttermost tension as Captain

Hitchings, who held the steering oar, yelled to them to put every pound of steam on. The rowers were half blinded by the spray, but the white-crested billows that mocked and sported with the strongest ship, found their master at last as, safely and steadily, the lifeboat pushed through the caldron and reached the half-drowned men, with not a minute to spare. Over the gunwale the half-dazed sportsmen and guides were hauled; the boat then put about and watching its chance, rode out in the open sea, and in a brief time the sufferers were safe in the Coast Station house, where they were stripped of their clothing, rubbed dry, stimulated and put to bed. The next day Captain Hitchings sent a boat to bring back the lone sportsman on the sloop.

We found the guns three days after, but the ammunition was ruined. Both boats were stove in and were literally things of shreds and patches. The two pairs of boots were thrown back into the water after a hasty examination. Of the two hundred and odd decoys, not a dozen were ever recovered; they were undoubtedly carried out to sea, and some of them may still be riding the billows thousands of miles from where they were anchored.



THE CUTTING OF THE CARDS

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

THE end of August had come. Already the sun had lost something of its summer fierceness, already a purple mist hung over the distant hills and the tall ragweeds in the upland stubble wore plumes of dusty gold. The sumac on the slopes, too, marked the season, and the sassafras, and down in the fertile "bottom-land" where the corn, stripped of its blades at fodder-pulling time, had once stood stiff and unbeautiful, the trailing morning-glories were growing and blossoming and reclothing with a newer green the gaunt and denuded stalks. A royal garment this, woven by the later growth, a garment of trailing velvet, a garment shot with pink and with star-like white and brodered with the imperial purple of half-shut, sleeping blossoms.

As I stood in the open doorway of my friend Wash Bozeman's cabin I looked out upon the scene and breathed a vast sigh of content. For, although the day was the Sabbath, I had come out from Keowee to the river. On the morrow it was my purpose to fish, but it had seemed to me good to come hither beforehand to loaf through the long, quiet hours and to dream, to take, after a fashion, some account of my wandering thoughts and to abandon myself at will to the current of my vagrant fancies. And now, in the moment of my arrival, I was glad; for the cotton was opening, the corn was ripened, and the full harvest time of the year was drawing close to hand.

Beckoning to me hospitably, Wash led the way to the shade of the oaks on the hill above the spring. Below us lay the river spanned by the familiar bridge, beyond was the tortuous road, sunlit and deserted.

"It is the last Sunday in the month, and the people in town are at church, and the priest is before the altar, but God—I think God is out here where the river winds among the hills, or else yonder in the still fields, the sunlight, and the silences. What is your opinion, my friend?"

Wash shook his head doubtfully. "I dunno, Squire," he said, "I dunno whar

God is. But you an' me air here, an' ter-morrer ef hit dont rain we is agwine ter try them fish. Ther river's jest right fer suckers an' ther win' lays in ther Wes'. Ez fer you, Squire, yer needn' be 'pologizin' fer not gwine ter chu'ch terday. Likely ef yer wuz thar yer'd be fas' asleep an' yer snorin' a disturbin' uv ther meetin'."

On the long red stretch of the road a vehicle came into view and I checked my thoughts sharply. It was not preaching-day at Lower Rehoboth and the farmers had gone north to Mount Enon or else were resting at home. Who, then, could this be journeying so carelessly down the long slopes that lead to the river? As the conveyance drew nearer I saw that it must be a "drummer's wagon" for it had a covered seat in front and bore a burden of trunks behind.

Presently I drew Wash's notice to the wagon and together we watched it as it descended into the valley and crossed the bridge and crawled up the hill toward the spot where we sat. When it was fairly abreast of us the driver—he was a negro and exceedingly black—halted his team, while from beside him a chipper looking man in a smart, checked suit stood up and addressed us sharply.

"Friends," quoth he, "is this the right route to the railrud?"

Being by nature a modest man and here, at best, only a guest, I deferred to Wash, waving my hand toward him and puffing my relighted pipe vigorously.

But Wash did not answer at once. Instead, he gave me a sidewise glance, turned his tobacco in his cheek and spat. "Aw-w-w!" he finally replied, brightening up and showing an air of sudden and great enlightenment, "I ketches on now! Yew means ther r-a-l-e-r-o-a-d! Y-a-a-s, this here air ther way an' yer'll shore come ter hit ef only yer goes fur enuff—But 'light, fren', 'light an' stretch yer laigs. Hit's dinner time at our house—thar's spring water an' good cump'ny here, an' a cool place whar'in ter res'."

However tempting this overture, the newcomer seemed undecided; but the sun

marked the hour of noon and the negro—really he was a man of perception and added to my respect for the race—careful alike of his mules and of the health of his father's son, drew his team aside from the highway and began informally to unharness and to "feed." Seeing the vanity of protest, our visitor descended from his seat and came up to us, looking curiously from one to another, swinging his arms about, and stamping impatiently.

"I left Philippi at seven this mornin'," he ejaculated, clipping his words viciously, "been drivin' all day—ain't got to Keowee yet. Want to catch a train there—Nigger slow, mules slow; losin' time now!"

Seeing that he was annoyed I busied myself with getting the lunch from the cabin and arranging it upon the grass, but Wash took occasion to answer.

"Stranger, yer war in too much has'e," he said, "an' tharfore yer feels disturbed. Has'e air a pow'ful onhealthy thing, 'specially uv a Sunday; an' termorrer Keewee 'll be right whar 'tis terday, an' ther passenger trains 'ull keep gwine out an' yer kin spen' yer money jest ther same. Set down, fren', an' eat—hit aint no use uv hurryin'!"

Being duly reproved, the other fell silent and after we had eaten he seemed to repent himself of his recent wish to be gone. First he smoked our tobacco, then for a long time he told us stories of his doings until he grew to be a hero in our eyes and we ourselves felt humbled and abashed because of insignificance. Later (on account of the day we should have been indignant but Wash and I—ah well, we are tolerant folk) he drew out a package of playing cards. For a moment he fumbled with them carelessly, then he turned to me.

"Bet you," he said, in his off-hand way, "that I can cut the ace of spades at the very first pass of the deck."

I shook my head sadly. At poker now—But it was the Sabbath day, besides I had long ago learned the utter futility of betting on another man's trick. A gleam of interest, however, arose in the eyes of Wash.

"Low me ter shuffle them kyards?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the other, "You shuffle 'em and I'll cut the ace of spades."

"Squire," said Wash sententiously, "loan me a dollar here."

I took out my pocket-book, opened it, and handed the coin to him. "A fool and his money," I moralized, "are very soon parted, it seems."

Wash had taken the cards and was shuffling them carefully. "Yas, Squire," he responded with due solemnity, "thet air jest about ther way uv hit—may ther Lord ha' mussy on ther fool! An' now, my onknown fren'," he went on as he turned to the other, "you kiver thet money an' cut them kyards, an' ef you cuts ther ace uv spades ther Squire's dollar air yourn."

The wayfarer, taking the cards, looked at them, smiled sweetly and slyly winked at me; then he drew a knife from his pocket.

"It's like findin' money," he said, as he drove the keen blade by one swift stroke through the entire thickness of the deck. Afterward he turned to me. "I'll leave it to the Squire," he said, "if I haven't cut the ace in question and every other card that there is!"

I was sorry for Wash and I looked at him, and Wash raised his eyes and sighed.

"Ter bet uv a Sunday air wrong," he said resignedly, "an' them whut does hit aint never gwine ter prosper." He took a fresh chew of tobacco and worked it back into his cheek; then he shook his sleeve gently and the ace of spades fell out.

"Yer didn't cut hit," he continued, "an' yer nigger 's a harnessin' up."

When the man was gone and the wagon had finally disappeared, Wash handed my dollar back to me and sat for a long time regarding the one he had won.

"He war too shore," he remarked, "an' he knowed too much, but I hadn't orter ha' done hit uv a Sunday. I never wuz raised ter bet on a meetin' day an' I'll gie ther money ter ole parson Bowles ther nex' time he comes this-er-way."

"Ah," said I, from the heights of superior virtue, "so your conscience is hurting you, eh?"

"Naw," replied Wash very earnestly, "Naw sir, takin' uv thet man's money dont hurt my conscience none kase I folered ther Scriptur' straight."

I laughed in derision. "How do you make that out?" I asked.

Wash regarded me pityingly. "He come here a stranger," he answered, "an' we-ulls tuk him in!"

THE RIDE OF THE RED AUTO

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "SHERIDAN")

By HAROLD MELBOURNE

UP from New York at break of day,
Bringing to Westchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible rumble and grumble and roar,
Telling the auto was come once more.
(And New Rochelle twenty miles away!)

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Westchester rolled
The roar of that red car uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray.
(And New Rochelle twenty miles away!)

There is a road to the Westchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
An auto painted all red and bright
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
Although there was not the slightest need,
They sped away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell,—but their hearts were gay.
(And New Rochelle fifteen miles away!)

Still sprung from those swift wheels up from the South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to travelers the doom of disaster.
The heart of the car and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the chaffeur was strained to full play;—
(With New Rochelle only ten miles away!)

Under the whizzing wheels, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the auto, a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, and its hue was the red of fire.
But, lo! they are nearing their heart's desire,
What a roaring, snorting, and shrieking that day!—
(With New Rochelle only five miles away!)

The first that the chaffeur beheld were the groups
Of townsfolk, and then the retreating troops;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And, putting on speed with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the road mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the auto compelled it to pause.
With dust and with dirt the red auto was gray;
By the flash of its lamps, and its tooting horn's play,
It seemed to the quiet townspeople to say,
"I have brought these gentlemen all the way
To this Westchester town,—to spend the day!"



In the Baseball Netting

INDOOR TRAINING FOR OUTDOOR SPORT

By LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON

IT was my good fortune to be a freshman at Michigan the year the big gymnasium was finished, and thus to see the beginnings of indoor athletics in the largest university of the Middle West. Later, those beginnings took on a new interest, for I learned that our difficulties, our

limitations, and our blessings were not those of Michigan alone, but of all colleges where athletics within doors has a place.

There had, it is true, been certain annual indoor meets held in the days when there was no gymnasium. They had been held, usually, in the Opera House down-



The sit-up drill for the new men.

town, apparently with little or no faculty supervision, for the air was still full of tales of sixth-rate professional boxers who had come up from Detroit to carry off the honors, and of the mighty resistance offered by one or two students, who paid part of their expenses teaching boxing and wrestling. These latter events, with fencing and club-swinging, had taken up nearly the entire program, and, according to the tales afloat, students of amateur standing had played an exceedingly obscure part.

The opening of the new gymnasium was the herald of better days. The professionals from the city learned early that they were not wanted, and the men who had taken money for teaching did not enter. There were to be new features, chief among them a forty-yards dash on the hardwood floor, relay races between class teams on the padded track, the pole-vault, the shot-put, and the high jump. There were those of us who believed that with these innovations brought from out-of-doors, indoor athletics would take its place on a par with athletics on the cinder track and sodded field. But we soon began to see limitations. The first appeared when the star sprinters were urged to turn out and train for the dash and the relay teams. They held back. They were looking forward to the time of outdoor work, when there would be medals and Varsity letters at stake, and they did not propose to stiffen themselves running on a hard floor, or to take chances on staleness from too early training.

As a result, the relay teams were largely made up of new men, or of men who had done some little work of an inferior quality before. In the dash were a score or more who could not do 100 yards in eleven seconds. Those of the star men who did enter ran chiefly to please the manager of athletics, with little or no training. Now this was discouraging to our hopes of seeing indoor work rise to a par with the spring games, but, after all, it gave the meet character. It brought into contest students who would hardly aspire to competition in the more pretentious games. It brought out new material. It furnished a good time—a series of contests close enough to be exciting, and not so close nor so important as to be attended with the keen anxiety which destroys so much of

the play when great things are at stake. Then, too, it taught athletic lessons and created new interest by distributing honors. It made new athletic champions, indoor champions, and in this land of universal eminence, where every man is a colonel or a champion, or a member of the aristocracy of brains, such a means of distinction is not without its place in the general economy.

These limitations and these benefits, it seems to me, pretty nearly define the place of indoor contests. Those who hope for greater things point to numerous dual intercollegiate meets, to the basket-ball association, comprising Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Columbia; a gymnastic league with Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, and New York; a somewhat more extensive fencing association, and other similar associations and leagues in other sections of the country. These have brought out good men and have made some really exciting meets. Yet, they are seldom altogether satisfactory, and are never the strenuous affairs toward which men bend their energies, as they do toward contests out-of-doors when records are at stake.

But indoor athletics by no means culminate in the annual indoor meet as track athletics culminate in the spring field day of early summer. Its great importance is in the development of men for work out-of-doors. In this direction the limitations of the gymnasium are growing fewer each year. This is a day of gymnasium building, and the colleges give their baseball men, prospective crew members, and various candidates for track and field, early training indoors. The training in baseball and rowing is necessarily unsatisfactory, for, of course, men cannot become expert oarsmen from pulling at machines in a basement room; and, of course, they cannot become star ball players within the nets that protect windows and apparatus. But the manager can weed out an immense amount of the worthless material from crew candidates pulling at the machines or the skeleton oars, and can give those that remain rudimentary lessons in form. So can the baseball captain, and when he has said farewell to some scores of useless candidates, he can raise the standard of agility among those that remain by practice on grounders, and can bring his pitchers and

catchers into a certain degree of good form before field training begins.

The part indoor work plays in track athletics is not so much the *weeding* out as the *bringing* out. Many a star runner has gone to college without imagining he could run with the men whose names he has seen alongside those of Congressmen and soldiers in the papers of past summers. Such might not go to the field to try for the track team, and would live and die potential record-breakers of the mute, inglorious sort. Some do, no doubt, but not so many as formerly. For a good many runners have discovered themselves, and been discovered, while trotting aimlessly on the indoor track. I remember how one such man was discovered at Michigan, and, as his winning afterward gave Michigan victory in a closely contested dual meet with Chicago, the discovery was not without its importance in western history.

One of the chief drawbacks to indoor training for track work is the fact that men do not, in any gymnasium I know of, get into condition so fast as they do in equally hard work out-of-doors. The case of distance runners is good for illustration. No man has been able to do so well on the mile within doors as on the cinder track outside. Of course the padded track and the style of shoes have something to do with this, but the atmosphere seems to be responsible to a greater degree. No gym where scores of men are working and perspiring can have the pure air one finds outdoors, and where a large part of the conditioning relates to "wind," this is an evident handicap. Trainers differ as to the effects of indoor work, probably because their gymnasia are differently ventilated. One contends that while men can be brought to nearly the same physical condition under indoor work, it takes a much longer time to do so. Another holds that a man's outdoor condition can never be reached through indoor training. It is a notable fact, on which athletes and their trainers agree, that a man may train faithfully with little improvement on the indoor track, and then, going out, find that results come with twice the rapidity which work in the gym produced.

The chief advantage, no doubt, from indoor training lies in the development of good form. The average trainer makes

this the chief end of gymnasium work. Sprinters may learn to start, though not quite so well as out on the cinder track where they can dig little holes for their spiked toes, and, knowing this, can give attention to the minor matters of carrying hands and lifting feet. Distance men, likewise, may polish their racing form, and have done with details which would otherwise take time and attention later. In events where so much depends upon form as in the shot-put and the pole-vault, a good deal of headway has been made when instruction in the gymnasium has worn off the rough edges. With the high jump the advantage is greater yet, for a man will jump as high in the gym as he will on the field. Some will jump higher, perhaps on account of the quality of a mat take-off.

But, however great may be the peculiar benefits of indoor training for outdoor sports, there is bound to be one final result. In the last days of March or the first days of April, the sun dries up the field and cinder track. The south winds steal in through the windows, and then comes a change. The baseball men tear down their cage; the runners kick off their rubber shoes, and all go out into the summer. That has come for which they were waiting. What has been was merely preliminary to something else, and now the thing wished for and worked for is at hand.

This helps along the conclusion that indoor games, made up as they largely are to-day of events primarily adapted to the track and field, can never attain front rank among college sporting functions. If the indoor season and the indoor meets are to attain a high place it must be on the strength of other games, games adapted peculiarly to the inside of a gymnasium. There are fencing, boxing, wrestling, handball, basket-ball, and the feats usually lumped together under the name of "fancy gymnastics." In most of the larger colleges there is opportunity to learn all these, and their learning is encouraged, yet there are all too numerous obstacles in the way of their great popularity. There are teachers of the three first sports in nearly all college gymnasia to-day. Only in Columbia, I believe, is the teaching free, and there only the rudiments; but everywhere one can learn to fence and wrestle and box by paying a fee to a special in-

structor, accredited by the college authorities.

The success of the fencing league mentioned above attests to the suitability of that sport to a place in our colleges, and a high place, too. But while fencing is on the rise just now, its popularity with Americans has always been a matter of doubt. It is a variable quantity, rising this year and falling next, and the student body will not turn out and enthuse over contests with the foils as they will over almost any other contest. Analyzed, this seems due

to the fact that it does not appeal to the student's personal interest. The average student loves best the thing which he has had a part in. Therefore, he is always at the baseball field unless hindered by financial limitations, and always at the side of the gridiron, for he has had some experience in these games and knows them. He likes very well to look on at a fencing bout, thinks it all very pretty and somewhat exciting; but he does not catch the fine points, and so does not enthuse. Should fencing ever attain the popularity as an



The Rowing and Swimming Tank.

Photograph by Pach Bros.



Basket-ball is one of the very best indoor games.



The battery preparing for Spring.

American sport that baseball and Rugby have, so that all men fence or have fenced more or less, the foils will draw men to the gym as they are now drawn to the field.

To my mind, it is a thing to be regretted that boxing is in such disfavor with college authorities. The average crowd likes to look on at a good bout, and, besides, it is excellent fun. What may appear to the spectator as a painful contest is more than likely to be a most pleasant experience. We have a way of wasting our pity upon those who do not need it, pitying on the strength of mere external appearances. I believe any one who has gone through a clean, square college bout will bear me out in the saying that the excitement of contest far more than offsets the pain, what little there is, of the blows. And any one who has been through both will testify that the worst sufferings of a three-round bout in the college ring were as delight to torment alongside the strainings of the last quarter in a mile run. For my own part, some of the most pleasant college recollections go back to the boxing-room, and, strange to say, cluster no more about victories than about the defeats. Perhaps this was because the latter had in them more of hard fighting.

Wrestling holds its place on the college program, and has some few advantages over boxing. Chief among these is the fact that, when a wrestling bout is ended and a man is down, there is no possibility of doubt as to the righteousness of the decision. With boxing there is room for doubt when the fight is close and the decision is based on points. Wrestling brings out much of the same determination, self-control, and self-confidence, and is pretty nearly as useful as a means of self-defense on the possible occasions when a man may need it. It has one drawback, which is that two green wrestlers, going on the mats together, may make stupid, or even laughable, contests through their fear to take the aggressive. One such I remember in the interscholastic meet. The contestants were young and had an exaggerated idea of the danger of tricks, and each seemed to see traps in every attitude of his opponent. The result was a series of so-called bouts in which the wrestlers merely eyed each other, or, perhaps, took now and then

a half-hearted hold to let go again for fear of some trap set by a wily opponent. An equally disgusting bout I saw one time in a university indoor meet. One man threw himself flat on the mats and lay still. His opponent was not expecting such utter non-resistance and found the task of turning him over, saw-log fashion, a matter of two rounds, during which the audience alternately roared with laughter and hissed in disgust. Such farces can, of course, be avoided by the selection of a referee who will promptly order to their dressing-rooms men who do not show a disposition to take hold and contest.

That basket-ball is hardly likely ever to be a game over which the student body will become wildly enthusiastic is, I think, evident to any one who has watched the play. That it is a fine game for getting physical work out of the student in the form of play, of making his hours in the gymnasium pleasant rather than burdensome, there can be no doubt; but it is not the rugged sort of contest which the American youth likes. Still it affords good sport of a playful nature, and the games of the inter-collegiate association have awakened a very decided interest of the minor sort.

The tendency in the colleges to-day is to make the indoor meet largely a matter of gymnastics. In this, fancy club swinging, work on the trapeze, the horizontal bar, parallel bars, and similiar apparatus are the more attractive features. But these events do not and will not satisfy the longing for contest. It is contest that we like to see, contest in which men are arrayed on opposite sides. When one man steps out and goes through a gymnastic feat and another and another follows, it is very pretty to look at; but it is not contest, and we feel that something of strength and masculinity has been left out of it.

But these various hindrances to the development of indoor athletics have, as hinted before, their use, for they give us a series of contests where nerves are not strained to the utmost; contests that we can think about lightly and look forward to as pleasant recreation rather than desperate battle. This is perhaps the place which the indoor athletic contest is to occupy, and perhaps it is the place where it is needed most.

THE HEART OF THE DESERT

By CHARLES F. HOLDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. C. TIERCE

IT is among the strange anomalies of life that many men profess to see a charm in the regions best described as God-forgotten; localities, where nature is at her worst, where the elements are abroad

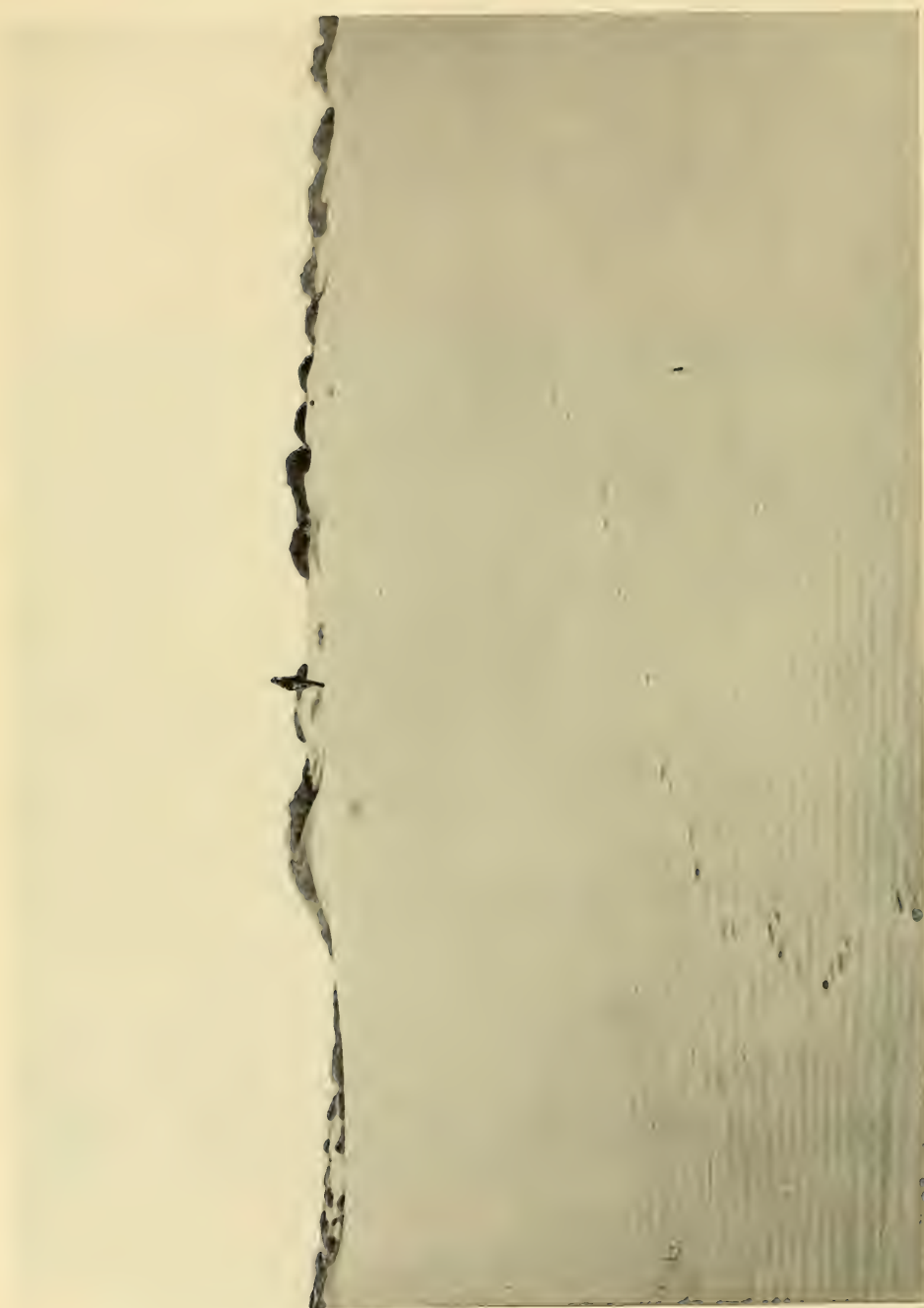
any one who cared to live there; yet it is rare to find one who fails to recognize the peculiar attraction of these sand wastes, the home of the mirage and sand storm. One of the grandest sights I recall was



A Flower of the Desert.

searching for life, falling upon every living thing. I have crossed the great American deserts many times; have seen them in all their moods, have driven over parts of them when the limit of heat endurance was seemingly reached, and never found

the sunset illumination of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains which rise in what some might call a desert, yet far from it, and have since observed the same effect in the Sierra Madre from the desert to the east of Mojave. No drearier aspect ever filled



How the things dreams are made of, that have driven men mad and mad-men.

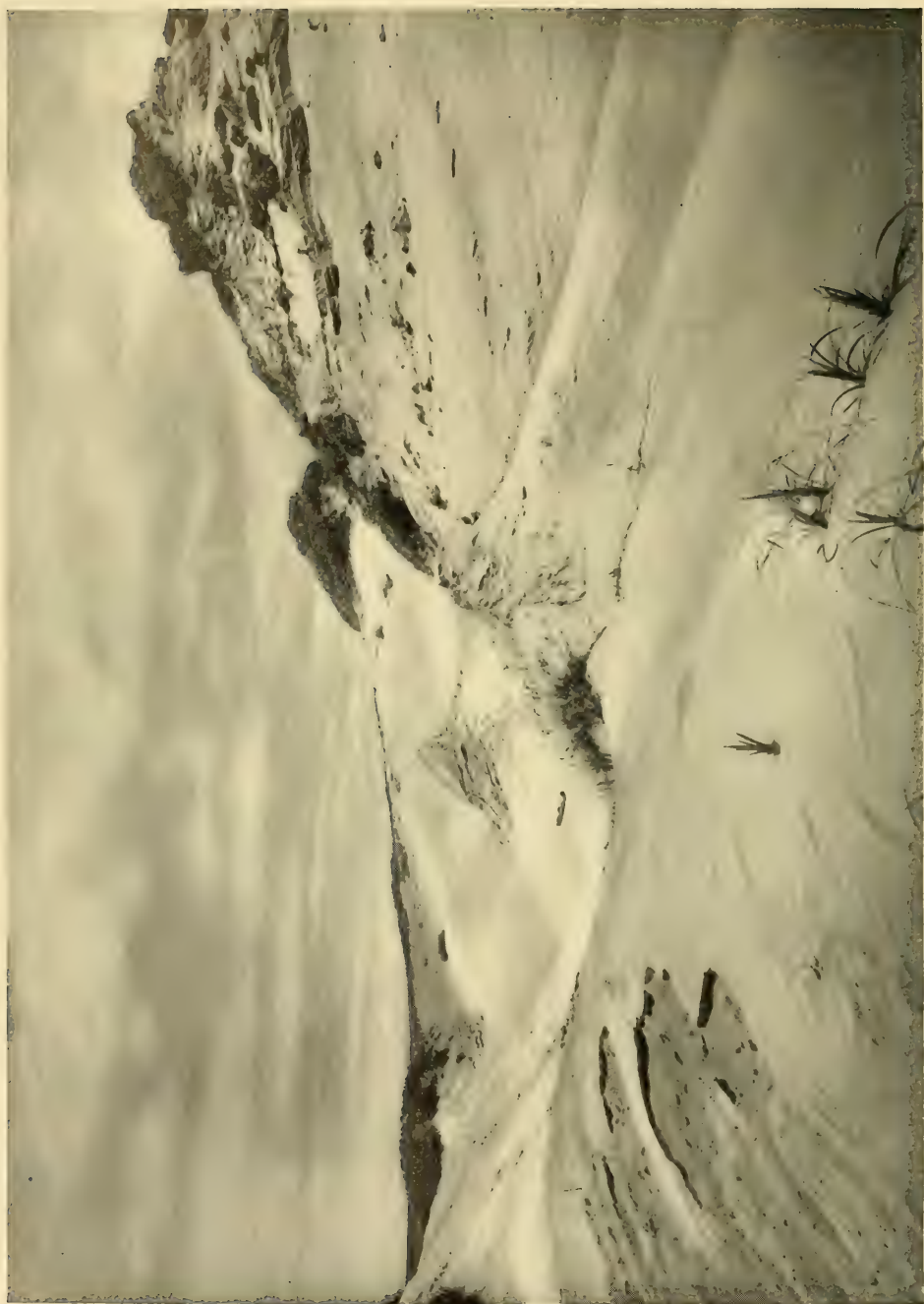
human vision than parts of this desert constituting the eastern portion of California. A curse seems to have struck the very vegetation which is weird and fantastic, befitting the surroundings. At midday the full force of the sun beats down upon the sandy wastes; the buttes assume a thousand shapes, and to the eye are isolated castles which imagination garbs with romance and mystery. The vision is distorted, a wavy, nebulous mist rising from the ground changing the form, color and appearance of all objects. The shadows have been driven from the land, and the glare of the sun is like the blast of a furnace, if in summer; yet the traveler can but recognize the strange beauty of the region as nowhere can such pure color or its absence be seen. There is apparently an absence of life where the white sand prevails, but the drifting dunes have a weird life of their own and are ever moving, changing like some restless monster, and in the region to the west of Salton reaching up to the Sierra Madre, present the appearance of a vast river flowing on eternally; even when the wind is in abeyance the sand is moving. All over its surface are small currents winding here and there, and like currents of the sea rippling on, cutting furrows, carving figures of strange design, the caprice of the wind.

The scene when the wind, developed into a sand storm, sweeps down this vast pass is beyond description. The very earth appears to be lifted into the air and carried on a wall of copper-colored cloud. With even a full knowledge of this region it is difficult to select one portion which has not at times some feature that appeals to the imagination, yet is calculated to alarm the physical man; but in my experience possibly the strange valley which reaches north from Cochise in the territory is the most remarkable. Little wonder the ancient people had legends of giants and possible genii, as no desert region in America presents so weird an appearance. To the south the eye rests upon a vast lake, which can be seen ten miles distant from the slopes of the mountains, and when I first saw it its beauty was startling. Away to the south on its borders were lofty hills of purple, each reflected as clearly as though photographed, and still beyond rose the caps and summits of other peaks and mountains rising from this inland sea

whose waters were of turquoise; yet as we moved down the slope the lake was always stealing on before. It was of the things dreams are made of, that have driven men mad and to despair, its bed a level floor of alkali and clay covered with a dry impalpable dust that the slightest wind tossed and whirled in air. No more beautiful mirage can be seen in this country if one cares to visit the region in August. As I watched this lake of the imagination I saw the rise of the genii of Cochise from its mirror-like surface. Like the giant from the flask of the fisherman they rose upward in weird and colossal shapes, then moved off over the surface to the south. On my visit to this valley in mid-summer of 1902, this marvelous scene was at its best and from fifty to one hundred sand or dust spouts could be seen sweeping down this valley of horrors onto the lake of literal despair; some so high that they appeared to support the very empyrean and so exact in their imitation of water-spouts that it was impossible to disassociate them with the sham water on the illusive lake.

Once while crossing this valley, which despite its menacing character is to be a desert reclaimed and a railroad point of importance in the future, innumerable sand spouts appeared to join forces, forming a gigantic column seemingly a mile in height. It was of a lurid, copper tint, menacing in shape and color, sweeping along with the stride of the wind, its upper portion whirling about as though in a vortex.

Despite the disagreeable features of these desert phenomena, their beauties, the grandeur of the effects more than repays one. What can be more beautiful than the view from the heart of the Mojave Desert near the Sierra Madre? As night draws on the tops of the mountains are tipped with the most brilliant vermilion, which grows deeper and more fire-like as day shortens, and all the time out from the countless cañons, cuts and passes creep deep purple shadows which steal on like living things venturing out as the sun loses its power. At first they fill the cañons like purple seas, then flow down, spreading out in ineffable tints, creeping out upon the sands of the desert into its very heart until they fairly fill it, and the great waste is a purple sea, the panoply of night. At sunrise this strange transformation scene is reversed.



Hills and valleys of sand and arid waste—the caprice of the wind.



A level floor of alkali and clay.



All over its surface small currents wind here and there, like the sea rippling on, carving figures of strange design.

The tips of the range are again bathed in vermillion and the shadows slink away retreating to the cañons, utterly driven out by the fierce rays of the sun.

No one can deny the charm of such a region and the impulse to move on and into the heart of the desert is often almost irresistible, the strange buttes ever beckoning on. The vegetation of the desert while forbidding, has its attractions. What might be considered the very heart of the desert, as the alkali plain between Yuma and the Sierra Madre, is apparently divested of vegetation, but careful examination shows something growing in the gulches, and even where the sand is tossed like snow, a grass appears fighting for supremacy, while a few bushes struggle upward. On the edge of the desert in cañons which at times reflect the summer heat like a furnace and through which the superheated air rushes, are seen lofty palms, their roots deep in the rocky channel that the winter rains have made. In some of the cañons the palms grow in great numbers. Apparently the seeds were swept down onto the lower levels, and where the cañons open out and become a wide valley the lofty palms are seen among the most picturesque and beautiful forms of the desert flora.

It is doubtful if one can make a strong enough plea for the desert, to induce people to visit it. Thousands cross its very heart every year to reach Southern California; indeed one cannot reach the Pacific by land except by a desert route; but the average tourist fails to see it as the railroad has so arranged that the passage of this dry Styx is made by night, so its varied attractions are lost. It may savor of insanity to some readers if I say that I have felt vastly more disagreeable in Chicago, New York or Philadelphia than I have when passing through the heart of the desert in midsummer. Not long since I made the trip across what is considered the hottest part of the United States in the hottest time—August—crossing the California desert to Yuma, then on through Arizona and New Mexico to Texas, and so on to the Gulf near the mouth of the Rio Grande. Doubtless to some the land for the entire distance was a desert, and certainly it was not far from it, so far as appearance was concerned: a dry hot ride of several thousand miles; yet I have been

far more uncomfortable from heat in the East, north of Cape Cod. This unpopular region, in parts, is truly a desert, particularly the eastern portion of California, but it has its compensations; it appeals to the lover of nature, its very barrenness in places giving it a peculiar interest: The great beds of shifting sand, where there is absolutely no vegetable life, are fascinating to some. They have a life peculiarly their own. They move, they seem to breathe, they change form and stature from day to day; now rising high; anon low and flat; now creeping along in many streams or rivers; again towering high in air—a spectral cloud to sweep along shutting out the entire desert from view.

From the summit of San Antonio at the gateway of Southern California, or Mount San Jacinto, one may look down on this strange region from the wing point of the condor. To the east, it lies pulsating, hot, pallid, gray; at midday a world's furnace, an ancient sea-bed in part robbed of its waters, and dead. Here is the track of the railway, marked by a line of smoke; the old stage route not far away. No more sumptuous color scheme has ever been seen than that splashed upon this vast palette as the day slips away and the night comes on. The peaks of the great mountains are painted on the desert in shadows of purple, that creep on and on as the night grows apace, and a scene is staged on the desert beyond description. Let the observer but turn his head away from this picture to the west, and the eye falls upon its antipodes—the garden of the world, the western slope of the Sierra Madre, the land of the olive, orange, lemon and lime. Even a more remarkable view of the desert may be had from a peak twelve thousand feet in height in Lower California—a region abounding in mountain sheep and the lowlands in deer and antelope. From this outpost the eye rests at a sweeping glance upon the Pacific and the Gulf of California, and the desert regions miles to the east, the mouth of the Colorado, the islands of the Gulf and the hot and terrible country between the mountains and the Gulf, deserted, dry and devoid of life. These regions have their terrors, but those who have ventured into them with rod and gun or camera, find a charm which causes them to return again and again.



Coming about under full headway.

SKATE-SAILING MADE EASY

By WILLIAM F. OLLIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS.

FIVE years on Lake Erie ice, inside and outside of the Buffalo Harbor breakwater, with many a straightaway sail of from one to ten miles, have fully made me a devotee of skate-sailing and quite spoiled for any other form of sport on ice (except, perhaps, ice-yachting) thus it is in the hope of infecting others with the same enthusiasm that this article is written. The new breakwater has guaranteed a good stretch of ice; naturally, not always such as would meet the requirements of ordinary skating, but ample in area and smooth enough to afford good skate-sailing. As a result the sport is fast gaining ground among the members of the Buffalo Yacht Club.

It is curious that skate-sailing is not better known, especially in the northern and eastern part of America, where the country abounds with lakes sufficiently large and windy for the purpose; and almost any fresh-water yacht club must have ample stretches of ice at its own docks.

A man who is able to skate and is familiar with the principles of sailing a small boat can learn the whole trick inside of a minute, while a little practice will enable him to run about as close to the wind as he could in a centerboard skiff, and at all speeds up to forty miles an hour under rare conditions. Without a doubt, skate-sailing is as near to flying as any outdoor exercise known to the world of sport.

A sail such as this paper describes, will tow three or four persons. The "passengers" in this case must hold fast to the individual handling the sail. There is little difficulty in this, granting a brisk wind, and pleasant company. Moreover, there is no reason in the world why pleasant company should not sail by herself, for an active girl is as capable of wielding a sail and enjoying it as a man.

The principle difficulty, and the only real essential to master before starting out, is how to come about. Let me digress for the sake of clearness to enumerate the

chief parts of the sail. The skater is considered the mast, and *always* holds the sail by the short spar or gaff, *never* by the long spar which rests against the shoulder and is called the boom.

Now, starting to come about, the skater moving rapidly with the sail between him and the wind grasps with his free hand the gaff above the boom; and, steering into the wind, lifts the sail over his head; then, continuing to steer around, he brings it down on the other shoulder and so places it in position for the other tack. The manner of sailing before the wind must be obvious to everyone. Jibing is taught us by experience, and in a high wind is as apt to be fraught with consequences, as is the same manœuvre in a skiff. Still, provided the ice is smooth, a fall, even at high speed, is without danger.

A collision, however, may be disagreeable, and of course air-holes, weak ice, gaps and what not, must be avoided. But, after all, what is a sport without possibility of injury? You might be hit in the head with a golf ball or slip and break a leg at a dance or lose your temper at football; and skate-sailing need not be more dangerous than these amusements. This much for friends and relatives who stay at home and worry, and whose fears these words will not allay.

As sailing was evolved in the development of boating, so skate-sailing has followed the growth of skating, but not with the same strides of progress. One can often see fast and easily handled forms of sails on the same pond with archaic devices that would give skate-sailing hardly more dignity as a sport than scudding with an unbuttoned ulster. Here and there ambitious lads set up a rag on sticks, or even take pains to make something definite on the lines of a pair of wings, or a bigger sail which fastens to a belt and, after a few pleasant trips down the wind followed by a laborious trip back, grow tired of the fun. This slow growth of the sport is partly due to the reluctance of manufac-



With the wind on the quarter.

turers to put a new article on the market. If we can buy skates, toboggans, snowshoes, etc., why not skate-sails? There is an opening for some one, with opportunity for much nicety of construction, such as jointed spars, nickel fittings and silk. These and cheaper grades would find ready purchasers in many localities.

There are places, however, where sails, and good ones, have been made and used with zest for a number of years. Such is Cape Vincent on Lake Ontario. This region has given its name to a well known rig described in "The Boy's Handy Book" and in the January, '04, number of *OUTING*. It is a low-built wing-like structure which, though it embodies the right idea, is not, in our experience, the best form of that type of sail which it represents. Similar sails are used on the Hudson, and three years ago there appeared on the front page of *The Scientific American* a picture of a sail used in Norway corresponding, even down to the smallest detail, with the form herein described.

The succeeding diagrams and description embody a form of sail which has stood the test of a number of years' experience. We can discard as cumbersome, to say the least, all forms of sail attached to the skater, and the following comparison ought to demonstrate the advantage of the present, over the old Cape Vincent style. The idea of the latter is to have

enough area ahead of the skater to balance that behind. This theory is good but carried into practice proves a hindrance. By attaching a jib to a properly built sail, as once we did to increase its area, this fault became obvious by diminishing and not increasing our speed. Our inference was, that the farther the sail extends beyond the skater in front, the more prone is that fore part to bend away from the wind and so across his course.

The diagrams A and (a) represent the Cape Vincent rig, and B and (b) the improved one. The point on which the wind pressure is centered in A and (a) is between two wings of sail, and tends to bend the fore part across the skater's course. B and (b) is without this fault, as the increased overhead area permits of centering the resistance of the skater farther forward.

The frame is so constructed as to enable one to take it down and stow it in portable form. This is done simply by releasing the boom, placing it with the gaff, which remains attached to the sail, and rolling up both into one long package.

The constructive details offer plenty of room for individual ingenuity, but those here described will serve their purpose admirably and will stand all normal strains, provided there be no flaws in the material and the workmanship is fair.

The measurements given, namely, ten by



— In the midst of coming about.

twelve feet, are best suited to a man about five feet ten inches in height, though a shorter or taller person might handle the same sail. Still, whether larger or smaller, the sail should, for the reasons given, have the same ratio of dimensions, *i.e.*, ten for the gaff to twelve for the boom.

First of all we must make our sail, for if we make the spars first they may prove too short, and bamboo is not known to stretch, whereas cloth will. Unbleached sheeting is the best material short of silk, as it wears well, is light, cheap, strong and can be obtained in all widths. However the cloth be cut or from whatever width, it must be done so as to leave the selvedge on the free edges (A C and B C) of the sail. For a sail 10 by 12 feet, a yard and a half width may be cut across, as drawn, giving two triangles of cloth of the right size with enough overlap for the hem (A B) and seam (D C). Now comes an important feature. The edge (A B) which attaches to the gaff, must be cut straight for two feet or so from D on either side, and then curved gently back from there to A on the one hand, and B on the other in the direction of C, so that A and B are in a straight line two or three inches nearer C than D is. This curve allows for spring in the gaff which at the same time keeps the angles of the sail at A and B taut. The edge (A B) is now folded over about two inches and sewn down to give a stout

hem for the brass eyelets, which are then put on as in the diagram. The next line of eyelets is put in along a separate strip of the material, affording reef-points that are sometimes desirable but never necessary and may therefore be omitted. The place of reefing may be supplied by methods of handling the sail. Finally stripes of two-inch braid are sewn on, as indicated, to hold the spreader, and the cloth part of the sail is complete.

If we now turn to diagram II. we see the sail as it looks on the frame that is stretched on the gaff and boom, with the spreader in place. The corners (A and B) are held by snaffles at the ends of the gaff, and the line of eyelets by lashings or, better, large key-rings. The boom (D C) is set into the gaff at D and the remaining free corner of the sail is drawn by a strap toward the ring at C.

Before going on to diagram III. the poles must be bought. These may be had of dealers in fish poles or in bamboo furniture. They should be rather large fish poles of white bamboo or a good quality of black (black is lighter but not as strong as white). The poles should be as straight as possible and without splits, as these tend to widen and thus weaken a pole. However a spar with an inclination to split, if otherwise good, may be served at intervals with a few turns of black electric tape.

Diagram III. shows the details of the

frame. The drawing (A and B) represents ends (A and B) of the gaff, and illustrates a common device for mending garden hose, which answers our purpose admirably. This collar is made fast to the end of the gaff, with the bolt through a snaffle, allowing a few inches margin for subsequent stretching in the cloth.

in either, but small enough to pass into the metal tube. This done, both bamboo ends at once, with the plug in one, are inserted in the tube and driven together. The plug now expands the ends of the rods within the tube, and you have a single spar which tapers gently at each end and has a strong joint in the middle.



Running before the wind.

Connection D is made as follows. A brass collar (a), which is a piece of brass tubing split down the side, is sprung over the middle of the gaff and bound down to it. Now holes are bored and bridge tacks are put in and soldered down. A more symmetrical gaff may be made, which consists of two pieces. The larger ends of two bamboo rods of the same thickness are fitted snugly into either end of a tube of brass or steel about eight inches long. A soft plug, slightly spindle shaped, is in turn fitted to the hollow ends of both rods and so cut that it will not quite drive home

The end of the boom (b) is fitted with a brass collar or served with wire soldered down. A long pine plug is then driven in hard, which clinches the collar. The plug is followed by a six-inch screw the head of which is then filed flush with the circumference of the shaft; then a hole is bored through the collar or joint of the gaff, into which the spike will fit snugly but easily.

Now (c) or the slender end of the boom is treated like (b) except that a bit of heavy iron wire is put through a hole in the ferrule and then bent around and

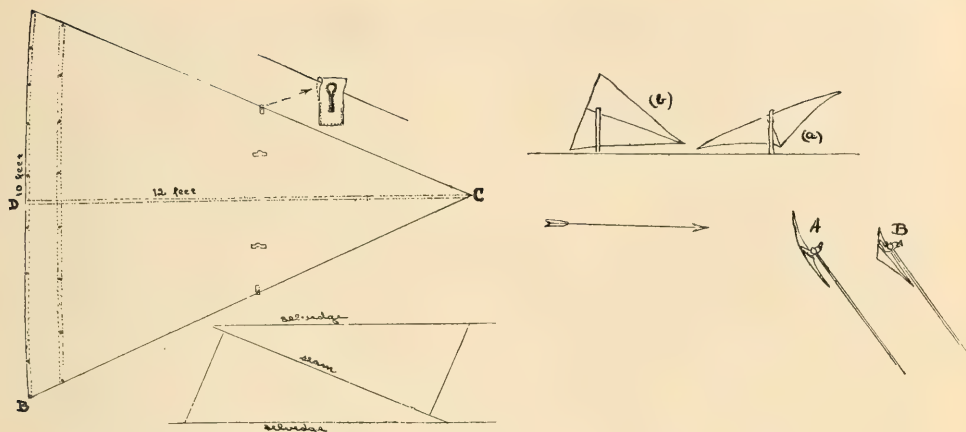


Diagram I.

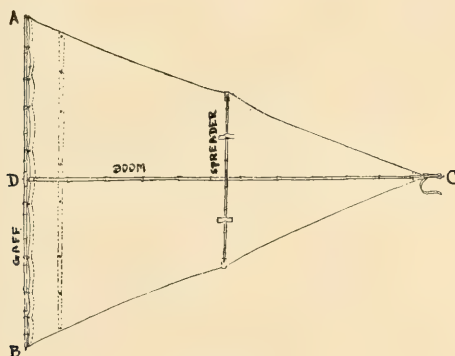


Diagram II.

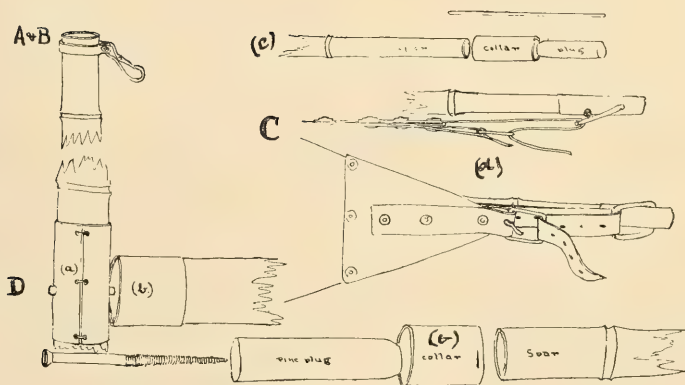
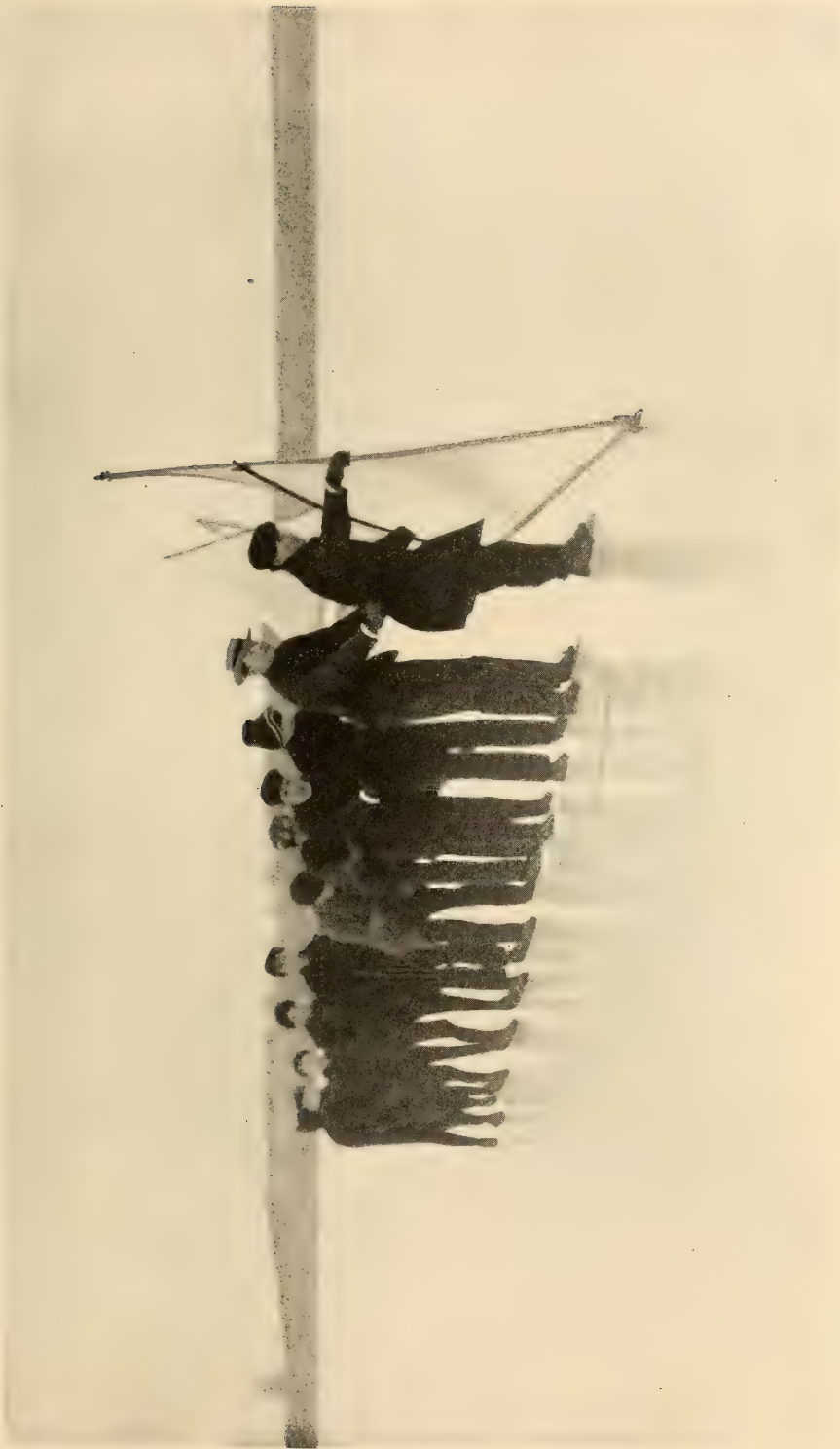


Diagram III.



Tacking is a light breeze.



Local accommodation passenger service.

soldered so as to form a ring for the sail strap.

Lastly, two sheets of leather are cut to fit both surfaces of the (C) corner of the sail and riveted together with the strap over all, as is shown, in the one case sidewise and in the other edgewise, by (d).

A careful scrutiny of the diagrams, accompanied by a perusal of the above description, with a little ingenuity, should make the construction a fairly easy task. The consciousness of having made a skate-sail and done it well, affords great satisfaction in itself. If you lack facilities, take this prescription to the sail maker and keep the preparation on the shelf, until the river or bay freezes over, for there is good health and pleasure in it!

It is Christmas day—and the atmosphere of happiness and good-fellowship shines in every face and rings in every voice. Even nature seems comprehending, for a more glorious holiday would be impossible to imagine, and down and out on the great expanse of gleaming ice troop the inhabitants of both sexes and all degrees. Dressed in toques, sashes and blanket coats, or in dull, prosaic mufti, they are all shod with steel and the speed of Mercury. In the background slide swiftly back and forth the wings of giant ice-boats, dazzling white against the metallic blue of unspecked sky, while near and far, in and out skim the skaters, arm and arm with smaller sails or rosy damsels of the town.



Running before the wind.



Where "Huckleberry Finn" lived.

MARK TWAIN'S COUNTRY

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

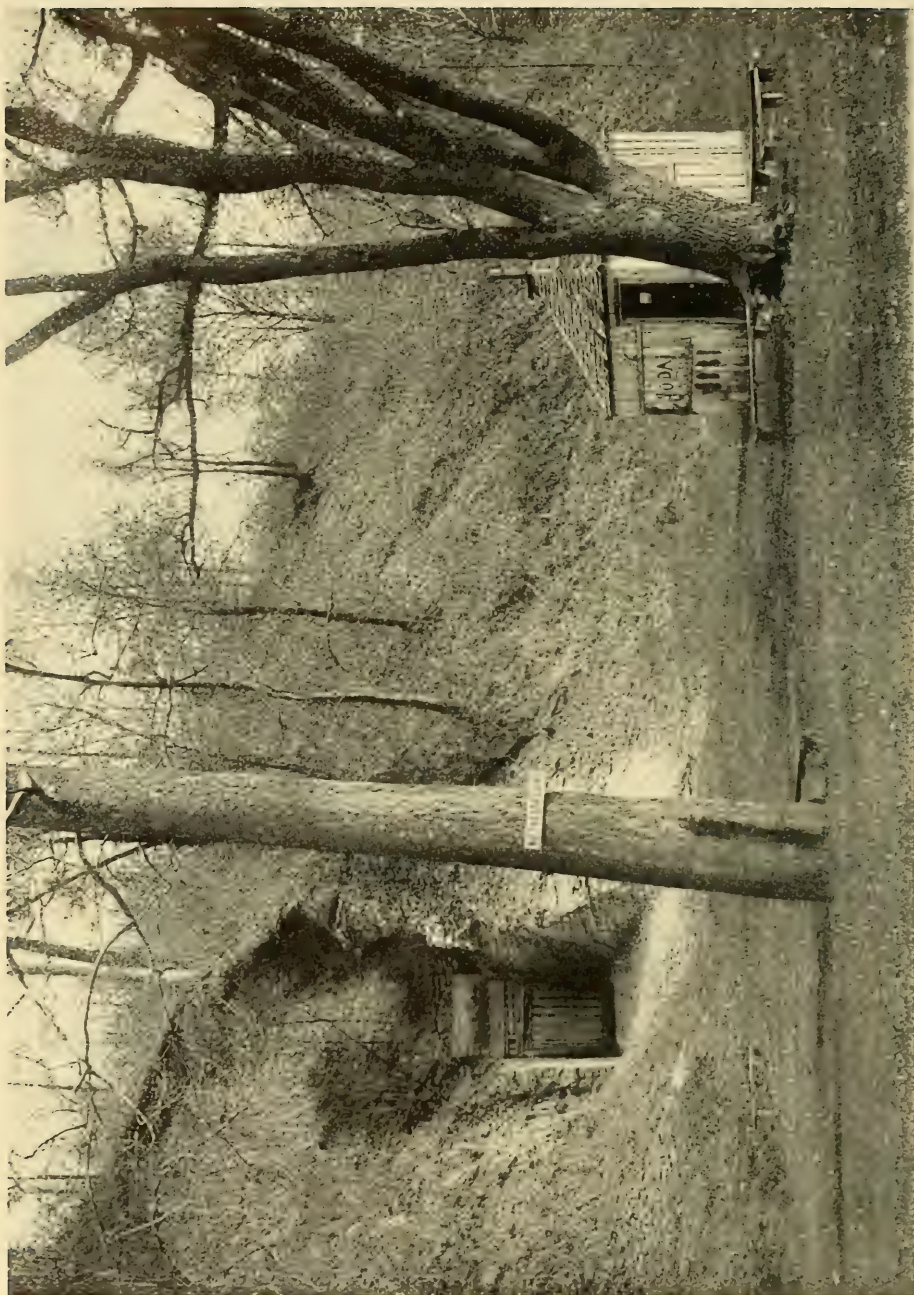
MARK TWAIN has been a good deal of a wanderer, but the region that is peculiarly his own and that his memory lingers over most fondly is the land of his boyhood. Again and again he recurs to it in his books and portrays with rare vividness the old life he then knew. His home was at Hannibal, Missouri, a loafing, out-at-the-elbows, slave-holding river town. As matters were then, the Mississippi was far more interesting than anything else to the inhabitants, and the big steamboats arrived daily out of the mysterious unknown of the north and south. The world lay whence they came and whither they went; but now they are infrequent, and their work is done by the prosaic railroads.

Hannibal has grown a good deal in the last fifty years, but here and there the old lingers amidst the new, and surrounding nature in its wild hills and glens is essentially unchanged. The house the humorist

lived in still stands and is much the same as it always was—a stumpy, two-story, clapboarded dwelling close to the sidewalk. It is just off the main street snuggled in among other similar buildings. The senior Clemens had a printing shop upstairs in the L of the house, and as there were several children the living rooms must have been pretty well crowded.

"All the family was the nicest people you ever saw," I was told; but they were very poor and the father died bankrupt when "Mark" was twelve years old.

On the next street lived "Huckleberry Finn," whose real name was Tom Blankenshipp. In the books this lad turns out to be quite an admirable character, but in actual life he and all his relatives were a very rough lot, and when he left town it was to go to the penitentiary. The house that was his home was always rude; however, it has not yet succumbed to either age or chance, and its ruinous, unkempt an-



Entrance to the cave in which Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher were lost.



Pitching horseshoe (pools). A common recreation of Missouri.

tiquity is quite worthy of its associations. Two or three negro families now live in it, and I made the acquaintance of one of the women inmates who was sitting out in front lunching on bread and a dish of greens.

"This is the Huckleberry Finn house, isn't it?" I inquired.

"It sholy is," was the reply; "an' las' year Huckleberry Finn and Mark Twain both was hyar to see it. Dey come togedder in a two-horse coach, an' dey each one give me a quarter."

"Yo' doan' know nothin' what yo' talkin' about," said an irritated male voice from inside the lower room. "Huckleberry Finn is daid long ago."

"No he aint," was the woman's reply. "He was hyar las' year an' give me a quarter. He had whiskers an' look some like Santa Claus. You seen Santa Claus picture, aint you, mister? He was a little dried up ole man. Mark Twain is a heap bigger'n Huckleberry Finn."

"He's daid, I tell yo!" said the voice indours in gruff anger.

From a window upstairs a disheveled young colored woman was looking down. The window-glass was mostly gone, and she had her head thrust through a hole left by a missing pane and one arm through a similar opening just below, so that she could rest her chin on her hand; and she made a very grotesque sort of a tableau. The woman below referred the matter in dispute to this looker-on, who said it was Huckleberry Finn that called with Mark Twain, and no mistake. Her response maddened the man inside past endurance, and he began swearing and stamping about and finally slammed the door.

The woman with the lunch rolled up her eyes deprecatingly. "He git plumb crazy over his own mistakes," she declared. "He doan' know he wrong when I tell him so, an' when all de neighbors tell him so, too. God has sent a judgment on me for marryin' dat man. I gwine go away to St. Louis an' jine a show if it aint nothin' but de hoochy-koochy!"

The part of the town I was in lay at the foot of a steep and lofty hill with little homes clinging to it, and here and there stairways and zigzag paths. Farther north were other hills and among these the boys used sometimes to dig for treasure, and here, according to the Tom Sawyer book,

was a haunted house. Even now there is a "Ghost Holler." I was told about it by a woman who lived near by. "It's a very lonely place," said she. "It's shady and awful deep, with high rocks on both sides, and it's always damp, and the ferns grow there. It looks ghostly—it really does; and some people say they see things. I know the children have been in there and heard strange sounds and come running home they were so afraid. Folks claim someone was murdered in that holler a long time ago."

The hill where the boys used to dig for treasure with most enthusiasm, expecting to find "a brass pot with a hundred dollars in it, or a rotten chest full of diamonds," was two miles north of the town up the "river road" that creeps along the verge of the stream. According to tradition, the old Spanish explorers buried vast riches there. Adults as well as youngsters have delved after the fabled treasure, and the search has not even yet been abandoned; but if the scrubby pasture height holds any golden hoard in its stony soil it has thus far kept the secret well. Another attraction that the hill has is an Indian mound. This is on the loftiest crest of the bluff, an impressive spot commanding an immense sweep of river and valley. The mound is eight or ten feet high and has a base some twenty feet across. These mounds are common on the uplands, but they have all been dug into and pillaged by the whites.

The most notable of the Tom Sawyer adventures occurred in a cave three miles beyond the town in the other direction. The cave entrance is in a low valley to which a long winding road descends from the main highway on the hills.

I had been told the cave was "sort o' on the bum," and the evidences of its being a run-down pleasure resort were quite apparent. Near the entrance were a few shabby buildings including a pavilion. The passage into the earth had been roughly enlarged and a slatted door, whacked together by some tinkerer, had been put up. I joined a party that was just going in with a guide who distributed candles and then led the way. The cavern honeycombs the earth with several miles of devious and tangled passages, and it was among these passages that Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher were lost on that Saturday of the picnic, and they did not get



The local Tom Sawyer.

out until Tuesday afternoon. The walls of the cave are a monotonous gray, and the channels never have width or height enough to be impressive; but the age of it all, the silence and the gloom, are not easily forgotten.

Our guide had read Mark Twain's works and was quite capable of discussing them. "They're entertaining," he said; "but they're mostly fiction. Mark was here last year. I was expecting to see a great tall man, and yet he's no larger'n you or me, and just an ordinary man to look at. He's got a big reputation, though—probably because he's kind of an oddity—something on the ancient order I might say. He has a rambling disposition, and I expect it's his nature to be uneasy and to think some other place would suit him better'n the one he's in—same like a tramp. He's livin' in Italy just as present and writin' the history of the world so far as he knows it."

The author's birthplace was Florida, a little town up Salt River, twenty or thirty miles away. I decided to see it, but the railroad does not go nearer than a half-dozen miles and I walked the rest of the distance.

The town is a primitive hilltop hamlet well away from the busy world, and it is seldom stirred from its placidity. Its visible life, as I saw it, consisted largely of loiterers around the store porches and numerous wandering pigs on the streets. These pigs had no qualms about lying down to sleep in the middle of the highways, and their miry rooting-places were everywhere. The majority of them belonged to the proprietor of the village drugstore, and it was his habit to feed them directly in front of his place of business.

I found lodging at an old-fashioned farmhouse. The floors were covered with rag carpets, some of which were quite new and calculated to put a rainbow to shame with the variegated brightness of their stripes. Rag carpets are the standard kind throughout the Missouri country among sensible people of moderate means. In a back shed of one of the Florida dwellings was a carpet in process of weaving, and before I left town I went in and watched the work. The woman weaver said she earned twelve or fifteen dollars each spring and fall. She charged ten cents a yard and had to work very persistently to

do five yards in a day. "It's hard on your clothes doing this weaving," she added, "and I wear out enough in a season to make a rag carpet for myself out of 'em."

After supper that first night at the old farmhouse I sat on the porch with my landlord and his wife, and they told me about pioneer days, and about the raiding and bushwhacking from which the town suffered in war time.

"People was mighty mean then," mused the man—"though they're mean enough any time, as far as that is concerned. They thought nothin' of droppin' in on you with ten or fifteen horses to feed and not payin' a cent; and they was always on the watch to find out whether you was helpin' the other side. I tell you it made a fellow's eyes bug out to have one of their shinin' guns poked in the window at you unawares."

But what interested me most during my stay in Florida was to meet an old lady eighty-three years of age, who remembered distinctly when the Clemens family were residents of the place. The father was for a time a merchant here and built a log house to live in. While this log dwelling was being erected the family occupied a little two-room frame house, and in the kitchen of that house Mark Twain was born, November 30, 1835. The house still stands, though now vacant and rather ruinous. The family moved to the log dwelling when the baby was three or four weeks old. That stood until recently, but during its later years no one lived in it and people got in the habit of taking away bits of it as Mark Twain relics. "Why, they tore the house pretty near to pieces!" said the old lady. "They'd carry off brickbats from the chimney and pieces of glass from the windows and splinters of wood from the doors and other parts, until they'd got about everything but the logs.

"Mr. Clemens took his family to Hannibal when Mark Twain was still a very little boy, and since the boy has growed up he aint been here more'n once or twice. He's famous—and yet I couldn't see that he was different from most folks, except he had long hair and wa'n't very neat. I've read his travels some. They're light and trashy; but they're jovial, and I suppose that's what people like about 'em."

When I returned to Hannibal I met other old-time acquaintances of the humorist. According to two ancients



Fishing and gossip on Salt River,

who I interrupted in an endless series of checker games at the back of a store, Mark Twain is "the most overrated man in America. There's about as much truth in those sayings in his books," I was informed, "as there is in a ten-cent novel. His brother Orion who was a printer knew more in a minute than Sam ever did know; and yet Orion never made no reputation. As a boy, Sam was just like other boys, except he might have been a little slower. He was considered blamed dull, to tell you the truth. It was his peculiar drawl and accent that made him famous, I'll be dogged if it wa'n't."

But another man, one of the author's old schoolmates, discoursed thus: "He was a mighty still sort of a boy. He was distant, and had as a rule rather be by himself than with the rest of the boys. Most of us used to like to get in a skiff after school and go off fishin'. We'd have our poles and boxes o' worms all ready under the schoolhouse and we'd grab 'em out soon as school was done and go off across the river to the slues and ponds and stay till dark drove us home. But I never ricollect of Sam a-goin' fishin' with us or a-huntin' with us, though he liked to go down to the cave."

"He was a good talker and had the same slow way o' speakin' he's got now. If he was to come along this minute and say, 'Charlie, let's me 'n' you go down to the cave,' I'd know him just by the tone of his voice."

"Whatever he told about, he'd talk so to make sport. He'd tell things in a different way from what the rest of us could, and it sounded funny. He used to tell us tales and we loved to listen at him. His father had a book—"The Arabian Nights"—that no one else had in town, and Sam would get us boys together of nights and tell us stories from that book, and we'd have been glad to listen at him all night."

"In the spring of '58 he went on the river to learn piloting, because then the steamboats was more interestin' than anything else, and you found people from all parts of the world travelin' on 'em. It ain't thataway now. Our river up here is played out."

But in the old days the river carried Mark Twain away to new scenes, and he has seldom returned; yet the half-rustic life of the town of his boyhood, and the rugged hills and vales around, no doubt contributed much in developing and furnishing inspiration for his peculiar genius.



In the kitchen of this house Mark Twain was born.

THE MIDDLE WEST DISCOVERS OUTDOORS

By H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

"SPORTS" with long cigars between their lips, speeding trotters on the boulevards; half-grown boys and full-grown loafers playing baseball in vacant lots—that was amateur sport in Chicago less than a score of years ago. There were race tracks, to be sure, where fast young men gambled their patrimony away, and junketing cruises on the lake, where Board of Trade yachtsmen "spliced the main brace" whenever the Grosse Point light flashed red; but a college-bred man playing an honest game for honest love of it was as rare as a millionaire taking a Saturday off. Sport was for the "Sports" and it meant gambling and drinking. Sportsmen were unknown.

The conditions in Chicago were typical of the other cities of the Middle West. Six days of work and a day of boredom, week in and week out for the college man; six days of worry and a day of piety for the millionaire—piety in the form of passing the plate at morning service, and perverting the digestion, with cold meat, jam and pickles at the Sunday evening meal. Small wonder the millionaire died of Bright's disease and the college man of ennui, since the very name of sport was anathema.

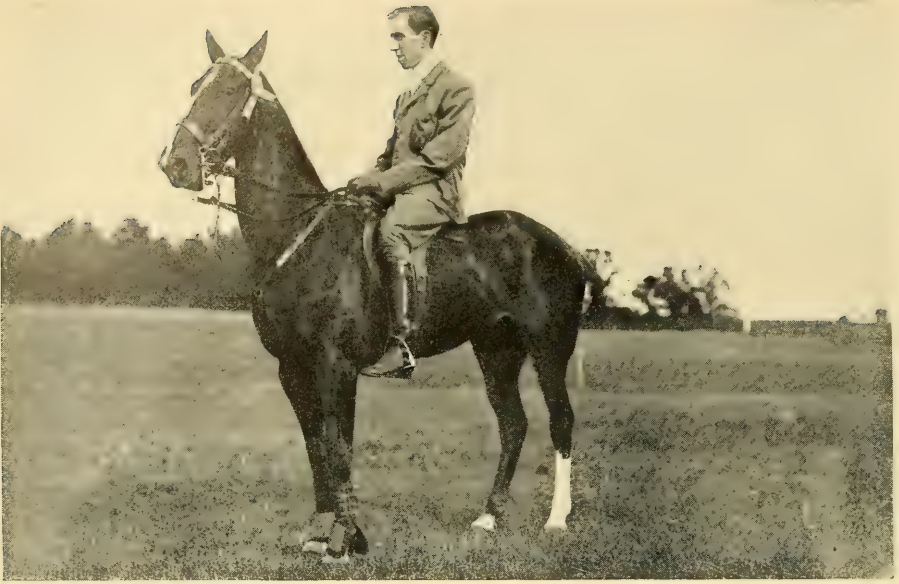
When I left college—and I am not the oldest living graduate by any means—sport in Chicago was represented by a few tennis clubs, a yacht club, and a boat club. The tennis clubs, small in membership, were composed mostly of young men who could not lose their "jobs" because they were the sons of the rich; but they were frowned upon by the money-grubbers for playing such a trivial game even after business hours. Of course they dared not play on Sunday. The boat club was moribund and has since passed away; the yacht club was composed mostly of Board of Trade plungers whose seamanship was confined to the "main brace." They were jolly fellows, those yachtsmen of the early eighties, but, excepting Captain John Prindiville and a few salty pals of his, they were not sailormen. They had cares to

drown and when they left the wheat pit they went to the lake and drowned them.

If I were asked when honest sport in the West began, I should say it was on Thanksgiving day, '88. The college colony had grown until it had assumed the proportions of a university club, comprising among its membership, several football stars from Eastern elvens; and in that year some daring spirits from among them, conceived the idea of a Thanksgiving football game for the benefit of charity. Ben Lamb, F. G. Peters and Arthur Farwell of Yale, J. B. Waller of Princeton, J. V. Cowling of Harvard, Ben Lockwood of Columbia—I wish I could remember the names of the entire eleven—invited Michigan to a battle royal on the gridiron. Michigan was new to football but they were young, lithe undergraduates, who thought to find the winded and spavined "grads" an easy mark. The old war-horses, however, knew the game from the ground up; they puffed and grunted as they dragged their stiffened limbs about the snow-covered field, but the ball went where they told it to go, and, when the score rolled up to something like forty to nothing, a more surprised and chagrined lot of college boys you never saw than those humbled wearers of the maize and blue.

Charity has covered a multitude of sins, but it has at least two virtues to its credit. It taught Chicago that gentlemen could be sportsmen without impairing their standing in the community; and it taught the University of Michigan that football is a scientific game. For several years that annual game for charity continued, until, losing the *cachet* of the University club, it degenerated to an annual slugging match.

In the West, as in the East, football is the dominant game, but it is college football now; for Michigan, Wisconsin or Chicago would simply slaughter any eleven of spavined graduates with the rashness to face them. However, the lesson of that Thanksgiving game has not been lost. Michigan has learned foot-



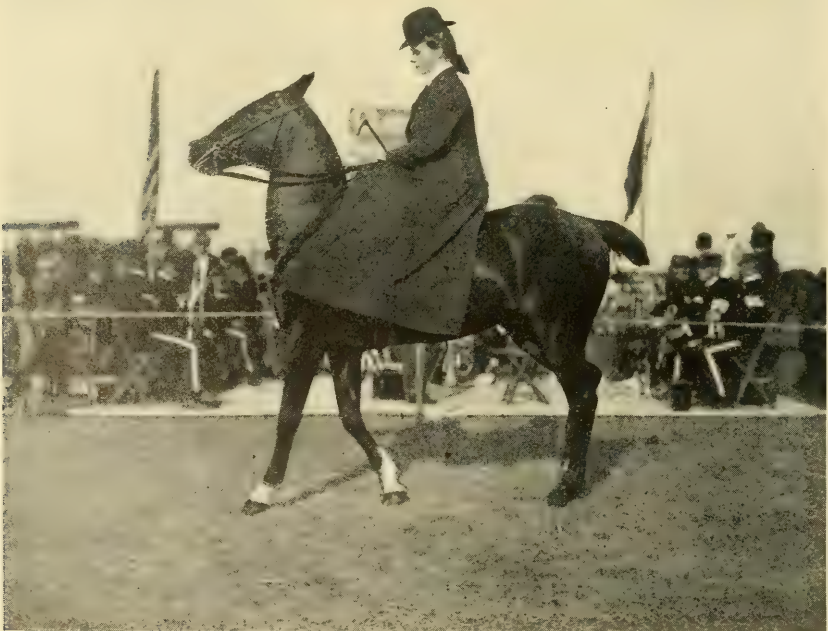
Mr. Frederick McLaughlin.

ball, and the business men of Chicago no longer despise a player of games.

Racing has always thrived in the Middle West, as elsewhere in the Anglo-Saxon world, but amateur racing never. A

gentleman jockey is unknown, and to my mind, professional racing is not a sport.

Like professional sparring it is a game for sports not for sportsmen—a heritage from Rome. In sport, I confess, I am a



Miss Agnes Booth.



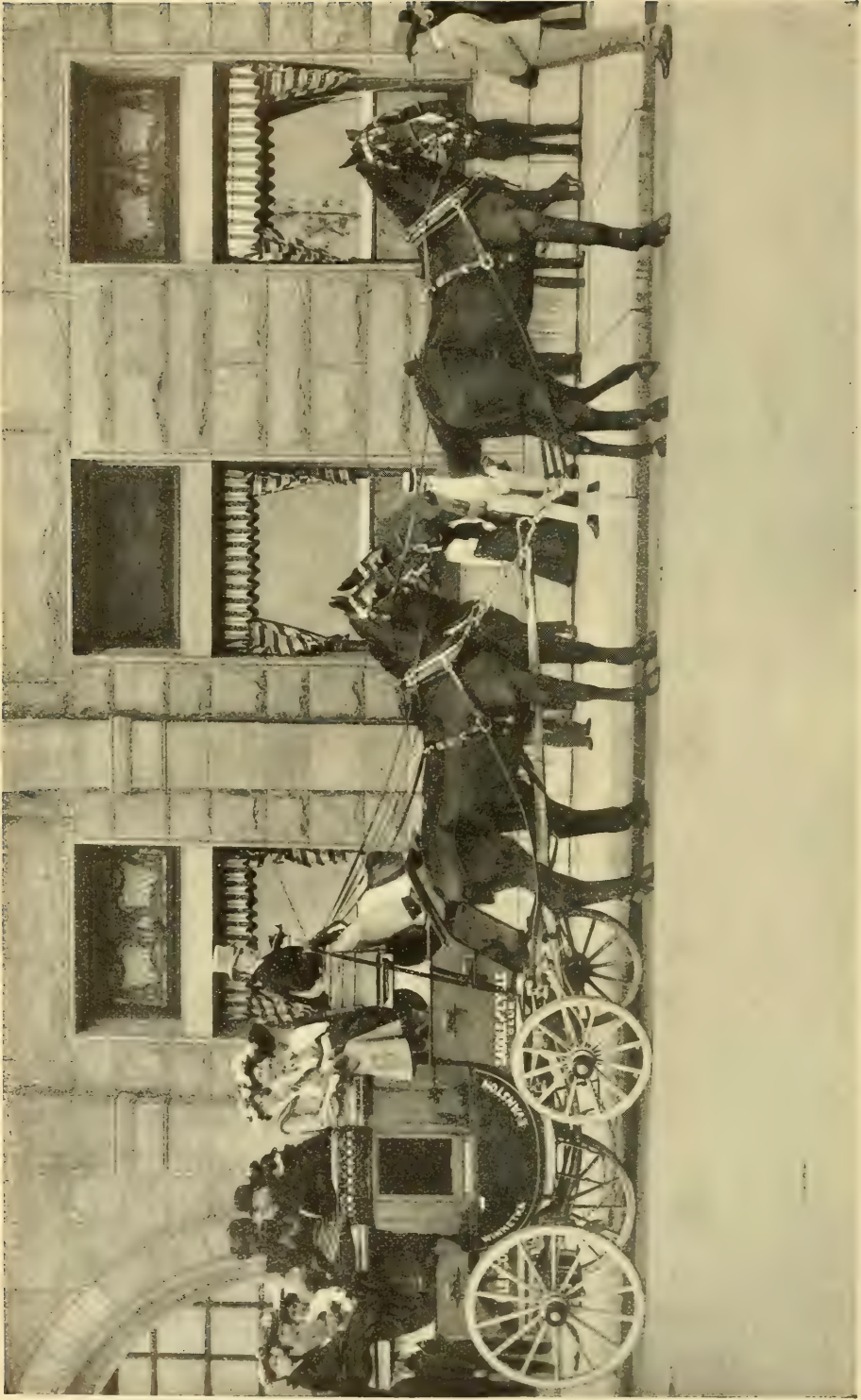
Mr. W. W. Keith, One of the Polo Pioneers.

rigid Puritan. If we are to have racing, let the owners ride their own horses; let the game be a point-to-point steeplechase from the town common to the spire of the next village church, or a follow-the-leader

pounding match, until one man gives a lead the rest can't follow. That, to my mind, is sport. Rome had her charioteers and gladiators: we have our jockeys and "sluggers." I can see but little difference.



Mrs. Frank Mullen—Winner of Ladies Gaited Saddle Class—Lake Forest Horse Show.



Mr. W. Vernon Booth, of Chicago, Whip of the "Old Times" Coach.

But that is a digression. If charity football was the revelation, it remained for the Ancient and Honorable game of Golf to do the proselyting. The reason is not far to seek. Golf is a game for the old and the young, the hale, the halt—I was almost going to say the blind, but I believe you must keep your 'ee on the ball, therefore, it is a game within the powers of any business man. I had a good deal to do with the development of golf in its early days; indeed, I believe I had the distinction of playing the first game west of the Alleghany Mountains; but the Ancient and Honorable progressed beyond me until during my presidency of the Onwentsia Club, one of the qualifications for membership in that institution was to beat me. If a candidate could not do that he was blackballed as unworthy of a club which had twice held the Championship. Although I finally gave up golf—or rather the game gave me up—I cannot begin to estimate the lasting good that exasperating pastime has done for the Middle West. It is the only game in which we have ever met the East on equal terms; but, remember, it is the only game ever played with any degree of seriousness; and more than that, it is the only game which has ever dragged the sluggish business man from his desk.

Lake Forest claims the honor of the first golf course, laid out by Charles B. MacDonald—a nine-hole affair in a grove of trees, with holes varying in length from eighty to two hundred yards. Absurd it would seem to the golfer of to-day, but when Urbun H. Broughton and the writer drove off in a blinding rain storm for the first game on that ridiculous course, and I tore up a divot the size of my hand and managed to send the ball about ten feet, I confess that a hundred yards looked as formidable as a mile would to-day. That was in '92, and for two years golf flourished solely on that course amid the trees and flower beds. The players were three or four Englishmen and myself.

MacDonald scorned such a baby links, but he never lost an opportunity to tout golf, until in '94 he found a stretch of open country and a few choice spirits with the temerity to have a try at the game. Beside the railway station at Belmont—a half hour's ride from town on the Bur-

lington—they set up a galvanized-iron portable house in which to keep their clubs, and a quarter of a mile away on a piece of rolling pasture land, they laid out a full-fledged nine-hole course. That was the beginning of the Chicago Golf Club, the oldest organized golf club in the West.

In '94 golf was in the air—the microbe had begun its deadly work. While MacDonald and his pupils were ploughing up divots at Belmont—or rather while MacDonald was carefully replacing the divots his pupils had ploughed—the scornful citizens of Lake Forest stopped occasionally to see the efforts of my English friends and my humble self. They came, they saw, and were conquered, for every man who came to scoff, remained to pray that he might cease to fan the air. With merciless intent I managed to slip a club into the hands of each of these guileless Lake Foresters—business men for the most part—and tee a ball. When they came in hot and angry from their struggles, Lake Forest being a temperance town, I surreptitiously opened a bottle of Scotch. In about three Saturday afternoons the town was conquered, and before the summer had passed Chicago converts began flocking to the course among the trees. General Miles followed the first handicap event on horseback, with a cavalcade of glittering staff officers; business men began to leave their offices on Saturday at noon—sometimes on week days as well—and in the early autumn, after the Lake Foresters had seen what a golf course was, during a team match, four a side, on the Belmont course, the cry for a club house and links became too great to be withstood.

The year '95 saw the removal of the Chicago Golf Club to a better course and more commodious quarters at Wheaton, and the opening of the Lake Forest Golf Club; it saw MacDonald win the amateur championship as well. Other cities fell in line—St. Louis, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Cincinnati—another club was started at Belmont, the Illinois by name, and Lake Forest again outgrew its quarters, with the Onwentsia Club as the result. Detroit and Cleveland joined the golfing clan of the Middle West; the game spread to Denver, and westward to the Pacific Slope; clubs, too numerous to chronicle, sprang to life

until every station near Chicago found its platforms filled with eager golfers. The game is played now, wherever there are forty acres of grass and a settlement of houses, but other boroughs have yet to rival Chicago. Thirty odd courses within a radius of thirty miles. And let me add that the business men of the Middle West are no longer sallow dyspeptics, who toil from 8 A.M. till 6 P.M. Golf has made their blood flow and the color come to the cheeks. They no longer despise a sportsman.

If Chicago is the mother of western golf, another city has given birth to a game, which only the truest sportsman has the courage to play. I mean St. Louis and the game of Polo. Lamar, in Iowa, might claim that honor, but it was English polo played by Englishmen—not the native article. It was in '98, I believe, when Charles and J. W. Scudder, H. McKittrick, G. P. Doan, J. Sheppley and three others, nailed cross pieces to broom handles for sticks, stuck four scantlings into a side hill, near the Bridgeton Club, for goal posts, and, with a baseball, played native polo for the first time in the Middle West. The game must have been cousin-german to a circus, but some of those men are still playing polo to-day, and good polo at that. For three years those St. Louis pioneers played after their own ideas,

until, in the parlance of the day, they became "chesty." Then the English colonists came up from Lamar. The scorer in that game must have worked overtime adding up goals for the Britishers, but the St. Louisians discovered that there was such a thing as team play—not to mention riding off—and they have certainly profited by the lesson.

The story of polo in Chicago is similar, with St. Louis playing the rôle of Lamar. In '92, if memory serves me well, J. C. Evans, the late Colonel Frank Michler, U. S. A., Walter Farwell, F. W. Lamport, Colonel Jacobs, Messrs. W. Vernor Booth and W. W. Keith, found a hay field somewhere in the suburbs, at a spot called Brookline, and, with a pony or so apiece, made an attempt at polo, the chief characteristic of which consisted in discovering how not to fall off. In '93 the Washington Park Club, having been forced by legislation to abandon racing, invited the embryo polo men to remove to their infield. For years polo languished there, with an



Mr. Harry Tootle of St. Joseph, Mo., One of the Famous Younger Athletes.

occasional drubbing at the hands of St. Louis, and an occasional trip to Buffalo, but it could not be said to have flourished until its removal to the Onwentsia Club in '98. A tournament was played that year by Buffalo, Onwentsia and St. Louis; and such a Waterloo as the two former met at the hands of what the local gallery

called the "corn huskers," would be hard to match. St. Louis had been learning the game and recruiting new strength. Messrs. John and S. C. Davis, G. H. Walker and G. P. Doan made as tidy a team as you could ask to see outside a championship match, and Buffalo must have taken their beating somewhat to heart, as, in spite of annual invitations, they have never again invaded the Middle West. Since that year, St. Louis and Onwentsia have had the polo field to themselves, but the latter have been coming on steadily until they can hold their own at the handicap game, at least; although they still have much to learn at the hands of the "corn huskers." Polo now thrives lustily at Onwentsia and there are rumors of teams being formed at Louisville and Kansas City; but St. Louis is still the premier polo city of the West.

The Middle West is not a horseman's country, except in the matter of professional racing, but I venture to prophesy a new era. Coaching since the eighties, when the late

Charles Schwartz turned out a well appointed drag and braved the ridicule of the street arabs, has always thrived in Chicago to some degree, but not till two years ago was heard the tootle of a guard's horn. The "Old Times," horsed by a syndicate of enthusiasts, with Messrs. Howard Gillette, W. Vernon Booth and

W. W. Keith as whips, braved a rainy season and ran daily on schedule time from Chicago to Highland Park; but Milwaukee was the pioneer of road coaching, since in '91 Fred Pabst, horsed and drove a coach from the Cream City to Oconomowoc.

To my mind, the very word sport savors

so much of the horse, that I could not apply the term "sporting community" to any place where the horse did not rule. Lake Forest, the site of the Onwentsia Club, is certainly becoming such, if it has not already attained that distinction. Polo thrived there from the moment the ponies first sniffed the dank pasture land and purged their nostrils of the sooty air of the city; but since the institution of the annual open-air horse show, the blue ribbon has become the fetish of all, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude to business or golf. To own a prizewinner has become a passion; that, however, is the least of the equinal triumphs. The men who tool The "Old



Mr. Kreigh Collins, Champion Lawn-Tennis Player of the West.

Times" are Onwentsians, to be sure, but they are also polo men and all-round sportsmen: but hunting—the king of sports, as polo is of games—has, in two seasons, taken such a hold as fairly to stagger one familiar with the small fields and exclusive interest called forth by the sport in the East. For a couple of

seasons, paper chases had been the vogue, and the enthusiasm thus aroused broke forth two years ago in a wild outburst of hunting. It was drag hunting to be sure—but so popularized by Mr. Arthur T. Aldis, the tactful Master, that no one was frightened away by the magnitude of the jumps, and at the end of the season the Onwentsia pack was followed by a field, the magnitude of which would put Myopia and Meadowbrook to shame. It was a motley field, to be sure—savoring, perhaps,

other. If I pointed a moral from the junketers of twenty years ago, the yachtsman of to-day is surely a sailorman, since he sails his own ship. It takes a seaman to brave old Michigan, or any of our inland seas, and that is what the men of to-day are doing, in every sort of craft from the tiniest knockabout to smart thirty-footers. Of larger raters there are few, and I believe that is a blessing for the sport, since it keeps it in the hands of Corinthians. Cleveland and Detroit are



Colonel George S. McGrew, Dean of St. Louis Golfers.

of the Brighton Harriers—but it was a popular field, comprising all sorts and conditions from the farmer lads of the neighborhood to millionaire stock-brokers and college professors. It was a case of the more the merrier and that is, to my mind, what hunting should be if it is to thrive as an exotic.

Perhaps, I have been unduly severe on the yachting of the early days, for ever since the aborigines first paddled their own canoes, men of the West have gone down to the lake in ships of some sort or

blessed by nature with neighboring harbors and stretches of fine cruising water, but for the yachtsman of Milwaukee or Chicago there is but one choice—the open sea. That makes sailormen, but it makes yachting monotonous.

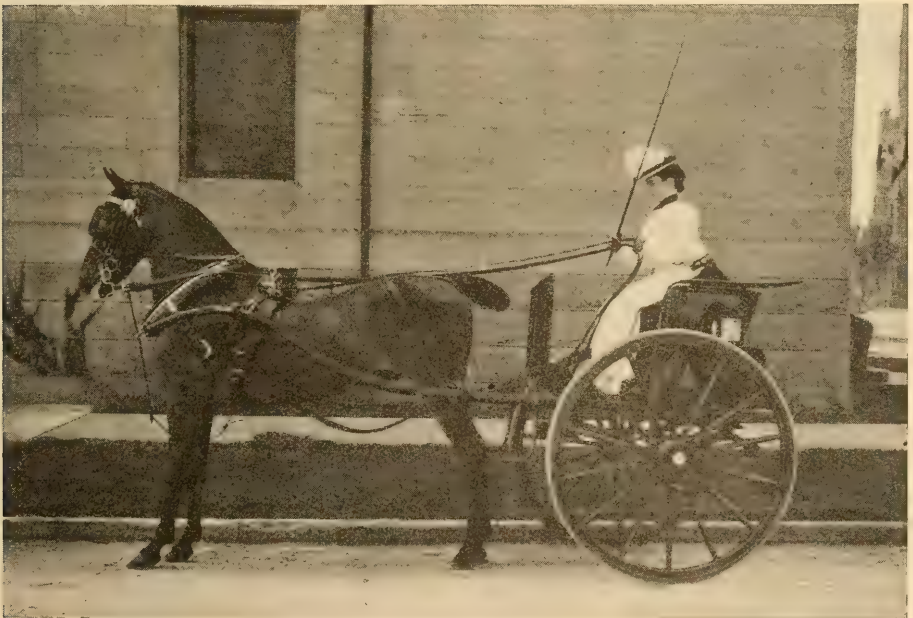
Chicago is the center of Western tennis as it is of golf, and has put forth some high-class players in the Chase and the Neel brothers, and Collins and Wardner. Wyandotte, the pioneer club, has ceased to exist—and Kenwood is easily the premier tennis club of the West.



Mr. Howard Gillette.

What I have written here are the impressions of an observer of twenty years; impressions of the sport of busy men who twenty years ago denied the possibility of out-door exercise for any but the college boy or loafer. During that time a revolution has been wrought, and now, a love of healthful exercise throbs in the hearts of all, from office boy to lawyer, doctor or

merchant prince. A leisure class I am proud to say, does not exist in the Middle West—and I am also proud to chronicle that within the short period of my observation, our money-makers have been converted from work fanatics to rational men who realize that extremes, either of work or play, are equally to be avoided. Sport, in the Middle West, has found itself.



Mrs. Sidney C. Love.



GRIGSBY'S FIRST HUNT

By ALFRED STODDART

THE matter was all cut and dried between Grigsby and old Henderson at their club before Grigsby came down—not in so many words, perhaps. But a definite understanding existed between the two men.

When the train stopped at Meadowthorpe Grigsby alighted from the parlor car with caution. He was not in the first bloom of youth and the long ride had made his joints stiff. His hair was quite gray about the temples and in spite of his jaunty air and youthful clothes he appeared quite an old man. His limbs trembled slightly as he crossed the platform and bowed elaborately to a girl who, assisted by a groom, was trying to keep a restive young horse from bolting with a very high dog cart.

Indeed she was so busily engaged with her horse that she did not see Grigsby at first, and his studied salutation was quite lost upon her. Grigsby repeated it, however, with much enthusiasm and this time not in vain, for Miss Henderson bestowed upon him a nod and a smile and bade him "hop in, and be quick about it."

Thus admonished, Grigsby scrambled painfully into the cart, barking his shins on the iron step as he did so, but smiling triumphantly when the feat was accomplished. As he dropped into the seat beside her, Miss Henderson signalled to the groom to let go of the horse's head, and the latter, a fine bay colt, shot off at a

gallop, bouncing the cart along at an alarming pace, the groom only gaining his seat at the back with difficulty.

Grigsby took a firm grip upon the side of the cart and tried to look as if he was happy. For Grigsby had come a-wooing.

Old Henderson and he had been club cronies for many years. Henderson was a man who had theories of his own, especially about the duties of children to their parents. Daisy Henderson also had theories of her own, and in some respects they did not coincide with those of her respected parent.

For instance, Henderson had a theory that a girl ought to marry a man considerably her senior, a man whose years and experience would compel her respect, such a man say, as Douglas Grigsby, who was very comfortably off indeed and who was fond of whist and who possessed many other good qualities in old Henderson's mind.

Miss Daisy, however, had a theory that a girl ought to marry the man she loved even though he were only a couple of years older than herself and hadn't a dollar (figuratively speaking), and never under any circumstances played whist, but who rode to hounds just as often as business and the exigencies of his finances permitted. In short, Miss Daisy's theory was that she could be perfectly happy with Hartley Graham, to whom the latter description applied more or less accurately.

There had been a storm over the matter in the Henderson household. Daisy's mother had died when Daisy was quite a child, so that the whole responsibility rested with her father. The battle had waged furiously for some weeks and had ended in a sort of armed neutrality which Henderson fondly deluded himself into believing meant victory to him.

Of course, Graham was requested not to call at the Henderson place and all communication between Daisy and he was strictly forbidden, and equally of course, the lovers saw each other as often as possible in spite of all precautions. And in the meantime old Henderson was slyly preparing Daisy's mind for his long-cherished project of marrying her to Douglas Grigsby.

When her father told her he had invited Grigsby down to Meadowthorpe for a week he had expected a scene. But in this respect he was agreeably disappointed.

"I suppose he rides," said the girl. "Surely he won't expect me to give up my hunting to entertain him."

"Every gentleman rides," said Henderson, anxious to make the best impression possible for Grigsby. He remembered having seen him in the park on a steady-going hack. "But as for fox-hunting, I am not sure."

"We will see," laughed Daisy, and old Henderson eyed her suspiciously. He was not at all sure of the drift of things.

"This is rather a restive animal—is it not?" said Grigsby anxiously as the cart bounded along toward the Henderson place.

"Oh, he's a little fresh," said Daisy, as the bay shied at a rock and swerved across the road. "You see he isn't often put to harness. He's a hunter. You can ride him to-morrow. The hounds meet near here."

"That would be delightful," said Grigsby, "but I would rather stay home with you and your father."

"You can stay home with father if you wish, but I never miss a meet of the hounds unless I am ill."

"You don't mean to tell me that you ride yourself—across country."

"Why, of course. You ride, don't you?"

"Oh, certainly," said Grigsby.

He had never in all his life ridden a horse over a two-foot hurdle and he had

never expected to do so. But he was sensitive about his age and fearful of betraying his infirmities. So he lied cheerfully and trusted to Fate.

But Fate did not smile upon his plans.

At the dinner table that night Daisy announced gleefully to her father that Mr. Grigsby was very fond of fox hunting, and was going to ride *Démon* the next day.

Mr. Henderson looked puzzled and glanced at Grigsby, but the latter was smiling his assent.

"I guess he knows what he's doing," said Henderson to himself. "If he is really fond of hunting they'll get on well together."

Mr. Henderson's wardrobe was laid under contribution next morning to fit Grigsby out with riding things. They proved rather a sorry fit, for Grigsby was as thin as old Henderson was stout, but when he was fully attired, the former flattered himself he presented quite a sporting appearance.

He tried to enjoy his breakfast, but always the vision of that frolicsome four-year-old with the highly suggestive name of *Démon* obtruded itself upon him and destroyed his relish for the meal.

Old Henderson had excused himself to his guest saying that he was getting too stout to hunt, and Grigsby, with some trepidation and the assistance of a groom, had hoisted himself to *Démon's* saddle.

The latter had behaved like a model horse so far, and as they walked slowly to the Kennels where the meet was to be, Grigsby felt his spirits rise perceptibly. Daisy was mounted on her little black mare *Sprite*, who possessed quite a reputation as a goer with the Meadowthorpe crowd.

She chatted freely with Grigsby and the latter thought her more delightful than ever. He had never seen her before except in town; but here at Meadowthorpe, on her black mare, she was quite herself—a very charming self indeed, thought Grigsby.

Daisy was warmly greeted by the waiting field when she rode up, and Bradbury, the M. F. H., shook Grigsby warmly by the hand when Daisy introduced them.

"Glad to see you at Meadowthorpe, Mr. Grigsby; Miss Henderson has been telling us all about you. I hear you are very keen on hunting."

"Oh, yes—very," said Grigsby unblushingly. Had he seen the twinkle in Bradbury's eyes as they met Daisy's blue ones, he might have been less complacent.

As it was, he shook hands very coldly with Hartley Graham when Daisy presented the latter. Of course he had heard from Henderson of Daisy's attachment for him and he was considerably annoyed when she held a short but confidential conversation with her former lover.

"Do be careful, Daisy," Graham said to her in a low voice.

"Trust me—and Sprite," she answered ungrammatically. "And watch old Hoary-head."

"We are going to run a drag to-day, Mr. Grigsby," said the M. F. H., riding up.

"That's good," said Grigsby, wondering what kind of a fox a drag was anyhow.

The hounds were put on the scent and it was not long before they were off in full cry. Bradbury, with a wave of his arm motioned the field to give them time, then, putting his flea-bitten gray at a low wall, he popped over into the field and the rest followed him one by one.

"Keep your eye on me," called Daisy over her shoulder to Grigsby, whose heart was in his mouth. Demon was beginning to dance with all four feet at once in a most alarming manner.

"Well, it's got to be done," muttered Grigsby to himself in desperation as he loosed Demon's head and the latter shot toward the wall. He cleared it with a bound, landing fully ten feet within the field. Grigsby left the saddle completely, but fortunately came down again on the pommel, whence he slipped back again, by a lucky accident, into the proper position.

"Great heavens!" said Grigsby to himself, "I can never in the world do that again."

It was a small but select field that day. No one but the "hard riders" seemed to be out. Grigsby was the last one to go over the wall and Demon was anxious to catch up with the rest. So he galloped across the field as though shot from a cannon, paying little or no attention to Grigsby's desperate tugs at the reins.

Now the truth of the matter was, that it was "horse-killers' day" with the Meadowthorpe, though Grigsby was blissfully unconscious of the fact and would not

know what it meant anyhow. About once a month it was deemed necessary to allow some of the hot-blooded hard riders of the hunt to work off their surplus energy in a drag hunt, which was really nothing more nor less than a first-class steeplechase.

Weary of having his best hounds ridden down time and again by the horse-killing fraternity, Bradbury, the M. F. H., compromised by appointing this special fixture once a month for their benefit. A few couples of hounds were taken out merely as a matter of form and after they were given a good start Bradbury would give the signal and then it would be a mad race to the "kill," every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

It was a popular plan. The "horse-killers" liked it because the pace was fast. The "road brigade" liked it because the drag was generally laid so that by pounding their horses' legs off along the "'ard 'igh road," they could see most of the fun. Moreover, it afforded an excellent opportunity for schooling young steeplechasers, of which there were always a number in training at Meadowthorpe.

On the present occasion Grigsby was the "hindmost man," and he could almost find it in his heart to wish the devil *would* take him. For the rest of the field had just cleared in rapid succession a high post-and-rail fence just ahead of him and Demon was going at it at a rate which meant destruction either to the fence or himself, Grigsby felt sure, not to speak of his rider.

However, they got over it somehow, though Grigsby never knew how. There was a spring by Demon, a frantic clutching of his mane by Grigsby, a resentful crash by the fence, and the thing was done.

Then ensued the most terrible ten minutes Grigsby had ever passed in all his life. Now and then he caught glimpses of Daisy far ahead, sailing over fences and brooks like a bird on the little black mare, but he was too thoroughly frightened to give her much thought.

Demon went the whole course and galloped in at the "death" triumphant—but riderless. Daisy and Hartley Graham, galloping back, found Grigsby sitting under a tree nursing his wounds, which were not very serious, though his face was deathly pale with fright.

Daisy was extremely solicitous about him and reproached herself vigorously for allowing him to ride such a difficult mount.

"But you see," she said sweetly, "I thought you were a veteran fox hunter, Mr. Grigsby." Grigsby made no reply.

Under no consideration would he mount Demon again, nor any other horse; so they had to get a farmer to drive him home, where his bruises were bathed in arnica and bandaged, and he was made as comfortable as possible.

Daisy waited on him and saw to his comfort with a devotion which was really very touching. Grigsby seemed to appreciate it thoroughly, but his mind was working out a problem of his own.

The upshot of it was that he held a confidential conversation with old Henderson two or three days later in which he imparted to that worthy parent his views upon the management of daughters in general, and especially upon the advis-

ability of certain warm-blooded and energetic young sportswomen marrying men who can "go the pace" with them.

"You can do as you like, of course, my dear fellow, but you know 'young blood must have its day,' and as for me, I'm out of it. There may be no fool like an old fool, but during that ten minutes' ride the other day I swore to myself if I ever lived through it, I would reform. I'm going back to New York and my club, and if you take my advice, the next time you meet that young Graham, who seems a decent sort of a chap and who rides like a centaur, you will ask him to dinner."

Old Henderson did take Grigsby's advice and did ask Hartley Graham to dinner, and when Hartley and Daisy were married in the following June, Grigsby himself was best man. And his present to the bride was the handsomest side saddle which had ever been seen at Meadowthorpe.





Fifty or more men with snowshoes on their shoulders,

SANDY'S SANTA CLAUS

By C. H. CLAUDY

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

"JIM! Oh, Summit Jim! Wait a minute, can't you?" Jim stopped, expectant; most men did when the clear childish treble rang out in autocratic summons. Children are so *very* few in Alaska, and those there are, seem always to have a heterogeneous likeness to every man's own little ones at home. So "Summit" Jim waited for Sandy Wilson, "the only boy kid on th' trail," as he would have proudly told you had you asked him.

"Well, Kidlet, what's it now?" he asked kindly, as Sandy puffingly arrived at his side, looking for all the world like a small, fat porpoise in his skin coat and fur trousers.

"Look-a-yere, Summit Jim," gasped the boy, out of breath with running, "ain't we nearer th' North Pole yere than down in th' Pan-Handle?"

"Why, yes, I reckon so," answered Jim, puzzled.

"Well," continued his tiny inquisitor, "don't Santy Claus live at the North Pole?" an indignant note creeping into his voice.

"No, I guess—hold on—I reckon he do, kid—I b'lieve I've so hearn tell of——"

"Well, then," demanded Sandy, triumphantly, "if he's nearer us now than he is to th' States, why can't he stop a-yere an' give Sis an' me some presents?"

Jim was stuck. This was certainly a poser. Then, not knowing what to tell the boy, like many an abler man in a difficulty, he temporized.

"Who said he warn't a-comin' to Valdes an' leave you an' Sis some presents?" he demanded, to gain time.

"Oh, Dad did—said there warn't no stores to git things at—jest as if Santy needed any stores—ain't he got a great big house jest *full* of all kin's uv toys an' guns an' things?" Sandy's voice was getting indignant again and Jim hastened to assure him that Santa Claus did not need to have stores to replenish his pack. Then, struck by what seemed to his slow mind as a brilliant idea, added "Why don't you write to him, Sandy? mail leaves to-morrow."

Sandy looked up, suspiciously, but, seeing only kindness and not a shadow of a smile, turned thoughtfully away.



unlit torches, dogs, food, rope, . . . were on their way up the stretch."

"Oh, er—thank you—Jim," he called back.

The next day the Postmaster and Mr. Wilson, who kept a little "chicken chuck-house"—otherwise a small restaurant where one could get fresh canned meat—were chuckling together over a childish scrawl. Catching sight of Jim, they called him over to read it too. And this was what he slowly spelled out:

"Deer santyklaws wont yu plees stop at valdeez an guv me an sis sumthin of a crismus we are the only kids on the trale an we do want sum presnts reel bad we liv with Pop and Mommie in the fust hows this side the storr your respektful Sandy Wilson."

"Th' blame little kid—that's all my fault, Wilson," said Jim—"He wanted to know ef Santy Claus wouldn't stop an' give him some kin' of a Christmas an' I tole him to write. Now then, dad blame it all, he *shall* have some kin' of a Christmas an' some presents, ef I hav to bust the town!"

Summit Jim was very energetic in body, if his mind was not of the swiftest. He had earned his nickname by his unique ability to climb the summit of the pass, a steep, snow-covered hill a mile long, with seventy-five pounds on his back and without a stop for rest. He now went to work to provide a Christmas for Sandy in the same way as he climbed the summit, with no such idea as failure possible. With a subscription-list and Sandy's letter pasted

on a shingle, he canvassed the little town, meeting with unexpected and gratifying success, and by night the prospects were that Sandy would have such a Christmas as he had never had before and would not be likely to have again.

"Copper" Jack Hillman loaned his big stove for the cooking of the Christmas goodies that Valdes Annie, one of the toughest of the town's tough characters, offered to make; "Big Jack" Barton offered his team and services to cut and haul the tree; "Whiskey Thomas" (surname unknown) donated his "hall," the largest covered room in Valdes—twenty by thirty feet it was. The minister's wife ferreted out from her little trunk a string of beads for little sister Ruth, and from all sides came promises of this and that queer and unsuitable article as gifts for these two fortunate children. Jim gathered them all in, his plans expanding with his smile, which became broader and broader as he realized that the town was meeting him "mor'n half way," as he put it.

By the afternoon of December twenty-fourth everything was fixed. The tree was decorated, the presents hung, or, if too heavy for that, stacked up in piles beneath; the big room was heated; pleasant odors filled the air and success for the celebration seemed assured. All day sheepish-looking men and bold-faced women had been coming and going, all with bundles under their arms, news-



-B. CORY NIXON-
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"Look-a-yere, Summit Jim, if Santa Claus lives at the North Pole, and we nearer th' Pole yere than down in th' Pan Handle, why can't he stop a-yere an' give Sis and me some presents?"

paper-covered for the most, and all departing empty-handed.

"Sandy's Santy Claus," as Jim was often called in jest, smiled queerly as he read name after name on the bundles that was *not* Ruth or Sandy, and realized that a little of the Christmas spirit had overflowed—that there were few in camp who would escape the ordeal of receiving a gift in public. But he kept his own counsel.

The truth of the matter was the camp had so long been "on the hustle, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," as the camp wit remarked, that once the idea of giving something for nothing was started, it spread like wildfire and became a mania.

Things were progressing finely, the ex-

citement running high, and occasionally finding vent in a stray pistol shot or two, when Wilson was seen to run wildly down the path through the woods, that was called by courtesy a street, and to fairly dive into Jim's cabin.

"Have you seen my kids?" he shouted.

"No," said Jim, wonderingly—"what the——"

"Get a dog, call some men, rope, come on—they're lost—they've gone out and on up trail—and its snowing now—come on *quick*, for God's sake, or we'll never find 'em."

"How long they been gone?" asked Jim, making a grab for his coat and slipping something brown and flat into his pocket.

"Wife says two hours—thought they were with you!" yelled Wilson, as he flung out into the snow for his snow-shoes.

Jim wasted no more time asking questions. Men have to act first in Alaska—think about it afterwards. Jim flew after Wilson, firing his gun into the air until it was empty, two shots at a time with a short interval between them, then sent his powerful voice echoing through the woods with a stentorian shout of "Men Wa-a-a-a-nted!" the old trail cry for help when thieves were at work.

In less time than it takes to write it, fifty or more men with snow-shoes on their shoulders, unlit torches, dogs, rope, whiskey, water, food—everything that experience had taught them was necessary for a hunt for the lost and storm-bound—were all on the way up the "Stretch," as the land lying between the glacier and the sea was called. This "Stretch" was seven miles long and five wide; quite a lot of ground in which to hunt for two lost children (the track now made harder by a gently increasing snow-storm), but the experience that taught the men what to take, taught them also where to look and it was not by any means a hopeless crowd that had been so suddenly called into existence and so quickly mobilized.

After three-quarters of an hour's labori-

ous progress, the deep snow making walking difficult and tiresome, California Bill, then in the lead, stopped and picked up a small red rag. It was Sandy's pride and joy, his pet bandana, which he wore 'round his neck in visible proof that he was an out-and-out prospector.

"Here, Tige, come here, pup—smell this!" called Jim, thrusting the little bit of color to the nose of the smart-looking dog that answered his call.

"Find him, Tige, find him!" he said, patting the dog's head.

Tige whined, barked once or twice, turned around inquisitively and then, with his nose to the snow, jumped off the trail and wallowed slowly along in the deep soft mass.

Down sat twenty men, as if moved by one spring. "Slap!" came twenty pairs of snow-shoes from twenty broad backs. Then a soft, rustling noise followed, permeated by deep murmurs, as shoe-strings proved refractory, as "snow-packs" came off and moccasins went on, and then off they went, single file, following the dog and his keen scent and instinct that, together, were worth all the men in the party for this purpose. Sliding, shuffling, awkward-looking and gawky as wind-mills on stilts, yet skilfully managing their unwieldy foot-gear, they plodded along—



"There were the two little runaways—Sandy, bolt upright and asleep, with one hand clasping sister."

on, on—after the dog and the children and the happiness of one man and woman at least.

After nearly two hours of hard, disheartening work, during which the most optimistic had begun to have doubts, and the naturally despondent had openly averred the hopelessness of it, all of a sudden one sharp bark from Tige and a deep spreading "Hush-sh-sh-sh-sh!" from the leaders as a quickly formed circle looked down with moist eyes at two little runaway scamps—Ruth with Sandy's overcoat wrapped around her, sound asleep on Sandy's breast, and Sandy, bolt upright and also asleep, with one hand clasping "sister" and the other thrust defiantly into a pocket.

For a short minute the men looked and wondered and said things under their breath that did them honor if they *were* couched in unconventional language, while the dogs sniffed eagerly about, doubtless wondering why the usual noise and shouting of a rescue were absent. Then a pale, wild-eyed man fell from his shoes and with a sob flung himself on his children—and *then* the cheers broke out and the tall, towering, invisible, snow-hidden mountains sent back the joyous cry "They're found! They're found!" while the dogs barked and men shook hands with men, and moisture, that was not melted snow, glistened on rough faces.

And then the little ones were picked up, wondering, and carted back to the tardy Christmas celebration, that was all the more joyful for the fact that it had nearly been the forerunner of a tragedy.

And what a time they had, to be sure! Never had children so many or so queer a lot of presents. For Sandy, a rifle, a shotgun, two revolvers nearly as big as himself, ammunition by the box—all several sizes too big for him but all the more proudly welcomed for that—little bags of dull-yellow bits of pebbles, as Sandy thought, as he quickly passed them by, but which his father took charge of with appreciative eyes and swiftly conveyed to the bank. Alaskan Indian moccasins, bead-work, sheath-knives enough to start a cutlery store, a box of condensed milk and, Oh! crowning joy for little heart and stomach! A big box of Valdes Annie's candy!

For Ruth? Indian dolls, the minister's wife's bead necklace, a second one of bears' claws, someone's cherished Bible, a tiny pearl-handled revolver, one hundred pounds of sugar from Bill, the storekeeper,—queer present, you will say, but a valuable one in that country—a fur dancie or hood made of bear-skin, "made and captured by James Bagley, otherwise known as "Summit Jim," as his card said; a little mirror, a bottle of pickles and a pair of brand new rubber boots, size 11½, from California Bill! "'Course I know she cyant *wear* 'em, but I thought as how mebbe you fellers would put 'em up at auction and bid 'em up high, and the little tyke take th' proceeds," he said, when a roar of laughter greeted his gift—a suggestion that was promptly acted on. When they were finally knocked down to Judge White, the "Mayor" of the town, he had to pay Mr. Wilson \$42.73, which he did with a smile that said he was glad it was no less.

After the children were made happy, the presents for the grown-ups were handed out, and it was a sheepish-looking crowd when it was discovered that each man had given this and that friend of his little store of possessions.

"Thought you'd like it, tain't nothin'—Oh, ga 'long, Dad blame it all! yo' need *thet* yo'self! Much 'bliged, Pardner"—many were the speeches of this kind made, as rifle exchanged with tobacco and snowshoes traded owners with flour-bags with "Pillsbury's Best" inside.

And then, as a climax to the happiest Christmas that the town had ever known, Sandy was hoisted onto the table to explain again his wanting to leave them.

"Dad said Santa Claus'es home was in th' North Pole, an' Jim, *he* said we was nearer th' Pole than Texas, an' Sis an' me thought as how we'd go find him. Then I got tired an' Ruth she got sleepy an' we jest set down an' went bye-bye an', like Mommie tole me to always 'fore goin' to sleep, I asked God to let Santy Claus find us an' bring us things—*Was* Santy there when you come?"—he broke off interestedly.

"Well—I'll be blowed!" said Summit Jim—"I reckon he *was*—Eh, Wilson?"



Miss Georgiana Bishop, Champion Woman Golfer of America for 1904.

IN THE SWAMPS OF MALAY

By CASPAR WHITNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT is full seventy miles from Tanjong Rambah to Tanjong Tor facing the Strait of Malacca, and every coast-wise mile of it is mangrove swamp with the tide in and mud flat with the tide out. Long-necked, long-legged birds perch solemnly, grotesquely expectant, upon the scarcely submerged mangrove roots during high water, and range industriously for stranded fish and other smelling garbage things so generously exhibited at low water as to make profitable hunting for thousands upon thousands of winged scavengers. Behind this shimmering, bird-dotted mess, noisome banks of clinging mire run flatly away for one hundred yards or so until lost in the densely overgrown swamp of the jungle. Little creeks, little rivers, come winding out from the jungle through the swamps and the mud flats, making their way to the sea along shallow channels that are as one with the surroundings at high tide, but show bare and ugly when the tide is low. It is not a pleasing spectacle at best; but when the glistening, shivering muck stands revealed in all its nakedness, it is the most uninspiring bit of landscape eye ever rested upon. Yet one creature finds this foul place congenial. Back from tidewater, along streams with low, closely covered mud banks, breeds the hideous crocodile in numbers perhaps not excelled elsewhere in the Far East. And in the sea-washed bottom between the haunts of the crocodile and the last mangroves, the Malay fisherman, knee deep, explores for mussels daily; and nightly as well, for it is in the "noon of the night," as the Malays poetically call midnight, when the tide is high and the moon is full, that he likes best to venture upon his coast waters. It is then, too, that as he paddles his canoe to the sea, he must keep a sharp lookout, for crocodile lurk in dark turnings under the low banks.

Malay coast villages offer little architectural variation, but a divergence in

human types such as may not be seen elsewhere on earth. Kwalla Maur, where I disembarked, bears no especial distinction in this respect; but as I started from the town with Cheeta, my Tamil servant, on a ten-mile drive to Aboo Din, it seemed as if never outside of Singapore had I beheld so many nationalities in a single community. It was kaleidoscopic; it is the daily scene. Here lumbers a great, complaining two-wheeled cart drawn by sluggish-moving, humped-shouldered bullocks; there goes a narrow, high-bodied wagon pulled by a single water buffalo that moons along, switching flies from its flanks and chewing its cud with equal unemotion. High on the cart seat, perhaps on the buffalo's back, rides the all but unclothed Kling driver; or perhaps a group of them lounge under wayside shade-trees, smoking or dozing or gambling. A Tamil woman carrying erect her well-formed partially draped figure passes silently, gracefully, laden with the ornaments of her class. In the side of her nose is fixed a silver stud as large as a nickel five-cent piece, from which swings a two-inch, loop bearing several small ornaments, while from the top of her ear hangs another ring, twice two inches in diameter, weighted with dangling pendants. On one ankle jangle a collection of large, hollow silver bangles, and on one toe is a silver ring. Straddling her hip at the side, and held there by the mother's arm, sits a babe wearing only a necklace of tiny stone beads. Amid much shouting and good-humored confusion among the wayfarers, here comes a Malay syce, now whipping his gharry pony, now lashing out at some unoffending passing Chinese coolie who, under load big enough for two, has perhaps staggered in the way. Ever and anon, groups of half-breed Chinese-Malay women hurry by in all the colors of the rainbow, chattering, laughing, or stand before an open shop discussing in high key some bit of silk or jewelry with the Armenian tradesman. Here are a party

of Klings, half of them digging dirt which the other half gather in baskets that they carry twenty or thirty feet to a waiting cart. There is a jungle Malay, bearing a packing basket that reaches from the top of his head to below his waist line, who has come to town with cocoanuts to exchange at the Chinese shops for silver trinkets for his women kind, or maybe a sarong of finer weave than his home loom can make. Always the Chinese shops; and occasionally the traveling restaurant made up of one small box carrying charcoal fire, a second whose half dozen drawers contain the menu, and both borne on the Chinaman's shoulder, hanging from the ends of a bamboo pole. Dressed in European clothes, idly gossiping, lounges the Eurasian, son of a white father and an Asiatic mother, who, somewhat raised out of his mother's sphere, is rarely qualified by temperament or by character to fit into that of his father, and thus, as a rule, languishes unhealthfully, — a hybrid of discontented mind and vitiated blood.

Next to the Chinaman the most conspicuous element of the cosmopolitan gathering is the Indian chitty, or money-lender. He seems always to be thin and tall, his height accentuated by the caste costume of whitish gauze wound around his body and hanging somewhere between belt and knee line. The standing of these men is nothing less than remarkable. Their word is literally as good as their bond. They borrow from banking institutions without security;* and if they fail honestly the chitty caste make good to their creditors; if their affairs are irregular they are driven from the caste and disgraced for life.

It was while I was studying the chitties that I engaged Cheeta, altogether the most remarkable and the most useful servant I ever employed. Apparently there was no office, from body servant to dhobi (washer-man), which he had not filled, and filled creditably, regardless of caste traditions and restrictions. He was really in disrepute among his own people for having professed Christianity; but this, he informed me, did not disturb him, as his dearest ambition was to save his earnings and finally become a money-lender himself. I had originally picked him up in front of the Chitty Temple on Tank Road, Singapore—there is a temple for every trade or caste in the town—which Cheeta

haunted with a view to picking up jobs from visiting foreigners, and, no doubt, in the thought of fraternizing with the caste to which he aspired; though how Cheeta proposed breaking all the traditions of his people by going from one caste to another I cannot say: the workings of the Oriental mind are much too intricate to be fathomed by the simple Occidental student. Whatever Cheeta's ambitions, however, they by no means unfavorably influenced the discharge of present duty, or loyalty to his master. Indeed, too faithful attention to my interests was the only complaint I had ever to lodge against him.

In the Far East servants are carried free on steamers, and for a very small fare on the railroad; so it is customary on a journey to take your own servants, who guard your luggage and serve you on ship board or at the hotel. Now Oriental servants as a rule are notorious thieves, and in no way can one show his efficiency so well as by successfully guarding his master's belongings against the predatory assaults of fellow-servants, that sleep always with one eye open for loot. On the first trip Cheeta made he served me so signally as to put me in dread of arrest for harboring stolen property. We had disembarked at Kwalla Selangor, and after the night camp was made Cheeta, with an obvious air of complacency, led me to where our belongings were stored, pointing pridefully to the ensemble. As an old campaigner, my kit is invariably reduced to a simple and practical working basis, without auxiliary pots or pans, or fancy culinary accessories. I was, therefore, somewhat surprised to view several strange, luxurious appearing camp things, not to mention a small collection of common or garden paraphernalia, which considerably enlarged my equipment. My first thought suggested accidental mixing of dunnage during the voyage, my next, that Cheeta had been making purchases; but there was a too self-satisfied air about Cheeta to be explained by aggrandizement of such conventional character. To my direct question, "Are they ours?" he replied "Yes," and then "No" to my further inquiries of "Did you buy them, were they given us?" Finally, nonplussed, I asked point blank where he did get them; and then he let me understand, in his subtle way, that he

Indian Boar (*Sus cristatus*)

had outwitted the other master's servants, who had tried to steal from my kit all the way from Singapore.

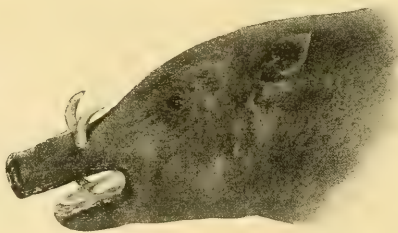
The dressing down I gave him appeared absolutely incomprehensible to Cheeta, the only impression remaining with him being of my ingratitude for his ever-alert efforts on my behalf. This was the beginning of a faithful service that kept me in almost constant terror lest he steal something and not tell me. He was the most inveterate and most successful thief I ever encountered, yet never stole from me; though continuously bringing me things he had stolen from other masters, under the very eyes of their servants, which he exhibited to me with unmistakable pride in his cleverness, calling my attention at the same time to our own full equipment, from which none of the other servants had been or ever were shrewd enough to steal while he was on guard. Invariably he presented a most aggrieved picture when, after he had brought a stolen article to me, I threatened him with a whipping unless he told me from whom he had stolen it, and set up a doleful wail always when I made him put it back. I never cured him, though I must say I punished him severely at times: he did not appear to care to keep the things he stole; his pleasure was in outwitting the other servants, and having done so he could not resist showing me the evidence, even though it entailed a thrashing. But I never had so competent a servant, and it was with genuine regret I had eventually to

leave him in a hospital ill of a fever he had contracted with me in the swamps, and from which he never recovered.

The road we traveled upon was an excellent one, as all roads in English Protected Malay are, and led us in three hours to a little fishing village where lived Aboo Din, to whom I had been recommended, and who extended me the hospitality of his roof, much to my surprise; for the Malay is a Mohammedan, and a Mohammedan is not usually pleased to have a stranger within his gates. But the surprise was an agreeable one to me, for although the Malay presents the not always comforting anomaly of dirty houses and clean persons, yet the invitation offered an exceptional opportunity for a near-by study of the native and I rejoiced to have it.

Din was good-looking, short and stocky, well put together, with thick nose and lips, and straight black hair. He had been to Singapore a number of times, counted

white men among his friends, spoke English fairly well, and was altogether an enlightened Malay. His menage was a very simple yet a very interesting one, and though there were only four rooms I heard scarcely a sound, and never saw



Babirusa of Celebes.

anyone but Din and two children—a son of seven or eight and a daughter of fifteen or sixteen. I question if there is a more beautiful human thing on earth than a handsome Malay boy. Such eyes! and they remain attractive through their boyhood, or until their young manhood, when for a few lively years of pleasure-seeking they constitute the local *jeunesse dorée*; and the Malay species of this engaging genus of



Wild Pig of Borneo.

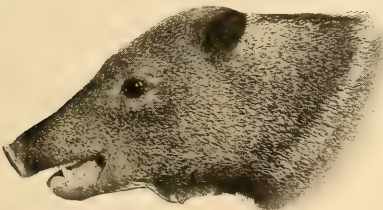
adolescence is about the swiftest of which I know. The girl children are not so handsome as the boy children; but Aboo's young miss was almost pretty with her lighter complexion, small hands and feet, and an ill-concealed ever-present wish, constantly suppressed, to laugh and be gay. Her eyes were those of her brother, only not so luminous, but the arch of her eyebrow was patrician. I came to be good friends with these children before I left them; and they brought other boys and girls until my group of little acquaintances grew to half a dozen; and never, I declare, have I met such lovable children, not even in South America. The little girl, by the way, was instrumental in letting me into the secrets of sarong-making; for one day she took me to an aged relative, who was weaving one of silk, with threads of gold and silver running through it, that was to be the child's gala garment at a festival soon coming. The old woman said that it took a month to complete such a garment, and about twenty days to make the less elaborate ones. They are all woven of cotton or silk, or cotton and silk mixed, invariably a check of gay colors, and there is almost no house outside of the towns that has not its handloom. Over the sarong the well-to-do women wear a looser garment, extending below the knees and not so low as the sarong, that is fastened at

German Boar (*Sus scrofa*).

Mexican Peccary.



Brazilian Peccary.



Texas Peccary.

the front with an oval-shaped silver buckle four inches deep by six long. Although all of the same style—an oblong cloth from two to four feet in width, and about six feet in length, sewn together at the ends like a bag with the bottom out—yet an ingenious

twist at the waist, or other touch of the eternal feminine gives the sarong individual distinction.

Aboo Din seemed thoroughly to enjoy the frank pleasure I took in his children and told me much of child life, of folklore, and of the many Malay superstitions. He was a good talker, as most Malays are, and in common with his countrymen

loved to gossip; there was not much of the social history of that little settlement I did not hear before we set out for the swamps in the jungle. Being well-to-do he indulged himself in fads, two—cock-fighting and highly ornamented krises. Also he had some fine pieces—betel-nut boxes chiefly—of old Malay silver exquisitely carved, and now so hard to get. He organized several cock fights while I was with him, and although his collection was

small it was not lacking in quality. He had also just bought a race pony, which he was training with a view to entering the holiday races at Singapore; for, next to his betel-nut and his women, the Malay dearly loves the speculative opportunities of a horse-race. But the up-country Malay of the old school cherishes most his kris, as the dagger with wavy or straight twelve-inch blade is called. There was a day, not so long gone, when the kris bore no value until baptism in human blood made it worthy to pass on to succeeding generations with its story enshrined in family tradition. To-day, with all Malay at peace, it has lost such significance, though remaining a much-prized possession and heirloom, according to its intrinsic value. It may have a wood or buffalo-horn handle, plain, or carved in the fanciful designs of which Malay workmen are past-masters; or the handle may be of ivory, of silver, or even of gold, chased and studded with jewels. Etiquette prescribes that the kris be worn at the left side, unobtrusively sheathed in the sarong, with the handle pointing in to the body; the turning out of the handle and the exposure of the kris indicates unfriendliness. Whatever the composition of its handle, however, the blade of the first-class kris is only of one and the best quality, fashioned of splendid Celebes iron, tempered ceremoniously and decorated punctiliously with water lines. These lines, which give the impression of inlaid silver, are the result of a process said to be secret; but Din told me they were made by leaving the blade for several days in a mixture of sulphur and salt after it had been incased in a thin coating of wax, and then cleaned and rubbed with arsenic and lime-juice. How near this is to the truth I know not; I give it only as Aboo Din gave it to me.

The sheath of the kris is frequently as elaborate as the handle, made of a native mottled wood that takes a very high polish, and is often additionally mounted in highly ornamented brass. Sometimes the sheath is also decorated with gold and silver trimmings. In the old days the famous maker of blades attained to wide celebrity; now he is passing, almost passed indeed, and his art, like all the splendid native arts the world over, is being replaced by hideously unpleasing, if

practical, articles of civilization—civilization, destroyer of the picturesque and of the art instinct in the individual.

When Din learned that the real object of my coming into his country was to hunt wild pig, all his good humor vanished, for, to the Mohammedan, pig is an animal abhorrent. We had already made several successful deer hunts, for which purpose he kept an assortment of dogs and enjoyed quite a local reputation, and he was keen to give me more of the hounding, which I did not enjoy, and had joined in only for the experience; but he would have nothing whatever to do with my proposed hunt for boar; he would not even hire me his dogs. At least such was his attitude at first, but after a day or so his natural good humor and the lessons of Singapore asserted themselves, and he showed a more receptive mind to my proposition. At just this psychological moment word came from a neighboring kampong (settlement) of crocodiles terrorizing the people; and it was not very long before I had closed a bargain with Aboo Din that, if I would go with him into the swamps and help slaughter crocodiles for his people, he, in return, would organize my pig hunt. So with that mutual understanding we started off next morning with twenty men and a dozen dogs.

Curiously, the Malay is no hunter of the crocodile which infests his habitat, and it is only when one has carried off a child or a dog, or taken up its abode too near a village for the comfort of the inhabitants, that he organizes to kill. 'Twas on such an occasion that I happened now. For six or seven miles we skirted the jungle, across the mangrove swamps and the mud flats, before we came to a small collection of houses elevated upon piles along the banks of a sluggish stream. Here we pitched camp.

Shooting crocodiles is no sport; you sit in the bow of a canoe, rifle at hand, while two men paddle silently forward until you sight a dark, olive-green, loglike thing on the mud. The "thing" is not so inanimate as it looks. Perhaps you have momentary sight of a yellowish patch, the under side of its throat, as it moves off; and then you fire and paddle with all speed to where the creature was; *was*, I repeat, for nine times out of ten past



Copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

On the ocean-swept shore, where a number of naked native boys climbed the palms seeking coconuts—and their photographs.



Malayan villages are very much of a piece, with their houses lifted upon piles built along the river bank or water front.

tense is the proper one. You may see a few spots of blood to indicate you have scored, but rarely is a crocodile killed instantly, and otherwise it is not secured. No matter how severely wounded, it finds its way into the river to die and sink, or to fall prey to other crocodiles. Of about a dozen I wounded to the death, I secured only one, and that because I was able to approach within ten yards, and, with my lead-pointed ball mushrooming, drilled the disgusting reptile through and through.

The Malays had a more certain way of securing the quarry. Their means was a bamboo raft, two and a half feet square which carried an upright two-foot pole flying a small bit of rag. To the under side of the raft was attached about fifteen to twenty yards of stout line, ending in three feet of chain, a couple of feet of wire, and a stout barbed hook, to which was made fast a live fowl and a small section of hollow bamboo to counterbalance the weight of chain and float the bait. Set adrift in the river, it was not long, as a rule, before a squawk and a splash announced the bait taken. Violent agitation of the raft followed upon the disappearance of the fowl; sometimes it momentarily disappeared from view as the hooked amphibian went ahead full steam, but always the little flag came bedraggled to the surface, and after a while remained stationary as the crocodile stayed his progress in an effort to disentangle himself from the bait. But by this time the hook had taken firm hold, and it became simply a question of putting a boy on the bank or on a canoe to watch the flag on the raft. By and by at their leisure the Malays would haul the crocodile ashore and murder it. Aboo Din seemed an artist in this method of catching crocodile, and always two or three of his flags fluttered on the river. Except for the satisfaction of killing the dangerous things, I cannot say I enjoyed the game; there is no sport in shooting lead into something you do not get, and when you do get it the reptile is so repulsive as to destroy all the joy of its pursuit. Therefore I was well content when Aboo Din announced that crocodiles had been butchered in sufficient numbers to quiet the fears of the residents—also, I may add, to increase his local importance, as indeed it well deserved to be—and he was ready to take me inland for wild-pig.

Per contra, no sport in the world is more thoroughly enjoyable than boar-hunting, or pig-sticking as it is done in India; for this is the pluckiest brute on earth. No beast has more courage than he; in fact, an old wild boar knows no fear, not even of a tiger. The wild boar never loses his head—or his heart; such bravery I have never beheld in any four-footed creature. He has all the cunning commonly accredited to the devil, and in his rage is a demon that will charge anything of any size. I have seen a small boar work his way through a pack of dogs; and his smaller brother, the peccary, in Brazil, send a man up a tree and keep him there. The boar looks ungainly, but the Indian species is fleet as a horse for about three quarters of a mile. He begins with flight, shifts to cunning, and finally stands to the fight with magnificent valor, facing any odds. As, riding upon him, you are about to plant your spear, he will dart—"jink," as they call it in India—to one side, repeating the performance several times, until he finds he cannot shake you, when, turning suddenly with ears cocked and eyes glittering, he will charge furiously. If not squarely met with a well aimed and firmly held spear, he will upset both horse and rider. Hurling himself again and again against the surrounding spears, he will keep up his charge until killed, when he dies without a groan. There is no animal like him; and truly is he entitled to the honors of the chase in Indian and in European countries where he abounds. The true home of the wild boar (*Sus cristatus* and *S. scrofa*) is India and Europe—France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Austria. Smaller and less formidable species of him are found in Hawaii, in the South Sea and in the East Indian islands; and in South America, Mexico and Texas, where he is much smaller and known as the peccary. The average shoulder height of a good specimen of Indian boar is twenty-nine to thirty-two inches, the tusk length four to six inches, and the weight two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds; although in the Tent Club I heard of boars killed that had tipped the scales at six hundred—but that story came late in the evening. The other East Indian varieties, the babirusa excepted, will not average within one hundred pounds of the



The umbrella-topped trees at the edge of the Malayan jungle.



The roads are all good to travel on and picturesque to see.

Indian, and the peccaries are even smaller, probably fifty pounds lighter. Boar-hunting as sport attains to its highest excellence in India, where it is as bad form to shoot a boar as, in England, it is to shoot a fox; in fact it is the law of the land that none may be shot within forty miles of ridable ground. Elsewhere, because of unridable country, or from tradition, the boar is shot, and, having experience of both, I can say that boar-shooting is to pig-sticking as pot is to flight bird shooting. The peccaries differ little; the Mexican, called "javalinás," have the more pig-like head; the Texan are the smallest. Some sport is to be had chasing peccaries in Texas, where, in small herds, they keep ahead of the horses and dogs for a short exhilarating burst of a couple of hundred yards, when they tire and come to bay. But Texas peccary hunting is not more serious than good fun, although the pig is pugnacious and valiant. A strong fighting dog can alone kill a peccary; and there never lived a dog which, single-handed, could live through a finish fight with an Indian boar. The Brazilian peccaries are the heaviest, travel in herds of considerable numbers, have more endurance and more fighting blood.

Beating pigs up on foot to shoot them as they rush from one patch of jungle into another has its exciting moments, and its risks are of no trivial order if you are called on to sustain a charge. I found this method in Brazil more sport than riding after them behind dogs in Mexico or in Texas, but it was much better still in Malay, where the pigs are larger and the cover dense and variously occupied. Indeed a fascinating feature of pig-hunting in Malay entirely peculiar to the Peninsula is the uncer-

tainty of what kind of animal may burst from the jungle ahead of the beaters. It may be anything from a *plandok* (mouse deer) to a tiger. In my experience, frequently it was the larger deer, sambur, locally called *ruso*, once it was a leopard, and several times smaller catlike creatures. Pig and deer live in the same localities in Malay, and wherever they abound the stealthy tiger lives also; but he is too wary to be driven out by a mere handful of men, as subsequently I learned, though I did walk one up and

drive him out with less than forty beaters and no dogs. Pig-sticking would be impossible in Malay. Primeval forests of great, smooth tree trunks rise straight into the air fifty or sixty feet before sending out their canopy tops that scarcely permit sunlight to sift through. Far below grows a tangled mass of palms, ferns and small trees bound together by rattan, cane and climbing vines of such strength and profusion that the adventurer may advance only by frequent use of the knife. Water-soaked by the shoulder-high, dripping,



Cheeta—my Tamil servant.

coarse grass and torn by multitudinous thorn-armed bushes, he cuts his way slowly, even painfully. Needless to say such country is not ridable. Where agriculture has made its demand this jungle has been cleared, and tapioca, coffee, rice, pineapples and every tropical thing flourishes in luxuriant abundance; and when, as happens, land has been abandoned, a secondary growth of shrubs and small trees, and high, coarse grass, lalang, speedily covers all signs of attempted reclamation. On the edges of such country are favorite ranges for wild pig, which, after feeding at night, find here the thick

scrub near soft ground, where they can wallow and lie up during the day. Thus in Malay hunting boar becomes a matter of beating them out of these thick jungle patches, and the native dogs, though serviceable after deer for which the Malays train them, lack the courage needed to dislodge a stubborn or pugnacious boar. English residents have experimented quite a bit in breeding for a good dog; but nothing very notable has evolved, and the most dependable one seems to be got by crossing a pariah (mongrel) bitch with an imported harrier.

As a collection of mongrels, the dogs Aboo Din got together for our pig hunt were unbeatable; as a pig pack they were untrained and fickle, though not useless.

For a greater part of four days' travel inland from the coast we moved through ankle-deep swamp and multitudes of sago and cocoanut palms, seeing now and then on higher, dryer ground the traveler, most beautiful of all the smaller palms. Insects were troublesome, not to mention the omnipresent leech, and the heat very oppressive, especially in the close-growing *lalang*; yet the surroundings of the swamp land were different from any I had seen elsewhere on the Peninsula, and therefore extremely interesting. We were wringing wet most of the time, for nearly always, as we made way through the swamp to reach higher ground beyond, we walked through the densest of dripping jungle. Once and again we passed a deserted plantation, the last signs of agricultural activity fast disappearing under the engulfing jungle growth; and on the sixth day, at noon, we came to a large tapioca farm, where I lunched deliciously on the refreshing milk of a freshly gathered cocoanut and the roasted, sweet-potato-like roots of the tapioca, with bananas and papayas plucked near by. Here was our pig-hunting ground and here we remained

a week, averaging about two drives a day. Although bunglingly done, I enjoyed no hunting experience in Malay more than this. We were always ready for our first drive about six o'clock in the morning. The beaters and the dogs, making a wide detour around a patch of jungle previously agreed upon, would enter it from the far side, while I took my position on the opposite side in the open places where the pigs were likely to come out—though they did not always perform as expected, sometimes running around and around within the jungle patch, in defiance of both dogs and men. The jungle patches were never of great size, so I could hear the beaters almost from their first shout on entering the cover. Such a racket and such a crew! for the beaters were as motley as the dogs. They included Chinamen, Klings, Tamils, Japanese, a few Malays, all of them naked except for a small breech-clout. Every man had a parang (jungle knife) swung at his waist; half of them had empty, five-gallon kerosene cans, with which Aboo Din had provided them on the coast. From the moment they entered the far side of the cover until they emerged on my side they hammered these cans incessantly, shouting and yelling and at the same time thrashing the jungle on all sides with long bamboo sticks. Such a confusion of shrieking men and crashing cans and yelping dogs I never heard. As they came closer the noise became an indescribable babel. There was never a day that did not result in pigs; they *had* to flee before that bedlam, though none had tusks longer than a couple of inches. It was a question of snap shooting as they popped out of one patch of jungle into another; and was, I must say, rather good fun, especially when the charge of two wounded ones rather stirred things up a bit.

But Aboo Din all the time maintained a dignified aloofness.



Where Summer's Autograph was Carved to Mock Midwinter Snows.

Photograph by Benton.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE OUTDOOR WORLD

STEPHEN SANFORD, THE SAGE OF SARATOGA

THE Patriarch of the American Turf," they call Stephen Sanford, but the phrase is not a good fit. Patriarchs, as a rule, have lost their sparkle and interest in mundane doings, they are allowed to linger along on a basis of tolerance. Stephen Sanford, of Amsterdam in the Mohawk Valley, is eighty-odd years young, and as for activity and vivacity, is a boy compared with his son John, of the State Racing Commission of New York. During the racing season at Saratoga, old John, the son, and young Stephen, the father, who carries the load of four score years, as if it were a chip on his shoulder, may be seen as among the daily fixtures of that meeting.

John watches one of their horses in a race with a passionate absorption that would permit you to knock off his hat without his winking an eye. He is silent, grave, impassive, in victory or defeat, a man of middle age, with a venerable manner. Stephen, the father, takes it all with greatest good-nature, his friends are everywhere, he talks it all over with them, and bustles around the paddock under his green umbrella, as if racing were a lark. If Time continues to deal gently with him, Stephen Sanford may settle down into sedate old age when he is ninety or so.

Half a century of wholesome turf tradition focuses in this grand old man. It has always been inevitable for him to breed and race good horses, not because he wants to win purses, or get big prices in the sale ring, but because he loves horses. The Sanford Stable has its own atmosphere of habit and tradition to make it very distinctive. The family settled at Amsterdam in 1837, and from the time when Stephen saddled his first horse, the stable has not been expected to pay for itself. "Horses are an indulgence for which we must pay a high price," he told a friend.

Racing is to-day the pastime of father and son. Their business is making carpets, and Amsterdam is like a Sanford estate, with an English air of neighborly dependence on the family in whose hands is the chief

industry of the people. Old Stephen Sanford knows all these families of Amsterdam, their children, their cows and their chickens, and is proud of it. At an hour when all decent folks are abed, the old gentleman is likely to be found over at the mill, swapping stories with some of the employes, and other fine old boys, of his own vintage. His rule is patriarchal, the word fits here, and everyone for miles around is a "neighbor." The Hurricana Stock Farm, home of the Sanford horses, is near Amsterdam. It has a three-quarter mile training track, and the summer holiday of the most importance in Amsterdam, is the matinee, or "dress rehearsal," of the racing stable before it is sent down to the Saratoga meeting.

Two years ago, nearly ten thousand "neighbors" crowded to this unique entertainment. There was no admission charge, programs free, and a series of races was run, without purses. Three horses were entered in each race, all details were carried out as on the regular race course, and the finishes were as stirring, and the excitement keyed as high as if thousands were at stake. A club-house for the friends of the Sanford family, and a grand-stand seating three thousand people were features of this hospitality. It may be imagined that when the horses are at Saratoga, Amsterdam follows their varying fortunes with vast interest. When a favorite is beaten, the streets are funeral; when a big race is won by the Sanford colors, even the babies look particularly happy.

When a Sanford horse has seen his best racing days, he is not sold to a stranger, but is given to a friend, or pensioned in the green fields of Hurricana Farm. And Stephen Sanford knows every horse upon terms of the most intimate and detailed friendship.

THE LATE "MR. BROOKS" OF ZANZIBAR

MASON MITCHELL, former Rough Rider, now United States Consul at Zanzibar, has found many odd diversions to enliven his exile, and please his taste

for adventure, but among his African acquaintances none held higher favor than "Brooks," a chimpanzee whose almost human qualities, and cultivated presence, alas, are missing from drawing-room and

playmate, as well as a bunch of concentrated amusement. I used to forget he was a dumb animal, and expected him to speak."

The biography of Brooks includes the



Stephen Sanford, the Sage of Saratoga.

promenade. In a tribute to his lamented companion, Consul Mitchell writes:

"I had grown very fond of him, and felt his death more keenly than I imagined possible in the case of a pet. But Brooks was more than this, he was a friend and

following salient features of his meteoric career:

Was captured, when quite young, by the Manyamas in the west Congo district, near Lake Tanganiki, and after adventures unrecorded, was brought down



"Mr. Books," the intellectual chimpanzee, and his master, Corvid Mason Mitchell, of Zanzibar.

the coast, and given to the Bishop of Sierra Leone. Here he remained for a year, as a pet of the ecclesiastical household, and was taught many tricks by the Bishop. At length the Bishop was married, and his wife objected to the presence of Brooks without clothing. As she said:

"If he's to be treated like a child, he must be properly brought up, and taught to wear such garments as are seemly and decent."

A suit of clothes was made, and put on for the first time on a Sunday afternoon, when a tea was to be given on the lawn. When all the guests were seated beneath the grateful shade of a cocoanut tree, Mr. Brooks was led out in his new and swagger suit, a cutaway coat, white waistcoat, and checked trousers, and given his customary seat at table, where he had always conducted himself with the utmost ease and dignity. On this occasion, he behaved with propriety until his share of the eatables had been tucked away. Then seeing that there was nothing to lose by expressing his pent-up emotions of protest, he sprang from the table, and rapidly climbed to the top of the overhanging cocoanut tree, splitting his new coat up the back in his reckless haste. Safely perched aloft, he proceeded to tear off his clothes, swearing scandalously, and threw the shredded garments at the guests below.

Not satisfied with this expression of opinion, Mr. Brooks picked the cocoanuts from nearby branches, and hurled them with deadly aim at the table, until the Bishop and his guests fled for their lives, and the afternoon tea was a total wreck. For this heinous conduct, Mr. Brooks was given to the captain of the British man-of-war, *Terpsichore*, then in the harbor. He stayed on board for more than a year, and was immensely popular among the crew.

Upon the captain, however, he played so many ingenious pranks, that unpopularity in that august quarter had its climax one day when his master went ashore. Brooks was left locked in the cabin. Tiring of the imprisonment, he explored until he found a bunch of keys. Having been taught that keys were meant to unlock things, he experimented until one was found that fitted a chest of drawers. The valuable contents were dumped in a heap in the middle of the floor. Mr. Brooks's skinny fingers fitted into several handsome rings, and those which did not fit his fingers, he put on his

toes. After devastating a collection of souvenirs, he wound up by winding up the captain's watch so tight that the works exploded, tucked it under a pillow, as he had seen the captain do, and was found asleep, "caught with the goods on."

These offences plunged him into disgrace, and he was given to the Minister of the Sultan, who in turn, passed him on to Consul Mason Mitchell. The American diplomat in Zanzibar is a lover of animals, and with infinite care and patience, he taught Mr. Brooks many new accomplishments, as well as curing his bad habits. Before long, Mr. Brooks was sitting at table, properly and even smartly clothed without protest, and using fork and spoon with every attention to good form. "To see him eat a course dinner, drink his tea from the cup and opening his match-box, strike a light, and puff his cigarette, you would have believed he must be a student of a manual of etiquette." He was a good trencherman, but alas, he liked high-living, and his ruling passion at table was a fondness for good liquor. Sometimes overtaken by a headache next morning, he would swear off for a week at a time.

Mr. Mitchell was offered large sums for Mr. Brooks, but refused them with scorn. The death of the gifted chimpanzee has a diplomatic sequel, which has strained the personal relations between the American consul and the Belgian rule in the Congo. Tippu Tib offered to send over to the Manyamas for another chimpanzee to succeed the departed Brooks. When the leader of Tippu Tib's caravan next arrived at Zanzibar, he reported that as they were coming out of the Manyama country, the Belgians swooped down from Kavarondo, and confiscated the whole outfit, on the pretext that the head-man had sold powder to the natives. Along with the ivory and other treasures thus gobbled, was a chimpanzee billed through to the American consul. Mr. Mitchell took up the matter officially and protested to the Belgian consul at Zanzibar, but the latest tidings from that far country say that satisfaction has not been granted.

FIELD HOCKEY AS A WOMAN'S SPORT

WOMEN of the outdoor world" have taken kindly to field hockey, at first rather timorously in the United States,



England vs. Ireland. "Keeping her off the ball."

but with widespread zest in Great Britain. "crusade" was necessary. Several years ago, Miss Constance Appleby, one of the foremost English experts, made a



Surrey vs. Herts at Surbiton. Surrey takes the ball.



A good rush by Ireland.

missionary pilgrimage among the women's colleges on this side the water, and as a result, the game is played on the

fields of the Eastern foci of feminine culture. Beyond these limits the sport has made small headway, and to see it in its



England vs. Ireland. "A roll in."



Frederick Palmer, war correspondents, on the steps of the temple at Kwanien, Manchuria, with General Daoud.

Frederick Palmer

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full flower, one must go to Great Britain, and attend one of the annual matches between the championship "Ladies' Hockey Teams" of England and Ireland, or a "Ladies' County Hockey Match," say, between Surrey and Sussex at Surbiton.

The "Irish Ladies' Hockey Union" is even older than her English sister, while both Wales and Scotland are now strongholds of organized "ladies' hockey." In Berlin, Brussels and South Africa, the game is played by athletic womanhood. Most surprising is the fact that in Great Britain, there are more women's than men's clubs. In addition to these "recognized" associations and clubs, whose leading governing body is the All England Women's Hockey Association, there are many "mixed" clubs and teams of men and women players. No game, during the last ten years, has had so great a vogue with both sexes as hockey.

Certainly there is no game to test the endurance, wind and agility of woman-kind, that can be compared with hockey as they play it in England. One has only to look at the photographs made at an international match, between England and Ireland, to know that the game, as introduced among fair American undergraduates, is a diluted version. A football player would not be blamed for dodging from the path of these headlong Amazons, whose faces are set in fearful determination to swat the ball though the Heavens fall. Women players are advised that:

"Petticoats are soon discarded—for knickers fastened at the knee, which do not impede the pace, or sap the strength of the players. As to headgear, the hair should be firmly secured. Hard-brimmed hats, and hat-pins are rigidly excluded by all who value safety."

FREDERICK PALMER, WAR CORRESPONDENT

THE man who campaigns, year in and year out, as a profession and not as an occasional lark, who seeks the field because he is both adventurous and capable, has no time to play to the grand-stand. Frederick Palmer is one of these. He is a war correspondent because he likes it, and because he knows the game as few men living have mastered it.

To show how much ground a hard-working war correspondent can cover in the year's work, it may be interesting to catalogue his "assignments" in the last decade:

The first rush to the Klondike.

The Greek war. "Trouble in the Balkans."

The Philippines in '98.

Home on the *Olympia* with Dewey.

Back to the Philippines in '99.

With the allied columns to Peking.

From China to Korea and Manchuria; to Europe over the Trans-Siberian Railway.

To Panama during Colombia clash.

To Kiel with the American fleet, Berlin. Europe, for special work in Paris and Rome.

To the Balkans again.

Russo-Japanese war.

There are several correspondents who remember with dismay how Palmer "beat" them, getting away the first detailed story of Tientsin. The incident shows his way of doing things on active service.

The mail and cable routes were utterly demoralized in China during those days. Immediately after the battle of Tientsin, Palmer fled, with his filled note-book and his camera films, via torpedo-boat, Chinese coasting steamer and junk, south to Cheefoo, and Shanghai, where he found that a mail steamer for America was to sail in a few hours. He wrote up to the last moment, found that he could not finish his story in time, took passage on the mail steamer to Japan, and his work was done when he reached Nagasaki.

Without stopping to rest, he boarded a Japanese transport back to Taku bar, made his way to Tientsin, and overtook the allied column, by riding overland without an escort. He was back with the forces in time for the entry into Peking and the relief of the legations.

In a little more than a week, Palmer had covered nearly two thousand miles by land and water, in many kinds of craft, to get his story into the earliest mail, and as a result, he "beat" his rivals by a priceless week in time. Such feats as these in the day's work, preach the fact that something more than ability to write a good descriptive story is needed to make a first-class war correspondent.



J. C. Frémont and Kit Carson, his guide.

KIT CARSON

By EMERSON HOUGH

DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND

THERE are two tests of heroship. One is that of time, and the other that of familiarity. The actual hero must be heroic to-day as he was yesterday; and he must be heroic in the eyes of his intimate friends. There are living many men who knew Kit Carson well. Seek you never so hard, you shall not find one of these who will not tell you that Kit Carson "stood the acid."

Carson's life belongs to the epoch wherein fell the closing days of Western adventure, properly so called, and the opening days of the Western civilization, fitly so named. He was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on December 24, 1809, his father moving to Missouri when Kit was but one year of age. His life rounds out the time of the great Westerners.

We call Frémont the "Great Pathfinder," yet Frémont did not begin his explorations until 1842. For ten years the fur trade had then been virtually defunct. For more than a decade the early commerce of the prairies had been waning. The West had been tramped across from one end to the other by a race of men peerless in their daring, chief among whom might be named the little, gentle, modest, blue-eyed man who really led this leader. It is Kit Carson who might better have had the title "Pathfinder."

Five feet six, with twinkling blue-gray eyes and large and well developed head, with sandy hair brushed back from his forehead, Kit Carson at his best was the reverse of impressive in personal appearance. In muscular and nervous system he was wonderfully endowed, as presently we shall see. Carson was great in many ways, as an explorer, as a guide, as a hunter, as a fighter, and as a pacificator of the wild tribes. Yet, as one reviews carefully and in detail the course of his life, there comes to mind irresistibly the feeling that in one respect not commonly accredited to him he was greater than in all others. In brief, Kit Carson, small, compact, a man of the horseback days in the

West, is entitled above all things to be called the greatest of American travelers. Before Carson could become guide and hero he must become traveler, must become familiar with many parts of a West which was then tremendous in its extent and in its difficulties of access. We shall do well, then, to review, even though hastily and all too incompletely, some of the journeyings of Kit Carson during the stages when he was receiving his education for those deeds which later gave him a national fame.

Kit's father apprenticed him to a saddler, near the home in Howard County, Missouri, but from the saddler's bench he soon fell off. The voices of the West called to him, as they had to Boone and Crockett; a West a little farther on, big, and bold, and dangerous, and fascinating as any West that had yet been known in the history of America, or was ever known in the history of the world. It was matter of fate that in 1826, while Kit was still but a boy, he should run away from home for his first journey across the Plains. He joined a party of traders and made his way with them to Santa Fé, which point he reached in the month of November of that year. He wintered with an old mountaineer called Kincaid, or Kin Cade, who taught him something of the lore of the mountains. In the next spring he felt a trifle homesick and started back east, down the Arkansas, without a penny in his buckskin pockets. Four hundred and fifty miles east of Santa Fé he met another band of traders west-bound, hired out to them as teamster, and presently again reached Santa Fé, teaming thence as far south as El Paso, whence he returned again to Santa Fé and made again over to Taos. He next hired out as cook to Ewing Young, and continued in this interesting position until the spring of 1828. Again he started east, again failed to win farther than before, and joined another west-bound party, to reach Santa Fé for the third time. Now he could do a bit of Spanish, and hence en-

gaged as interpreter for Colonel Trammell, and wagoned it as far south as Chihuahua, in Old Mexico. There he hired out as a teamster to Robert McKnight, moved over to the Copper Mines on the Gila river, and thence moved back once more to Taos, which latter place was to serve as his headquarters for the remainder of his life. In April, 1829, he joined Young's party of trappers, who worked toward the West, trapped on the Salt river, and reached the head of the San Francisco. Thence, much as a matter of course, they concluded to run over to the Sacramento river of California, reported to abound in furs.* We cannot know to-day what such an undertaking meant. On the seventh day, journeying to the west and southwest, the party reached the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. They always remembered the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, for it was near there that they bought a horse of some wandering Indians, and ate it. They were very hungry.

Although these men were not the first to cross to California in mid-continent, they were in effect, pioneers. Perhaps they had Indian guides a part of the way. At least they finally succeeded in reaching San Gabriel mission of California, and presently they worked north and found the Sacramento river. They visited also the San Joaquin valley, and their trapping operations were so successful that Ewing Young sold out a large quantity of furs to the captain of a trading schooner at San Rafael. He then bought a number of horses for the return of his party eastward. A good horse band was highly tempting to Indians. On Carson's first independent scouting trip after Indian horse thieves, he and his men killed eight Indians and brought back all the horses. His hand was acquiring cunning in the stern trade of Western life.

After many days of hard travel, the party of Ewing Young reached Santa Fé in April, 1830, and Young disposed of his furs, the product of the catch on the journey home, for \$24,000, this being the net result for eighteen men. Carson was now twenty-one years of age, and he had already seen somewhat of life.

In the fall of 1830 Carson joined the

* Thanks to the reports of Walker and of Jedediah Smith. The latter was the first American trapper to cross from the Rockies into California, his journey being made in 1826.

noted Western fur-trader, Fitzpatrick, with a strong band, which visited the Platte river, afterwards moving over to the Green river, on the Pacific side of the great Divide. They visited Jackson's Hole, the beautiful valley named for another fur-trader. Thence they moved west to the head of the Salmon river, even now one of the wildest parts of America, and here they spent the winter. Enter now those stern warriors of the upper plains, the Blackfeet, who killed four of Kit's companions. This gave him no pause, for in the spring he was on the Bear river, on the Green river again, in the New Park of Colorado, on the plains of Laramie, on the south fork of the Platte, and presently again on the Arkansas. Beseech you, let your finger ever follow on the map, and accept warrant that if your following has been honest, your eyes shall stare in wonder at these journeyings. Let one seek to duplicate it himself in these civilized days when towns and ranches crowd the West, and then, having restored that West to the days of beaver and Blackfeet, ask himself how had it been with him had he been in Carson's company.

A party of Crow Indians raided the winter camp on the Arkansas, and Carson had some more experience with horse thieves. Twelve Indians were killed by him and his men this time. Carson was now accepted as one of the captains of the trails. He was scarce more than a youth, but he had fully learned his bold and difficult trade.

In 1832 Carson, with another trapping party, visited the Laramie river and the Bayou Salade, or Ballo Salade, as it was sometimes spelled in those days. All these operations were customarily carried on by parties of considerable size, for this was in the heart of the most dangerous Indian country of the West. Carson's temper may therefore be seen when we find him, with only two companions, breaking away for a solitary beaver hunt in the mountains of the range. Yet these three were fortunate, and they returned to Taos in the fall of 1832 well laden with furs.

It was touch and away again, and this time Carson fell in with Captain Lee, a partner of that Bent who founded Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Lee wanted to take in a cargo of goods to the trappers' rendezvous for that year. None better than Car-

son to lead him; and so they set out over the old Spanish trail, reached the White river, the Green river, and other well-known streams, and finally, as appointed, met their bands of trappers, erected their skin lodges, and sat down to spend the winter. Kit joined the Fitzpatrick party in the following spring, but after his own restless fashion, soon broke away again with only three companions. These visited the Laramie river, acting as independent trappers, and taking their own chances as to Indians. It was about this time that Kit had his historical adventure with two bears which chased him up a tree and which he repelled by beating them over the noses with a branch broken from the tree. These could not have been grizzly bears, nor cinnamons, and it seems strange that the black bear should have pursued him up a tree; but there is little doubt that he did have some sort of an adventure of this nature with some sort of bears.

Later we find Carson with fifty men pushing up quite to the headwaters of the Missouri river, and then turning up on the historic Yellowstone. We do not discover that Carson ever went into the regular employ of any of the fur traders. No *engagé*, or ordinary "pork eater" he, but a companion nearly always of those independent fur-traders who made the individual gentry of the wilderness. Now he knows the Big Horn, the three forks of the Missouri, the Snake and the Humboldt. He knows Brown's Hole, Jackson's Hole, Henry Lake, the Black Hills, all the upper waters of the great rivers, the Columbia, the Snake, the Green, the Colorado, the Platte, the Missouri, the Arkansas. You shall hardly name any well-known Western region, any remote mountain park, any accurately mapped Western stream, which you shall not, provided you have faithfully followed the wanderings of Kit Carson, discover to have been well known to this man before geographies were dreamed of west of the Missouri river.

Carson practically closed his life as a trapper in 1834. The beaver, that animal of so immense an importance in the history of the American continent, was now to assume a place far lower in estimation. Carson, therefore, now took to hunting rather than trapping, and for eight years he served as hunter at Bent's fort on the Arkansas river. Here he fed forty men

regularly on the wild meat of the plains. During these eight years he killed thousands of buffalo, elk and deer. He saw the plains in all their ancient undimmed splendor. At an earlier time Carson had married an Indian girl, and during his engagement at Fort Bent he sent his only child, a daughter, to St. Louis for the purpose of acquiring an education. At a later date this daughter married, went to California, and apparently passed from the scene. Carson's later marriage was with a Mexican woman much younger than himself.

Eight years at trapping and eight years as a professional hunter took a bit of time in the young life of Kit Carson. He concluded that he would go home at last, and once more visit his family. Alas, when he again made his way back to Missouri, he found his parents dead and forgotten, the old homestead left in ruins, and not a friend to take him by the hand. He hastened to St. Louis, but could not content himself there. It is said that it was during his passage up the Missouri river by steamboat that he first met by accident young Frémont, then going forth on his first trip to "explore" the Rocky Mountains. Carson went with him as guide, although he seems to have been secondary to Frémont's favorite of that time, Basil Lajeunesse.

There was really little need of a guide, although there was some danger of the Sioux Indians along the highway up the Platte. The Oregon Trail was at that time, 1842, a plain and well marked highway which could have been followed in the night. Fort Laramie, far up towards the head of the Platte, was a well known meeting place for white men and red. The South Pass, which it had been Frémont's avowed purpose to "explore," had been well known for more than a score of years to countless traders and trappers of the West. Frémont rode up that gentle eminence beyond the head of the Sweetwater and camped comfortably. He contented himself with climbing the peak which bears his name to-day. A great many others had seen this mountain before, but had refrained from climbing it, for the reason that buffalo and beaver do not dwell on mountain tops. Yet the report of Frémont's first expedition caused something of a stir.

After this first expedition, Carson re-

turned to Bent's Fort. Here he was married in 1843 to the young Mexican woman who remained his faithful companion throughout his life. On May 29, 1843, Frémont again sent for him, seeking him as guide for his second expedition. This time it was Frémont's purpose to connect his last year's work with the Pacific coast surveys which had been begun by Wilkes. All know how Frémont exceeded his orders, how his wife pluckily held back from him the knowledge of his recall, and how this transcontinental expedition, by no means the first, though later one of the most widely acclaimed, made its way over ground new to Frémont but old to Carson.

The first stages of the journey were among the trapping grounds of the Platte and Sweetwater; thence to Salt Lake, a point well known in the fur trade for years. The journey thence ran to Fort Hall, along a perfectly determined trail, to the Columbia river. From the latter stream Frémont pushed on to Tlamath lake, Oregon, heading thence to California. This country between Tlamath lake and the Sacramento valley was new even to Carson. The latter honestly did his best, but he was in the hands of a leader who undertook to cross the Sierras with a pack-train where there was six feet of snow, and with a party the total number of which only counted two men that had ever before worn snow shoes in all their lives! Never was there poorer mountaineering or worse leadership than this; but it was not Carson who was responsible. It was Carson, however, who pushed on ahead, and finally, from a peak of the Sierras, caught a glimpse of two little mountains of the Coast Range which he had seen once before. That was seventeen years ago, but his trapper's sense of location identified these little peaks. It was this bit of mountaineering which saved the Frémont party. The men by that time were eating their saddle leathers; the mules were eating each other's tails. When at length, on March 6, 1844, they reached Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento valley, some of the men were physically ruined and mentally deranged from their sufferings. So much for military and not mountain leadership.

Journeying on the return home over the southern trail, with which Carson was familiar, the Frémont party at length reached Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, in

the summer of 1844. They had traveled nearly four thousand miles, and had circumnavigated the mysterious Great Desert.

At the close of this second expedition Carson tried ranching in a valley some fifty miles east of Taos, but he was not to be allowed to settle down. Frémont called for him once more, and once again Carson set his face toward the West, in company now with a Frémont older, better seasoned, and of better judgment. This time it was the purpose to find a more direct trail directly across the Great Basin and into California. Carson led the way west of the Great Salt Lake directly into the desert, and thence on to the Carson river, searching for a new pass over the Sierras into the valley of the San Joaquin. At length they won over, as did the early trappers, and found themselves again at Sutter's Fort. Thence in time they moved north along the Sacramento river, intending to push north till they struck the Columbia. They did not know that there had broken out the Mexican imbroglio, and that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico. Lieutenant Gillespie overtook them and brought the news. Frémont turned back. It was in Oregon, in the Tlamath country, that there came the night attack in which Basil Lajeunesse and three others were killed. Carson saw his companion, a brave Delaware Indian, stand up and receive a half-dozen arrows from unseen foes. He joined the pursuit in the dark, and later, on the backward trail to California with Gillespie, he helped execute stern mountain justice on the Tlamaths.

Now, after the stirring events which followed in California, there was needed a messenger to the government at Washington. Who better could serve at this than this iron-framed little rider, Kit Carson? He started on September 15, 1846, and had won across the Rocky mountains when he met General Kearney's column, and was ordered to return to California. In this return the Kearney column was assailed by the California Mexicans, stern fighters themselves, who pushed Kearney's forces into a desperate situation. The beleaguered troops needed a messenger out to San Diego. Kit Carson and Lieutenant Beale of the navy undertook the task. The hardships of the march wrecked the

mind and body of Beale, who was an invalid for two years thereafter. It was nothing to Kit Carson. In March, 1847, he was started once more as a despatch bearer to Washington. This time he met the Indians on the Gila, fought them, got through, crossed New Mexico, descended the Arkansas river, and in the month of June arrived at Washington, after having made four thousand miles in three months' time. The journey requires little more than three days now; but we do not make it horseback.

At Washington, as some sort of reward for his services, Carson was appointed lieutenant of the rifle corps of the U. S. Army. His commission, however, was never ratified, though this he did not learn until some months later. He was sent back to California with despatches. He crossed the Missouri river, fought the Comanches at the Point of Rocks, got through them, passed the Rockies, and had won as far through as the Virgin river before he met his next Indian fight. He and fifteen companions here stood off three hundred Indians. In time he reached Monterey, and later, simply to keep himself in practice, took service against the Mexicans on the border for a time.

There was no man of all those known to the army officers who had the resources or was so well qualified as a despatch rider as Kit Carson. He was sent back once more to Washington, in the spring of 1848. The physical frame of any other man except himself had been by these journeyings too far racked to enable him to make this long and hazardous trip. The souls of most men would have failed them long ere this. Yet this hardy, tough little man, just big enough for steady riding, cheerfully undertook this third journey across a continent as despatch bearer. He stopped at Taos just for a day to see his family. He saw them about once in each three years. It was October, 1848, when he reached Washington this time.

And now once more Kit Carson wanted to settle down at home as a peaceful rancher. There was no peace for him. The Apaches from the lower country harried the New Mexican settlements, and Carson guided Colonel Beall against that tribe and the Comanches. Then there came a lull in fighting and scouting, and Carson once more determined to be a

ranchman. His partner in the latter business was his friend Maxwell, and their ranch was located about fifty miles east of Taos, at what is known as Rayado or Rezado. Again he joined an expedition against the Apaches, a day and a half to the southeast, a disastrous expedition in which he was not leader but might better have been. At another time he helped chase some Apache thieves, and assisted in killing five of them, being always desired in these errands of swift punishment.

In 1850 he and a partner took a band of horses up from New Mexico to Fort Laramie; and in 1851 he and his friend Maxwell went to St. Louis, bought a train-load of goods, and tried their hands at a bit of the business of the Santa Fé trail themselves. They met the Comanches, but got through without a fight, and made a fairly successful venture in their enterprise.

And now comes one of the most romantic and most pathetic incidents in the history of this brave man; indeed in all Western history. Rebelling at the tameness of ranching and horse trading and wagon trafficking, longing once more for the freedom of the trapping trail, Kit Carson sent word among his old friends, the free traders of the Rockies, and made up a party of eighteen old time long-haired men. They sallied forth with rifle and axe and pack and jingling trap chains, in the fashion of the past, making once more deep into the heart of the Rockies. They visited the Arkansas, the Green, the Grand, the White, the Laramie—all the loved and lovable parks of the mountains. They came back through the Raton mountains with abundant fur. They said it was their last trail; that they had visited the streams which they loved in order that they might "shake hands with them and say good-bye." The expedition was made for sheer love of the old life which they knew had now gone by forever.

But Kit Carson could not remain quiet on his ranch. His next exploit was that of a sheep drive to far-off California. He took over 6,500 sheep across the long trail to California, and was lucky enough to sell out at the good price of \$5.50 per head. This was the most profitable speculation in which Carson ever engaged in all his life.

Witness now nearly the last stage of Carson's career. The government at Washington was not wholly unmindful of the consistent record of this loyal man in daring and in duty. It was suggested that he would make a good Indian agent for the district of New Mexico. He was appointed, and so he became counsel and guide to those savage people whose enemy and conqueror he had been.

At this time the Utes and the Jicarilla Apaches were rebellious, and one of Carson's first acts was to ride 250 miles into the Ute country. He led the forces which broke up the coalition between the Utes and the Apaches. He acted as guide for Colonel St. Vrain and his New Mexican volunteers in the expedition that routed the Indians at Saugache Pass. It was Carson, old Indian fighter, who was the first of the old time scouts to say that the Indians must be "rounded up and taught to till the soil." Such was the justness and candor of this man's disposition that these Indians who had feared him in the past came now to trust him, and indeed to love him. He was known as "father" by many a warlike tribe. Thus he became the friend of the Apaches, the Utes, the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and the Kiowas, peoples scattered over a large range of country. Behold, therefore, our trapper, guide and scout fairly settled in life. Remember also that he was not guide for Frémont in that last fatal, starving expedition when, blundering foolishly once more into the Rockies in the winter time, and undertaking the wild project of crossing eight feet of snow with a pack-train, that officer once more came near paying the penalty of his ignorance by his own life and the lives of all his party. It was Bill Williams who was guide this time. It was to Taos that the enfeebled survivors found their way in search of help. If Kit Carson reproached his former "leader" it is not on record. Never was there a leader whose follies won him greater praise.

The closing stage in Kit Carson's life is that following the time when he left the United States service as Indian agent. He was, during the War of the Rebellion, made Colonel of a regiment of New Mexican volunteers and brevetted brigadier-gen-

eral. In the later years of his life he was known as "The General" among his friends, just as he was always known as "father" among the Indians who dwelt about him. He remained to the close simple, brave, candid, reticent; no swash-buckler, no boaster, no chronicler of his own deeds. Yet how much of initial adventure, how much of danger and daring, how much of courage and unselfishness and endurance, of absolute and trust-worthy manhood there had been crowded into the span of this man's life! From 1826 to 1869—what a time was there in the adventure-history of the West and of America!

Kit Carson's death occurred at Fort Lyon, Colorado, May 23, 1869, the immediate cause being an aneurism of the aorta. Eight years before he had sustained a bad fall from his horse and from this hurt he never fully recovered. "Were it not for this," said he, "I might live to be a hundred years of age." Yet, knowing that he was doomed, he lived bravely and sweetly as ever, and to the end remained as unpretentious as during his earlier days. So, surrounded by his friends, facing the impending end with his customary bravery, Kit Carson passed away. There was a struggle and a fatal hemorrhage. "Doctor—compadre—adios!" he cried. "This is the last of the general," said his friend. So passed one of the band of Westerners, truly entitled to be called great.

Carson's family seems to have passed into oblivion. It is said that one of his daughters recently died in New Mexico after leading an unfortunate life. One is unable to tell whether this is the child of his Indian wife, the same who left St. Louis for California early in the century. In many quarters of New Mexico the fame of Carson is to-day an actual thing. He bequeathed his favorite rifle to a secret society of Santa Fé of which he was a member, and the piece is, or was very recently, to be seen in the quarters of the lodge.

It was nearly time now for all the old mountain men to put up the rifle. The day of the plow was following hard upon them, for bison were extinct and the Indians were driven into corners.

LONG-DISTANCE RIDING IN THE AMERICAN ARMY

By MAJOR HENRY ROMEYN, U.S.A.

FELIX N. AUBREY was a Canadian by birth, of French extraction, and prior to the Mexican War had been in New Mexico as trapper and hunter with Beaubien, Maxwell, and others, and was well acquainted with the plains, as well as along the mountains, from Winnipeg to Santa Fé; and even south of that place. When Tobin's ride from Santa Fé to Fort Leavenworth, in August, 1846, had made him known all over the territory, Aubrey asserted that the time he had required could be reduced one-third; and when doubts were expressed, offered to back his opinion with his money. He soon found men who were willing to accept his wager, and arrangements were at once made for the attempt.

No limit was fixed as to the number of mounts he might use—he was to get there; and at his own limit of time, he must do so in seven days and eight hours. Trains which had taken supplies for the army to the territory were returning eastward, and Aubrey, selecting half a dozen good horses, sent one by each train, to be led with it till he overtook it; the first one leaving about two weeks before he started. For the first stage, he rode a beautiful blooded mare which he had kept as a racer; and owing to the fact that the empty train had traveled more rapidly than he had anticipated, he did not get his first relay till he had passed Wagon Mound, about a hundred and fifty miles from Santa Fé. He halted only long enough to change his saddle to his fresh mount and procure some food, which he ate as he rode, and he dared not halt for sleep on account of danger of too lengthy a delay, and of being discovered by Indians; and only found another mount, food, and a few hours for rest at the camp of the next train, at a ford of the Arkansas, since named for him, and near where the west line of Kansas now crosses that stream.

There were plenty of Indians along the route, not only on the Arkansas, but in the valley of the Kaw, after he had crossed the

divide, between it and the big bend of the Arkansas; and they wouldn't hesitate to lift the hair of any lone white man if opportunity offered, especially if he rode a good horse. As he was to make the entire journey on horseback, he could sleep with safety only when he found a train in camp; and he made only three halts for that purpose; and in five days and fourteen hours from the time he left Santa Fé, he rode into Independence, Missouri, about two miles east of where Kansas City now stands, that place being the starting-point at that time for civilian trains for Santa Fé. He had ridden about 830 miles, had used seven horses, and if he had taken no time for sleep and meals, would have ridden about six miles an hour during the entire time. It was a wonderful test of endurance for both man and beast. There were wagers on the actual time, enough to give him something of a bonus above the main stake of five thousand dollars.

Another great ride was that of Thomas Tobin. Tom, as every one called him, was an Irish boy who ran away from his home in St. Louis when only twelve years old, and found his way to Santa Fé with a train belonging to Mr. Hugh Campbell, a trader. He had crossed the plains annually for eight or ten years prior to the Mexican War, and when General Kearney's expedition made the march in 1846 he was with it as guide and hunter. The story as he told it ran about like this:

"The General was ordered from Santa Fé across to California with the Dragoons; and wanted to get his report back to Washington as soon as it could be done, and asked me if I would carry it to Fort Leavenworth. I agreed to do it, and started with only one day's notice. I carried only a blanket, a lariat, knife, Hawkin's rifle with about a hundred rounds, a dragoon pistol, and about two spoonfuls of salt. I depended on my rifle for meat and on finding Indian herds for fresh horses. I weighed about one hundred and forty pounds and was tough as leather. I got

my first remount from St. Vrain at Mora, about eighty miles from Santa Fé, and rode it two days, till I found a camp of Utes hunting buffalo, and got a fresh horse from their herd, in the night. I had to be very careful about falling in with any Indians, for they would have killed a lone man for his outfit, and half a dozen times, or more, I hid in some draw on the prairie till night, or rode miles off the trail to keep away from their hunting parties or camps. It was very risky, too, riding into their herds, and roping a fresh horse, and I always led him away some distance before I tried to change my saddle, so that if he made any noise, it wouldn't stampede the herd and wake the camp. I didn't dare make a fire in the daytime, but at night could cook a little meat on the coals, and the little I slept was while lying on my lariat, so that my horse couldn't get away with it out of my reach. I followed the Arkansas as far as Big Bend, and then bore off across the country to Council Grove, and from there northeast, following the plain trail to Fort Leavenworth; in all, 832 miles, as measured later. I rode it in little less than eleven days—and used nine horses; the last two I got from Government trains which I overtook after leaving the Arkansas."

I do not know what Tobin was paid for his ride, but as it was made when he was in Government employ, I presume he did not get one thousand. Most of the very long rides on the frontier were not made for extra money; they were ridden as part of the duties which were liable to fall to the lot of any one connected with the army, in the days when it did not go to war in palace cars or chase Indians in tourist sleepers.

Tobin died on his ranch near Fort Garland, Colorado, years ago.

John Kerley was another long-distance man, and like Tobin, he was an Irish boy, who ran away from home when quite young and found his way to the frontier, and was a teamster in the Government train which left Fort Leavenworth with the Utah expedition in 1857. In the autumn of that year he was sent back from Fort Bridger, as bearer of despatches, and rode to Fort Leavenworth, something more than a thousand miles, in seventeen days, using only four horses. He had his first remount at Fort Laramie, procured

another from a train he met on the Platte, and his fourth at Fort Kearney. About thirty miles from that post, as he halted to let his horse drink at a small stream which crossed the trail, he was ambushed by half a dozen Pawnees and wounded in the face and arm by arrows, but escaped by meeting, not far away, a party of cavalry, who drove off his pursuers. He rode that horse till he reached the valley of Salt Creek, less than ten miles from his destination—when it fell exhausted, and he completed his journey on foot, carrying his saddle.*

In his charming book, "Three Years in California," Chaplain Walter Colton, of the Navy, who was at the time (March, 1847), Alcalde of Monterey, relates the story of a long and rapid ride by Colonel Frémont, then in command of the United States forces in the section of country mentioned in it.

Colonel Frémont was in Los Angeles, when he was informed that business of a military nature demanded his presence in Monterey at the earliest possible moment. With him, at that time, and under existing circumstances, action at once followed thought, and daybreak of the morning succeeding receipt of the information that he was needed there, found him in the saddle. The party really used only two relays, riding one the first half of the way and picking it up on its return. It did, however, have horses enough to allow changing at intervals along the route. The chaplain gives dates, distance covered each day, number of hours in the saddle, etc., and his record has never, to my knowledge, been disputed.

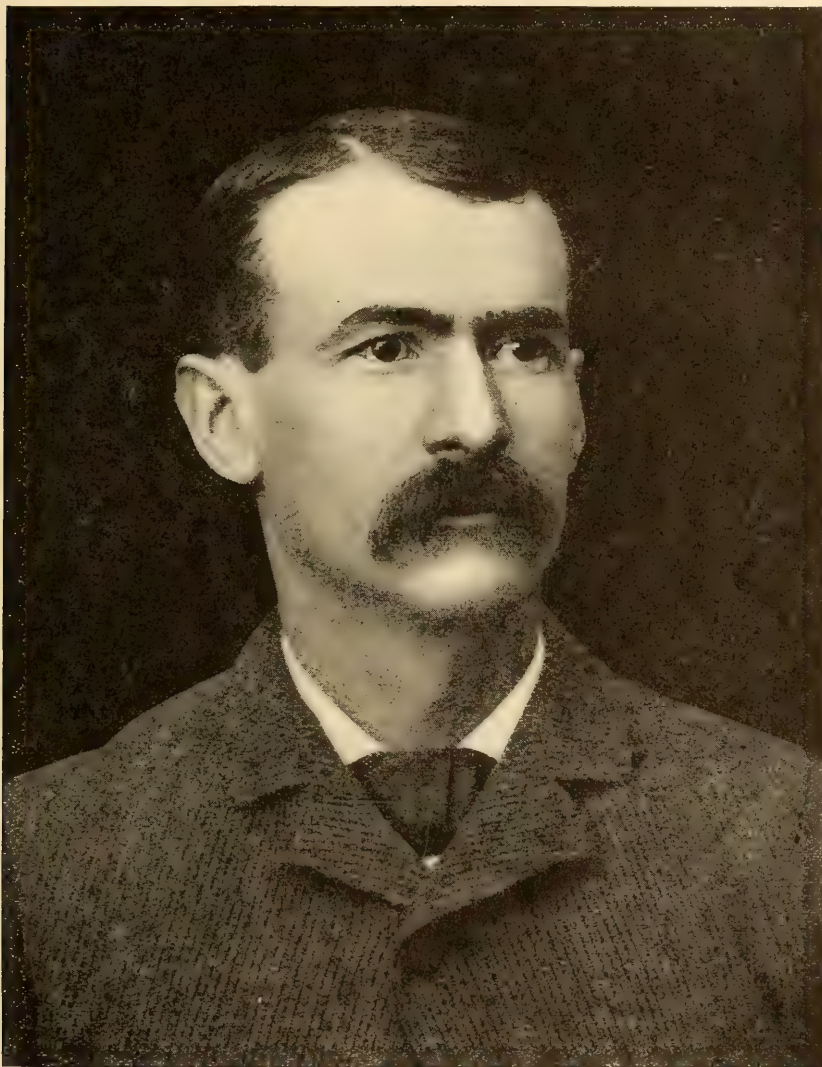
Each man had three horses and changed every two hours. The first day they rode 125 miles between daybreak and nightfall; on the second, 135 miles between daybreak and nine at night. On the third day, with fresh horses, 70 miles between eleven o'clock and sunset; and completed the journey, 90 miles, at three in the afternoon of the fourth day. The party was composed of Colonel Frémont, Don Jesus Pico, who owned the second lot of horses, and a man named Walton, servant of the colonel. They reached Monterey about the middle of the after-

* All of the instances of long-distance riding herein mentioned can be proved by testimony of persons still living, who were cognizant of the facts, or by official records, or both.

noon of the fourth day, remained till four P.M. of the next, and then rode forty miles before halting for the night. Wishing to test the endurance of the stallion of the band, Don Pico insisted that Colonel Fre-

and those belonging to Don Pico were "canelos," so-called because of their color—cinnamon—and very highly prized for extraordinary endurance.

Unless it be the Turcoman horses of



F. W. Schmalzki, who made the most remarkable ride on record in frontier days.

mont should ride him through the second day; but after having ridden him ninety miles, he changed to another and the released horse, instead of trailing in rear of the others, took the lead at a sweeping gallop, which he kept up till his pastures were reached. All the horses were natives,

Central Asia, I do not believe any breed of horses can be found to equal the old stock of California in long distances under saddle. I was at Fort Garland, Colorado, in June '68, when a man named Morris rode from Saguache to that post, a trifle less than a hundred miles, between

three o'clock in the morning and half-past one the same afternoon. The horse he rode was a coal-black broncho, and was ridden more than eighty miles on the second day later, without injury.

The reason for haste was a threatened outbreak of the Utes, and if that took place, the massacre of the settlers at Saguache. An outbreak which did occur several years later (1879) caused the death of several whites at, or near the Ute Agency, Utah, and of Major Thornburg, and a number of his command, which had been ordered to the relief of the Agency; and that disaster brought about three movements, each of which deserves a place in frontier history. First was Rankin's ride from the battlefield for reinforcements; second, Captain Dodge's march to the rescue, and third, the quick time made by Colonel Wesley Merritt with a part of the Fifth Cavalry, from his station at Fort D. A. Russell to the scene of disaster, on Milk River, Utah.

Mr. Rankin was a resident of Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, and had accompanied the command of Major Thornburg as guide. The Major and thirteen men of the command had been killed and a number wounded, and all the horses had been killed or wounded. Mr. Rankin volunteered to make an attempt to get through the Indian lines during the night by using one of the wounded animals, and succeeded; getting out on the side toward which the troops had been in march, as that was but loosely guarded by the Indians, and passing around them, till, several miles away, he regained the trail. Early in the morning, he met a small detachment, driving a cattle herd, and exchanged his wounded mount for another; but that one soon failed, and he was on foot when, luckily, he found a small force in camp guarding some supplies, and made another exchange, and on that he reached the telegraph line at Rawlins, one hundred and seventy miles from where he had left the command. He had crossed three mountain ranges, had led his horses for miles, over trails too rough to ride in the darkness, or because they were too exhausted to carry him, and had done it all in twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, Captain F. S. Dodge, with his troop of the Ninth Cavalry, who was scouting in the vicinity of the supply camp, learned of the situa-

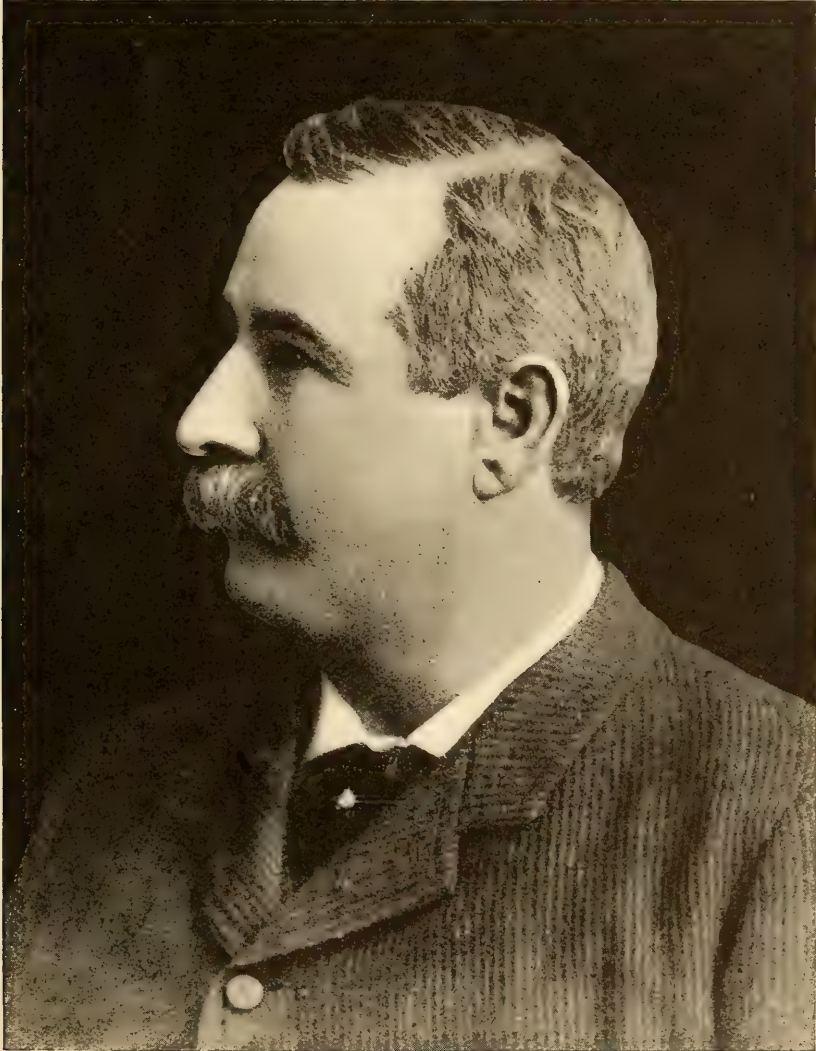
tion, and true to the instincts of the soldier, to "march toward the sound of the firing," started at once to the relief of the beleaguered command, and eighteen hours later, at the end of an eighty-mile march, with every man and horse in place in column, he reached the battle-ground, only to have every horse killed by the enemy.

Rankin at once notified headquarters at Omaha of the situation, and by daylight of the next morning, Colonel Merritt, at Fort D. A. Russell, received orders to move immediately by rail, and by midnight, with six companies of his regiment, had reached Fort Steele and at once detraind everything, had a five-hour rest, and then began the march, Rankin with the command, as guide. By midnight they had ridden forty miles, and halted till morning. They carried rations and a little short forage on their saddles, and after a light breakfast for both man and beast, resumed the march; and by nightfall had covered more than fifty miles of country. This left about seventy miles of rough, hard marching between the column and the beleaguered little command. Every minute was precious, and all night long, with only the briefest halts, the tired column kept up its desperate strain. Just before dawn the next morning, the guide announced that the camp was not far away, and halting, the commander ordered "officer's call" sounded to notify the besieged—if any of them still lived—that help was at hand. The first signal brought no response, but to the second came a reply, softened by distance but clear and distinct, and the tired soldiers knew that their long ride had not been in vain. Two horses only out of the six troops, had failed during the march; two more died after it had ended. Rankin is still living, at Ogden, Utah, though he does no more guiding.

The long chase of Sam Sturgis, then a lieutenant of the Second Dragoons, after a raiding band of Navajos in New Mexico in 1855, when, with only fifteen men, he followed the trail a hundred and seventy miles in sixty hours, and at once went into a fight and whipped the raiders, was another remarkable bit of riding; the ride of Lieutenant, now General, C. F. Roe, First Cavalry, from Camp Harney to Camp Warner, Oregon, to give information of a threatened Indian outbreak—a

hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-four hours, on one horse, at times fetlock deep in sand, was another. There were three men in the party, all of whom went through from start to finish. The horses

forgotten, rode Lieutenant Campbell's mare from Maxwell's ranch to Fort Union, New Mexico, fifty-five miles, in four hours and a half, after Campbell had had an arm blown off by Maxwell's old field piece,



Joseph E. Rankin, who got through surrounding Indians and brought relieving troops.

were Oregon bred, from blooded sires, and native dams, and save one galled back, were uninjured; and after one day's rest two of them retraced their route to Camp Harney in thirty-six hours.

On the Fourth of July, 1867, a sergeant of the Third Cavalry, whose name I have

while firing a salute. She was not injured, for I frequently saw her ridden in wolf hunts and jack-rabbit chases two years later. She was a Kentucky thoroughbred.

Wm. Schmalski deserves a high place among noted frontier riders, for though others may have ridden further in one

continuous journey, none have ridden under conditions of greater danger or come safely through greater risks. Like Rankin, he found his way through a surrounding force of Indians, but was discovered; and only escaped by the skin of his teeth. It was in September, 1874. General—then Colonel—Miles, was in the field operating against Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes, in the Panhandle of Texas; and supplies were forwarded to him from Fort Dodge, Kansas, and Camp Supply. Schmalski had been sent in to the latter place with despatches, and was returning to the command with a train guarded by a company of the Fifth Infantry, under command of Captain Lyman, of that regiment. They had crossed the Canadian, and were on the high divide between that stream and the Washita, nearly ninety miles from Camp Supply, when attacked by about four hundred Kiowas and Comanches, and forced to halt, corral and fight. The affair had lasted all day, and the command had lost heavily in men and animals, and was cut off from water. There was no surgeon with it, and the wounded sorely needed attention, and at the request of the commander, Schmalski agreed to attempt to run through the surrounding hostiles, and procure assistance.

Mounted on the best unwounded horse, armed only with a carbine, and dressed in dark clothing, he, soon after dark, stole out of the corral of wagons, and was soon discovered by the Indians, who at once gave chase. In the darkness there was no chance to pick his way, and he ran into a prairie-dog town and was nearly thrown over his horse's head by a stumble into a hole. He lost his hat and carbine, and would have been caught if he had not run into a buffalo herd. Bending low over the neck of his horse, he ran alongside of a

huge bull, and in the darkness and confusion could not be distinguished from the animals about him; and the chase was soon abandoned. He had lost all sense of direction and the clouds hid the stars; but finding himself on a down grade, he followed it till he reached a river which he knew must be the Canadian. But, owing to recent rains, the stream was in flood and crossing dangerous, owing to liability to being caught in quicksands, or encountering floating objects in mid-current, which was very rapid. He followed it for some distance, intending to cross as soon as possible after daybreak; but when the barking of dogs warned him of the proximity of an Indian village, he was forced to risk the crossing. It was safely made, and he soon found that he was at the point where a section of broken, brush-covered country called the Antelope Hills reached the river; and leading his horse, he forced his way into the thickets covering the rough ground and lay there all day without food or drink for either man or beast. Once he crawled to the point of the spur on which he lay, and looked down upon a large camp not two miles away. As soon as night had fallen, still leading his horse, he, with the north star as compass, renewed his march, and hatless, with his clothing in tatters from contact with the brush, nearly thirty-six hours without water, and forty-eight without food, he, about eight o'clock the next morning, reached the hay camp on Wolf Creek, about twenty miles from Camp Supply. There he was fed and given a fresh horse, and soon after noon reported at the post. It took about two hours to get the relief column and medical supplies ready, and during that time he ate and slept, and then guided the relieving force to the scene of disaster—about ninety miles—in the next twenty hours.



THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Why Theodore Roosevelt was elected President.

'Twas not the Republicans that elected Theodore Roosevelt to the presidency of the United States in November. It was the clean-blooded, wholesome-minded, right-intended people of the country who sought the man rather than elevation of the party. And they elected Roosevelt because he is honest, and courageous, and virile; hates lying and meanness and sham; because he believes in the home and respects women.

Beef vs. Skill in Football.

There was not so much fumbling in the football season of 1904 as in 1903; but there was enough—a great deal more than we used to see among the first-class teams a few years ago, before the present battering-ram style of game came in to very much lessen individual, all-round excellence in the game. There is no disputing Frank Butterworth's assertion that the players of to-day, speaking generally, are considerably below the standard set by the average of the first-class teams of a few years ago. Even the stars do not shine with the same effulgence as they used to. That in a large measure is due, of course, to the present system of play, which subordinates individual effort to general team work; but it is also due, to no little extent, to the seemingly different type of player that now predominates. Looking back over the names that have been famous in football, both in the line and back of the line, we find they were pounds lighter than the player of to-day. A composite of the player of ten years ago and of the player of to-day would disclose a difference of probably fifteen pounds, perhaps more; and no eastern team has shown so frank a preference for mere beef as did Harvard this year with one or two men of roly-poly proportions, more suitable to push than football. When you can get big men like Heffelfinger, Glass, Brown, DeWitt, Hare, Woodruff, Whar-

ton, Cowan, Wheeler, Perry Trafford,—that is another matter, because a good, big man, of course, always will be better than a good little man, as long as time is; but these men extend over a dozen years of the game and were in their day as exceptional in their weight as in their skill. The present tendency for beef as the first requisite apparently demanded by the battering-ram, pushing style of game, is what is putting present football skill considerably below the average of a few years ago.

Open the Game.

Anything that will change the present style of game is worth trying. Last season and the present one have demonstrated that the mere keeping of seven men on the line until the ball is put in play does not open the game so much as it was thought it might; the coaches beat it, and close formations continued almost uninterruptedly. There were fewer end runs and less open play this year among the large teams even than last year. The smaller teams showed greater variety. Sometimes I have thought of suggesting limiting teams in the matter of average weight; but I do not believe that would bring about the desired result. Lines averaging 170 pounds could devote themselves to close formations quite as continuously as ones that averaged 200; and the game would not open. The idea recently advanced by Hallowell, Harvard's one-time famous end, that four yards separate the men of the same side on the line up, the opposing lines being no farther apart than now, is worth studying. Certainly, if the men were so separated the result would be more open play, though it is a departure so radical that it is doubtful if the football legislators can be induced to consider it; its only objection, so far as I can see, is increased momentum of plays and therefore severer tackling. Whatever is tried in the way of opening the game is sure

to be opposed by the coaches who have heavy material, for these gentlemen are always seeking to beat rules in some way or another and to maintain as close an adherence to the battering-ram game as it is possible to do. Popular mistake is made in calling the battering-ram game unusually dangerous. It is not; it may look it, but the close formation play is not so productive of injury as severe tackling in the open. Not on the score of danger am I opposed to the close play, but rather because it tends to lessen individual knowledge and skill and therefore to retard the development of the game and to make it less interesting.

I have lately come to the conclusion that the only way of opening the American game is to direct attention to our present feature of interference, and to turn our faces rather more toward the English interpretation of off-side. At the present time the battering-ram is counted on for small but steady games, so that the five yards are covered within the four downs. If the battering-ram's power were lessened by, let us say, coming closer to the English off-side definition, the side failing to advance by close formation would be forced to open play and we should have end runs and long passes and more punting. I do not see any other way that we are going to bring about an approach to an open game. It is a very radical thought, and I do not for a moment think it will appeal now to the Football Rules Committee; but I am fully confident that sooner or later, in another three or four years perhaps, just such a radical change must be made. Umpiring, however, is a matter which the Football Rules Committee should certainly take in hand this winter, for 1904 it seems to me was very unsatisfactory—not in sins of commission, but of omission. Not within half a dozen years has there been as much foul play as in the 1904 Harvard-Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania-Cornell and the Harvard-Yale games. Foul play is strictly up to the umpire. If he were thoroughly efficient there would be no slugging; but the only umpire we have seen in the East this year to keep the game entirely free of slugging was Evarts Wrenn. Not all men are constituted to be efficient umpires. It is not a question of honest

intention; it is a question of mental alertness and quick decision, and forceful character; and the ideal is not easy to obtain. Therefore it seems to me the wise plan is two umpires: one to watch the offense and the other the defense. When before this has been tried the work of the umpires has not been separated, and discussion and confusion resulted. To my mind, the umpire is the most important factor in keeping the game clean; for in the present style of game it seems impossible for teams to resist foul work, especially if they have a talkative umpire or one whom they can rattle or bulldoze.

At West Point and Annapolis and in the West among the larger teams they do not appear to have as much difficulty in this respect as in the East. The splendid spirit that obtains at our two national academies has always made the games of the Army and the Navy the cleanest in the history of American football; and the West stand very close in this respect, for there too the spirit of fair play predominates. It is not pleasant to emphasize these unhappy features of the game; and frankly, I do not relish the task, but I dwell on the subject because to my mind efficient umpiring assures clean play, and inefficient umpiring induces rough work and gives excuse for the frequent attacks on a game that is nine-tenths good and most desirable in the vigorous play of young America.

Pennsylvania The cleanest handling of the ball in 1904 was done by
entitled to
Great Credit. Yale, Pennsylvania, West Point, Amherst, Minnesota and Dartmouth. Yale showed a very great improvement over its 1903 form in almost every respect and produced a well drilled, smoothly working machine. There was not the fumbling away of opportunities, as in 1903; but though the back field was good class, yet Yale's success may be attributed entirely to the strength and the unity and the fast charging of the line, which was the very best of the year. Pennsylvania, though a little less powerful than Yale, is however entitled to the greatest credit of the year. In 1903 Pennsylvania was tenth in the ranks; this year the team is a very close

second to Yale, an improvement due entirely to spirit and an established coaching system; an eloquent sermon of the need of these two qualities in the development of any winning combination.

In years gone by Pennsylvania relied chiefly on stars, of which she has had several of the first magnitude. This year, although there were two or three individuals of high class, yet the success and the excellent play of Penn were due to its being so well-balanced a team. It is highly creditable to Pennsylvania that the eleven played the season through without having its goal line crossed; but infinitely more creditable that university spirit should have pulled football out of the chaos which ruled for two or three years, especially last year, and developed an organization staunch enough to overcome individual weakness in the general making of a thoroughly first-class working product. Pennsylvania's advisers are to be congratulated on their acumen and their spirit. The Pennsylvania team proved that not only had it been better grounded in the fundamentals than Harvard or Cornell or Columbia, but revealed a powerful, variable attack and a wide-awake, shifty defense. Like Yale, all Pennsylvania got into the play; and these two teams, with West Point, were the only three in the country to have attained to this perfection. In fact, these three were the only ones of the year to show football of really high-class quality.

One-sided Games Princeton was considerable of a disappointment, for its earlier games suggested a very much stronger finish than that finally made against Yale. That Princeton did not make the most of her natural ability seems evident; and, though the wet, slippery field on the day of the Yale game somewhat militated against Princeton, the character of its play was none the less disappointing. Princeton's team, especially its speedy back field, was naturally fitted for the open style of play, yet the story of the Yale-Princeton game is, in a word, that Princeton tried to beat Yale at Yale's own game—battering-ram—and, as might have been expected, was signally defeated. The truth of the matter is, that outside of the West Point-Annapolis contest there was not what

might be called a great game in the whole year, because all of the so-called big games were so one-sided; and it was only the indomitable spirit of the Annapolis team that gave that game a color of greatness, for really West Point showed as much superiority to Annapolis as Yale did to Princeton and Harvard, and as Pennsylvania did to Harvard. Harvard got no nearer Yale's goal than the 30-yard line. Princeton got to the 20-yard line. Cornell got to Penn's 20-yard line.

The Harvard-Dartmouth game had a semblance of greatness in the matter of rushing the ball, for in that respect it was one of the most notable exhibitions of the year. Neither side punted, except when it had to, because each feared the other's scoring, and both teams were able to carry the ball by almost more than half the length of the field at a stretch, only to lose it by a fumble when within striking distance of the other's goal. It was swift, desperate rushing football that ended in a tie score of 0 to 0.

Harvard Still Experimenting. And Harvard—what shall we say of Harvard's football year? What is there to say that has not already been said? Year after year it seems to be the same experience. Year after year there seems to be only the same thing to say. Here is what I wrote at the close of Harvard's 1903 football season:

"If there was cause for vexation at New Haven, there was cause for grief and humiliation at Cambridge, where a courageous eleven went down to defeat, battling hopelessly to overcome by splendid pluck and individual excellence a full season's neglect and mismanagement of their interests. It was a grand sight, suitably encompassed in the Stadium with its touch of gladiatorial days; that team in desperate endeavor, striving with all its heart to uphold the athletic glory of its *Alma Mater*—and dying in the last ditch. It was heroic; another shameful sacrifice to the stupid mismanagement which is too much the rule at Harvard.

"I understand Harvard *alumni* are setting afoot plans to bring about intelligent, harmonious, competent management of Harvard's football, and boating, and other athletic interests. And it is

time—the familiar and almost annual sacrifice because of inharmony, or of incompetency, or of crass stupidity, too long has been borne in silence. Too long have Harvard's sons, undergraduates and *alumni*, idly watched the abuse of good material, the wrecking of athletic chances, only to utter feeble protest. Too long Harvard has been at the mercy either of incompetency or inharmony; or if instruction was in desirable hands, it has been embarrassed by academic, impractical interference, or experimentation along lines theoretic, and dismissed elsewhere for football ages."

So far as it refers to Harvard, this comment is equally applicable at the close of 1904. Pennsylvania has done in one year in the way of getting system and spirit what Harvard has needed to do these many years. Why cannot Harvard do what Pennsylvania has done? It is futile and unfair for Harvard to rail at individual coaches. The ablest coach in the world could not provide Harvard with her needs under existing conditions. Until Harvard has established a system, a school, and abided by it long enough to have traditions and efficiency, winning, whether on the football field or on the water, will be a matter of occasional chance.

The story of the Harvard-Yale game of 1904 was that of a smoothly working team of great strength and unity against eleven men having a poorly organized attack and a defense made strong only through the desperate, courageous efforts of its individuals. Individually, with a few exceptions, the Harvard team is entitled to all praise. Collectively, it was a ragged combination indeed.

The course of Columbia and Cornell for 1904 was quite similar. Cornell showed good football on occasions, and on occasions very loose, disjointed work. Against Princeton Cornell gave an excellent exhibition of open play, including some good end running. Against Columbia there was a lack of both speed and unison, and in its place disjointedness and lethargy. While the game against Pennsylvania showed some improvement, yet it was swept aside by Pennsylvania's strength and speed. Strength and speed also account for Amherst's overwhelming Columbia by two touchdowns. Columbia's defeat of Cornell, despite Cornell's com-

parative weakness, must be put down as creditable, for the New York players gave an excellent exhibition of straight football, their best of the year.

Dartmouth, although showing excellent all-round quality of football, was not so strong as last year's exceptional eleven. Brown deserves especial credit for its work. Williams, and all the New England colleges in fact, played good football, Maine looming up especially. Lafayette was not so strong as last year. Neither was Carlisle. Among the schools Exeter and Groton were prominent.

Those big Scores of the West. In the Middle West, Minnesota and Michigan lead, as they did last year; and Minnesota is also considered, by those who have seen both teams, to be a little the stronger, although as the two have not met such comment has little point. Chicago greatly improved over last year, and Illinois and Northwestern have moved up. Wisconsin has not made the playing record her alumni hoped for, but this university is laying the most substantial foundation, with her graduate coaching system, of all Western universities; results won't come so quickly, but they will last when they do come. By all means stick to it, Wisconsin, even if you do lose games at first; you will win out all right. While I do not believe in Eastern or Western teams chasing over the country just to play one another, yet a game between Michigan, for instance, and one of the leading Eastern teams would prove an excellent sedative to that class of football followers that is forever shouting for a "championship." Michigan and Minnesota partisans respectively declare their elevens the "greatest on earth," certainly a commendable exhibition of loyalty—even though optimistic. It is surely true that both Michigan and Minnesota are powerful teams; but it is my judgment, based on the Michigan-Chicago game, that Michigan would be beaten by any one of six of the leading Eastern teams; the score being about 12-0 if the opponent were Yale or Pennsylvania. I know my Western readers will fly to arms at this statement, but they should remember that it is said kindly and in no spirit of disparagement, for Western skill and spirit are known and honored by all Eastern men of intelligence. The West takes

the boasting of its paid coaches too seriously, thus drawing incorrect conclusions; and big scores are impressive to the casual student. Minnesota and Michigan appear to have been coached to run up big scores against weak teams; that's the game—and when they gallop over some school team like West Virginia to the tune of 130-0, or Grinnell, 146-0, or Kalamazoo, 95-0—the coach, with an eye to future business, declares he has never seen anything like it (which is true enough I reckon) and all rooters throw up their hats and declare Minnesota or Michigan—as the case may be—the greatest ever.

The Chicago game ought to have shown Michigan and the West, generally, wherein lies the weakness of Michigan and similarly coached teams. Against Chicago, Michigan had really but one style of game—close formations and push play in the center, in which the entire eleven got together promptly and powerfully with fine effect. Otherwise, Michigan's attack was unvaried and by no means high class. They could do nothing on end running; in fact their attempts were mediocre in the extreme. Michigan's line averaged about 215 pounds; with such strength and weight and the considerable speed which has been coached into them, it would naturally be and has been irresistible against small teams like West Virginia and others of a similar class. Some mighty hard luck kept Chicago from getting closer to Michigan's winning score; but, on the other hand, Chicago's game centered around Eckersall, whose punting and running was of a high order.

Western teams generally, and especially Michigan, as compared with the corresponding class of Eastern teams, are inferior in secondary defense and in varied, quickly shifting attack. None the less, both Michigan and Minnesota reflect great credit on their coaches—as the result each of one coach they are in fact quite remarkable—and are very powerful, fast teams, depending on comparatively few plays sent off with speed and backed up with beef. Had either Michigan or Minnesota run against a team capable of breaking up their plays, as any one of the leading Eastern teams would have been certain to do, there would not be so much heard of high scores and world-beating teams. Chicago's run-

ning and tackling in the open was superior to Michigan's, and their style of play not so monotonous.

A square Deal in the South. In the South there has been honest effort to improve both in play and in ethical conditions. I am pleased to note the drastic measures taken with regard to ineligible players, and especially happy to see that Virginia has shown a desire to meet in sportsmanly spirit the demand among her friends for improvement in her internal athletic conditions. The Virginia Intercollegiate Association seems to have provided some measure of protection among themselves; but I discover no guarantee of athletic integrity when meeting the outsider. This is a rather one-sided condition that will, I am sure, be righted; for, after all, the spirit of the Southerner is second to none for the square deal; and it isn't a square deal when the outside competitor is asked to meet conditions which do not obtain among the insiders. Is it?

1904 Ranking Football Teams. This ranking is not based only on comparative scores, but on style of play, conditions under which games were contested, relative importance of games on the schedule—especially in showing each team's "big" game, for which it was particularly trained—as well as the season's all-round record of the elevens under discussion. My particular interest in the study is the object lesson it furnishes on comparative football development throughout the country.

No college is eligible for consideration here, whose disregard of wholesome sport is patent and persistent.

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| 1. Yale | 12. Lafayette |
| 2. Pennsylvania | 13. Wisconsin |
| 3. West Point | 14. Carlisle |
| 4. Princeton | 15. Haskell |
| 5. Harvard | 16. Nebraska |
| 6. Dartmouth | 17. Northwestern |
| 7. Minnesota | 18. Columbia |
| 8. Michigan | 19. Maine |
| 9. Amherst | 20. Brown |
| 10. Chicago | 21. Illinois |
| 11. Annapolis | 22. Cornell |

In the South Vanderbilt and Virginia appear to lead, and on the Pacific Coast, Leland Stanford.

ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN FOR 1904.

Eckersall (Chicago) full back
Torney (West Point) and Hurley (Harvard) half backs
Rockwell (Yale) quarter

Shevlin (Yale) and Speik (Chicago) ends
 Hogan, captain (Yale) and Cooney (Princeton) tackles
 Piekarski (Pennsylvania) and Gilman (Dartmouth)
 guards
 Tipton (West Point) center

SUBSTITUTES

Hoyt (Yale) full back
 Hubbard (Amherst) and Prince (West P.) half backs
 Starr (Harvard) quarter
 Russ (Brown) and Glaze (Dartmouth) ends
 Bloomer (Yale) and Thorp (Columbia) tackles
 Kinney (Yale) and Tripp (Yale) guards
 Torrey (Penn) center

This eleven is chosen, after a season's observation, with a view to collecting the strongest all-round team. No man whose amateur status is a matter of question or whose play has been unsportsmanly is eligible to this national team, which, in keeping with its honorary nature, I endeavor to confine to sportsmen.

High Grade Individual Players grow Fewer. Great individual players grow fewer year by year, as the adherence to heavy, weight-carrying formations increases. The back fields this season have shown few high-grade men, but quite a number of very good ones, the best being, aside from those chosen for the All-America, Ritter and Miller, of Princeton; Vaughan and Main, of Dartmouth; Leavenworth, of Yale; Doherty and Smith, of Annapolis; Duell, of Columbia; Morse, of Yale; Catlin, of Chicago; Kremer, of Minnesota; Cobb and Savage, of Brown; Knibbs, of Dartmouth; Reynolds, of Pennsylvania; Halliday, of Cornell; McAvoy and Van Atta, of Lafayette; Metzenthin, of Columbia; Heston, of Michigan, who is really a high-grade plunging back, but whose exhibition against Chicago showed that he cannot hold the ball against really first-class tackling. And last, but by no means least, Mills, of Harvard, who deserves credit for tackling especially; Smith (Penn), not eligible for All-America.

Of quarterbacks—three are really first-class, with not a great deal separating them—Rockwell, of Yale; Starr, of Harvard, and Stevenson, of Pennsylvania. The latter showed moments of much ability spoiled by a tendency to foul play, which finally sent him off the field and lost him his chances on the National eleven. Princeton gave just a glimpse of one in Tenney, who ought to be heard from later.

Tipton, of West Point, was really the only high class center of the year, although

Torrey, of Pennsylvania, is a good man and a versatile one, with Remp, of Wisconsin, not a great way behind.

Good guards were more plentiful. The others deserving mention, besides those on the National team, include Ziegler, of Pennsylvania; Doud, of Lafayette, and Strangland, of Columbia; Thorpe, of Minnesota; Schulte, of Michigan; Fairweather, of Illinois.

The best of the tackles, aside from those on the National team, were Doe and Mettler, of West Point; Farley, of Annapolis; Bertke, of Wisconsin; Parry, of Chicago; Kafer, of Northwestern; Higgins, of Brown, and Derby, of Harvard.

The best end of the year, outside of those chosen, was unquestionably Hammond of West Point. Another good one was Matthews, of Harvard, who was seen only for a few moments in the Harvard-Yale game. Why he was not played sooner and all the season no one but the Harvard management can tell. The best of the other ends were Gillespie, of West Point; Howard, of Annapolis; Elder, of Williams; Kennedy, of Chicago, and Rothgeb, of Illinois.

Other players who deserve special mention for their year's work are S. Crook, of Amherst; Clough and Farrier, of Dartmouth; Geary, of West Point; Grady, Wilcox, Piersall, Norton, Farley, of Annapolis; Crowell, of Swarthmore—the only genuine drop kicker of the year save Eckersall; Brill of Harvard; E. Bearse, of Maine; Van Surdam, of Wesleyan; Norcross, Longman and Curtis, of Michigan; Smith, of Minnesota; Bush, of Wisconsin; Green and Weede, of Pennsylvania; and Hazelwood, of Illinois.

Hackneys Triumph at last. Eben D. Jordan's sweeping success made the New York Horse Show of 1904 notable; his entries

won all the heavy harness honors and for the first time hackneys achieved a triumph. For years experimentation with the hackney has been making, but Mr. Jordan is the first to secure definite show-ring results in harness classes; and it is none too much reward for his perseverance and judgment.

Outside of Mr. Jordan's entries, which deserved all they got, there was the most remarkable juggling with the blue ribbon among High Tide, Rosebery, Burlingham and Lord Russell, that any one ever

beheld. None of it reflected credit upon the judges.

The trotting classes were below the quality and quantity usually on exhibition. The ponies made a fine class and are improving. The heavy harness classes were as usual most prominent in numbers and quality. There were a fine lot of animals in the saddle classes—but the judging was most confusing.

Has Mr. Gooch really a definite type in mind? and if so what is it? I can discover no consistent one after his three years of judging.

The show grows more local; a few more years like 1904 and 1903 and we must call it the New York rather than the National Show.

THE Public School Athletic League is an excellent organization if it is kept wholesome and free of the recruiting to which secondary schools are submitted. One of the most important influences this League can wield is to keep boys

of tender years out of athletic contests. Unless this is done the League may easily prove more harmful than beneficial. The annual meet should be in the open in the spring and not indoors.

THE surest way to put a stop to the criminal disregard of life by speeding chauffeurs is to imprison the offender. The rank and file of motor car owners will indorse such action, for they are the real sufferers in public opinion—and unjustly.

CIVILIAN rifle clubs continue increasing, but slowly. They are of so important a supplemental nature to the National Guard throughout America as to merit citizen encouragement and state support everywhere.

DID ever any one see a dog so precocious as that dog of Mark Twain's with its "human" reasoning about canine things?

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE OUTDOOR WORLD

By RALPH D. PAINE

THE ABLE YOUNG RHODES SCHOLARS AT OXFORD.

WHEN the late Cecil Rhodes wrote in his will as one of the qualifications for election to an Oxford Scholarship, that "regard should be had for his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football and the like," he was instigating a considerable stir among those classic shades by the Isis. The American scholars, seventy strong, invaded Oxford last Autumn with such a store of athletic talent that English opinion has taken alarm. Their first chance to test their mettle was in the Freshman sports, where Schutt of Cornell won the half mile with such ease as to foreshadow the championship rating abroad which he earned in the Intercollegiates at home. Other interlopers helped win seven of the nine events, making the Americans so conspicuous that the invasion called for serious discussion, led by that chronic alarmist of journalistic old ladies, the *Saturday Review*.

In the first place, it was held to be more than likely that in future intersarsity athletic meetings between Oxford and Cambridge the former would show greatly in-

creased strength if this imported talent were admitted. The conclusion was in sight that Oxford would defeat her ancient rival with the help of the American athletes, which would never do. "It's well enough for Oxford to win from Cambridge," was the cry, "and nobody's feelings are hurt whichever way it goes, for we are that kind of sportsmen. But for Cambridge to be whipped by a lot of Yankees running in Oxford colors, that's a dose we are not prepared to swallow."

Another cause of uneasiness is that American college customs may find lodgment at Oxford, and the gloomy pessimists of sport are even driven to fear that instead of the "Well done, old chap," and "Well rowed" which greet the victor, the banks of the storied Thames may some day re-echo the barbaric cries of "Rock—Rock—Rock—Oxford," or "Break-your-necks, Break-your-necks, Trinity."

Opposed to these dark pictures can be set the mutual benefits both nationalities will gain in their social and outdoor intercourse. The notion that American collegians are not ideal sportsmen still lingers in the superior British mind, and editorial opinion has even gone so far as to call upon

the coaches and leaders of Oxford sport to be extra vigilant against the pernicious influence of these athletic Rhodes scholars. This misguided prejudice will have its eyes opened after rubbing up against the manly and wholesome young men who represent the average collegiate world of this country. The Oxonians will be able to see baseball and American college football played on their own fields, and the Yankees in turn can learn much that is valuable of the spirit that makes of athletics a pastime rather than a business.

There is a splendid opportunity for the Americans at Oxford who have played football at home. They can do no more useful work for their parent colleges than to study the games of English Rugby and Association football as played at the universities. Then let them get their heads together and devise suggestions for grafting on to the American game the best features of the English rules of to-day. Our game is in sore need of revision to make it more of a pastime for the player and more interesting for the spectator. The English games possess these essential features. It is for such observant and resourceful pilgrims as these Rhodes scholars to study this problem, and combine their conclusions in the outline of an amended game for the American schoolboy and collegian, combining with the English open and dashing tactics the highly developed team play and strategy of the Yankee gridiron.

TEACHING THE STUDENT TO SHOOT STRAIGHT.

When Rudyard Kipling hurled hard language at the young Briton because he preferred to be a "muddled oaf at the wicket" rather than a good shot with the service rifle, the nation's feelings were hurt, and volunteer rifle corps received a considerable stimulus. Under need of such poetic brickbats to arouse them, American undergraduates have taken a new interest in learning to shoot, and diplomas for efficient marksmanship may some day be a valuable asset of the college man. At Andover Academy last year a band of keen-eyed youngsters strove to qualify as sharpshooters by steady practice with a "sub-target gun." This machine is the gift of a militant friend of the school and was set up in the gallery of the gymnasium. It is the pattern which has been adopted by the war departments of this country and Canada, and without the use of ammunition teaches the marksman to shoot straight, recording his hits and misses by a delicate scoring needle. The target is punctured exactly at the point where a real bullet would have landed. The machine affords chance for brisk competition, and Andover schoolboys are rapidly fitting themselves to reinforce the nation's stock of "handy men in a scrap."

At the University of Minnesota Major

Morgan, the military instructor, is planning to promote rifle practice in the spring, with a view to making the drill of the student battalion practically efficient. He had asked his young infantrymen to study the latest bulletins of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, and to bear in mind that shooting an army rifle is a more useful accomplishment and as diverting a pastime as blazing away at clay pigeons with a shotgun. Military instructors at other colleges are pushing this movement, hoping that intercollegiate rifle and revolver matches may become popular. With so keen a spirit for intercollegiate rivalry as exists, this is a shrewd impetus to launch. Nor in a country whose military system must depend upon a volunteer army in time of war is the promotion of marksmanship in colleges an unwise idea. Once the ball is set rolling, the stimulus of competition will cause rifle teams to multiply amazingly, and Kipling's epithet tossed at devotees of outdoor pastime will be hurled in his teeth by the crack young riflemen of the American campus.

HARVARD'S STEP TOWARD AN IDEAL CONDITION.

When President Harper of Chicago University published his idea that athletics should be supported by an endowment fund, it was hailed as a bit of Utopian dreaming without practical basis. It did express, however, the recognition of an unwholesome influence in college pastime which would be better off without the big problem of gate receipts. The men in control of athletic affairs at Harvard were busy thinking along the same lines, and had the advantage of a feasible plan, which was that contests of all kinds on home grounds should be made free to the student body. When it was recently announced that the Stadium was to be rid of the gate money imposition, a beginning was made. It is true that this purpose is not to be put in effect until the Stadium is paid for, which will be within three years, but it is something worth building hopes upon.

At present it costs the Harvard student about eight dollars to see the regular program of contests held on the Harvard athletic field during the season. Now, this is a good deal more than half a month's board to many a plucky chap who is working his way through college. To see the big games is a luxury out of his reach. It is likely that exception will be made for the Yale-Harvard game, which, with the out-of-town games played by the eleven, must help pay the running athletic expenses. If Harvard will cut her athletic budget so that such vast sums are not needed to maintain the University teams, another praiseworthy step will have been taken. Within twenty years the outlay for athletics in the prominent institutions has grown out of all proportion to the increased student

patronage. A wildly extravagant system of supporting a team is believed necessary, but if the resources are cut down by diminishing the golden tide of gate receipts the athletic managers will have to trim their sails. It is staggering to realize that to endow athletics at Yale or Harvard upon the present basis of expenditure would require an invested fund of nearly two million dollars. The student who can ill afford to pay admission to every football or baseball game must not be blamed for questioning the wisdom of thus taxing him to support the college athletic interests when the athletic treasury is in receipt of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

WEST POINT AS AN ATHLETIC OBJECT-LESSON.

More than one student of college athletic conditions has gone to West Point for a sermon against the excessive amount of time and effort elsewhere used in training a football team. This object-lesson has a bearing, also, on other forms of campus competition. But the recent football season has made the difference more notable than before. At West Point the faculty makes no concessions to the athlete, nor is his playing time more than an inconsiderable fraction of his crowded day's routine. Yet he is able to get enough football practice to develop such an eleven as will meet on equal terms the most formidable college teams. In one season the cadets have beaten Yale, tied Harvard and given Princeton a heartbreaking tussle to defeat them. Such a showing ranks West Point with the leaders of the year. It is no new thing for the army lads to make the mighty football leaders tremble in their cleated shoes. And the finest thing about this success is that it is a thing wholly apart from the business which takes these young men to West Point. The class-room is never neglected for the football field, the baseball diamond or the track. Athletics are a sport and a pastime, and therefore do not, in any way, impinge upon the real issue.

On Tuesday, October 25th, the football squad of the University of Pennsylvania left Philadelphia for Auburndale, Mass., where they remained until the day after the Harvard game, October 30th.

Returning home on October 31st, they were allowed two days' vacation in which to recuperate from the rigors of that game. On Monday, November 7th, the players were granted a vacation, or leave of absence of four days, in order that they might go home or seek rest at Atlantic City. This respite was for the purpose of recovering from the effects of a hard season, and getting fit for the two remaining games of the schedule. The members of the football squad, therefore, lost ten out of fifteen working days from their class-rooms in the middle of the Autumn term.

This is a more aggravated case of a common tendency than has found publicity in some time. Pennsylvania made a splen-

did football rally, and with a new coaching system fought through a brilliant season of victories. High praise is due coaches and players for molding one of the finest elevens of the season, and the only important Eastern team with a clean record of winning games. Yet this record of absorption in football to the neglect of college work is a flaw in the record. And if the history of football at West Point holds any worthy lesson, it is probable that Pennsylvania could have won as many games without making half a month of a college term an educational farce. For no amount of athletic prestige can obscure the point that young men are not sent to college to play football.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

Every visit of American college track teams to England has piled up unpleasant proof that at distance running the Oxford and Cambridge men have consistently the best of it. So chronic has this weakness become that many reasons have been sought, all of which are focused in the fact that we don't do enough of it. One has only to try to follow the pack of Eton beagles on foot across ten miles of rough country any week of the winter to glimpse the reason why the English youth of the University is educated in wind and limb to stand the test of the track distance from half a mile to three miles. Our long list of failures in England has something to do with the recent increase in enthusiasm for cross-country runs and contests.

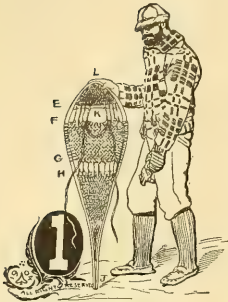
It is significant that last year Schutt of Cornell was the only Intercollegiate athlete who would have had a chance of winning a two-mile race against the fastest university talent of England. For several years Cornell has been a leader in distance and cross-country running, and the sport has helped produce some of the fastest relay teams and individual performers in the country.

Dual meets and Intercollegiate runs are steadily increasing in number and patronage. The cross-country contest of the Eastern colleges in November was the most interesting ever held. The Middle West has taken up the sport with characteristic vigor, and began a series of annual meets this Autumn, which showed promise of great success.

The trainer can teach the science of sprinting and hurdling, but he cannot put into a man the stamina and lung power needed to win in the killing finish of a two-mile race. This foundation must be laid before the training season begins, or built up throughout the year in the hardy exercise of running long distances out of doors. And as cross-country running is encouraged among our colleges, so much sooner will we begin to turn out runners who can meet the Oxford and Cambridge cracks on even terms.

HOW TO PUT ON SNOW-SHOES

By DAN BEARD



NORTH WOODS MAN AND SNOW SHOE

A REVIEW of the snow fields will reveal all sorts of appliances for binding the snow-shoes to the feet, and every expert and experienced snow-shoer, apparently, has an individual fastening of his own upon which he places the greatest reli-

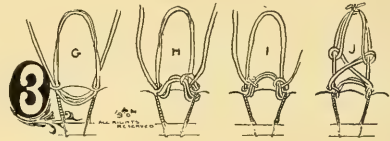
Some shoes have leather slipper toes attached to them, others broad leather straps and buckles, some simply toe straps (Fig. 4) and thongs, and others naught but the buckskin thong, the same as the American Indians were using long before Columbus came blundering around their coast in search of East India.

To prevent a confusing of terms in speaking of the parts of the snow-shoe, let us adopt nautical names. By reference to Fig. 1 it will be seen that the snow-shoe is shaped like an elongated bow kite; this is the most familiar form, and although some shoes vary greatly from the one shown in the illustration, they all agree in their general anatomy with this diagram.

By applying nautical terms the toe (L) becomes the bow, the heel (J) the stern and the cross stocks E and H are the thwarts. F and G are simply thongs to which the coarser net-work between them is attached. K is the hole for the toe of the moccasin. At the two lower corners of the toe hole will be found eyelets made of strengthened meshes. The framework is usually made of second growth white-ash wood, the meshes are of rawhide; from L to E and H to J the net-work is finely woven, but from F to G, amidship, it must bear the weight of the man, and the net is here made of heavier material and with much coarser meshes.

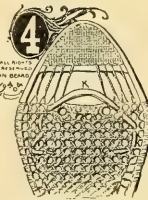
It will be seen by further reference to the illustration that a thong is so strung through the eyelets that the long ends come up between the wide meshes each side of the toe hole (K, Fig. 1), thus forming a loop or toe-strap into which the toe of your

moccasined foot is to be thrust; by drawing the ends of the thongs, the loop may be pulled down to fit snugly across the toe of the moccasin (Fig. 2, A). If your thongs be short an economical tie will be the one shown by B (Fig. 2); to make this, pass one end of the thong under the toe loop, up and back over the same loop, then under itself, making a half hitch on the toe loop; from here it is brought back behind the moccasin, where it meets the other end of the thong, which has been half hitched to the opposite side of the toe loop, as in B (Fig. 2). At the heel of the moccasin the ends pass under and over each other as shown in the diagram, then come around the ankle and tie in a square knot in front.



This, as may be seen, leaves the heel free to move up and down in a natural manner (a, Fig. 2).

The freedom of the heel is necessary, and the toe hole (K, Fig. 1) permits a free movement of the toes, the foot being fastened only at the toe joints to the cross thong F (Fig. 1). It must be remembered that in using snow-shoes the latter are lifted no higher than is necessary to clear the surface of the snow; in fact, a man walking with snow-shoes scuffs along much the same as a man with slipshod slippers run down at the heels. Another way to tie on the snow-shoe is to simply pull the slack



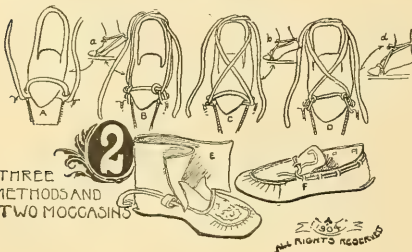
THE TUSSE-LOOAN TOE STRAP

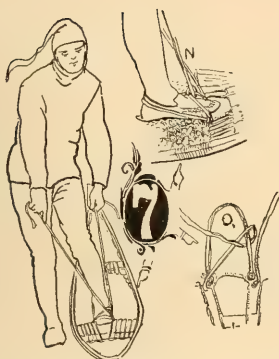
of the toe loop down to fit over the toe of the moccasin by drawing the ends of the thongs, as in Fig. 6, then crossing them over the instep and bringing them back over the heel of the moccasin as shown by diagram C (Fig. 2), and fastening the

ends around the ankle (b, Fig. 2). But the manifest objection to this method is that there is nothing but the friction of the moccasin to prevent the thong from slipping and sawing; this, however, can be remedied by a half hitch at each side of the toe, as is done at B (Fig. 1), and is shown with the cross bands over the instep by D and d (Fig. 1).

E and F show two styles of moccasins, most frequently seen on snow-shoes in the northern United States, New Brunswick and Southern Canada.

It is probably with good reason that the





majority of men whom necessity compels to use snow-shoes, prefer a tie which brings one or more strands of the thong alongside of the foot, as shown by *a* and *B* (Fig. 1), and it is also evident that the cross bands over the instep give greater security

to the fastening. So a method which combines the instep cross bands and the heel bands has much to recommend it. Fig. 3, *G*, *H*, *I*, *J*, shows the evolution of such a tie with a double toe loop. The heel loop, however, is made first as shown by Fig. 5, then the double toe loop is made by passing each end of the thong through the opposite eyelet hole, as shown by *G* (Fig. 3). Next a half hitch is taken over the double toe loop exactly as was done with the single loop (*B* and *D*, Fig. 2) and is now shown by *H* and *I* (Fig. 3). After which the ends are crossed over the instep, half hitched on each side over the heel loop and brought back behind the foot (*J*, Fig. 3), where the two ends are tied in a reefing or square knot. Much of the intricateness of this last hitch may be obviated by the use of the tussle-logan toe strap, which is a permanent affair woven in through the meshes down each side astern of the eyelet holes (Fig. 4). Put the two ends of your thong down through the eyelet holes and bring them up between the wide meshes astern of the bow thwart, as shown by Fig. 5. Slip the toe of your moccasin under the tussle-logan, and, by drawing on the ends of the thong, pull the band snugly around your heel (Fig. 6). Next take a half hitch (*O* and *N*, Fig. 7) around the side band and draw it taut, as in the illustration. Go through the same process as shown by *P*, *R*, *S* (Fig. 8), and draw tight, as the man is doing in the same illustration. *T* is a back view of this process. When the tussle-logan happens to fit the toe too loosely, it may be made secure by passing the cross straps in and over, as shown at *U*, Fig. 8. Fig. 9 shows a snow-shoer bringing the free ends of the thong back behind the heel, preparatory to fastening them there with a tie. *V* shows the thong properly fastened (the tussle-logan omitted for sake of simplicity in the diagram). *W* shows the knot as tied in the Maine woods. Fig. 10 shows a man with snow-shoes on both feet, and *X*, *Y* and *Z* are from sketches of

snow-shoers in motion, made in Michigan, Canada and the Maine woods.

A tussle-logan toe strap on a shoe possesses many advantages for one who must needs use snow-shoes every time necessity compels travel during the winter months, and not the least of these advantages is the fact that after one's shoes have once been satisfactorily adjusted they need not be untied again until the thongs break or some similar accident renders a readjustment necessary.

The lad in Fig. 11 has one shoe on, and is in the act of slipping his foot into the thongs of the second shoe. It will be seen that he takes a pose like an old-fashioned dancing-master, with his toes turned out; this is done so that he can slip his toes over the first side of the heel loop and



under the second side, as is better explained by the empty moccasin, *a*, Fig. 11. Next he thrusts his foot so far that the heel comes under the heel loop (Fig. 12, *b*). Then, lifting his heel and pointing his toes down (Fig. 13, *d*), he so twists his foot that the toe of his moccasin slips

under the tussle-logan and the shoe is adjusted and ready to support him on drifts and fields of snow.

Three figures and three diagrams have been made of this act so that the reader may not fail to understand how it is done, but because so many pictures are necessary to make the explanation clear it must not be supposed that this manner of putting on a snow-shoe is either difficult or intricate; it is accomplished in much less time than it requires to tell how it is done, and is really only one continuous movement of the foot like one step in dancing.

Now that you know how to put on snow-shoes, take them down from the wall where you hung them as a decoration for the library, dining-room or den and sally forth,



feet, and *X*, *Y* and *Z* are from sketches of

but do not put them on in the house as did the writer in his first attempt to master the art. There is no enacted law to prevent you from adjusting the shoes indoors, but it is better to do it outside, where there is more room and no steps to descend.

The writer forgot about the steps; his only idea was to sneak out the back way unobserved, but he did not succeed, and in going down steps the long heels of the snow-shoes made it necessary to step sideways. After the first step it was impossible for him to take another; he could not lift his foot more than an inch, and in spite of a struggle which nearly wrenched the thongs from the feet he stood as securely fastened to the steps as if his shoes were nailed down, and it really seemed that they had frozen to the snow. The long heel lay across the heel of the one he was struggling to lift.

In regard to a

PROPER SNOW-SHOE COSTUME,

it will probably be found that the mackinaw blanket coat worn by all lumbermen is best



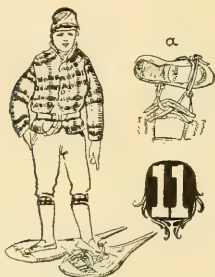
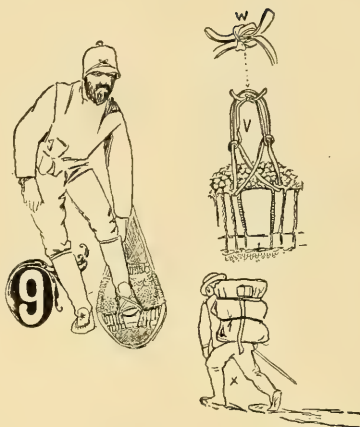
adapted to this purpose. The lumbermen also wear thick woolen stockings outside

of their trousers and call them leggins. These are very comfortable, but they give the legs a thick, bulky appearance, which can be avoided by wearing knickerbockers and long stockings. Short woolen socks can be worn with advantage over the long ones, and tightly rolled down to the top of the moccasin, which will keep the snow out.

The mackinaw coats can be purchased at any outfitting establishment, and cost from \$2 to \$5. Some of these blanket coats are very beautiful and some as gaudy as an Indian chief in war paint. One suit in my costume chest consists of a blue and yellow striped coat and scarlet trousers with a blue plaid, the squares of which are about six inches broad. This loud dress I bought at a lumber camp in northern Michigan.

Formerly, lumbermen, Indians and snow-shoers wore a red silk or worsted scarf about their middle, but now it is seldom seen, a strap, or the belt of the jacket itself answering the purpose.

There is but one positive rule for the snow-shoer's costume, and that is, he must wear moccasins; but the rest of his clothes may be anything that his taste and comfort direct.



FIRST POSITION



SECOND AND THIRD POSITIONS



BENCH SHOWS AND FIELD TRIALS

By JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

PUBLIC competitions are the only means of determining accurately the qualities of horses or dogs used in sport. Private competitions might answer the same purpose, but no dependence can be placed upon the information which comes from such surroundings. It grows too fast between point of origin and written history. Even in the case of public competitions and public records the two elements of personal ignorance and personal bias cannot be eliminated. Publicity, however, usually produces enough of checks and attrition to furnish a reasonably reliable record in the long-run.

So definite is the comparative value of public competitions, that I, for one, have little faith in the opinions on sporting dogs formed prior to the introduction of field trials and bench shows in England. I have seen and read too many foolish tales from well-meaning but narrow imaginations to pay much attention to a comparative judgment formed without opportunities of comparison. There was a great deal of good breeding before the days of public competition, but it was irregular and not severely tested. There may have been a few superlative specimens. Even so much, however, I would accept with doubt.

In the case of greyhounds the record of progress is plain enough since the establishment of the institutional public event, the Waterloo Cup, three-quarters of a century ago. At that there are plenty of ignorant people who think that there never has been a second Master McGrath or Coomassie, though, by what I should regard as a safe gage, it may be assumed that neither of those animals would last through the second round of a modern Waterloo running.

In foxhounds, also, a sufficiently progressive standard may have been fixed by the constant competition of hounds in the great semi-public packs of the English hunting countries. In America the foxhound has been largely developed by a survival of the fittest in private contests. That, to again insist, does not produce a great deal of confidence in the neighborhood reputation of certain hounds. A record of superiority is not standard until it becomes public.

The student of sporting dogs will hear a great deal of discontent with bench shows and field trials, but, whatever the drawbacks may be, he will continue his studies in their records.

The first bench show in America was held at Mineola, New York, in 1874, in connection with Queens County Agricultural Fair. It was principally made up of shooting dogs. Mr. Orgill, who had a handsome family of small pointers, was one of the principal exhibitors. The first Westminster Kennel Club show was held in 1876, and that association has thenceforward been recognized as the leading factor in bench shows.

In fact, I believe that it is the only club which has had a permanent financial success. The dog public is a small part of the population in America, if we count only those who care for the fine points of the breeds. In the last analysis it is men of European birth who really sustain American bench-show activity. The history of bench shows in a community usually is that the first one which is held after a period of desuetude is a pecuniary success, since the general love of novelty and the friendliness of the newspapers move a crowd. Then, from season to season, the affair dwindles and finally the club goes out of existence. Four or five years pass and another nucleus of enthusiasts launches a new bench-show club to go through the same experience.

In the early days sporting dogs constituted the important part of the exhibits. Of late years the owners of sporting dogs have paid more attention to trials on game and have neglected bench shows. This has always been true of greyhound men, and has lately become equally characteristic of field dog and hound owners. Meanwhile, the interest in fancy breeds has rapidly developed, and it is now the collies, Boston terriers, pet spaniels and fox-terriers which are the large entries and which attract attention.

For a long time the classes of bench shows were under A. K. C. jurisdiction made up in each breed of puppy, open and challenge classes. A dog got into the challenge class after a certain number of wins in the open class, and became a champion after a certain number of wins in the challenge class. This classification fell into disfavor because by taking a moderate specimen around to the smaller shows where there was little competition, it was easy to create a champion and mislead those who trusted the bench shows for records of excellence. The present system is puppy, novice, limit, open and winners' classes. The limit class is for those which have only done a certain amount of winning; the open class is for any dog without regard to winnings; the award of winner is made to the best dog taken from the open, limit and novice classes. In other words, the winner in each of these classes is put into the ring and the best dog is picked. The championship is achieved after a certain number of wins in the winners' class. When the winners' class was first adopted by the American Kennel Club, the championship followed a certain number of wins, all shows being on the same footing. Later was devised the present system of grading the shows according to the number of entries, and crediting the candidate for a championship with a certain number of points according to the number of entries. An attempt was recently made to grade the shows according to the

amount of money offered in prizes, but many exhibitors disapproved and the project was for the time postponed.

Field trials followed quickly the importation of English winning pointers and setters. The chief interest developed in the central West, though the New York and other Eastern people also early began their field trial competition. At first the entries were a miscellaneous lot, which would excite amusement if they appeared before later-day judges. Irish, Gordons, cross-breeds and native English setters, most of them merely pet shooting dogs, appeared together. At the beginning the system was to judge according to the number of points. Five points was made the standard, and the dogs which made five points were taken into the second series. That rule soon reduced itself to absurdity, since a very cheap dog of fairly good nose could, with a bit of luck or alert handling, get his five points, while a high-class dog would throw himself out by a flush. The field trial men then introduced the "heat" system, in which they followed the rule of coursing. That is, when the braces were drawn, each dog which beat his competitor was carried into the next series, and so on. This, however, was found not to work satisfactorily, since by the drawing of two first-rate dogs together, or by a difference in conditions, or by accidents, the best dogs in a stake were frequently beaten. The "spotting" system was then adopted and prevails to-day. The field rules of most clubs call for three judges. The dogs are drawn in braces by lot and are put down in that order for the first series. The judges then pick out, without regard to any special number, the dogs which they think have class enough to be among the winning probabilities. Further running is left to the discretion of the judges, who run the animals in braces or singly, in order to satisfy themselves of the comparative merits. Shooting is rarely required in field trials at present. The judges, however, sometimes order the handler to shoot over a point in order to test the dog. In most trials the heats are from twenty to forty minutes. In the principal championship stakes the rules usually require the heats to be three hours long. In all trials the judges are required to insist upon the quality of performance and not the mere number of points. They are instructed to look for bird sense, as well as for speed and range, but are warned against stress upon retrieving, that being an artificial and not a natural performance.

I should advise every one who desires to be informed about field dogs to attend a few of these public trials. He will find an agreeable lot of sportsmen and will learn a great deal about the qualities of dogs which he would never discover from the reports or even from personal conversations with actual spectators. Not that the reports are usually anything but accurate, but that they necessarily assume a foundation of knowledge on the part of the reader. I

have found that people who depend upon reading or hearsay grossly exaggerate the faults and shortcomings of these field trial dogs. They do not realize that the standard of judgment is beyond comparison higher and more severe than that applied to everyday dogs. It would also be a valuable education in many respects if the student would make a few entries in public trials and get into the competition of patrons. He cannot learn to estimate dog performance so quickly and thoroughly in any other way. At the same time, I should warn him strongly against entering second-rate dogs merely through good-nature or curiosity. Field trial clubs are anxious to get as many entries as possible in order that their prizes may be alluring, but it does not do field trials any good, and it makes the investigator feel a bit foolish if he sends dogs to the races which have not been thoroughly tried out against a veteran performer of standard merit. Most field trial patrons have gone through this disagreeable experience, and the beginner would as well avoid it by thoroughly trying out his candidates without waiting to make the trials before a crowd.

Both field trial and bench judges are nearly always honest and sincere. They are far from omniscient, and have their notions; especially when they have good intentions combined with weak memories and still weaker powers of discrimination; and this often happens. With bench judging there is not much dissatisfaction—except where type is a standing dispute—of a justified kind. The best dog nearly always gets the blue ribbon; the doubt arising oftener over the second and third places.

Field trial owners have more incompetence to meet; at least more inconsistencies and unaccountable fancies. The association of handlers have asked that clubs give consideration to a list of judges approved by handlers as representatives of the owners. Possibly a definite and intelligible system of judging will grow out of this effort. Heretofore it has been discouraging for owners to encounter this week judges who are tickled by style, next week lovers of speed and range and the week after sticklers for carefulness in locating birds. The most demoralizing judges are those who have in their minds no fixed rules at all, but divide up the awards as politicians distribute nominations—to satisfy geography and various interests. Still, judges seldom pick a poor dog, and at the end of every season the best ones are found to have done the most winning. Granting this, it is likely that field trials will begin to decline—as coursing invariably does in such a case—unless the owners find judges upon whose mental processes as well as moral intent they can rely with some certainty. A step toward a more reliable method would be to abandon the three-judge custom at field trials and employ one judge, giving him power to select his own assistants to follow different dogs. As the

practice now goes, winners are often selected by the judge who has the most of that petty self-assertion so commonly found in company with narrow comprehension; or by a compromise in which each judge's first choice is set back for a dog not really first class, but good enough for a sort of "nobody objects" agreement. Progress and experience may be expected to adjust these tribunal troubles; which, after all, only show that high-class dogs are more abundant than they used to be at field trials, and that finer powers of analysis are demanded to determine the many close contests.

The rapid vogue of coursing in San Francisco was measurably, if not chiefly, due to the unshakable faith of owners and public in not only the *bona fides*, but the *mens aequa* of the judge, John Grace. When a field trial owner invests \$250 or \$300 apiece in a string of young setters or pointers, he likes to know what to expect, and he will not repeat the trouble and expense if the judging is unreliable and inconsistent. One umpire, referee, or judge is the best system in all contests of sport. Field trials will almost certainly come to the general conclusion of experience.

Including Canada and California, the recognized public field trials number annually about twenty-five on quail and chicken, with four or five for the beagles and at least two, one in New England and one in Kentucky, for foxhounds. The circuit on birds begins in August with the chicken trials of the Iowa or Nebraska club and moves later over into Canada, keeping the handlers busy for several weeks, though most of them take a rest before the quail trials open in Ohio about the middle of October. The state clubs run along until the first of December, the Interstate championship, now called the American championship, for winners, being decided at the conclusion of the state events. The "big" private clubs, the Eastern and the United States, have been held respectively in North Carolina and near the Tennessee-Mississippi line. Just after the United States trial, usually about the first of February, what its members call "the" championship, has been coming off. This is the event which has been won by Tony's Gale, Joe Cumming, Lady's Count Gladstone, Sioux and Geneva. It is a special club, not under any other body, but the winning of the stake has so far been esteemed the crowning performance of each season.

Lately there has been a movement to consolidate the American—interstate—the Canadian and the Southern championships,

so that an undisputed winner may be crowned each year. But some differences of opinion and some inconveniences of travel will probably operate against any stable plan of concentrating on one field dog championship. One or another championship association may dissolve—the finances being a burden when entries are so limited—and thus leave a single trial supreme for a season, but others will arise, for reasons of geography and the convenience of owners.

Somebody might compile a key to the relative meanings of adjectives applied to sporting performers. It is human nature to connect a word with its significance in ordinary affairs. When they read that a race-horse is slow, a "dog" or an "ice-wagon," people cannot always remember that the comparison is with the greatest winners and not with common private stock. Nor can they grasp the fact that every horse on that particular track can, in condition, do a mile in less than 1:40, while the best horse on the track could not beat 1:38; a percentage plenty wide for betting purposes but very narrow as related to horses in general. A Yale football player may be described as the weak brother of the team. Readers, especially those who know little of the game, easily imagine that the young man is a poor specimen among other young men, whereas he is a picked athlete, and weak only by a small margin as compared with the three or four other men in the whole land who play the position better. Sporting writers are compelled to pronounce opinions within the respective grades of performance; but on top of that they are rather more of the Sir Oracle than is wholly necessary. And the worst of it is that deductive writers pick up these reportorial phrases as not relative but absolute records, and deliver dogmas to the multitude about inferiority and deterioration.

The corrective is to remember that on a first-rate race-track every horse is fast; that when the big colleges compete in football every player is a selected and trained man; that in every prominent field trial of dogs each pointer or setter has been chosen from among many good ones, and that not even a yellow ribbon ever goes on the collar of an inferior dog at one of the big bench shows. In the presence of the sophisticated a dabbler would better not boast too much about what his neighborhood dogs would do with field trial winners. Somebody may call for demonstration; and if he tries to demonstrate, he will be quickly reduced to a state of chumpish confusion.



THE GAME FIELD

HOW TO IMPROVE DUCK WATERS

By EDWYN SANDYS

LETTERS lately to hand from some of the good men and true in Kansas City suggest that sportsmen thereabouts are not only a trifle anxious about the future of their duck shooting, but, what is more interesting and important, are taking rational steps to improve future sport. This is as it should be, for beyond question the two most useful things for any sort of sport are—first, a sportsmanlike concern for the future, and, second, a wise, energetic effort to make that future as much of a certainty as possible. My Kansas City friends have grasped the fact that the surest way to do business with transient customers, human or feathered, is to attractively display such goods as most appeal to the passers-by. In other words, if you desire to attract a duck, you must load your bargain-counter with duck-delights, rather than baled hay or frankfurters.

The true, or at least the chief, reason why the canvas-back and other choice fowl favor certain noted waters of the Atlantic coast, simply is because in those localities flourishes the so-called “celery”—the *Valisneria spiralis* of the jaw-breaking language. Certain fowl—notably the canvas-back, redhead and widgeon—are very fond of the tender white root of this water-plant—so fond, that long years of steady shooting have failed to drive the fowl from the dainty fare. Experience has taught that wherever this growth appears in goodly quantities, there, sooner or later, the fowl will assemble—hence, if a man desired to enjoy wild fowling upon an expanse of heretofore duckless shoals, the simplest and most promising move he could make would be to properly plant the area with the “celery.” This is what my Kansas-City friends have started to do, and it’s odds on their efforts will be fittingly rewarded.

Because there are many other places where the same plan might be followed to advantage, a few words about the planting, or rather transplanting, may be in order. Whether this “celery” of the West and Southwest is or is not identical with the *V. spiralis* of the East, makes no material difference. The important point is that various species of fowl prefer it to other fare, and will seek out and haunt the places where it flourishes. To make it flourish, then, is the business of the parties most interested. So far as I can see, the practical method would be to secure a supply of the bulb-like roots from the nearest “celery” water and then plant on bottom and at a depth similar to those of the source of supply. Care should be exercised to match the conditions under which the original plants grew, for the fact of a plant thriving in four feet of water is no guar-

antee that depths of six feet or six inches will serve just as well. In the case of the “celery,” however, it seems to do well enough in depths varying from one to three or more feet. In a foot of water, a man in waders might plant the bulbs with his hands, providing the bottom was not too soft, but because in such places the footing usually is extremely bad, a boat is a desirable addition to the outfit. From it the planting might be properly and comfortably done as follows: Secure the needful length of any old pipe of suitable diameter, and for the pipe a pushing-stick, or rammer, say, a broom handle. It should be at least a foot longer than the pipe and of sufficiently less diameter to play loosely within it. A pad of rag at the lower end will prevent injury to the bulb. With the end of this pipe resting upon the bottom the bulb can be dropped through, root downward, and then gently forced into the mud by the rammer; or the bulb might be inserted root downward at the lower end of the pipe, plugged with a little mud, then lowered to the bottom and pushed in. This method cannot injure the bulb, while allowing it to be placed exactly where desired. My correspondents have tried planting by forcing the bulb upon a nail fixed in the end of a pole and then driving it into the mud. This is simpler, but there seems to be considerable difference of opinion concerning how the bulb will stand such rough-and-ready treatment. Realizing how possible injury might result from a piercing at the wrong place, I suggest the described device, which to some, may recall both the pop-gun of our joyous holidays and that thing accurst—the clicking corn-planter of tearful times when bass were biting and a grimly observant “old man” with a six-foot gad loafed in the pleasant shade.

The care of the sporting outfit before its final stowing for the idle time is a matter which far too many sportsmen—especially young ones—neglect. No outfit should be shoved out of sight and left to take care of itself. Now, first, the gun. See that the barrels inside and out are perfectly clean and free from rust. If there be a doubtful spot, attend to it at once; don’t leave it to become, perhaps, a serious blemish. The inside of a gun-barrel is what affects its shooting. If the stock is scratched, fix it, or pay a gunsmith to do it for you. A gun worth having is worth being kept in perfect condition. If rubber waders show too much wear, have them patched should condition warrant, but if doubtful, give them to whoever can use them and buy a new pair for yourself. Poor foot-gear is about the worst property you can own. It is a standing menace to your health, because a

doubtful spot surely will play false at the worst possible moment. If a wire fence has made a small tear in a garment, or if a seam betrays weakness, have it attended to. If the sweater shows a parted strand or so, have it darned and put the sweater in a moth-proof place. Go carefully over leather boots, oil if required, and, above all, don't let them become bone-dry and warped out of shape. Once this has happened, even the best of boots are of little further use. It is true they will work back to something like their former shape in damp going, but

when first donned they are almost sure to cause trouble, while the seams never are so good as before the bad treatment. The safest rule is to have everything in tip-top condition, as though the next day afield were only hours instead of months ahead. It pays, too, because an outfit properly treated will outlast three that are neglected. A little care at the close of the season and an occasional inspection during the idle time will warrant the comfortable feeling that the most unexpected opportunity for sport cannot catch one unprepared.

NOTABLE RECORDS AND PERFORMANCES

SOME FOOTBALL SCORES OF THE 1904 SEASON

EAST

VALE *beat* Penn State 24-0; Holy Cross 23-0; Springfield School 6-0; Syracuse 17-9; Columbia, 34-0; Brown 22-0; Princeton 12-0; Harvard 12-0; *lost* to West Point 6-11.
PENNSYLVANIA *beat* Penn State 6-0; Swarthmore 6-4; Lehigh 24-0; Virginia 24-0; Gettysburg 21-0; Brown 6-0; Columbia 16-0; Harvard 11-0; Lafayette 22-0; Carlisle 18-0; Cornell 34-0.
PRINCETON *beat* Washington and Jefferson 16-0; Georgetown 10-0; Wesleyan 39-0; Lafayette 5-0; Lehigh 60-0; Cornell 18-6; West Point 12-6; *lost* to Annapolis 9-10; Yale 0-12.
HARVARD *beat* Maine 23-0; Williams 24-0; Bates 11-0; West Point 4-0; Carlisle 12-0; Holy Cross 28-5; *tied* Dartmouth 0-0; *lost* to Pennsylvania 0-11; Yale 0-12.
WEST POINT *beat* Dickinson 18-0; Tufts 12-0; Yale 11-6; Williams 16-0; Syracuse 21-5; Annapolis 11-0; *lost* to Harvard 0-4; to Princeton 6-12.
ANNAPOLIS *beat* Princeton 10-9; Penn State, 22-9; Virginia 5-0 and 11-0; *tied* Dickinson 0-0; *lost* to West Point 0-11; to Swarthmore 0-9.
DARTMOUTH *beat* Vermont 37-0; Williams 11-0; Holy Cross 18-4; Wesleyan 33-0; Amherst 15-4; Brown 12-5; *tied* Harvard 0-0.
COLUMBIA *beat* Williams 11-0; Wesleyan 16-0; Swarthmore 12-0; Cornell 12-6; *lost* to Amherst 0-12; Pennsylvania 0-16.
CORNELL *beat* Colgate 17-0; Hamilton 34-0; Rochester 29-6; Bucknell 24-12; Franklin & Marshall 36-5; Lehigh 50-5; *lost* to Columbia 6-12; Pennsylvania 0-34; to Princeton 6-18.
AMHERST *beat* Columbia 12-0; Brown 5-0; Bowdoin 23-0; Holy Cross 40-6; Williams 22-6; *lost* to Dartmouth 4-15.
CARLISLE *beat* Bucknell 10-4; Virginia 14-6; Haskell 38-4; Gettysburg 41-0; Ohio 23-0; *lost* to Harvard 0-12; Pennsylvania 0-18.
LAFAYETTE *beat* Gallaudet 53-0; Lehigh 40-6. SYRACUSE *beat* Lehigh 30-4; *lost* to Colgate 0-11. DICKINSON *beat* Lehigh 6-0; *lost* to Penn State 0-11. COLGATE *beat* Syracuse 11-0; Rochester 20-5. BROWN *beat* Wesleyan 12-0; Vermont 33-0. MAINE *beat* New Hampshire 6-0; Brown 6-0. WILLIAMS *beat* Vermont 73-11; Wesleyan 23-0. HAMILTON *beat* Hobart 17-0. ANDOVER *beat* Lawrenceville 36-0. EXETER *beat* Andover 35-10. GROTON *beat* St. Mark's 11-0. SWARTHMORE *beat* Franklin & Marshall 69-0. GEORGETOWN *beat* Holy Cross 17-4; Bucknell 12-0.

WEST

MINNESOTA *beat* Wisconsin 28-0; Northwestern 17-0; Iowa 11-0; Lawrence 69-0; Nebraska 16-12; Grinnell 146-0; Carlton 65-0.
MICHIGAN *beat* Wisconsin 28-0; Chicago 22-12; Drake 36-4; West Virginia 130-0; Ohio 31-6; Case 31-0; Kalamazoo 95-0.
CHICAGO *beat* Wisconsin 18-11; Texas 68-0; Iowa 39-0; Northwestern 32-0; Indiana 58-0; Purdue 20-0; *tied* Illinois 6-6; *lost* to Michigan 12-22.
WISCONSIN *beat* Beloit 36-0; Drake 81-0; Notre Dame 58-0; *lost* to Michigan 0-28; Minnesota 0-28.
ILLINOIS *beat* Iowa 29-0; Ohio 46-0; Purdue 24-6; Indiana 10-0; Knox 11-0; *tied* Chicago 6-6.
NEBRASKA *beat* Illinois 16-10; Iowa 17-6; Knox 34-0; Grinnell 46-0; *lost* to Haskell 6-14.
KANSAS *beat* Missouri 29-0; Washburn 5-0; Washington (St. Louis) 12-0; Notre Dame 24-5.
NORTHWESTERN *beat* Illinois 12-6; De Pauw 45-0; Beloit 34-0.
CINCINNATI *beat* Kenyon 17-0; Ohio Medical 11-0; Kentucky 11-0; Miami 48-0.
NOTRE DAME *beat* De Pauw 10-0; Wabash 12-5. WABASH *beat* Butler 51-0.
HASKELL *beat* Washington 48-0; Nebraska 14-6; *lost* to Carlisle 4-38. WEST VIRGINIA *beat* Washington 6-5; *lost* to Michigan 0-130. WASHINGTON *tied* Missouri 11-11. TEXAS *beat* Washington 23-0. UTAH *beat* Denver 12-0. CASE *beat* Oberlin 16-0. PURDUE *beat* Indiana 17-0. KNOX *beat* Beloit 16-0. OHIO *beat* Kenyon 11-15. IOWA *beat* Grinnell 69-0.

PACIFIC COAST

LELAND STANFORD *beat* California 18-0; Oregon 35-0; Utah Agricultural 57-0.
CALIFORNIA *beat* Nevada 16-0. UTAH *beat* Utah Ag. 43-0. WASHINGTON *beat* Idaho 12-10. OREGON *beat* Oregon Agricultural 6-5; Washington 18-0.

SOUTH

GEORGETOWN *beat* North Carolina 16-0. VIRGINIA *beat* North Carolina 12-11; Virginia P. I. 5-0. NORTH CAROLINA *beat* Virginia P. I. 6-0. SEWANEE *beat* Tenn. 12-0. NASHVILLE *tied* Tenn. 0-0. MISS. *beat* Nashville 21-5. LOUISIANA *beat* Mississippi 5-0. TULANE *beat* Louisiana 5-0. VANDERBILT *beat* Mississippi 69-0. AUBURN *beat* Alabama 29-6. CHARLESTON *beat* South Carolina 6-0. JOHNS HOPKINS *beat* Maryland 24-0.

LAYING UP A CAR FOR THE WINTER

By HERBERT L. TOWLE

BEFORE attacking the working parts of the car, it is well to remove all loose parts and accessories, such as the horn, lamps, baskets, floor mats and spare parts. The lamps should be emptied of carbide or oil, the oil lamps washed with gasoline and the bright parts polished. The horn may be polished also, and the floor mats cleaned of oil so far as possible, as oil soon ruins rubber.

Next to be considered are the tires. A common, but shiftless and wasteful, practice is to leave the tires on the wheels, merely jacking up the axles so that they may be deflated. When tires are left on the wheels, the inner and outer tubes are liable to stick together, and the rubber may crack and rot, especially if exposed to warmth or sunlight. The body should be jacked up, preferably under the frame, so as to relieve the springs, and the tires taken off. Clean the cases or outer tubes, and examine both the cases and the air tubes for cuts and leaks. Repair these carefully, as directed by the makers, and wrap the inner tubes in French chalk or flour of sulphur, folding them loosely, not creasing. Wrap the cases in cloth, and put all away in a dark, cool place. If the treads are worn down so that the fabric is exposed, the cases should be sent to the makers to have new treads vulcanized on, assuming that they are otherwise in good condition. This must be done as soon as the fabric shows itself, as otherwise the fabric will rot and be impossible to repair. Next to depreciation, the tire bill is the largest item in the expense account of the average car, and it is well worth while to give the tires all needful attention.

Empty the water and gasoline tanks, and see that no water remains in radiator, pipes or cylinders to freeze and make trouble. Empty the carburetor, flush it with gasoline and see that no water gets into it during the subsequent processes.

Take off the wheels, and clean and oil the hub bearings. If the latter have balls and are adjustable, take out the balls and examine them and the cups and cones for wear, using, if possible, a micrometer to caliper the balls. If the balls in any bearing show the slightest signs of wear, replace the whole set in that bearing, being sure that the new balls caliper alike within one-half of a thousandth of an inch. Ball bearings should be packed with grease or vaseline, rather than oiled, and should run very slightly loose.

Drain all oil from the motor crank-case, from the gear-case and from the oil cups and tanks. Squirt kerosene into the motor cylinders and crank the motor rapidly by

hand, with the spark plugs out to relieve the compression. This cuts the oil and half-burnt residuum from the cylinder walls and piston rings. Flush the crank-case and gear-case with kerosene, and remove any accumulated dirt. Pour kerosene into the oil cups, etc., and see that it flows or is pumped to all the bearings. If it fails to reach any bearing, it may be that the duct is stopped by dirt or waste. Investigate and remedy. If the shaft bearings are oiled by splash, squirt kerosene into them freely. If you know your car, you may take the shafts out for inspection, but the novice will find this a troublesome job. Planetary gears may be flushed with kerosene, unless they have rawhide pinions, in which case they should never be touched with oil or other liquids. If wick feeds or wipers are used, wash them with kerosene or gasoline.

When the motor and gear-case have been cleaned, oil them with small quantities of the lubricants proper to each.

If you have a steam machine, the scale inside the boiler may be softened with kerosene by first filling the boiler nearly full of water, when cold, then introducing about a pint of kerosene, then running off the water slowly. As the kerosene floats on the water, it will reach all the scale in the boiler from top to bottom. The boiler should be left full of water, not empty. The burner, pilot light and vaporizer should be cleaned inside and out.

Drain the differential case; wash it with kerosene, and oil afresh, as above; and apply the same treatment to all the bearings in steering gear, countershaft, control mechanism, etc.

Disconnect the batteries and clean the electrical apparatus as may be needed. Storage batteries should be fully charged and given a small freshening charge about once a month, when not in use, or else should be slowly discharged and the plates washed, dried and laid away. The former treatment is preferable. The batteries, whether dry or storage, should be left in a cool place, and if they are removed from the car one should not forget to tag the various wires.

Finally, give the body and running gear a good cleaning, which for the body may be followed up with a very little furniture polish or boiled linseed oil and a thorough rubbing with dry cheesecloth or chamois. Polish the bright parts about the car, and grease the iron parts freely with vaseline.

Treated as above, your car will stand through the winter or through the year without deterioration, and will be ready for business as soon as the tanks are filled.

GOLF

THE RANKING OF THE YEAR

By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THERE is no official ranking of golf players at the close of the season such as has been the custom for years in the lawn-tennis world. Why, it doth not appear, but possibly the U. S. G. A. thinks that it has enough trouble on its hands as it is. However, there is always some self-constituted authority at hand to repair the omission, and this year a well-known golfing writer has placed the leading sixteen players in the following order:

W. J. Travis, H. Chandler Egan, J. D. Travers, F. S. Douglas, W. C. Fownes, Jr., G. A. Ormiston, A. L. White, M. McBurney, W. E. Egan, H. B. McFarland, D. G. Fredericks, J. M. Ward, C. B. Macdonald, A. G. Lockwood, E. M. Byers and F. O. Reinhart.

Broadly speaking, the showings made in the amateur championship should have the utmost importance accorded them, for usually he is the premier player of the year who is able to do his best work on a supreme occasion. No exception, however, should be taken to Mr. Travis being placed at the head of the list because, comparatively speaking, he fell down at Baltusrol. His golf has been tested so thoroughly in our championships, not to speak of Sandwich, that when he does fail it may be confidently assumed that the falling off is only temporary. Chandler Egan rightfully comes second (unless indeed we bracket him with Travis) and Travers is entitled to a high place, not alone by virtue of his victories over both Travis and Douglas in one day's play at Nassau County, but by reason of his excellent showing at Baltusrol, where he finished third in the fifty-four hole qualifying round. No player so young has ever figured so high on any former rating list.

There seems to be little reason for placing Fownes above Ormiston and Fredericks, to say nothing of Byers. Perhaps at Pittsburgh he may show consistently the best of the trio, but this seems beside the point. Ormiston, apart from beating Travis in the amateur event, has played fine golf in three previous championships, and in the one at Glen View he tied for the medal. Fredericks has twice figured as a semi-finalist, and he was the only player at Baltusrol who made Egan extend himself. Byers was runner-up twice. These are not doings on local courses, but performances which speak for themselves.

The Intercollegiate champion, A. L. White, should have, of course, a place on the list, but it would seem that he is ranked too high, while a notable omission is that of Harold Wilcox. To leave out from the first sixteen the Metropolitan champion of the year appears odd, but in view of the

disappointing nature of his performances since that event the judgment of the critic is entirely justified. Another omission is not likely to meet with the same approval, for most golfers will agree that Fred Herreshoff should have a number on any ranking list. It is not as though he were entirely unknown when he finished at Baltusrol as runner-up to Egan. Herreshoff came to the meeting with a good reputation, and he beat, at match play, two such sound players as Byers and Ormiston. He may never do anything again (although that is unlikely) and yet be entitled on his 1904 showing to a place on the list, and a good one. Leaving out one of the other placed players to make room for Herreshoff, there would be only five of the veteran class on the first sixteen as opposed to eleven of the younger men.

Some time ago there was a regrettable fracas at a Metropolitan club in which a vivid illustration was given of the "strenuous" and not the "simple" life. It is not worth while going into the merits of the case at this late date, but it is well to recall it, if only to point out that the rules of etiquette, if not binding, should be more generally observed. When a single is in a position to pass another single, to say nothing of a three or four ball match, it should not be necessary for the faster players to make the request to go through. The invitation to do so should come from the players who are blocking the green. They must know that they are in the way, and should accordingly take the initiative.

The Golf Committee of the Royal and Ancient have been revising the rules again, and apparently they have as thankless a task as the tinkers with the tariff, so far as giving general satisfaction is concerned. The recent changes by no means meet with approval, and no changes are likely to do so so long as the present system is in vogue. Certain men meet, and after thorough discussion certain alterations are proposed. Then the Royal and Ancient assemble in general meeting, and its members, most of whom have never given the amendments a single thought, vote down the recommendations of the committee of experts. Isn't it about time for us to take a hand in the matter? We have to play under the rules, and why should we not have a voice in their making? The rules can be simplified, shortened and improved if the work be undertaken in the right spirit. Let the U. S. G. A. apply to the Royal and Ancient for representation, and insist upon being heard.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE BEGINNER

WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY

By L. W. BROWNELL

A GREAT many amateurs are apt to consider the winter season a poor one for photographic work out-of-doors, and, in consequence, lay aside their cameras with the advent of the cold weather. To be sure, outdoor photography in the winter is attended with more or less discomfort in the way of cold hands and feet, and yet some of the most beautiful results in landscape work can be obtained when the snow is on the ground.

To get the best possible results a non-halation, orthochromatic plate is the best to use, for it gives the best tone values in the snow, while, if an ordinary plate is used, the snow will usually photograph a dead, hard white, with none of the softness and half-tones which should be there.

We must remember, in making exposures on a snow landscape, that the light is intensified by the reflection from the snow, and, therefore, the exposure must be considerably shorter than for the same landscape without the snow; but, on the other hand, we must be careful not to under-expose, for that will give undesirable harshness to the negative. On a bright day, when using a fast plate and the lens stopped to f. 8, the exposure should be from 1-100 to 1-50 of a second; in the early morning or late afternoon it would be well to double this and give at least 1-25 of a second.

And, by the way, the early morning and late afternoon are the best times for making snow studies, for then the shadows are lengthened and the masses of light and shadow form the most pleasing contrasts.

Great care should be exercised in the selection of the point of view for a landscape, and it is here that one's artistic judgment, if he has any, can aid him much more effectively than any advice. One little hint, however, may not be amiss: a photograph with a great expanse of unbroken snow in the foreground is seldom entirely pleasing. This can often be remedied by making a life of footprints across the snow or breaking up its smoothness in some such way. This should be done with judgment, however, for to overdo it would be as bad as to leave it undone.

Pictures taken against the source of light, or nearly so, with the shadows falling toward the camera, are exceedingly pleasing, but care must be taken that the sun's rays do not fall directly upon the lens, or else the exposure will be a failure.

With a full moon in a clear sky and plenty of snow on the ground the making of snow photographs by moonlight is good fun. With the lens at f. 8, and a fast plate,

the exposure required should be about three minutes for an open landscape. Where there are many trees, especially evergreens, in the composition of the picture and deep shadows, the exposure should be nearer half an hour. Never try to include the moon in one of these pictures, for even with a three-minute exposure it will move sufficiently to lose all semblance of a moon, and consequently spoil the appearance of the picture. If the moon is needed to improve the picture it can be introduced afterwards, either by painting it in the negative or by printing it from a snapshot taken of it on another negative.

In photographing falling snow, which should only be attempted when the snow is falling slowly and in large flakes, it is necessary that there should be a dark background of buildings or trees in order that the falling snow should stand out clearly. To avoid having blurred streaks, which are caused by flakes falling too near to the lens, it is necessary to place the camera under some covering, such as a porch, shed, or even an umbrella, so that several feet may intervene between the lens and the falling snow. A rapid plate should be used and the exposure made about 1-10 or 1-25 of a second with the lens wide open or nearly so. The focus should be made upon some object in the foreground which will throw distant objects somewhat out of focus and tend to add to the general effectiveness of the picture.

A great deal of the success of snow pictures lies in the treatment of them in development, and a perfect exposure may be entirely ruined by improper development. (This is true of all branches of photography, and in my next article I intend to treat of developing.) The great beauty of a snow picture should be its delicacy and tone values, therefore be extremely careful not to carry your development too far, and thus choke up all the half tones. On the other hand, the negative should not be under-developed, for that will give black, muddy-looking snow, which is undesirable. In other words, the development should be carried to just that point that will produce a delicate negative full of good detail; snappy without being hard and in which the shadows are transparent, not mere blotches of black, and the snow brilliant but full of good half tones. This is a perfect negative, provided the sky has some clouds or at least tone to it, and is not a pure glaring white, and can be obtained by careful manipulation of the camera and of the negative in the dark room.

OUTING

FOR FEBRUARY

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Drawing by Lynn Bogue Hunt.

"The spirits vanished . . . but only she who led him returned. He could see her through the scud."

The Return of Dutch Fritz—see page 533.

OUTING

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LIFE IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMPS

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

TO get a first-hand view of conditions in the swamp country, I made several visits to a little place a few miles out of New Orleans. The acquaintance with it began on a Sunday. There is always an exodus from the city on pleasant Sabbaths, and the train on which I went was crowded. Everybody seemed to be starting on a picnic—old and young, singly, in friendly groups and in family parties, and all were well laden with baskets and boxes of food, and with guns, nets and fishpoles. Many got off at each station, and when I presently left the train it was with the usual crowd. The hunters and the fishermen lost no time in dispersing to their favorite haunts, and I was left alone.

Four or five cabin homes and meager garden patches were within sight, and the rest was ragged forest and reedy marshes. It was all so forlorn that I wished myself back in the city, but there was no train till toward night. While I was considering, two young white fellows and a colored boy came loafing into the rude little shed that served as a station, and started a game of "craps."

All around the station grew weeds, grass and low shrubs, except for an acre or so that had been cleared up and was used for stacking moss. This moss draped the forest everywhere, and the industry of

gathering it has attained considerable proportions.

I went to have a look at the moss piles near the station and there met a tall, lean-visaged man by the name of Dakin. He was the chief citizen of the region—the agent of a vast estate covering twelve square miles, owned by someone over in France. There were hardly a score of families on the whole tract and it returns only about enough income to pay the taxes. The families who live on it are each assessed a rent of twenty-five dollars a year. That gives a cabin home, a garden patch, and the privilege of free firewood, and of fishing, trapping and picking moss without limit. The cabins were frail little shanties of the poorest description, and the agent's house was only a shade better than the rest. It was not far away across a marsh-bordered bayou, which was spanned by a long causeway of oak slabs and discarded railroad ties.

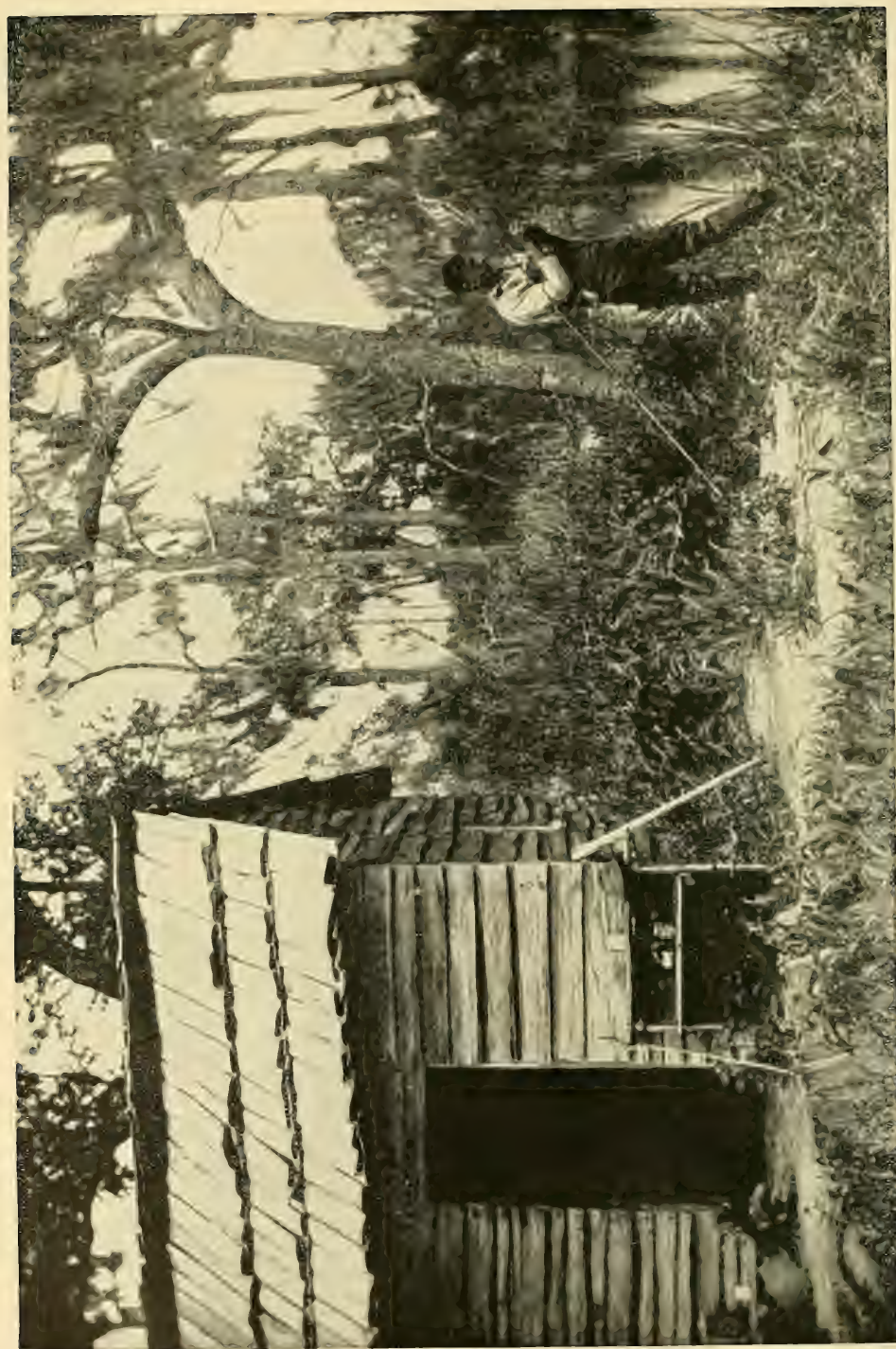
Dakin invited me to go to the house with him. To get there was rather a delicate matter, for parts of the causeway were missing, and other parts dislocated as the result of a flood two years before. The dwelling was an unshaded, irregular, one-story structure made of a single thickness of unplanned boards. Cracks were numerous and none of the three rooms had



The typical river of the swamp.



Bringing home the alligator.



The cat is near the fishing grounds.

ceilings. The hens walked familiarly in and out, and several hounds and bird dogs were loafing around.

"You have cats, too?" I suggested.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dakin; "sometimes we have a dozen, and again not any. Depends on what kind of a humor I get in. They aint much good for contendin' with such rats as we have hyar. Why, some of our rats are as big as raccoons and 'll weigh ten pounds. We've got rats right in this house that have been hyar seven years. They make more noise movin' aroun' nights than a man. I bought a steel trap and tried to ketch 'em, but I never got only one. After that they knew too much."

I spent most of the day sitting with Mr. Dakin on his piazza, or "gallery" as it is called in the lower Mississippi valley. I had to adjust myself with care, partly because my chair was rickety, partly because the floor boards were loose and much worn and broken. "I been a-threatenin' to build over this hyar floor," Mr. Dakin remarked; "but it skeers me, the price they done been puttin' on lumber. If lumber keeps gettin' mo' expensive the nex' ten years, the way it been a-doin' the las' ten, a poor man like me can't afford to buy no boards, even to save himself from bein' hung. We'll have to live in dirt houses."

Right before the main door of the house was a yawning hole in the gallery floor, nearly a foot across. It was perfectly round and had charred edges. I noticed that every time Mr. Dakin finished speaking, he would spit into the floor hole, and he did this with a precision that reflected great credit on his marksmanship. It was a new kind of a spittoon to me, and I asked how the hole came there.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Dakin, ejecting a spirt of saliva through the subject of his remarks. "We fixed up a mosquito smudge in a tin pail one evenin' and set it there front o' the door, and the fire burned through the bottom o' the pail and through the floor, too. We discovered what was goin' on jus' in time to save the whole house from burnin' up."

One of the crap-players I had seen at the station had joined us and lounged down on a bench that was on the gallery. "This'd be the fines' country thar is, if

'twa'n't for the mosquitoes," he affirmed; "but there'd be so many people flock in hyar they'd spoil the huntin' an' fishin'."

"Yes, Jake, you done spoke the truth for once," said Mr. Dakin. "There'd be a man to every fish if the mosquitoes wa'n't so bad. Why, even in winter, when it's freezin' outside, you c'n build up a good hot fire in the house and they'll come out from somewhar and bite you."

"I've known it to snow," said Jake, "and then jus' let the sun shine half a day to melt it off, and the mosquitoes 'll eat you up."

"A rag smoke 'll make 'em hop," observed Mr. Dakin. "You fill up your house good with smoke and out they go lively."

"I see one o' your cattle yesterday goin' up the road jus' a bustin' it," said Jake.

"They c'n run like deer if anything's the matter," was Mr. Dakin's response. "They're wild cattle, and used to be all over the swamps hyar and didn't belong to nobody. Finally I went and chased around and caught 'em. I got twenty-three. You'd be surprised how clever they are. Take an ordinary cow and she would soon get stuck in the mud hyar and that would be the end of her. But when a cow o' mine is crossin' a bayou and gets tired, she stops and rests, or if she's in mud she'll lay right down. After a while she goes on; and she'll rest and go by spells till she gets to solid ground. Now, an ordinary cow, when she finds she is beginnin' to get stuck, makes a few big lunges that sink her in so deep she never can get out.

"It's funny, aint it, the things people 'll say and do when they're in country that's new to 'em. Not long ago I was at the station when the train come in, and I see a little girl and her father at the car window and she pointed to some of the trees with moss on 'em, and she said, 'Oh, papa, papa, these trees have got whiskers!'"

Time sped along and the afternoon shadows lengthened, and by and by I started for the station. Jake went with me and on the way I stopped at his home hut, to see an alligator he had prisoned there. Its jaws were muzzled and its feet tied above its back, but I did not care to get very near the scaly monster, for it could still give vicious lunges with its big tail. Jake made a business of alligator



"Before I knew it he had pulled an alligator out of the hole."



Among the moss-laden trees.



The road of the village

hunting, and he had caught two hundred little fellows that year and twenty-five large ones. There was a ready sale in New Orleans for them to ship to zoölogical gardens and to whomever had a fancy for owning one of the grotesque quadrupeds.

Before returning to the city I made arrangements with Jake to go on an alligator hunt, and early one morning later in the week I again was at the little station amid the swamplands. Jake met me, but he said the trip would be too boggy for my clothing and we went to his hut where he furnished me with some of his garments, including a great heavy pair of shoes. Seven miles off in the wilds Jake had a hunting camp and that was to be our destination. A road went part way. It was a narrow trail of one cart width with streaks of grass and weeds growing between the wheeltracks, and it was hedged in on either side by the rankest kind of a jungle. The woods were vocal with bird-songs, and buzzards were soaring high in the ether.

"Hit's tolerable hot," remarked Jake; and so it was, for the sun shone clear and burning, and the breeze that fluttered the tree-top foliage did not penetrate into the forest depths of cane and briers and palmetto scrub. Besides the swelter of the heat, our discomfort was increased by hordes of ravenous mosquitoes which could be kept from our hands and faces only by persistent fighting. After a time we turned off into an indistinct path and waded through mucky lowlands to a bayou, which we crossed on some half-sunken logs imbedded in the mud of its shallows.

When we neared the marshes where the alligators lurked, Jake stopped and cut a cane a dozen or fifteen feet long that he intended to use as a prod. In appearance the marshes were like a green endless sea. They swept away in an unbroken level of saw-grass, flags and prairie canes to the horizon. Last year's growths had all been burned off during the winter except for a few scattering stalks, tall and withered and rustling in the wind. The rank new shoots were waist high, and grew in tufts from the charred stubs. The soil itself was mud that varied from a watery thinness to a stiff consistency. What sweaty, weary work it was pushing through that monotony of mud and coarse grasses! It made

the breath come hard and fast and the muscles ache.

We went perhaps a mile, and then Jake said I might wait where I was until he had done a little investigating. I was glad enough to stop, and I stood still and looked around. The vast waste of marsh would have seemed utterly deserted had I not now and then heard the lonely cries of waterfowl. Jake had disappeared from sight, but I occasionally saw the long cane-pole he carried reaching up above the marsh growths. When that, too, was gone from view I was a little uneasy in the forsaken and unfamiliar void, and I questioned whether, left to my own resources, I could find my way back by that devious and scarcely distinguishable path through the barbaric swamps. By and by I saw smoke curling up from the marsh grass. Jake had set it on fire to clear a path and make walking and seeing easier. I hoped the fire would not burn in my direction, for if it forged ahead with any rapidity I could not have got away from it. Anything more than a snail's pace was impossible in such sticky mire and resisting stubble. But I need not have feared. So little of the marsh growths was dry enough for the flames to lick up that the fire made slight headway.

Finally I heard a distant shout. Jake had got on the trail of an alligator and I plodded in his direction. The soil became more watery and I sank half-leg deep. Several times I had to call to Jake before I came in sight of him, to make sure of his whereabouts. He was standing on the borders of a narrow channel of brown water that he spoke of as an "alligator slue," and which the alligator used as a highway when in search of food. The creature had a hole just aside from the slue, and Jake ran his pole into the muddy cavity half its length to let the inmate know that something was going on. Then he bent over, and, holding his nose between his thumb and finger, grunted with a peculiar guttural in imitation of the voice of an old alligator. He watched the water intently, repeating the grunting at intervals. There was a slight movement at the surface, and he made a sudden grab and out came a little alligator a foot long. He grunted again and secured another little fellow and pretty soon a third. Then the ground quivered faintly and the long pole trembled.



Through the slue on the way to the fishing ground.



With legs tied across its back, the alligator may be trifled with.

"That's the big one—the mother," whispered Jake, and resumed his vocal gymnastics.

In a few moments there was just the least ruffling of the water, and before I could discern the cause, Jake had plunged in both hands and was pulling forth a seven-foot monster firmly gripped by the jaws. As soon as it was well out of the hole he jumped on its back and took a cord out of his pocket and tied its mouth fast shut. Then he fastened its legs over its back and had the beast at his mercy. He had put the little alligators in a sack and this he fastened around himself, and, after hoisting the big alligator to his shoulder, staggered away through the mire and shallow pools and slues toward the comparatively firm ground of the swamp.

My shoes were full of muddy water that churned about at every step, my feet were chafed and blistered by the coarse, heavy shoes and I was so weary I could hardly drag myself along, but I was cheered by the thought that Jake's camp was near. It was in a pretty spot on the borders of a bayou that was alive with fish constantly making little leaps above the surface. Here stood a hut built of rough boards, and here Jake and Mr. Dakin lived most of the time in winter, hunting and trapping. The hut had a doorway, but no door, and when it was cold a big fire was kept burning out in front. There was not much within save a rough bedstead spread with moss, and a pen in the corner where the trappers imprisoned their captured alligators.

"We got a right smart of game hyar last winter," said Jake; "coon, mink, otters, wildcats and all sorts of varmints."

After loafing about for a half hour and eating a lunch we had brought, we started on the long tramp homeward. For four or five miles we kept steadily on, and then Jake put down his load, remarking, "I reckon I've packed that alligatorfare enough. He'll weigh nigh a hundred pounds and he's gin me a load, I tell you. I'll come up hyar and get him to-morrow."

So he crowded him into the sack and tied him securely to a small tree, and wrapped the little alligators up in his handkerchief to carry along. Before we started he pulled off his rubber boots. "My feet are on fire," he said. "Hit's jus' a-smokin' in thar;" and he heaved the boots over into the

brush where the alligator was and walked the rest of the way in his stocking-feet.

We arrived at Dakin's, stiff and lame, and sat down on his gallery to revive. Dakin soon came in from the field where he had been planting corn and began spitting through the hole in the gallery floor and asking what luck we had had. After we finished relating our adventures, Jake, who had been watching the approach of a boy on the broken causeway that spanned the bayou, said, "Hyar comes Rob toting a snappin' turtle. That boy'll waste a whole day to ketch one o' them when he had ought to be workin'."

Rob came in at the gate and eying Jake, remarked, "Look like you half dead."

"Half dead!" exclaimed Jake. "I could jump up and lick ten such as you this minute."

Rob unloosed the big horny turtle on the gallery and amused himself by poking it with a stick, at which it would snap its jaws with savage courage. Presently a colored woman came to the house on some errand and stopped to observe the turtle rear and bite. Mr. Dakin suggested that she probably needed fresh meat at her house, and after some dickering, she bought the turtle. To enable her to carry it, Rob let it close its jaws on a cord, which he passed around under the rim of the shell and knotted near the tail. It was now well muzzled and the woman went off with it.

The people on the swamplands plainly lived close to nature, but it was a closeness that was half barbaric. Their dwellings were primitively rough, their farming and gardening of the crudest sort, their discomforts many, their pleasures few. They looked to the forest and waters to support them and to supply much of their daily food. Hunting, trapping and fishing were their chief interests, and they were always on the watch to waylay the wild denizens of the boggy jungles. To me, as an on-looker, all this was quite fascinating, yet, sharing the life even for a short period, had serious drawbacks. The mosquitoes had blotched my hands and face with poisoned swellings, the numerous red-bugs and wood-ticks I had encountered had left their marks, and it was many days before my blistered feet healed. I could not help feeling that I had hitherto never half realized the comforts of civilization.



Where black waters defy the white hand of Winter.



Drawing by Lyda E. que Hunt

"With a flip and a pair of wings they were off straightaway."

ON THE WIDE MARSHES OF MANITOBA

By EDWYN SANDYS

DRAWING BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

TO rightly understand what wildfowl-ing in Manitoba means, the sportsman must travel to the Northern Province and go into camp beside one or other of the several important bodies of water. Chief of these are lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, Whitewater, Dauphin, Winnipegosis and Shoal, and it matters little which one may be selected, as each is quite good enough to fairly startle the average wildfowler, come he whence he may. It is doubtful if any others are of equal extent in the entire sporting world or can to-day offer better or greater variety of sport.

It has been my good fortune at one time and another to test these wonderful shootings, and, suffice it to say, their possibilities far exceeded the wildest anticipations. While being more of an upland game shooter than a wildfowler, I have by no means entirely neglected the webfooted gentry—indeed it has been my privilege to shoot over the best of the marshes of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic coast. It is true that some years ago the cream of the shootings on lakes St. Clair and Erie was astonishingly rich, but even at their best these storied marshes could not rival the vast lone areas about the big Northern lakes.

The man who has been North readily understands why this is so. Upon the nearer waters a spell of favorable weather means one continuous fusillade from sunrise till sunset. It means lying out all night to hold the best blinds, or else impromptu paddling-matches with unknown rivals at grey dawn. It means a dozen guns well placed and as many more compelled to shift as best they can, while from the beginning of the flight to its end there seems to be war and rumors thereof along miles of shore. In the North there is naught of this. At the height of the season there might be half a dozen guns to fifty miles of marsh, and instead of swearing at some troublesome neighbor, one is more apt to wish for that sort of chap here and there to keep the countless fowl on

the move. For day after day you can paddle a mile or so from camp, place the decoys, drive the canoe into the reeds and for hours at a stretch hear nothing of humankind except the low, persistent coughing of your comrade's well-warmed hammerless.

What you will hear, and that practically unceasingly, is the boom, whistle, hiss and hum of myriad wings forever chording with the purl of ripples and the drone of slanting reeds. Those vast spaces, a-bristle with reedy pipes have a song peculiarly their own, and he who would hear its magic must crouch with a "Silent Smoky Savage" in a reed-tethered canoe when old Keewaydin is softly practising.

The reasons why the Northern shooting is so attractive are easily found. In the first place, it offers what may be termed the first crack at the enormous feathered output of the huge duck-factory located nearer the Arctic. Secondly, the weather conditions usually are delightful; the ducks move more or less anyhow, which means that one doesn't have to play the role of "Shudderin' beggar" during a howling gale in order to get good sport. Thirdly, the reeds to the very edge of every channel and pond are so dense and tall that once the canoe is forced into them and tied, she is as steady as a floor, which means that you can stand erect as much as you please and do things to all desirable fowl as your fancy may direct.

But favorable though the conditions be, it must not be imagined that the shooting is too easy, or in any way suggestive of mere slaughter. The fowl up North have a trick of flying precisely as they do hereabouts, *i.e.*, most of the time in a devil of a hurry and—from big canvasback down to buzzing teal—they insist upon the gun's being smartly handled and held upon exactly the right spot. Granted that a man going so far for sport is above letting fowl pitch and shooting them in the water, and he will use nearly as much skill as he would at Long Point, St. Clair Flats, or others of our

well-known grounds, the sole difference in the shooting being an average shorter range in the North. Upon the older grounds, not seldom one has to take chances at almost the extreme range of his gun, which means tremendous allowance and extremely doubtful result. In the North, there are so many fair chances that very long shots are seldom attempted, except in the case of fowl passing directly overhead, or rising from open water. And this forbearance is wise because it means fewer wounded fowl, and less tedious, often useless, searching for those dropped haphazard and afar off in the densest of cover. The experience of a few days teaches a novice that useful lesson—allowing long-range chances and fowl which cannot be dropped into, or quite near the open water, to pass—probably to wheel and come humming back in a better line.

The most prized of all the Northern ducks is the canvasback, the mallard ranking second, then redhead, bluebill, gadwall, pintail, widgeon, green-winged, blue-winged, and cinnamon teal, shoveller, buffle-head, etc. The black, or dusky duck, of course, is a fine fowl anywhere, but I saw nothing of him in the North, if his regular trips extend so far. Nor am I quite certain that the canvasback is all he is claimed to be up North. We killed a number of grand specimens, big and heavy as the best of Southern-killed fowl, but somehow the ones I partook of did not seem to be as delicately flavored as some introduced to, or into, me at "Del's." It—it (I'm far enough from Winnipeg not to care a darn) may have been the—the—cooking, but whether it was a lack of *Valisneria spiralis*, or too much *Ballysmearia borealis*, I'm not prepared to say. The impression remains that to my notion the Northern fowl, while undeniably good, are inferior to their fellows taken after, say, a month on the Southern grounds.

But it must not be imagined that the ducks directly referred to constitute all, or more than one-half, of Northern wild-fowl. There are geese—ye gods! such hosts of geese, and swans not a few. Among the prominent species are the trumpeter and the whistling swans, the Canada goose, Ross' goose, snow goose, lesser snow goose, white-fronted goose, and Hutchins' goose. These at many points

afford such shooting as Eastern sportsmen dream of; but the ducks will suffice for present needs. A glance at a recent experience may serve as an illustration of the sort of fun one may enjoy about Lake Manitoba.

Fortunate is the man, if he be a genuine sportsman, who falls into the comprehensive clutches of "Big Tom" and Co., the "Co." being old "Swoop-'em-up" and the "Esquimaux"—I think that's plural, and if so, so much the better, for he's good enough for at least two. Anyway these parties roped, threw and tied me in seventeen seconds or so, and dragged me to a station in Winnipeg where they had a lot of rubbish in guncases, boxes and gunnysacks. They are rude, husky rascals, these lords of the North, so when they ordered me aboard the train, I said nothing and went, wherein I was extremely wise.

A short run from Winnipeg brought us to a small way-station, where wagons were to meet us for the long drive to the shanty on the shore of the big bay at the southern end of Lake Manitoba. In due time we were hitting the trail bay-ward and enjoying to the full what in New York would have been termed a typical Indian Summer's day. The two wagons easily carried the outfit for a week's stay, and we jogged along over an excellent trail till the great grassy opens were left behind and we entered a region of close-growing poplar. Here the fun began, for the ruffed grouse loves such a trail, and again and again brown beauties were seen ahead, in time for someone to jump out and try to stop a swift fellow before he could cover the few yards between the trail and the close-ranked poplars. Needless to say, the few birds bagged in this way were fairly earned, for no man has a license to feel sure of more than half his birds under the conditions. In time the brush was left behind, and far away across the rolling grass we could see the lone shanty and beyond it the flash of open water. A couple of chances at chicken and duck varied the monotony, and at last the final halt.

The shanty was a very comfortable affair with bunks, cookstove and outfit. Under shelter were three cedar canoes and a big punt, each craft having its own set of decoys. Our camp cook had everything in readiness. He had been notified of our coming, and on his way out he had passed

through the nearest "Breed" settlement and instructed the punters to be on hand at grey dawn. These Breed punters are ideal workers in the big marshes. I have been out with the famous French punters of Lake St. Clair, but even those wonderful paddlers and markers cannot rival the brown, shock-headed stalwarts of the North. Both are masters of the canoe, both are loyal, good-tempered and indefatigable workers, but the wild black eye is the truer and the Indian method the craftier and deadlier. The actual difference is not so great, but what there is favors the swart, statuesque, silent man of the great grasslands.

The Breed is no sportsman. He hunts of necessity, and to him cartridges are costly and punting through weeds laborious. When he does face the marsh on his own account, his chief idea is to get all the fowl he needs with the fewest shots and the least labor. He knows every rod of the marsh for miles around, and he has a way of silently stealing along a channel to the reeds walling some pond, which bodes no good to the hosts of drowsy fowl sure to be massed on the open expanse. In all sporting craft there is, perhaps, no more difficult task than the slow, silent forcing of a canoe through dense cover within a few yards of the sensitive ears of a great assemblage of ducks. Yet the Breed can do it to perfection. Never in a hurry, he steals inch by inch, as silent as the shadow of a drifting cloud, till through the thinning cover his wild eyes can distinguish the open water half-covered with floating fowl. Then follows a deliberate pot-shot aimed at the densest mass of ducks, and perhaps a dozen unfortunates are presently gathered. The Breed knows that many of the fowl will in time return, but he does not bother about hiding and waiting for them. Instead, he sneaks away to another pond and repeats the deadly work. The value of such a guide may readily be imagined.

Before sunrise we were afloat, and in very few minutes the four crafts were widely separated. My punter, Batteese, was a tall, wiry young fellow, with a deep umber complexion and an eye that glittered like a black diamond. Within five minutes I had learned that a rare good man was kneeling behind me and plying that silent paddle. It was indeed an ideal

haunt of wildfowl. Outside, amid long leagues of silence, lay the great lake, its lazy waves sliding in white suds up easy slopes of sand, prime feeding ground for myriads of shore-birds. The bay breaks the southerly shore and forms a vast pocket, thick with tall reeds which are divided from the short, brown prairie-grass by a broad strip of the blackest of yielding ooze, beloved of the Wilson snipe.

The reeds are a marvel of luxuriance. Standing erect in the canoe I could peer across what looked like leagues of loneliness, the brown monotony only broken by the winding streaks of channels and the flash of half-revealed ponds. Only the knowledge that the desolate-looking cover really hid thousands of fowl staved off an attack of the dismals, for at the first glance it did seem that Batteese and I were the only living things within a radius of fifty miles.

"Can-vas-back," presently grunted the Dusky One, and I saw five big ducks moving toward mid-channel, some sixty yards ahead. There was no mistaking the stiffly straight necks and wooden-looking heads, but somewhat to my astonishment the "Cans" acted as though they intended to allow a much closer approach. In a few seconds I knew the ball was to be opened with the famous fliers, and as the range neared forty yards I didn't care how high they sprang now nor fast they flew. With a sudden leap and a roar of wings they were off straight away, but almost immediately two of them changed their minds and hit the water plop—plop, in the manner of clean-killed fowl. It was an easy chance, and it was not the very ordinary "double," but the way in which the little gun fairly folded 'em up that most delighted me. "Big Tom" had loaned me that gun, and had thrown out a hint that the superbly-finished, high-priced beauty was the queen of all the North. Those two shots gave a line on the close-patterned, hard-hitting lady's capabilities, and from that moment I was that lucky chap who has absolute confidence in both arm and shells. Under such conditions a man who can shoot at all is bound to do his prettiest. To be candid, I rather astonished myself and partially paralyzed Batteese before that glorious day ended. I hadn't enjoyed anything of the sort for so long that I was

keen as a spring, and as that blessed gun proved its quality, I temporarily forgot even mine ancient heritage, the painted uplands aflame with gaudy foliage and thrilling to purring wings. In fact, for that day and a few more, I was what I had not been in years—a dyed-in-the-wool duck-shooter and one forgetter about everything bearing upon range, action, style and those other modes which prevail where the footing is good and the action snappy.

"Put decoys dur," rumbled Batteese at length, as he indicated a mass of reeds which slightly projected from the general line fringing a broad channel. In a few moments the dozen lures were well placed and the canoe forced stern foremost into the dense cover. Very soon Batteese had made her fast by means of wisps of tough reeds at either side, and thus bound she was as steady as a floor. As he finished, there sounded the dull "rump-rump" of distant guns in three directions. "Bess—stan—up—dook—come—now," he rumbled as he settled down in the stern. As I stood, the cover was shoulder high and the scene was full of interest. Directly in front, the open water and nodding decoys; forty yards away another wall of reeds, and beyond, a brown, quivering level of foliage which seemed to extend to the horizon. Above the brown, here, there and almost everywhere streamed long lines, clumps and pairs of fowl, and every now and then a flock would waver and scatter while one, two, or more small objects would fall from view. Seconds later a muffled rump-rump would float over the whispering reeds, quickly followed by a repetition of the same deadly song.

"Blue—bill," grunted Batteese, and with a hollow humming, the first visitor "cut down" in the beautiful action of that duck stooping from a height to decoys. When he hit the water he was morbidly dead and soon he had good company. The fowl were moving in earnest now, and the action quickened to electric speed. Now it was a storming party of chunky blue-bill, then a rush of redheads; then, with characteristic hollow roar, a dozen swift canvasbacks; then the measured winnowing of a pair of mallard, the steamy hiss of the teal's bullet flight; the sounding hum of shovelers, and through it all the silent,

black and white flickering of pretty little buffleheads and trim mergansers. Not for long years had I seen the like. It recalled the now cold cream of the brave days of old, and I skimmed that cream as eagerly as a hungry schoolboy in an unwatched spring-house. It was glorious!

"More shell?" grunted the grinning Batteese. The wild heart loves killing, and he broke the second box with a holy, chastened joy. I was shooting as though possessed of a devil, or something, and hot blood doesn't always heed what wild folk say. "More shell?" he said again, in what felt like fifteen minutes, and again I took the opened box and belted away for dear life. "More shell?"—It seemed about five minutes since he had last gurgled! I stopped. The red seemed to fade out of the landscape and once again a golden light glorified rocking reeds and wimpling water.

"Murder!" I gasped. "How many box dat you open, Batteese?"

"Dis make fo'," he chuckled complacently.

"The devil! Why, how many ducks down?"

"Fifty-fo'," he sweetly replied, and at the moment I chanced to take the gun by the muzzle, which proved most amazingly hot.

I glanced at the watch and remarked, "We'll eat, then gather and get out of here." He looked at me in a curious sort of way, but without a word of comment dug up the grub and as silently devoured his share. Then he cast free the canoe, paddled forth, and gave me such an exhibition of gathering fowl as I never have seen equaled. He knew exactly where every duck was, and to my amazement he boated fifty-three and showed one cripple which escaped. He took me home by the shortest route, or what he said was that, but the trip necessitated a few more shots at certain ponds. At the shanty he sulked till evening brought the others home. Then again his wonderful eyes sparkled and his white teeth flashed, for, after all, his foolish, if not actually crazy, white man was not "low boat."

And to brother Alfred did Batteese confide—"Heem one funny man, dat-big fel-low. He shoot all right, but he too d—scare to kill dem much."

CAN A BUSINESS MAN WALK FIVE THOUSAND MILES A YEAR?

By W. ALFORD GREEN

ON the 1st of January, 1903, I conceived the idea of walking 5,000 miles before the expiration of the year. The object was not to achieve any unusual feat, nor to accomplish any conspicuous performance. The underlying motive was, rather, to ensure a plan by which regular and systematic exercise could be obtained. I had formerly participated in various branches of athletics, but after all forms of physical recreation had been virtually suspended for several years, the inevitable increasing weight and incipient symptoms of flabbiness seemed to call for an effort in the direction of some kind of out-door exercise to be persistently indulged in, and hence it was that I resolved to attempt to walk 5,000 miles within the year.

To travel this distance it was necessary to cover an average of thirteen and seven-tenths (to avoid fractions we might call it fourteen) miles a day. Now, fourteen miles for a day's walk is well within the compass of the ordinary man. But an occasional walk of this length is one thing, the sustained effort, day after day throughout the year, is another.

Before going further, let me anticipate the answer to the question placed at the head of this article by saying that at the end of the year I had completed a distance on foot of 5,205 miles, or a daily average of fourteen and one-quarter miles. The stipulated 5,000 miles were finished on the 16th of December, but an additional 200 miles were covered in order that each of the fifty-two weeks of the year might claim an average distance traversed of 100 miles.

The three essentials necessary for the successful performance of such an undertaking are time, inclination, and good health.

With regard to the first essential, it goes without saying that unless one has the time at one's disposal, the project is impossible of execution. I found that I walked at the rate of three and a half

miles an hour, which meant for the fulfillment of my task the consumption of 1,428 hours, or the equivalent of fifty-nine and a half days of twenty-four hours each, or, practically, one-sixth of the entire year. In other words, it meant the employment of four hours each day. Not everyone has the time to devote to such a pursuit.

The next requisite is inclination, or (perhaps a stronger word should be used) determination. I set out upon my enterprise with the knowledge that it was incumbent upon me to maintain a daily average of fourteen miles, and I made it a rule, when practicable, of keeping above the average, so as to have something in hand to meet the emergencies which were almost certain to arise. That they did arise was shown by the fact that for fifteen days in the year, owing to sickness, lameness and railway traveling, no walking whatever could be indulged in. The inability to utilize these fifteen days was equal to a loss of over 200 miles. It will therefore be seen that, under the circumstances named, it was imperative on many occasions to exceed the distance of fourteen miles a day, in order to preserve the average. Thus, my diary shows that on sixty-seven days a distance of twenty miles or over was walked; on forty-eight days twenty-one miles or over; on thirty-three days twenty-two miles or over; on twenty-three days twenty-three miles or over; on sixteen days twenty-four miles or over; on eleven days twenty-five miles or over; on eight days twenty-six miles or over; on six days thirty miles or over; on two days thirty-one miles or over; and on one day thirty-four miles. Of course, the circumstances of each day varied. When the temperature was in the eighties and nineties in the summer, and in the neighborhood of zero in the winter, and when the prevailing atmospheric conditions were those of wind, rain, mud, snow and slush, none but an enthusiast would want to walk fourteen miles a day. Hence it

was obligatory when the days were pleasant, and the conditions were agreeable, to travel distances of twenty miles and upward, in order that the daily average might be maintained. It may be stated here that the longest distance traversed in one day was thirty-four miles; in two consecutive days sixty miles; in three consecutive days seventy-eight miles; and in one week of seven consecutive days 164 miles. The best monthly record was made in October, when the distance covered was 564 miles, or a daily average of nearly eighteen and one-quarter miles.

The final requisite is good health. An illness of lengthy duration would effectually prevent the accomplishment of the scheme; and a person experiencing in different or only moderately good health could scarcely expect to be successful in the attempt, for it is absolutely necessary that steady walking be persevered in day after day throughout the year—although the elements be unfavorable—if the design is to be carried through. And when the elements are unfavorable, the man of indifferent or moderate health has not the inclination to walk, and if he has not the inclination, he either abstains from walking or, if it be necessary for him to travel, he rides as an alternative. Either method in the long run is fatal to the consummation of the self-appointed task.

How then, is the question "Can a business man walk 5,000 miles a year" to be answered? Provided the business man possesses the three requisites of time, inclination, and good health, the answer is in the affirmative. Should he fail to possess these qualifications, or, indeed, any one of them, the answer is in the negative. Of course, there are many men, such as mail carriers, policemen, messengers, and others, who, in the performance of their duties, walk more than 5,000 miles per annum; but this article refers only to the business man, and his ability to walk 5,000 miles a year, in addition to, and outside of, the performance of his customary vocation.

Those who live in the country or in small towns possess a decided advantage over those who dwell in large cities in this matter of pedestrian exercise. The former have opportunities of selecting diverse routes, of enjoying the fresh air, of being

in touch with nature, and of witnessing nature's moods, colors, and changes in the different seasons of the year. City dwellers, on the other hand are compelled to use the routes best adapted for walking, and as these are necessarily limited, the resultant monotony is not conducive to thorough enjoyment of the exercise. In all large cities, however, abundant transportation conveniences exist by which the pedestrian can be transferred to the outskirts of his town, though the drawback in this method consists in the consumption of time, which can ill be spared for the purpose.

At the beginning of my walk my weight was 192 pounds in street clothes, while at the end of it my weight was 178 pounds. This loss of fourteen pounds was in every way acceptable. The *avoids* lost was only redundant weight, and I felt, as a result, more active, stronger, and harder. In the matter of health, I felt decidedly better than I had done for several years.

It would not be out of place here to repeat the assertion, so often and so truly made, that Americans, as a rule, are not addicted to much walking. The reason, to a large extent, may be found in the fact that transportation facilities, by means of steam, elevated, and surface railroads, are so plentiful, that the temptation to ride cannot be resisted. There is the additional reason that the American citizen must perforce do everything in a hurry, and, in keeping with this idea, the business man rides to and from his employment—where in many cases he might walk with benefit to himself in every way—on the same principle that he takes his luncheon at the rush counter. The feverish haste in eating meals, coupled with the disinclination to take even moderate walking exercise, is undoubtedly the cause of the dyspepsia which generally afflicts the American people, and which produces the pasty complexion seen almost universally in the youth of to-day. How unfavorably these complexions compare with the rosy cheeks of the young men and women of England, who have yet to learn the dire results of rapid-fire eating, and who have not yet given up the walking habit!

I reside in a large city, two miles away from my office. I invariably walk to the office in the morning, and walk home again in the afternoon, regardless of the

weather conditions, and thus cover four miles in the day. At the noon hour I walk another two miles, and so six miles a day are accounted for. Thus, there remains only a daily average walk of eight miles for recreation and relaxation. It will be seen, therefore, when looked at in this way, that the effort one is required to put forth is not a prodigious one. And yet, each morning and evening, I see scores of young men—not half my age—riding from their homes to their places of business, and *vice versa*, when the one from the other is measured by a distance of only a fraction of a mile. These young men probably do not walk each day a distance exceeding two or three miles. If indications such as these mean anything,

they mean in course of time the sapping of the virility of the nation. However, the habits of each generation change, and we will hope that the habits of the young men of to-day in this respect are not here to stay, but that they are destined to vanish before a more just appreciation of the value of walking as an aid to good health and long life.

It will probably occur to someone to ask how I was enabled to keep a true record of the distance I traversed. In answer I will say that I carried a pedometer regulated to my own length of step, and I was satisfied as to its accuracy. I frequently tested it over measured distances, and found it uniformly correct.

THE RETURN OF DUTCH FRITZ

By ROBERT DUNN

THE city fathers of Tyono were disposed carelessly on the stoop of the "hotel." They felt seedy and bored. The steam-whaler *Polaris* was dropping down the snowy bay, and the delirium of getting from the States the first eggs, whiskey, and newspapers of 1900 was already stale. Having settled the Chinese War and the Paris Exposition with a few platitudes of the pick-ax, the fathers were discussing the coming Fourth o' July gun-affle in Nell's saloon, and reports from over the glacier, brought by Siwash Billum, that Indians in the interior were starving to death by the dozen.

Three thousand men with gold fever, imagining a boulevard led to Klondike from Tyono, had been dumped on its mud flats two years before, to find that no human being had ever crossed the high Alps overhead. Half saw the glacier pouring from them—the one "avenue" inland—and fled; half tackled the ice, which swallowed some in snow slides, let many through ice bridges, and froze more on sledges in its 40-mile rise to 5,000 feet above the sea, where Nature wages, year

in and out, the worst blizzard battles on her earth. A few reached the interior, to die of scurvy or starve; more crawled back to the sea, desperate, penniless. An army captain, landing at Tyono the next spring, reported that of the thousand men camped there, 700 were insane. They babbled of a gray female creature, a "glacier demon," that tried to lure them down crevasses.

Thus Tyono, like most cities with an appalling past, was now very, very dead. The pioneers and imbeciles of a stampede having fled—the heroes to win the sub-arctic world, the unfit to Seattle—there remained in town a little band, too wise to rustle with gold pans in mountains, too strong to die of drink or cold. They lived on odd jobs about the new army barracks, and on the faith that Tyono, the only spot in 400 miles of coast not ice-covered or on end, must some day be the 'Frisco of the North. Real Alaskans were they, men with good hearts but a better eye for humor, and the best known thirst for "houch"—the land's substitute for rye—which you make from mouldy flour and sheep-dip plug.

Jack Marks, who at twenty had left his father's law desk (he that was Senator from Idaho), and the Hailey bar-room in a moment of remorse, pointed to a chunky figure laboring in the torrent bed, called Glacier Street, from the direction of Siwash Billum's camp.

"Suffering Judas! Who is he?" cried Jack; and the crowd raised itself on elbows.

"Fritz" — "Dutch Fritz" — "Count Fritz," "The old geezer," came the voices; and having wondered, with chagrin, why they had missed his landing from the *Polaris*, they asked in turn:

"But what the ——'s he doing back in town again?"

"First thing, you see, Fritz has been hearing from Billum, of how Stickwan and his daughter Nannasnitnaw is starvin' acrost the glaysher," drawled old Silas, who, white-haired and eighty, never having left Tyono, had nursed the insane of '99 as they came from the ice, and since had been "touched" on hygiene. "He never was to home unless sitting on ice or feeding Siwashes. Staked claims on the summit snows, I hear."

"Ought to seen him in '98," observed Charles Amy, born in New Hampshire, and 'broke' in Wyoming with gold pan and back-pack since the seventies. "He quit us like we was Chineymen, there on Jackass flat over the ice, and camped with the old chief and thet Nannasnitnaw, and helped 'em fry oil outer salmon guts; and by gum, I believe he ate their tsoosh and moose grease. Say"—and Amy's crinkled face, a boy's face for all that—relaxed.

"Say—wonder if he knows *we* know about this count business," he added, soberly.

"Let on we don't," said Silas. "Let on we ain't a bit surprised to see him. Horse him quiet."

In '98, Dutch Fritz had been the funny man in the tragedy of Tyono. He had had no partners, no friends; on the beach, on the ice, he had shifted for himself, borrowing no grub, loaning none, asking no help, giving none, as he lifted his flour sacks with block and tackle up the glacier benches. But he never froze, never was lost down crevasses, never saw ice demons. He had sold tea on the summit at 50 cents a cup, and cottonwood twigs, fetched

from Tyono in a day, at \$1 each. So the crowd called him "nutty," "no good," and granted him "crazy man's luck." After working his way to Seattle in '99, a story got afloat at Tyono that Fritz was the younger son of a royal German prince, whose family income being too small to keep the title in repair, the estates had been confiscated by the Kaiser, according to a just Teutonic law, to swell what is called the "Guelph Fund." Though this was true, Tyono did not believe it; but had it, the dark, fat cheeks and puffy eyes of Fritz as he neared the hotel, would have been only the better mark for the real Alaskan with a hang-over.

Fritz was walking very fast; his yellow mackinaw coat doubled his breadth; his marmot fur hat, his two pairs of German socks and the pilot biscuit in his hands, completed the comic sketch. He glanced from man to man like a frightened tame bear, and paused.

"Back lookin' for yer crowns and scepters?" began old Silas carelessly.

"Back for a countess from the Siwashes, ain't you?" said Marks. "You always was bound to be squaw-man, Fritz."

"Vell, I doan' know," stammered Fritz, "I seen Siwashes vould make better countesses from some Yankee vimmen."

The crowd sat upright. Fritz had never answered quite like that before.

"You hear about me, hey?" he asked; "I haf always vondered how soon she vould be. But royalty—she is a bum beesness."

The crowd laughed. But since the "josh" about royalty wasn't going to work, they started on another tack.

"Stewin' tea on the glaysher this year?" —from Silas.

"I am to my cache go, I left in '98 across the sommit," answered Fritz.

"You ain't got no grub there and you know it," said Amy, quickly glancing at the biscuit. "Don't you lie to us, hear."

"Men come down off the glaysher this spring," said Silas looking to Amy, as for confirmation, "says the starvin' Siwashes has robbed all our '98 caches. You heard about Stickwan and his daughter dyin'?"

"You hear dat too?" asked Fritz excitedly, looking from one to another, his sallow eyes flashing.

"What's that dirty paper you got in

yer pocket?" said Amy, pointing to the mackinaw.

"None of you beesness," snapped Fritz, stuffing it out of sight; and he made a break for the door.

"Hold a holt there," said a dozen voices, and hands reached out for his woolly socks and stopped him. Marks observed to his neighbor, "You're on, ain't you?" There was another pause.

"Now I tell you that Nanny-goat-sit-on-her wasn't so bad for a Siwash, neither," said Amy, as a wink was passed around. "She wouldn't look so bum if you could play a hose on her first. Too bad she's dead."

"I tell you she ain' dead," blazed out Fritz.

"Lots of them klootchkes could make good with a white man," continued Amy, calmly unheeding among the chuckles, "if they'd learn it sort of sickens us to see so much dirt on the outside. And mix bannocks in a tin spittoon, the way I've seen."

"See his eyes flash. Look out, he's mad," said a voice.

"I say, I hear you fetched it up neat with that dossy Klootch*-Nannasnitnaw," put in Launcelot Biggs, young English derelict; "taught her to read and write, eh? and more, too. Going to scatter biscuit crumbs on her grave, old sausage?"

"Shut up—Biggs—you!" interrupted Marks, who saw they had gone too far. But he was too late, for Fritz, like a glacier bear at bay, turned, and shouted, "Say von vord more, an' I smash you Mr. Beeg."

At first the crowd laughed a little wildly, then seeing Fritz's passion, calmed, while he turned on them again, and said, as it were a more appalling challenge, "I am to my cache over de glaysher go, dese afternoon."

Marks was the first to speak.

"Not over the glacier, Fritz," he said slowly.

"Oh, yaas, I dink so," said Fritz, half closing his little eyes.

For once the gang looked at one another in utter silence. They did not wink or tap their heads this time. Over the glacier at this season!

"A man might as well shoot himself on this stoop as tackle the ice this month,"

warned Silas. "She's that slushy not a crevice bridge is safe. Calm nights yer can hear them avalanches thunder clear out in the bay. The fog up there cuts with a knife."

"Oh I ain't afraid of her," said Fritz smiling. "I knowed every inch of her in '98. I guess she ain't changed too mooch since den. I to de fourt' bench get to-night, an' my cache to-morrow. You feel de wind blow down from de mountain—hein? Dot mean she is pleasant at de sommit."

"All right for every month but July," said Amy, "and you're the first to know that, Fritz."

"Better stay with us, Fritz," said Jack.

But Fritz only smiled, strode off the stoop, and turned north among the cabins and stumps, into the strip of cottonwood between ice and sea.

"E's crazy after all, ain't he," said Biggs to the gaping crowd.

"He ain't goin' for no cache, I tell you that," said Amy.

"Some fortune teller in Seattle has pulled his leg about diggin' gold," drawled Silas.

Marks shook his head, observing, "Fritz is more of a fool, or more of a man, than we guess, boys."

Fritz stumbled out of the grove, and on over the desert of boulders, where heat-waves throbbed, and sparse purple flax bloomed in the choking silt. The glacier-born torrent—spiteful, coffee-colored—thundered like drays on iron bridges, jouncing and pummeling stones along bottom, ready any day to wipe out Tyono. From the glossy quicksands at the ugly pot-hole where it vomited forth under the gravelly ice, Fritz puffed up the first hummocks and held a wet finger toward the bay. Not a breath was stirring. He panted on. Red-brown and blue with gravels, the great ice twisted into the mountains' heart like the ribbed belly of a snake. But what ailed the sun? Over the northern peaks the shimmering sky held only a huge sulphurous ring circling a bleak splash of gold. He found himself looking for the cairnes that marked the '98 trail. That was foolish, of course. His eyes smarted. *Spick! Spick!*—bubbles of hot air escaped from the melting

* Indian woman—Sanisco Klootch—White-man's wife.

ice, where queer pyramids of silt were wasting. How like a pond melting in April in old Alsace! Home! The humble pride, the headstrong bitterness of his boyhood, the glamor of goldseeking—all that had sent him wandering when the law stole his inheritance—Australia, Africa, last and strongest, the call to the north—he relived all. He was old now. What outcast clothes he wore, what food he ate! His mother and sister—where were they?—starving in a peasant's hut? What would they think of this, the climax of his life? Had he been utterly selfish to leave them? Something was very wrong with him, somewhere. Why was he always the butt of the goldseekers, the outsider when dreams of wealth made their talk serious?

He traveled for two hours; up, up, the wonderful broad avenue into the heart of the peaks. Cross-canyons gaped into polar amphitheatres, here choked with ramparts of bright azure ice, there with a shriveled arm of gravel like a mammoth crustacean dead in its shell. South, the Tyono woods were a speck of brush, the bay a puddle, and the ice stream spread over the flood-plain in threads of gold. No human speck was visible in the waste, which once had crawled with men. Man here was a fly, alone on the ice-bound universe. Fritz was glad, for man's lonely ego expands apace with Nature in stupendous realms, and the bubble self is pricked to meet a fellow.

Glittering pinnacles now sprang above like an exhalation—the second bench. He wound upward among them; then on for miles to the invisible third rampart, soon to be folded again in the clean-caverned ice of its three steep pitches. He was lifting himself from dripping crevasse to crevasse, upward out of gulch after gulch to the cone of the hog-back ahead, when—

A drop of water spat on his forehead from above; between him and the bay. He leaned back pulseless—dizzy—digging his fingers into the rotting ice.

"*Wh-oo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo,*" sang the wind overhead, the dread south wind, the moisture-laden sea gale,—darting upwards through the crevasses, terrifying, sickening.

Atop the bench, a sudden, ghastly darkness fell magically. Surely no sun-

light for a thousand years had cheered the bleak ice of that winter desolation. Faster, faster, warm winds roared up from the sea, were touched by the ice into icier mists, dropping, flaunting like evil spirits, scudding past in murky banners, enchanting peaks, glacier-walls, sea, into nothingness. That circle of packed ice criss-crossed with very straight lines—that alone *was* the world. He leaned back on the gale a moment, and then—faced north. Hadn't he been lost here in storms before?—and now he could ease his aching eyes in the gloom.

Wide he opened them, and the fiendish pain gouged their sockets—the familiar ache of snow blindness, which strikes after the sun is shrouded. Fritz staggered a second—but kept on. Yes, now was the time for courage. What mattered blindness, even in storm? Who could show Fritz the way on this, his glacier? The wind in his back traveled straight over the pass. That was guide enough. It was only ten miles to the fourth bench now, thence six to summit. Soon he should pass a narrow cross-canyon holding a dead glacier. He walked a mile. He could not forget that feeder—any moment the grind of gravel under foot might tell he was on it and lost. The pain confused everything. At last he must have passed the gorge. Two miles beyond, as the glacier turned west, had been Five Mile Camp, from which a mass of blue ice, crumpled as it rounded a spur, was visible five miles off in clear weather. But it was impossible to keep these facts clear; to forget, or to remember them.

Suddenly the ice seemed to slope the wrong way. Who had been silly enough to twist around the glacier?—as if they could fool Fritz. He was dizzy; he seemed to be at two places on the ice at once. How long had he been standing still? What was a space of time, anyway? His eyes only throbbed and burned a little. The pain sunk through them, like acid into clay, till even his finger tips were weak and sickened. He found himself picking at the edges of the yellow paper Amy had pointed to at Tyono. He took a step, and fell forward into snow. The rain hissed into it softly. No snow should lie here at this season. So he was on some other feeder—lost. His wet clothes clung to him like armor; chained and chafed him.

Anon the ice cracked, as it were solid oak, settling in resistless passage to the sea; and a deafening roar arose as ton on ton crashed down from the fringing crags.

The paper blew away, opened on a ridge of snow, and the rain pinioned and dissolved its half-English, half-Chinook scrawls. It told of a cache stolen by white men, of Stickwan's vain attempts to net salmon before the run, to find sheep; of eating *tschotsh*, of failing to snare rabbits, there being no snow; of slow starvation. It prayed Fritz to return to her to show her his own cache. Her father, it said, declared Fritz had lied in giving her promises—vaguely and tenderly referred to—to return; told of Billum, who was going to Tyono and would take this letter to Fritz; said it surely would find him, as Honegetta, the shaman, had foretold that a white man would soon cross the glacier in "big wind, sit down, mebbe die." It was signed—"Nannasnitnaw."

He crawled on angrily, digging a zig-zag path in the slush with feet and hands; pausing as the mists boiled with the crash of snow slides, for an awful danger seemed to lie across his path. The roaring grew incessant; he stopped. A lot of wet, lumpy snow shot rustling past, burying his hands; and the same instant everything crunched softly away under his body and he began to fall *Sfft!* *Sfft!* shot the snow overhead, forming a roof, burying him alive. The crash of ice grew dimmer, the air thicker, hotter, stifling.

Never would he have waked, he was sure, had it not been for the voices. They laughed, taunted, cheered him in featureless words to fight a way out. Angrily he started to struggle up the pit walls. At last, strengthened by the warmth, a dead weight of snow gave way on his shoulders, and he pushed out on the open glacier. It was lighter and colder, and the sheets of scud vanished luminously. He felt stronger. How far to the fourth bench? And if there were no more crevasses! Suddenly the fog broke into silver wraiths, and out flashed a palace with domes and minarets and glassy walls, stained with the pure light of sunset. He would make it—summit, valley, cache, Nannasnitnaw. But the flush perished,

the ice melted into the sky and a blue fissure cut its face from top to bottom—a stream of water foreshortened into an azure column ascending to heaven. But had his eyes been opened or closed? He must stroke his lids to tell; pull them apart to see.

Next—he lay on his back in a very high place after measureless eras of tremendous effort. He had struggled on with one hand outstretched and tingling with warmth; with one voice, the others having vanished—a woman's voice, in which the roar of wind and avalanche and splash of water spoke, urging him on in Chinook. Days of fight lay between him and the summit. The girl, grub, gold, life—were they worth it? No. Better the snow pit. The numbness was stupefying. Let it be. All was lost.

But his heart burned with pain, for death lures kindly until the moment of yielding. At once the scud again was peopled with voices taunting him, a coward, for craving sleep. One of them came near and enunciated slowly, "Think of marrying that Stickwan's daughter, and havin' yer friends to grub and see her lick the platters clean with her tongue." That was Silas' voice! "She'll be taking the moose guts out of your kids' mouths and feedin' them to the dogs." That was Amy—curse him! "Great for a count with royal blood. What? with a castle and a starving mother by the Rhine." That was Marks, who understood him—turned traitor. "Squawmens' lives with starving cold and dirty fish grease makes 'em soft and crazy, so I'd put my foot on one like a snake!"—Silas again.

Fiends! He'd escaped them all. Fritz plunged madly forward. The snow sloped down again—why was that? But the circling voices followed, the air was full of them, many were strange—jeering how squawmen made their klootches pack enormous burdens, bending them double, killing them; of men who had forsaken friends and homes for dreams of gold, and had gone mad in stark valleys, jabbering over a handful of pebbles. The torture was endless. Great spaces of time were passing. He was being led fast; suddenly over clear ice, jerked crookedly by one arm. Once he slipped down a fissure. Yes, the ice led down with the

wind. A snow-bridge crushed through and wedged him to the armpits. He got out—but how? Whither was he being led? Why? By whom?

Then the truth of all dawned on him. The spirits vanished a moment, but only she who led him returned. He could see her through the scud. Fear deepened into horror. All the voices had coalesced into the gray giant being, the woman who spoke so kindly in Chinook. She, that hideous thing, she—why she was the glacier demon—had cheered him to fight for life that she, the stark creature who lured men to death on the glacier, might pitch him also into a crevasse.

He struck at her frenziedly, but she shrieked and seemed to curdle away in the mist. Fritz fell forward, and upon gravel. In the single, vivid second that comes before consciousness is lost, he felt that he was lying upon a moraine, and that mist and water roared out of a great rock fissure overhead, as he knew happened in the eye of the pass, where the moisture-laden hurricanes from the sea are lost, like water bursting from a fire hose, in the dry sunlight of the great interior. Then all his chords of feeling sloughed off, and he lay like one dead.

"She's a vicked one, dot glaysher, Eh?" exclaimed Fritz, sitting upright. "Got, how it is dark! Ain't she mornings yet? I hear dot fire crackle a long time, but I doan' see her."

The tall Indian girl who stood feeding the flames buried her face in her hands and sobbed. She had listened for hours to his ravings. Down the valley roared the glacier stream, a trail of silver specks; through the spruces and into a lake blazing like an eye of the boundless forest. Snowdrops and primroses shivered in the wind on their high ledge.

Fritz had suddenly torn off the ragged shawl she had thrown about him, groped with his hands like a man in the dark; then shouted to the sky.

She clasped him in her arms, and retold for the tenth time the story of starvation, faith, and love told in her letter; how her father had found Fritz's cache; how, fearing the prophecy of Honegetta, she had started for Tyono to save him; had dragged him out of the crevasse, incited him to fight for his life, pulled him up the

fourth bench—until he had turned and struck her.

"What for you strike me?" she cried. "Me save you life—you kill me."

Fritz lifelessly turned his heavy features toward the valley. "Leettle girl, I doan' want to kill you" (he moaned). "I loose mineself a piece. Wait a momen'."

At last an idea seemed to seize her, and she crept toward him. She leaned over and stared full into his face.

"Leettle girl," he went on childishly, "I doan for de gold come back. I fool de wise guys at Tyono. I come make you me Sansisco Klootch."

"Fritz!" shouted Nannasnitnaw. She pointed to a mountain valley opening west from the lake. "Looksey! you see big-stone, tenas* stleam. Me fader find hiyu gold. Hiyu big nugget find 'em. You come see?"

"Doan' fool me, doan' lie to me, leettle girl. Dere is no gold in dese mountain. When Got de world make, he damn careful put no gold where Fritz catch 'em."

"No lie, no lie!" she cried, pointing to the valley. "You see? You see?"

Fritz's head had sunk on his chest. He did not raise it; he did not speak.

"Flitz!" she shouted, still staring into his face, her fingers tightening on his ragged shirt.

"Flitz!"

The girl understood. He was stone blind.

"You find me out, hein?" laughed Fritz. "I blind go. When I see no fire, I try not to tell you de snow blind me for always. I guess you no want to be Sansisco Klootch for white man dot cannot see."

She wrapped him in her arms.

"You not lie to me! You not lie to me about the gold?" he cried. "Bimeby you fader show me, eh? You not lie to me?"

It was hours before she had calmed him. Then, taking Fritz tenderly by the hand, she led him down the torrent bed, and through the forest to her father Stickwan's camp by the lake, where lean wolf-dogs basked with naked children, and gutted salmon dried in the sun.

A year later, old Silas, sitting on the stoop of the Tyono hotel, saw Charles Amy walk from the cottonwoods below the

* Little.

glacier. A skinny Indian with a big backpack followed Amy.

"Ain't you millionaires got to trainin' your vavlets to wearin' liveries?" called out Silas.

"Corner in broadcloth, up to Dutchtown," answered Amy, unpacking his "vavlet" on the stoop. "I gave Algeron a pair o' mackinaws, and he got so stuck on the coats-of-arms on the buttons, he cuts them off for a necklace for his Klootch."

Algeron was directed to go into the hotel, and in a moment was seen through the window, eating with both hands, and stuffing pickles into his pocket, as if this were the first and last meal he'd ever get.

Dutchtown, with its board walks, trombone-wracked dance halls, and two feet of mud in Main Street, had sprung up on Nannasnitnaw's Creek, in the valley opening west from the lake. The coast was on fire about it. Amy had made his pile there, and was quitting the country for good. He set a row of selected nuggets in chamois bags on the steps, drew a long envelope from a pile of A. C. Co. drafts, and handed it to Silas.

"This for Fritz's mother?" asked the old man. "Fifty thousand more, eh?—She'll be buyin' back her estates and crowns yet. Will he go back to her?"

Amy stroked his beard and shook his head. "He's squawman to Nannasnitnaw, you've heard. When a white man hitches up to a savage, there's a lot of things about the life he was raised in he forgets. There's more of the savage natur' in man 'an they get credit for."

"An' he's blind as a mole, ain't he?" said Silas appreciatively.

"Blind as a mole."

Both pioneers looked to the bay, where a golden haze was creeping up the mountains, and the evening light stained their snowy crags a lustrous rose. It was very quiet. The roar of the glacier stream sounded like the beat of surf.

"Ought to see Fritz," ruminated Amy. "Lives with the Siwash outfit up on his discovery claim, and sits cross-legged eatin' tschosh root, while they take turns sluicin' for him. They carry him off to hunt when snow comes. He's happy as a king."

"Happier'n any count, I guess," echoed Silas. "Mebbe happier'n he's ever been in his life."

"Mebbe," said Amy.

"He certainly done the trick, makin' that strike blind as he was. I'd like to own the claims Fritz owns," observed Silas. "So I was wrong about the fortune-teller, and that cash, too. And that Siberian slave-driver's pipe was right. He just was foolin' us all along, and we called him nutty!"

"The old sausage never was such a fool as we made him out," went on Silas. "We'd oughter been able to size up a man better'n we did him. Ain't you got some conscience about the way we used to horse him? I have."

"Mebbe I have, too," said Amy. "But it's a hard land, and many a man has more comin' to him up in this country 'an he deserves."

"An' gold has a mighty softenin' influence on the human heart, eh?" said Silas after a pause, catching Amy's eye and smiling shrewdly.



AN EXCITING ENCOUNTER WITH A RED HOGFISH

By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

THE hogfish has not, like the tarpon, many attractive titles, as The Silver King, and Grand Ecaile, to add to the romance and lustre of his personality. He is just plain hogfish, nothing more; but there was never a better example of gross misnaming, as our hogfish is a cavalier among fishes; debonair, bedecked with streamers, brilliant in color, bright of eye; a fellow of infinite jest—you can see that by the way he rolls his cunning eye; and that he is an implacable fighter, a type of courage, you may take my word for it, backed by the evidence of more than one broken tip and swim rather than lose the gamy creature. Why this really beautiful fish was ever called what he is it would be difficult to say; it is a bare possibility that his enormous mouth—for enormous it is—caught the eye of the first white man to see him. In appearance he calls to mind the angel fish, as his dorsal fins are long and reach back, plume-like. He is two or three feet in length at his best; tips the honest scales at twenty pounds at times, and finally is a living blush, blazing, when I have caught him, with a most beautiful crimson or dark red, varying very much according to location and depth of water; but always red in some tint—the color he fights under.

I have never met a fisherman, or angler, who had caught this fish with a rod, though doubtless there are some. It is usually a "hand-line fish," coming up from forty or fifty feet with great reluctance. Finally, in concluding his brief biography, before coming to the object of this paper—the catch—the hogfish is a delicious creature baked, as Bill King served him on the outer reef, with a large Havana lemon in his mouth, and chablis that had a bouquet suggestive, in an insidious way, of smuggling. On the extreme outer reef I found, all by accident, a preserve of the hogfish, and I discovered it in a happy way. There is at Garden Key, about seventy miles from Cuba, out in the gulf, an atoll form-

ing. Sometimes it makes a courageous showing above water in a long line of dead coral rock, a mile or two in length, forming the outer guard of a fine sandy lagoon; but the hurricanes, or squalls, always seemed to beat it down at the wrong time, and I believe to this day a line of breakers marks the efforts of nature to create an atoll. At the north end of the line there was at the time of my visit, a little key, with a dozen or so mangroves on it; but I learn that even this has been washed away, to come again, perhaps, in the next century. The normal condition of this reef was a line of breakers which pounded with ceaseless and musical roar; dragging back the small rocks and bowling them up again in an endless game.

But there were days and weeks when the sea was down, its surface glasslike; and at very low tide the coral rocks were just at the surface, the sea laving them gently. At such times it was possible to wade out thirty or forty feet from the reef and stand waist deep, in a veritable marine paradise; a tropical garden in which waved the most beautiful objects of the sea; the gorgonias, plumes of brown and purple, rich reticulated fans of lavender and yellow, delicate fernlike algæ, great pompons of sponges—all presenting a vivid and charming kaleidoscope of color amid which, poising and swimming lazily about, was the hogfish, accompanied by a train of courtiers, parrot fishes in green and yellow tails with vivid tints.

I had long known this garden spot, but had never suspected that I was encroaching on the preserves of the hogfish, which I had always caught in deep water with the despised conch bait; but coming in one day with a wrecker through a six-foot channel between possible swamping on one side, and crashing on the rocks, on the other, I caught glimpses of several fishes against the face of a deep roller, and decided then and

there to return at the first favorable opportunity. This came at the full of the moon, when the tide ebbed so completely that the tips of coral branches were exposed all over the reef, on a day that was breathless from early dawn until night, and on and on for two weeks. As I rowed out to the reef the sea was like glass, the horizon lost somewhere, melting imperceptibly into sky and sea. The only sounds were the resonant "*ba-ba*" of the laughing gulls, which lumbered along, looking for some pelican to filch, and the musical and mysterious crackle of the water upon the bottom of the boat. The portion of the reef out of water was not more than ten feet across; a narrow coralline backbone a mile or more long. Upon this I hauled the dinghy; then taking my rod and a basket of fresh cray fish, I waded out toward the blue water that was enticingly near.

The reef in this direction was interspersed with great heads of coral, four or five feet across and three in length. Once they had been veritable globes of coral of rich green tint; but now they were hollowed out by a thousand enemies, which had insidiously eaten into them until they stood like great vases, filled with gorgeous gorgonias and fishes in splendid vestments.

Wading out up to my waist in the mimic forest, I reached one of these coral heads and climbed upon it, thinking to use it as my vantage ground. From here out, the water suddenly deepened, dropping away into colors which graded from green to labradorite blue in exquisite tints, through which could still be seen the graceful plume-like shapes of the gorgonias, the flash of color of some exotic fish, or the sparkle of *Sapphirinae*—red, yellow, gold or blue. With them the lacelike forms of jelly fishes moved up and down, or drifted with the listless current, garnishing this garden of the sea with added splendors. Peering out and down, I presently saw the fantastic hogfish, the yellow tail, parrot fishes, and a host of forms making up this gorgeous court. As I have said, the mouth of the hogfish is his most conspicuous possession, hence I baited my hook with half of the tail of a crayfish, a bait which was so common here that the coral head upon which I stood was fringed with their whips as they

backed beneath its sheltering polyped eaves.

Chumming with the rejectamenta of the crayfish, I saw the motley throng rise to meet it, and with a side cast, dropped the luscious bait fifteen feet away, directly over them. Of all the bait on the reef—sardines, hard heads, crab, conch and shrimp—crayfish is the most alluring; the fishes seemed unable to resist it, and the brilliant court of the hogfish rose and threw themselves upon the bits, tearing it apart and filling the water with tints of rarest hues. Then fell the bait, the *bonne bouche* of this feast; and as it settled, the copper wire leader being invisible, the yellow tails darted to it, surrounding it with a golden blaze. The reel was clicking back retorts courteous to their attacks; the bait was being rent and torn by this small fry in a marvelous fashion and was fast disappearing, when up through the gay throng of bait stealers came a vision in red, with trailing plumes. The finny varlets fell away as the hogfish darted at the bait, passed it in sudden fright, turned again, and like a blazing meteor rushed at it, engulfed it and was away.

It was a splendid strike, and I saw it all as plainly as though looking in a mirror. Then came the scream of the reel as the great fish bore away, almost unfooting me from the living pedestal. Down he went to the bottom, making the line hiss to the exhilarating cadence of the reel; up to the surface with a bound, where for a moment he flashed along in a mass of foam, a blaze of red, perhaps to eye me furtively and then sound deep into the gardens of gold, purple and azure. During these gamy and highly exciting manœuvres I had lost nearly two hundred feet of line, given out under strong protest, as the reel held but three hundred feet. And now a sudden rush caught me unawares, and losing my foothold I fell into the interior of the coral vase, the reel singing merrily to my discomfiture, the hogfish surging away into deep water. But I stopped him before he had taken fifty feet, and standing, elbow deep, began to reel him in. How he fought! bearing gallantly against the rod, which bent and fanned the water beneath his struggles; now placing himself sideways against me, all his broad

fighting weight opposed, then darting around in a semicircle, he endeavored to come in on the slack line, to suddenly stop as firm as a rock—a clever ruse known to salmon, tuna and other game fishes. By half swimming and much ludicrous floundering I attained the top of the coral head again, just in time to meet a splendid rush of the fish, right away like an arrow from a bow, making the reel sing in high key, the water hiss as the fine line cut it like a knife blade. Then, in angling parlance, I gave him the butt, rounded him up on the slender thread, despite his bearing off, and slowly reeled him in.

As I turned the handle my eyes wandered along the surface of the sea, which like a steel mirror, lay in the torrid sun, reaching away to lose itself on the horizon line, blending with the ineffable blue of the tropical sky. As I looked a single object broke the perfect calm—this the triangular fin of a large shark which came sailing down this ocean highway, a wanderer, perhaps, from the deep sea, sunning his back in the torrid rays, or perhaps to the manor born and literally on the promenade. The hogfish was bearing away stoutly, not fifty feet in advance, and the tension increased as I knew that this renegade of the reef would charge the hogfish as soon as it struck the scent, and that my game would make a desperate play to escape on recognizing its enemy. I was not mistaken. The shark began to quicken its play, the little ripple before its dorsal fin increased, the fin throwing water like the blade of a knife; then the shark commenced to swim in a circle, hunting for the scent like a foxhound, and suddenly finding it, dashed at the hogfish, which sounded, turned quickly at the bottom and came toward me at full speed. I reeled with desperation, hoping to hold the fish and bring it to gaff; but crazed with fear, it darted from side to side, and ran around me into shallow water thirty feet in shore.

The shark had lost the scent and was swimming about in an erratic course a short distance away; now sweeping by the rock—ten or twelve feet of menacing disagreeable personality. Waiting until it

turned off shore, I plunged into the water and waded in, reeling as I went, reaching knee-deep water as the hogfish made a dash for deeper regions, and playing him gradually along the reef to a little sandy inlet, through which I finally led him to the lagoon, where he was gaffed. It was a case of Charybdis and Cerberus to the gamy hogfish, and that he preferred trying conclusions with me to taking chances with the shark, there was little doubt.

At times the reef was a maelstrom, a line of white foam two miles long, a sea beating so violently that the very sound was ominous of disaster; yet a few hours after these sporadic squalls, or hurricanes, the surf would melt away and the summer sea lie with its bosom unruffled, save by the fin of some vagrant shark, or the leaping garfish, which ricocheted along the surface. Many and varied were the experiences on this and other submerged coral heads, on the borders of the preserves of the hogfish. I once hooked a fish of such size that in a single run it exhausted my line; then I lowered the tip, and finally losing my footing, toppled over and found myself swimming a few feet after the gamy creature, still holding the rod. By mere good fortune the fish turned, by its own volition, then I threw myself upon my back and swam in, holding the rod well up, until I reached bottom when, standing nearly waist deep, I played the beautiful fish, that plunged up and down the reef; now rushing along the surface, again deep among the graceful plumes, slowly but surely coming in on the musical reel.

But after all, it is not the conquest of the hogfish; not his weight or his size, or indeed, his method of playing that is the soul of the sport, but the whole picture—the blue sea, the carpeted depths, the color schemes, the cry of the sooty tern, the garrulous laughter of the laughing gull over the reef, the music of the pebbles—castinets of the reef—as they clash and ring as the waves draw them back to hurl them up again—all features and factors in the angler's field of vision and hearing, which go to make up this one day's perfect fishing in these preserves of the outer reef.





The Ancient Nilometer on Elephantine Island, Egypt, in use after a thousand years of burial and oblivion.

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BOATING ON THE NILE

By ALONZO CLARK ROBINSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

MORE people would make the trip up the Nile, if it were not that Cairo is so attractive.

The chief difference between the start of our particular party up the Nile, and Mr. Nansen's for the North Pole, was that

he knew how cold it was going to be and we did not. Anybody who imagines they are going boating in a summer climate will be pretty miserably mistaken in Egypt. My first and last word to one about to embark upon the trip is, take



An Arab Boat on the Nile.

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Terrace at Khartoum—Looking East by
Gordon's Palace and up the Blue Nile.

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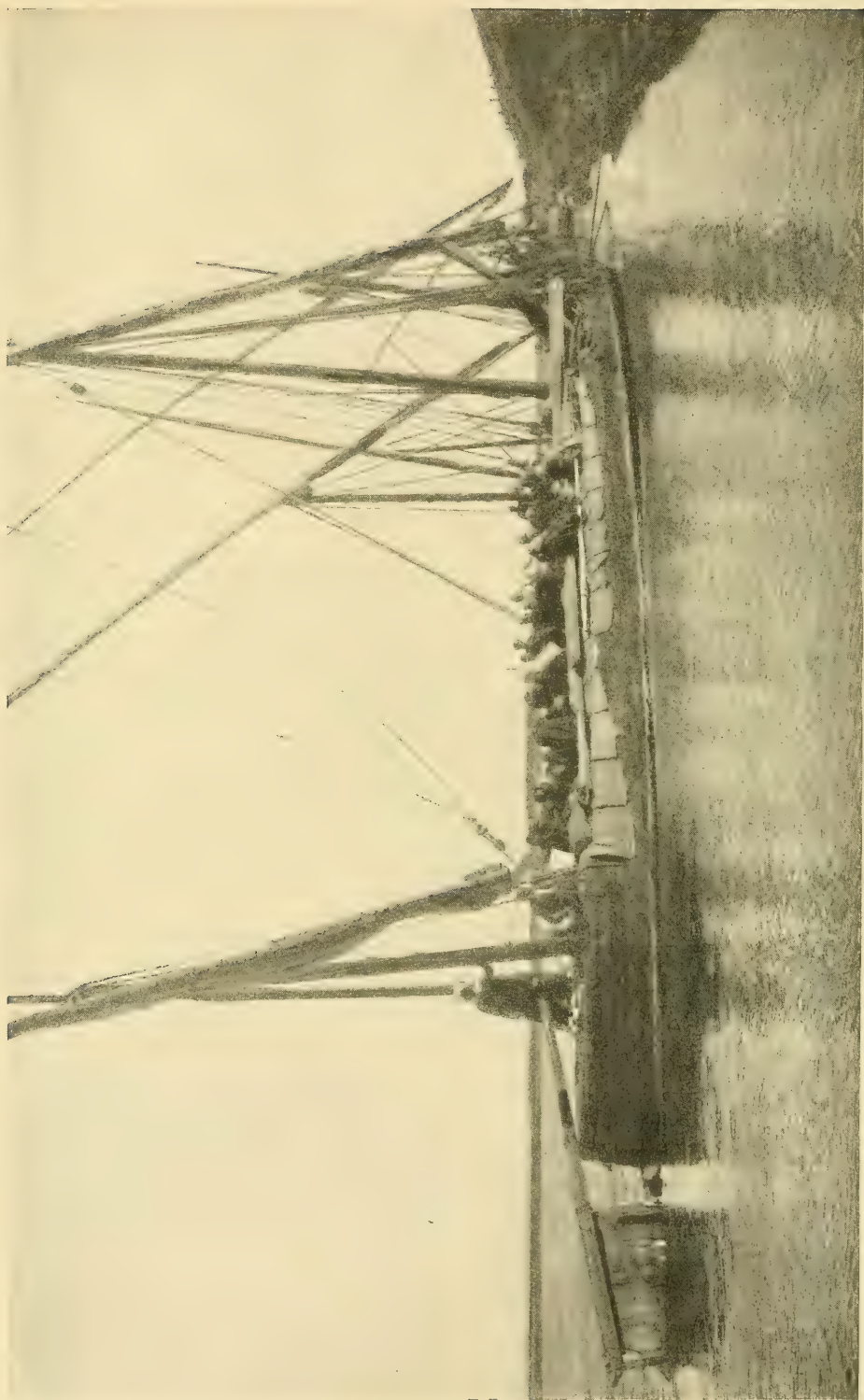
Great Temple of Abu-Simbel, excavated out of the solid cliff on west bank of Nile.

Copyright photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



Sailing on the Nile—the Life Stream of Egypt.

Copyright photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



Native Traffic Boat.

your winter things. But of those freezing, petrifying hours in store for us we thought nothing, as we stood on the deck and watched the continuous stream of natives who were putting our things aboard. Everyone was in good spirits, the day fine, and we awaited with impatience the signal to cast loose from the float and begin our journey up the Father of Waters—that river of mysteries and secrets whose very source was for so long hidden from the world.

The most prominent part of boating on the Nile is the donkey-riding which it entails. The plan of the trip seems to be to proceed up stream until a convenient place to donkey is reached, then go ashore and let the crew sleep. It is true that there is always an excuse for these excursions, in the shape of one of those antiquities which are scattered along the banks of the river at convenient intervals. We started in with a six-mile ride to Sakkarah, where we were shown the last resting-place of some antediluvian celebrities, and had a flash-light taken in the burial chamber of the Unas pyramid. It is not to be seen here because it was taken by candle-light and did not turn out well.

It would be difficult to find a more beautiful plain than that of Memphis, across which we rode back to the river. Great groves of palm trees spread themselves over a flat valley, all green and darkest brown, so rich that it is almost black. Then the sun set, the palms stood out against the sky, the colors changed, growing darker and softer as the red glow faded from the west, till one held one's breath for the beauty of it. So we came back silently through the evening and the little villages where the people were exchanging the news of the day over the evening meal, while the flocks came in from the fields and the buffaloes went down to stand in the little pool in the midst of the mud houses. Though we were none of us able to sit down that evening, we pronounced our first day a great success.

Navigation on the Nile is not so complicated a matter as upon the North Atlantic. To run full speed upon a sand bar is an occurrence of such frequency as hardly to elicit a comment from the passengers. The crew take more interest because they are obliged to push the boat off again with

poles, and this entails a great amount of shouting and some work. The Nile below the first cataract is a fairly broad, muddy river, flowing between deposited banks varying from six or eight to twenty or thirty feet in height. Its surface is interrupted everywhere by sand-spits and islands upon which are to be seen thousands of birds. The channel, if such it can be called, winds from one side to the other, and changes completely with every flood. Hence even the best pilots run aground two or three times a day. It is of course, impossible to proceed at night, and each day's voyage comes to an end wherever darkness happens to overtake one. The boat's nose is simply run plump on the bank, two men leap out and drive stakes to which to make fast, and there you are for the night. A very simple and effective method, without any ostentation and requiring very little knowledge of mathematics. It has also the advantage of variety. Sometimes one finds oneself alone beneath the wonderful Egyptian moon lighting up the river, the distant cliffs and the silent, empty plain. Or perhaps one stops near some little native village, in which case the bank is lined with silent, curious figures, who crouch for hours wrapped in their white cloth coverings. Once we tied up beside a lonely brick kiln. The sight was a wierd one. The red flare of the furnace, fed with sugar cane, cast intermittent flashes of light into the night, in and out of which moved black, half-naked natives, while overhead was the cloudless, star-lit sky of Egypt.

Luxor, the show city of Egypt, is the point towards which the interest of the traveler up the Nile is turned with keenest anticipation. It is here that Rameses II, the greatest of all the Egyptian builders, let himself loose most thoroughly. There is a huge statue of him in the temple of Luxor which is supposed to be in the best state of preservation of any in Egypt, which is not saying much. Here also is the temple of Karnak, the most gigantic ruin in the world. In fact, the country on both sides of the river fairly swarms with temples, not one of which is less than three thousand years old. But I must not steal his thunder from the Egyptologist.

Our party was most impressed with the tomb of Amenophis II. Here one may see



A Private Dahabieh.



Sudanese passengers waiting to board
a river steamer on the Blue Nile.

Copyright photograph by Underwood & Underwood.



Crossing the Lybian Desert.

the mummy of the old ruler exactly as it was placed at his death, over four thousand years ago. A mummy is not a merry sight nor one provocative of laughter, but there is something stimulating to the imagination in gazing upon the face of a man who has lain as you see him now for so many, many years, while country after country; king after king, struggled to grandeur and collapsed. There he lies with closed eyes, as if thinking. Has the silence of the tomb enwrapped him all these years unbroken, or have there come to his ears murmurings and rumblings of the outer world, the clash of empires and the death of kings? Has he lost interest in these things, or has he watched and wondered while Egypt passed into a name, while Greece and Rome flamed through the ancient world, or the Turk swept the East to break himself upon the field of Tours? Perhaps he whispered in the ear of Charlemagne, or stood beside Napoleon and watched the veterans of a thousand fights melt upon the British squares while the great captain dozed in a camp chair, unheeding. It was good to come back into the live sunshine and find that one still had an appetite.

There is an American Consul at Luxor. His son called on us. We did not see the father himself, but it is fair to suppose that he is no blacker a negro than his son. Neither of them speak English. Except for this fact and that he wore a tarbouch, he would not have excited a glance along Sixth Avenue. Our grand country is doing itself proud at Luxor.

Assouan is the end of the first reach of the Nile. Here our boat was forced to come to a halt owing to the cataract, though in the Kitchener campaign she had been dragged across by two thousand British soldiers. But as this motive power was no longer at hand it was necessary, if we intended to continue our trip, to cross the desert to Shellal and take another boat. Accordingly, we possessed ourselves of a special train in order to accomplish the distance, about six miles, though by this time it would have been a mere bagatelle for us on donkeys, and much quicker. The fact that it was a special train didn't prevent its breaking down utterly after about a mile. However, in a half an hour or so the engine was per-

sueded to go on, and in course of time we arrived at Shellal without accident. Here we found our new boat awaiting us, tied to the railroad track.

The scenery above the first cataract is of an entirely different type. The river runs through steep, savage banks; in many places, sheer walls of rock. The sand of the desert is of a saffron hue, and in general all the colors are different from those of the lower Nile. The sunsets are perfectly indescribable, and last for hours. It is worth a trip from America to see one of them. The appearance of the country is more wild and desolate; the indications of habitation more sparse. The water of the river is backed up by the dam for many miles, so that for the first day or two one goes sailing over villages and palm trees, but the river looks like a river, broad and blue. In fact the scenery above the first cataract far surpasses anything below it, and I have never met anyone who has traveled the "second reach" who did not prefer it to the first, in spite of its comparative dearth of temples.

Navigation above the first cataract differed little from that to which we had become accustomed. Instead of driving stakes we were usually able to tie up to a palm. If anything went wrong, the whole crew, including the captain, pilot and chief engineer, rushed to the side to see what was up, and when they saw, began shouting at one another. The greater the difficulty the louder they shouted and the less they did. We could not stop a moment even in mid-stream, but the assistant engineer, a gigantic black, would throw over a fish-line. He always left it out when he went to bed and examined it the first thing on getting up. He said he was after salmon. We never discovered that he caught any.

We were in Nubia now. The first night we anchored on the line of the Tropic of Cancer, and at once began our search for the Southern Cross. We all saw the Southern Cross, of that there is no doubt, and it is equally certain that no two of us saw it in the same part of the heavens or the same shape. It had as many disguises as the Earl of Richmond on Bosworth Field, and a most disconcerting habit of diving under the boat and coming up on the other side. One night we counted fourteen of them, all very good,



White Elephant of the Nile.

first-rate Southern Crosses, in the sky at once. But we must have been mistaken, as Feldman, our captain, assured us that he had seen it often and there was only one of it, which appeared every other night. Gazari—from whom no secret at the Orient is hid—said it was only visible on Sunday, except during Lent.

Our expedition reached its high watermark at a point overlooking the second cataract, about eight miles south of Wadi Halfa, or $31^{\circ} 30' \text{ E. by } 22^{\circ} \text{ N.}$ The second cataract, of which we had an excellent view from an eminence about one hundred and fifty feet high, consists of a vast number of black rocks distributed in groups over several miles, among which the waters of the Nile trickle and eddy.

After a prolonged look up the great river whose course we were to pursue no farther, we descended, and with mingled feelings turned our faces homeward. Our invasion had spent itself and the interior of Africa was, for the time, safe.

Incidentally, when we turned our faces towards home we also turned them towards a dust storm which rendered our two hours' ride across the desert anything but pleasant. The picture shows our re-

treat, Gazari leading, and recalls a celebrated painting of the return of an equally great man from Moscow.

When we reached the river, up which we had proceeded several miles in small boats, there was, as always, a strong wind blowing against our return, hence we were reduced to a tow line as a means of locomotion. The regularity of these winds in winter is remarkable. During the six weeks that we spent upon the Nile there was not a day that the afternoon did not bring a strong northerly wind, dying out at sunset. This renders the navigation of the sailing dahabieh particularly felicitous, as going up stream the current about offsets the wind, and going down, the wind is always dead ahead. In fact, they gain most of their distance by the crew walking along the bank with a line to the bow, after the manner of the old time canal-boat.

Our return was slow and fraught with incident. Together with our auxiliaries and impedimenta, we occupied two boats. The rivalry for first place was keen. The crews seemed to be imbued with the idea that the one who sang the loudest would get there first. If this was true, the other fellows had the best lungs, for they beat

us in spite of the fact that they had a collision and ran aground three times.

The descent of the Nile is accomplished much more rapidly than the ascent, for two reasons: first, you have the current with you, and second, you are approaching Cairo. Most of the sight-seeing is done on the way up, and the return is more like an attempt to get somewhere. Almost before we could realize that it was over, we saw the spires and minarets of Cairo piercing the blue sky. Presently the iron bridge with its magnificent stone lions appeared, and we drew up to the float from which we had started. It was a distinct shock to see again, smart traps, handsomely gowned women, white men, and know that one was once more in civilization.

As I gazed back from the deck of the steamer which was bearing me westward, at a thin blue line, becoming momentarily more indistinct, my feelings were very different from those with which I had looked upon that same coast three months before. Curiosity had given place to regret, and that land which a short time ago was but a name was now a living memory, peopled with incident and reminiscence. I had learned to love it, its sands, its sunshine and its simple inhabitants. What shall I say of Egypt? It is a land apart, a golden land covered with a perpetual blue sky, a land of color. Even the fragrant breeze, the dancing sea and all the pleasures of the open ocean could not at once supersede the sadness of those sinking shores.



WINTER SPORTS



Photograph by G. C. Bain.

Tobogganing is the most exhilarating of all winter sport.



But bob-sleighbg has, perhaps, more real fun—for the youngsters especially.

Photograph by James Burton.



In the cities where interest grows more and more in skating, great



Photographs by Alfred J. Kienzie.

ponds are provided in the parks, and thronged when the ball is up.



Hockey in full play.

Photograph by James Burton.



An exciting moment in ice-boating.

Copyright photograph by J. H. Hare.

EAST END LONDON AT PLAY

By RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. PILKINGTON

OUR way to George Pacey's whippet handicap at "'Omerton near 'Ackney," my friend and bureau of East End information, "Brummy" Meadows, pulled from his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper, and used it to call my attention to a sturdy young man who filled a small street stall by the curb.

"He's a cats-meat man," said "Brummy." "An' seein' the likes of him reminds me o' this bit of paper, wot is a challenge I received by mail from another cats-meat artist, and in a manner of speakin', I must be fixin' up a match before long."

He read the document aloud, halting at a few troublous spots:

"Hearing so much of the ability of Jim Belcher, of Shoreditch, and his defiance of all comers, I, Jack Smith, of Camberwell, hereby challenges him to cut and skewer one half hundred weight of cats-meat for any part of ten pounds."

"A cats-meat man serves meat to his customers' cats," "Brummy" explained condescendingly, "an' it takes a bit of skill, d' you see, to cut and skewer it proper like, an' of course, there's bound to be bettin' an' challengin' in it, just like everything else in the East End. This here whippet racin' is a big sport, bigger than linnetsing, but there's many others. I was goin' to take you down to see some oldtime haddock-splittin' for a purse, down at Billingsgate market, d'you see, but when I asked my friend about it, he backs out, sayin', like a bat-headed old fool, that it was one o' them Yankee tricks to steal our way o' doin' things, and he says he'll be damned if he'll show you one bloody, solitary haddock. In a manner o' speakin', he don't know no better. I told him you ain't in the haddock-splittin' trade, but he's as stubborn as a coster's moke, so he is."

This was disappointing, for I had hoped to see old Toddy Ray split haddock. Besides this skilled calling, he is the finest old sportsman in the East End. A few weeks ago he ran third in a distance race, against a formidable field of suburban talent, and

Toddy Ray is in his seventy-eighth year. There was consolation, however, in the pilgrimage to an afternoon of whippet racing as the East Ender follows it, which is with ardent joy, and all the shillings and crowns he can scratch together for the "bookies." This sport of dog racing first flourished in the "Black Country," and on the Lancashire moors, where it is the most conspicuous pastime and excitement of the British artisan and miner. Long ago, it invaded London, and almost any week in the year you can find the whippets and their following, either at Homerton, or at Bow, where Mrs. Conner manages the handicaps.

The East Ender may be as brutal and soddan as you like to call him, but in his sports there is a streak of sentiment and harmlessness. His whippets run for the love of it, without rough handling or compulsion, and the sport is far more humane than its aristocratic cousin, coursing with greyhounds, where many hares must die each day, after torturing flights for life.

We reached George Pacey's grounds so early in the afternoon that no more than a dozen dogs were waiting. Mr. Pacey sat on a high bank, overlooking a cricket match in a nearby field, and to him slouched a lowering and collarless youth, with two whippets at his heels. The rubicund Pacey lost interest in the cricket match, and plunged into a muddy torrent of dialogue, that supplied a rousing introduction to the afternoon's sport:

"You —, — you," said the collarless young man with considerable heat, "Your —handicapper gave my dog two yards the worst of it last week, because your — brother had a dog in the same heat. I'm —if I ever run another dog in your — crooked matches. I'll start a handicap myself that will draw every —entry you've got, for they're all sick of your — dirty work, you —"

"You can take your — dogs, and your — self, and go start another — handicap," replied Mr. Pacey, "and you can

starve and rot tryin' it, for all I care, you——”

When mortal combat seemed inevitable, Mr. Meadows drew me away and explained apologetically:

“It's only a mild bit of argument over the runnin' of a dog at the last handicap. No harm intended, d' you see. They're the best of friends. The young man will

rated by past performances. The novice wondered how and why the dogs should run at consistent speed along this track without barriers of any kind, and what could be their incentive. The whippets themselves soon began to hint at a solution.

They were lithe and active little brutes, plainly bred from Italian greyhound stock, although a few showed cross-strains of



The women take great interest in the race and some maintain kennels of whippets.

be a runnin' of his dogs this very afternoon, when he cools down a bit. They're very keen on the sport, d' you see, an' that's just a manner of speech to show their interest.”

Dogs, owners, and spectators were drifting in rapidly. A ground-keeper was carefully rolling an hundred and fifty yard straightaway cinder track, across one end of which were fresh chalk lines, a yard apart. These were the handicap marks for the start, every dog in a heat being

doubtful pedigree. No thoroughbred was ever more pampered than these small racers. All were blanketed from head to tail, some had bandages on their ankles, and one absurdly important whippet wore tiny patches of porous plaster on his delicate shanks, because he was a “bit proppy,” and had strained himself in a previous match.

Tied to fence-posts, or trailing after their owners, the whippets were nervous and un-



At the start — "ready — go!"

easy at sight of the track. The starter happened to walk to the starting-line to try his old-fashioned pistol, an hour before the racing began. Every dog that saw him began to dance and fidget, and when the pistol was fired, they yelped and whined in a frenzy of evident impatience to get on their marks. The fierce joy of the contest thrilled every hair of them. It was already easy to see why this was a cleaner, sweeter sport than rabbit-coursing, even though its patrons were rough of garb, and violent of language. Their manners could not corrupt their racing-dogs, whose ideas of "sport for sport's sake" were impeccable.

For an hour the whippets frisked into the grounds until there were a round hundred of them, and this was only a routine fortnightly "five pound handicap at a hundred and fifty yards."

Several hundred men, and, perhaps, a dozen women hovered around the course, and as the time for starting the heats drew near, a perceptible tide of interest flowed toward a part of the barrier fence, alongside which a number of hard-faced and brazen-throated persons were perched on sundry packing boxes. Masters and whippets joined the growing throng, and it was worth noting that the tangle of dogs remained wholly pacific. There was no quarreling or back-biting among the thoroughbred little gentlemen of the four-footed world, who had come for the sole business of racing each other. They thought of nothing else, and were taking no chances of injury by any vulgar bickering among themselves.

"The blokes on the boxes are bookies," explained "Brummy" Meadows, "an' their clarks is standin' beside em'. Book-makers at a whippet handicap? Certainlee. There'll be twenty of them barkin' away when the afternoon warms up a bit. I've seen five hundred pounds up on the favorite in the final heat up in the Black Country. These Lunnon bounders ain't got th' tin to play heavy, d' you see, but they'll go it for all they can dig up. There they go. Just 'ear him."

A beefy bookie, whose plaid waistcoat could have been heard from Homerton to Hackney, had begun to bawl:

"First 'eat. Three to one, bar one. Tyke your pick of the field, bar Young Bob. A bob's worth o' that, did you say, Bill?

Say, you must ha' robbed the Benk of England. Can you afford to blow yer whole bloomin' fortune? Never mind—don't go away down-'earted. I'll take it. Three bob to one on Kitty Blue, bar Young Bob."

The shillings and half-crowns were dribbling in along the shouting line, with now and then the yellow gleam of a sovereign to show that the plunger was on deck. Now the dogs began to mass around a rough shed at one end of the enclosure. It was time for "weighing in," and every dog must be officially weighed and recorded before being allowed to start. Such a barking and crying there was around the big, old fashioned pan scales, as the owners picked up their pets, and stood them gently in the balance. The printed race-cards had been distributed, and the actual weights of the dogs were compared with the figures set opposite their names. The weights ranged from twelve to twenty-one pounds. As fast as they were entered, the bookies' "clarks" checked them off on their programs, to revise the starting lists, confident that any dog weighed in was sure to start, for one of the printed rules read:

"Any dog weighing in at these grounds, and not competing, will be disqualified for three months."

Here and there in the lists of heats were names that showed a pretty turn of sentiment in their owners, and the nomenclature was more pleasing than that of the average race-track. Here were "Our Lassie," and "Valiant," "Miss Holly Bush," and "Broken Melody," "Merry Boy," and "Miss Fussy," "Blue Fly," "Merry Girl," "Fly Catcher," "Wise Bess," "Mark Valiant," "Young Kiss," "Best of Friends," "Little Nance," "Wait a Bit," "Ivy Leaf," "Hi Hi," and "Minnie Dee."

When the referee called the first heat, six dogs were carried to the "slips," or starting marks. It seemed puzzling to try to guess which was which, but this problem was solved in a jiffy, when one of the "official staff" began to distribute to the slippers strips of colored ribbon—red, white, black, blue, yellow and green. The dogs were dropped on the track, and it was pretty to see them sniff tremblingly at their respective ribbons, and even poke their heads into the gay streamers as their handlers tied them around the necks. Obviously the whippets knew what the



Training the whippets to jump for the rag quarry



Around the bookmakers

colors were for, and wanted to help the business along that there might be no more foolish delays. On the race-card the color of each dog was set opposite his name, so that one might read as they ran.

As the slippers crouched on the chalk lines, according to the handicaps, from scratch to fifteen yards, they grasped the dogs by the loose skin of the neck and the hind quarters, and held them clear of the cinder path. In front of them danced a bunch of howling dervishes, waving disreputable rags and towels, each trailing his guidon in front of his racer, in order that the dog might renew acquaintance with its particular bit of cloth. At a word from the starter these owners ran down the track for dear life, frequently turning to trail their cloths behind them, or to wave, shout and whistle at their dogs. It was not until the agitated owners had trotted to the far end of the track, beyond the "trig," or finish line, that the way was clear for the starting of this first heat.

Then the starter raised his pistol arm in air, the slippers crouched like statues, swung the dogs in air off the track, and for an instant the tense figures hung there, fixed as in a photograph. "Bang!" went the pocket edition of a cannon, and like a flash the slippers shot their dogs forward, with a deft skittering motion, so that as the clutching hands left them, the whippets landed on their feet in full motion, propelled with the added speed of this impetus in the slips. It looked as if the dogs were in full stride as their paws first gripped the cinders.

The six dogs were strung out in a line fifteen yards long. They flew down the straightaway, as if death were at their heels.

Beyond the finish lines, the owners were "running down" their dogs, waving their absurd cloths, shouting, whistling, imploring, as if an epidemic of St. Vitus Dance had smitten them. Every whippet ran with an eye on his far-away master, striving to reach him in the shortest possible time. Now the scratch dog began to overhaul the leaders, cutting down their advantage a fraction of an inch for every smooth stride. He was a mite of a racer, was this Young Bob—a thirteen pound dog—that looked like a puppy compared with one or two of his rivals of almost greyhound size. Flying

paws scattered the cinders until a cloud of grayish dust almost obscured the bunch.

Half way down the course, and it was easy to see that the handicappers' work had been skillfully done. The leaders were dropping back, the penalized dogs were creeping up. Wee Young Bob was going like a black bullet, his slender legs were a blur of furious motion, it seemed, for an instant, as if he would be pocketed, for the other five dogs were spread out just in front of him, but he sailed around the outside without wasting an inch more ground than was necessary, straightened out, cut in between two dogs racing neck-and-neck in front, and locked strides with them. The manœuvre could not have been executed with prettier skill if a tiny jockey had been piloting Young Bob, who was racing with his head as well as his heels.

Here was rare handicapping, indeed, for twenty yards from home, a baby-blanket would have covered four of the six whippets. Then Young Bob let out his last link of speed, and poked his black nose in front of Duchess and Santoi. When they swept across the chalk line, like a little whirlwind, Young Bob had won the heat by a clear length. Every dog made for his master without slackening speed, and leaped headlong at the particular rag or towel which claimed its frantic allegiance. Snapping jaws closed on the fabrics, and, spinning in mid-air from the impetus of their flight, the dogs were lifted into their masters' arms, their teeth fast in the towels which they still worried with growling enthusiasm. Young Bob's owner swung him twice around his head and the little dog hung on for dear life.

"A pretty race," said Referee Jack Taylor, as he hung out the painted bits of board, which announced to the crowd the colors of the first and second dogs. "There's a lot in the slippin', you know. The man what handles Young Bob is the champion slipper of Lunnon. A first class slip is worth a matter o' distance in a close heat."

The next heat was varied by an incident that set a hundred men along the fence to howling and cursing with black rage and disappointment. A dainty whippet—Quarrel was her name—was entered with two yards handicap allowance. She had won a previous fortnightly handicap, had done some rattling private trials and was heavily

backed along the bookies' line. By starting time Quarrel was a sweeping favorite. It was all her race two-thirds of the way, and she was making the other entries look like so many street curs. Her owner danced with joy beyond the finish line, for he stood to win twenty pounds in bets, and

and grinned, shamelessly proud of her performance.

Her delicate sensibilities would have been shocked beyond mending, could she have understood the remarks yelled at her, volleys, showers of them. A hundred fists were brandished at this silly little figure



The clean cut racer-built whippet—carefully blanketed.

to have a "look in" at the handicap money in the final heat.

Just then a totally irrelevant impulse sifted through the mental processes of Quarrel. She slackened speed way down to a foolish little trot, then turned, and deliberately loafed off the track, and sat in the grass on her haunches and looked at the crowds facing her beyond the fence. To make it worse, Quarrel was laughing at them. Her mouth was open, her little pink tongue hung out, and she sat and grinned

sitting in the grass, while the race swept on, and the towel of Quarrel's master waved in helpless rage and amazement. He ran down to his fickle jade of a whippet, but made no attempt to punish her, for, once afraid of the game, she would have been ruined for more racing.

"Brummy" Meadows shook his head with an air of tolerant amusement:

"There's no understandin' the bally tykes. Now, who'd ha' thought Quarrel would ha' done the likes o' that. It was all

straight, tho! No dirty work. I marked that."

"How could it have been made a crooked job?" I asked, having taken it for granted that there must be some seamy streaks in the sport.

"There's ways an' means of throwin' a race," said "Brummy," "but it ain't easy, d' you see? Maybe it's worth a nice pot o' money to have a dog lose? Maybe the owners has a friend or brother, what has helped him train th' tyke. Well, the owner goes to the finish, to run his dog up, all right, but the dog knows the other chap too, d' you see? And when the dogs is slipped, and comes by him, saunterin' alongside the track, he just shows a bit o' handkerchief, or maybe he whistles, which mixes up the whippet. 'Here's a pal o' mine,' says the dog to hisself. So instead of keepin' on, he turns off the track and chucks up the race.

"Maybe it's made an hobject to the slipper to hold the dog in the slips, not give him a fair start, in a manner o' speakin', hold him just enough to make him lose a yard, in gettin' away, d' you see? Then there's the owner at the other end. If he overruns his mark, when he's wavin' his dog along with the towel, his dog gets disqualified. But it's takin' shockin' chances to try them dodges with a referee like Jack Taylor. There's one sure an' easy way to kill a dog's speed, an' that's feedin' of him, just before he comes to the grounds. If his little belly's full, he can't run himself out of a way of a buss 'oss. But there ain't as much crooked work as you might think. These men takes a lot o' pride in the runnin' of their dogs, and every one of them hopes to breed a champion, and sell him for a fancy price."

Fifteen heats were run off—six dogs in a heat—and even the long English twilight was hinting dusk, before the final race was run. A number of the whippets raced with muzzles on. The reason appeared in a heat where a leading dog lost its temper. Another whippet swerved square in its path, and instead of making the best of it, and trusting to generalship to get around the obstructionist, the offended dog turned and nipped the culprit in the neck. The bitten dog instantly lost all interest in the race, and turned on its foe. The two mixed it up in a yelping, dusty swirl, while the race went on without them. The referee

at once notified the owner of the hot-tempered whippet that he must run this dog muzzled thereafter, under penalty of disqualification if he failed to heed the edict.

In the horde of owners and handlers were three women, one of them a pretty young girl in her teens. The wives and daughters play their part, by calling "up" the dogs at the finish, while their men-folk handle them in the slips.

"The women like the game," said Mr. Pacey, "but there's a bit more in it than that. The fancy whippet trainers hold that a dog will run a yard to two yards faster for a woman than for a man. Odd, ain't it, how the women folks makes 'em all jump livelier?"

These swearing, jostling crowds from the East End enjoyed this afternoon sport, without buying one solitary drink of strong liquor on the grounds. Between the heats they flocked to a big booth and drank tea and ate sponge cake and currant tarts. This was another item in a list of incongruities.

The keen edge of whippet racing is in the handicapping, which is a marvel of painstaking accuracy. Whippets run in more consistent form than horses, and there are few "in-and-outers." The speed standard for handicapping is a mark of twelve seconds for two hundred and twenty yards, and champion dogs have cut under this figure by a shade. This is at the rate of fifty-five feet a second, or nearly twice as fast as a crack sprinter can run the "2:20" Figured for a mile, it is at the rate of a mile in one minute and thirty-five seconds, as fast as thoroughbred ever ran the distance. In other words, when the whippet whizzes down his cinder track, he is moving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, which is express train speed.

He cannot be handicapped by a weight-carrying system, and in working out a method of distance handicaps, say, for a hundred and fifty yard track, such nice timing is required that whippet handicappers are not content with the finest stop-watches used on the race-track, which split the second only into fifths. One maker of Rochdale turns out many watches every year for whippet experts, with a mechanism adjusted to split the second into sixteenths, and this is the kind of time-piece generally used in this sport.



OFF POLLOCK RIP

By HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

OUT on the broad open Atlantic, off the southeast corner of Cape Cod, Mass., lies a tract of ocean which is a veritable battle-ground of Nature's titanic forces. From the long, low sand-bar of Monomoy extend out great areas of

shoals which have brought disaster to thousands of fine vessels. Near the worst shoals are anchored light-ships—Handkerchief to the southward, and Pollock Rip further east. Beyond the latter the water deepens to eighteen fathoms, and the compara-



Swimming to search for food

tively "shoal ground" ends in Georges Banks, the great off-shore fishing-ground, sixty or seventy miles out. The region is one of tide-rips, breakers and treacherous, shifting bars, and has been one of splendid fishing.

It is a wild, romantic, stirring place, if ever there was one, and I have taken keen delight in it, but more particularly in the ocean birds which linger there during part of the year. Two groups are represented, Laridæ and Procellariidæ, known in plain English as gulls and petrels.

The "gulls" are not true gulls, but are of the sub-family of Jaegers—hunters, predaceous birds of the sea. What hawks are to the land-birds, they are, in a certain degree, to the sea-fowl. Only, instead of killing and eating other birds, they attack them and compel them to disgorge what they have eaten, appropriating it for their own purposes. The jaeger's attack upon the gull, or tern, is a spectacular performance. With a majestic sweep the swift flier darts upon the bird of slower flight. The latter flees in dismay, but the aggressor easily overtakes it and inflicts another blow. The victim doubles and twists in its flight, but, rapid as it is, the two are mixed up at close quarters in a surprising series of evolutions, until the despairing gull yields and vomits up the fish it has just swallowed. The jaeger poises for an instant and then darts down like an arrow, often catching the fish before it can reach the water. If too late, the conqueror alights beside it, seizes it before it can sink, and, as soon as he has eaten, flies away to find another victim. It does indeed find much of its food for itself, but it likes to rob whenever a good opportunity offers.

Three kinds of jaegers occur off Pollock Rip, the pomarine, parasitic and long-tailed jaegers, though the latter is quite rare. The first named is the largest; the other two are a little smaller, about the size of crows. All three, in the adult plumage, have two longer feathers projecting beyond the rest in the middle of the tail, but those of the long-tailed jaeger are especially elongated. Each species is dark above, speckled and mottled below.

The species which belong to the other group are divided into true petrels—the "Mother Carey's chickens" of the sailors—and shearwaters, all notably lovers of the

wild open ocean, whose vigor and untiring flight are wonderful. The shearwaters are rather large birds, about the size of the jaegers, with long, narrow wings. There are three kinds found here, the greater, sooty and Corey's shearwater, the first two common, the last rare. The sooty is dark grey all over; the others have white under parts and somewhat mottled dark backs. The petrels are little swallow-like birds, of a dark sooty color, with a white patch on the rump. Though so small, their strength and endurance is astonishing. There are two kinds, hardly distinguishable at a distance, yet one, the Wilson's, comes from antarctic breeding grounds, the other, Leach's, from the north. The shearwaters, also, are from the antarctic—Kerguelen Land and the unknown icy south. The northerners breed in June and July, the southerners probably in December and January. Think what a flight it is for them to journey so far.

August and September are the best months to study them, for the northerners have just returned from the solitudes where they nest, and the often tumultuous bars and shoals are more apt to be smooth then than later. Singularly enough, though the ocean looks all alike to us, there are only certain localities where these birds congregate in numbers. Elsewhere one might sail hundreds of miles and see but a few stragglers. On the Grand Banks, off Newfoundland, they abound, in some spots off Nova Scotia, on Georges Banks and in the vicinity of these Pollock Rip shoals. Unfortunately there is but one possible starting-point conveniently near, the eastern harbor of Chatham, which is guarded and fortified by a line of terrible bars, upon which the sea is almost constantly breaking. Often for days and days at a time no boat can possibly cross them.

Many times have I learned this to my sorrow. Three years ago, for instance, I traveled three hundred miles from home, only to have a fog shut down and the bars grow rough. Day after day I waited helplessly until, just as conditions became favorable for the next day, I was summoned home by telegraph.

It was two years before I was able to try it again. Another September day found me at Chatham. The next two days the bars moaned and thundered, but on the



The moment of alighting and preparatory to a dive.

third came the realization of the great event of "crossing the bar." To be sure there was some moaning of the bar when I put out to sea. The Chatham cat-rig plunged and tossed considerably, but, fortunately for my water-fowl studies, my equilibrium is not easily upset. Once through the line of breakers, we took the long even swell, and soon hove to to catch some dog-fish for livers with which to bait up birds. Of late years the cod and haddock have mostly disappeared from the coast, and it was necessary to resort to this degenerate sort of fishing to secure bait. But no one who knows the dog-fish will waste any pity, for they are a small species of shark, which go about in schools, snapping at fish right and left, making wholesale destruction. The fish were on hand and took hold with their usual greed and ferocity. In a short time we had numbers of them flopping all over the standing-room, each trying to stab us with its sharp abdominal spine. It took many heavy blows with a mallet to put them out of commission, so that we could appropriate their livers, which are larger than those of most fish.

As we were doing this, we noticed off to the southward a flock of terns darting down and plunging excitedly into the water. We knew what it meant, and, hauling aft the sheet, ran off toward them, throwing out a bluefish drail astern. The school of small "bait" disappeared with a plunge as we sailed over it. And then something took the hook with a powerful jerk. Up went the boat into the wind, and, after a hard struggle, a fine eight-pound bluefish came flouncing over the quarter. No sooner was the hook overboard again than another grabbed it, but it tore off, and the school was gone. For the location of fish, the seabirds are of great importance, and the mackerel fleet, for instance, would be badly handicapped without them. The wholesale destruction of these birds for millinery purposes is absolutely criminal, as it is for any gunner to shoot them in wanton "sport." Indeed, there is no skill or sport in it, nothing but contemptible butchery and mean selfishness. Live and let live.

With a moderate supply of liver-bait we now ran offshore to the south-east, leaving Pollock Rip light-ship dimly showing

up away to the southward. We began to encounter Mother Carey's chickens about three miles out, and soon, by dropping bits of liver overboard, had a fine company of them following us up, and flitting and twittering around the vessel. As far as I could tell, they all were the antarctic Wilson's petrels—with yellow webs instead of black, and tails rounded instead of forked. What restless, stirring little bits of animation they are. They are seldom seen to alight on the water, save for an instant. Toss out a bit of liver, just astern, and a petrel flutters down and seizes it, without alighting. It keeps fluttering its wings and pattering its feet on the surface, seeming to walk on the water, like Peter of old, hence its name. They are hard indeed to photograph, so constant is their activity and so rapid the beating of their wings. I was snapping away plates at them with my camera and found that an exposure of one one-thousandth of a second was none too quick. With one five-hundredth, at close range, the wings would blur.

The further off we sailed, the more birds appeared. Now and then a parasitic jaeger followed us up, and finally a large pomarine jaeger, tempted by the bribes of rich, fat liver we were offering, flew up close astern and gave me some fine chances with the camera. A few shearwaters, too, began to show themselves, and by the time we had reached the "Crab Ledge," some eight miles out, we decided to "lie to" again and feed the birds. "Chickens" were as plentiful as ever and came again for rations. A couple of jaegers took the leavings, as they drifted off a little way from the vessel, and perhaps a dozen greater shearwaters and a sooty shearwater or two joined the party. The fishermen call the latter class "haglets"—white and black, respectively—while the jaegers are "jiddies."

The haglets did not seem as tame as years ago, when I used almost to feed them out of my hands. However, they came fairly near, within ten feet, and I took a lot of pictures of them, in all sorts of positions and combinations. When all the plates in the holders had been exposed, I darkened the cuddy and managed to change plates without disaster and get to work again.

At length it was time to go back, espe-



Getting under way.



The successful dive, and getting up with food in bill.

cially as the wind had become light and was dying out on us. For a time it was flat calm, and we got out the long oars. While rowing I kept dropping out liver, and at length we waited, as a number of haglets, not inclined to fly without wind, alighted to eat the liver and swam after us. The skipper had managed to catch a few haddock and a single cod while I had been photographing, and we dealt out frugally the scant supply of liver. But we had not enough to draw them very close and presently it was all gone, so the birds left us and we rowed on. In time a light breeze started up, ruffling the glassy ocean and filling the sail.

A little further inshore we noticed a flock of both kinds of haglets darting eagerly about on the water. Changing our course, we ran close up and discovered that they were chasing a school of bait. In passing I secured a fine picture of the whole thing in action. This time our drail was not ready for the bluefish, but the birds had done their part.

It was my purpose to spend another day off Pollock Rip and enjoy possible new developments. Next day the wind blew a gale offshore, and evidently it blew all the birds away out to sea, for on the day following, when I tried it again, there was hardly a bird to be found. It was necessary, then, to return home; so I had to content myself with what I had already secured.

Last August I tried it once more. This time something remarkable happened. I got off-shore the first day, without any delay, but even thus I had to have a little fuss and fret. I arrived at Chatham late in the preceding afternoon, with favorable weather. Then the wind had to haul to the eastward, and blow hard in the night. The old bars began to moan, and in the morning we could see a line of breakers across the entrance. "Too rough," announced the skipper, yet he thought we might be able to get out when the tide turned in. So we ran down about ten o'clock, the party including two friends—a gentleman and his wife—both of whom were ardent bird-lovers. They confessed to being wretched sailors, but they were so eager to see those ocean birds I had written about in my book that they were willing to take the necessary punishment.

While we were still inside the point of the "north beach," before we took the swell, we saw many gulls and terns of various species, and were having such a good time that the lady remarked very naively that she might make a sailor after all, which completely upset the gravity of the skipper. Alas, as we rounded the point and shoal and plunged into the swell, our "lands-people" were soon prostrated, though they remained courageous. Up in the harbor the wind was strong and we had taken a double reef before starting. There was also wind enough outside, we could see, but right here was a slack place, and we could not stem the strong incoming tide, so we had to anchor and shake out the reef. Then came some breaker-dodging tactics, but we got outside the bar by noon and stood off to the southward, toward the Pollock Rip lightship, which we could dimly see, and then off-shore.

It proved to be the most wonderful day for jaegers in all my experience in these waters, with one possible exception. Within a mile of the bars we began to see them, and several miles out they were flying about in large numbers, and all sorts of plumage, accompanied by some shearwaters as well, with a few of the rare Corey's shearwater, which I had not seen for years.

What a beautiful picture! The sky was clear, the breeze good, and the boat tossing actively on a rolling, dancing sea. Two suffering people lay quietly, one on each side of the standing-room. The skipper had a line overboard trying for cod, and at my dictation was throwing out fragments of liver now and then, to keep the birds baited up. There was the greatest imaginable flapping of wings going on all around us. Scores of great powerful jaegers were passing and repassing close about us, and dashing down into the water to secure pieces of liver. Several would try for a piece at once, and the quickest would get it. There were shearwaters, or haglets, too, though not nearly so many. With great rapidity, and faster than the jaegers, they would go winnowing along and plunge whack into the water, seize up a piece of liver with a most comical expression of greedy satisfaction and hustle off, as they gulped it down, for fear that a jaeger would get it away from them. Once

in flight they did not fear the jaegers, so swift are they on their narrow, pointed wings. The wailing that was going on made me think of the slaughter of a battle, only that I knew the wails were not of anguish but of satisfaction, eagerness, jealousy. The jaegers' wail was in a high-pitched key, somewhat strident; that of the shearwaters was mellower and lower in the scale.

As for me, I was just in my element, fairly wild with delight, feeling like an admiral on his quarter-deck when victory is surely his own. As fast as I could, I loaded the camera, selected a single bird nearest me, in flight or in the act of alighting, or else some pretty combination of birds, and fired away. It was a perfect fusillade, each following the other with considerable rapidity, yet each exposure was made with thought and care. Meanwhile, my seasick friends had pluckily aroused themselves to see the great sight, and I pointed out to them the different sorts of birds—six kinds in all, there were. The doctor had with him a small camera, and took snapshots, between intervals of illness. Being enthusiasts, they both had the true grit. The climax of heroism was reached when the doctor's wife, small in person, but refusing to let Neptune blanch the roses from her cheeks, just before a spell of nausea, was heard to murmur faintly—"Mr. Job, the can of corned beef

is in my husband's coat pocket, on this side." Heavens, how could one think of fat, greasy, sickening corned beef when so ill! Surely the deed should be sung together with the achievements of Joan of Arc, Grace Darling, and Florence Nightingale. Unfortunately, I was too busy to open that can. My plates being used up, I crawled into the pitching cuddy, which I darkened, to load up with fresh ones.

This took some time, and when I emerged a big cloud bank was making up from the west. Just as it began to cover the sun, something went wrong with the focal plane shutter—a chip got into it, I found out that evening—and it would not work. It was time, anyhow, to stop, if we were to get in before the tide turned, so I quit. All day, singularly enough, I saw but two petrels. Yet it was far better to have photographed the jaegers, even though I discovered, after returning home, that my new ground-glass had been set a little out of register, and most of the pictures were blurry. A few good ones, however, repaid me for the trip.

No sooner did we enter the harbor than the sick were restored to health and to the enthusiasm of living, glad that they had endured the ordeal and seen the "ocean wanderers." Yet we were all agreed that about once a year was often enough to subject a landlubber to so severe a punishment—even to see the birds.



WHEN THE NORTH CALLS

By WILLIAM BEVIER ASHLEY

DRAWINGS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"GEE, Sam," says Dick, "How do you get your runners so bright?" You have brought your charger back on its iron heels with a careless jerk on the rope. "Run her over all the ashes you come to," "That's what I do," says Fred. "I tried the walk first, but bricks are no good," and his racer whirls on end. "I'll bet mine'r brighter than any of you and I never used anything!" offers Jim. "Yes, but you've got spring runners—they're round and the best kind," which was about what Jim wanted you to say—as you very well knew.

You are Sir John Franklin and party on a dash for the North Pole, and your eyes take on the glint of conquest, and your stride is as becometh those who drag their staunch ship *Erebus*—Lou's bobs (Lou is Sir J.)—over ice to the Polar Sea beyond. It is a long tramp to the Polar Sea—Walnut Hill farm—but worth it, and that sense of definiteness of purpose which always makes a man different from the crowd, manifests itself in your oblivious attitude toward the ephemeral spots of road and gutter on your route.

Once well past the temptations of the town, a turn of the road takes you abruptly from civilization into the uninhabited north. It is not definitely known that man has hitherto penetrated thus far. "That's where that Mr. Slicer lives, Lou," says Fred, "that third house on the left." "All yell 'who licked the wrong boy?' and run like the dickens!" urges Al. "It's down hill, fellows—let's get on and yell as we go past." The old Esquimo looks surlily out of his seventeen-room hut as the *Erebus*-Hustler sails by under full sail, rocking furiously, and gets his deep revenge when she flounders in a great white comber curled up at the roadside. Snow inside your rubber boots and a little trickling down behind your ears gives you the real Arctic feeling, which is well. For the next fork of the road reveals the far north indeed; off to the right where the road

becomes only a drift, the regular ships of trade bearing off here to the left.

"That thaw didn't touch it a bit!" cries Dick jubilantly. "Hurrah!—come on, fellows—the crust's like ice," yells Johnnie. "My uncle said it would hold you all over the fields," pants Lou, breaking up through the thinner crust, and seeming to think he is the dispenser of the treat on hand.

For treat it certainly is. It is not once in a Season, more like that in a Boyhood, you get anything like this! In summer, Walnut Woods crowns the middling high hill on your right that cools its feet in Wilson's Pond below to your left. Between stretch fields that level away here or roll in broad ridges there, heavy with corn and potatoes and beans, now and then a spreading oak shading some chewing kine, and Crooked Creek wearing merrily across the world. From the top of Walnut Hill the interlacing fences then can be seen, and the Indian attack against the Pond planned with an eye to the fields where the white man bends to the hoe and the buffalo snorts at the leading-ring in his nose. The snow has been piling up for days from the clouds and the other man's fields; roads are filled past clearing; fences are drifted over on three sides of the lots; and Wilson's Pond can be located only by the fishing-house and three row-boats bottom up on shore giving their shape to the snow a-top; and Walnut Hill is a whistling haunt of solemn owls. From there, both ways round to you and all the way up to heaven, is the snow-silence.

"Now fellows, let's play fair," says Sir John. "That's what I say," from Al, tipping Dick over a small-boat into a drift. "Al!" admonishes Johnnie, "you'd better look out!—you *remember* now what happened!" "Who's touchin' you?" mutters the small boy. "Gee," says Dick; "but we're wasting a lot of good time." "All aboard, men—there's considerable open sea just here we must take advantage



"I'll bet mine is brighter than any of you."

of." "Will you lay your course straight ahead, Sir?" "We shall stand somewhat to the nor' west, Mate—it's risky, perhaps, but our mission—" "Very good, Sir!" "Aw—give us a rest you, my feet's getting cold—look out Johnnie—I didn't speak to—ouch!—now you quit—do you hear!—"

You know that of all the coasting in the cold world this kind is far and away the best. You all get on the bobs and give her a good shove—and you are mighty poor at the sport if you stop before you want to. A few vigorous kicks by the hind-ender keep you moving on the levels; the merest hump starts you clipping, and you climb ridges, leap fences, and skirt trees by just second nature. On and on and on, not a house but old man Wilson's and his barns; not a sound but the *sur-sur-sur* of the runners, easily distinguishable when you let up talking in shouts and laughing in shrieks; not a care but lest you don't get all the fun there is, and your two sleds "pretending they're the small boats, fellows, hey?" jerk alongside your good ship built for just such seas as this.

"Keep your feet up!" orders Com. Sir John, guiding her dextrously around a sudden hole. Jim straddles next, being the best steerer of the lot, and you are next to him with Harold, who is always scared silly on a bobs, crowding close against you,

his knees well into your ribs. Poor judgment putting Al Talbert after Harold, but Dick is a steadier and brother John is close behind to "mother" him on occasion. Then Rob and Andie, with Jack at the end—every man on deck. You come over the crest of a big wave and rush down its slope with a cheer. "Now, my men," explains Sir John, "we are to make for yonder head of land—" "That's Wilson's Pond, Cap."—"And every man look out for icebergs—that's trees, you know, fellows—and floes—that's rocks and stumps—and bears, and—and anything—"

It is a voyage to recommend for bald-heads!—twice you run upon the submerged parts of bergs and rearrange yourselves on deck in rare indifference to an Arctic dip. Once you come about so sharply she loses headway and goes backward down the side of a wave, to bring up short in a long breaker, completely smashing its top rail. You make a safe turn about a great berg bearing down upon you, and discuss the dangers of this strange sea in scientific terms—"Say, boys!—ain't this fine!"—"This beats the river hill all hollow!"—"I'll bet the rest wish they were here!"—"Wear ship, men!—we must bring her quick about!"—"Left feet down—shove her off!" which clearly nautical command saves you from smashing into another iceberg—

that has sheltered many a cow in summer.

"This is a fortunate escape, my men," says Sir John, "and we must now leave the ship and work our way overland a distance." "Do you think, Sir, we should proceed in a body, or by groups—it's fun to separate, you know, Lou—" "By groups, decidedly!—and each man will be allowed any big game he may take—spare the small game!"—"What's that up there, fellows?" whispered Harold. "Where?"—"What did you see?"—"Don't be such a afraid-cat!" "But I saw something move—there!—there it is now!"—"Saltpetre! I saw it too!" "Where? what did it look like?"—"Something queer—it moved quick-like—and went up and down kinda!" "Probably a bear!" "Come on and let's see what it is—there's a lot of us!"—"What are you crying about, Harold, noth'n'll hurt you!"

Sugar and tongs! how that shriek chills your marrow!

"It's a bear—or a polar-Indian, or a bull-moose—they say bull-moosees are furious when deprived of their young!"—"We ain't touched nobody's young!" "Let's go back, fellows!" "Aw—come on—who ever heard of anything around Wilson's Pond!"—"By the jumping John Rogers!" says Jim, "where are Al and Andie?" "We'll pretend they *are* bears," pants Johnnie, leading the chase. Let really bears add to their litany, "From a combination of boys and a snowdrift, kind fate deliver us!"

"I dare you to take the bobs up in the woods and ride down, Lou!"

Two qualities fit a man to dominate. One is the power to forget his mask and be himself; the other is the gift of forgetting himself and remembering the other man. Quiet Jim Sanderson. You remember how he never could keep pretending, and how he always seemed to get what he wanted by the mere potency of his way of going after it!

Walnut Hill had not struck you before as being a glacier—but such Jim's remark shows it to be, forming a difficult barrier to your progress, and by that very fact arousing all Sir John's resolution. It is a simple enough matter to regard the small-boats, and the ship too, as sledges; and, for convenience, the same side of the hill you toil up will do for the opposite side down,

taking you a big step nearer the goal! You and Andie try it standing on your sleds, and go slamming, swinging, pitching, falling down the risky descent, barking trees and shins, jumping stumps and clipping rocks till you are again out in the open and have to drop to your hips for the swift flash to the pond. The bobs come zigzagging after, Jim steering, Lou at the critical hind-sled, Dick and Al standing, kneeling, rolling, on the seat between, with the rest racing alongside to jeer and cheer and stumble over roots—crevasses—and bang into solid steel trees—exposed rock. Until you have been on a bobs with its front sled hanging over a small precipice, its hind sled caught against a tree you have just rounded, and with a choice of another tree to your right, an ugly stump to your left, and a low, thorny bush straight in front when you *do* pitch suddenly forward—you are only a beginner. If you only could face father—when he wants you to face the other way for a few painful moments—as you face such threatenings—well, a spanking then would really "hurt me more than you, my son!" And to wriggle—and creep—and unexpectedly leap straight out from the top of a hillock and land on all four runners twenty feet beyond and six below, is sport. It is some training for the slippery places in the woods you are to come to in grown-up days. It means steadier nerves, and a pair of eyes to see past pitfalls and failures and obstacles to the clear road beyond, even as Jim finally brings his daring crew out on the home-line and lets her rip to her rest.

But it grows late. You have come thus far without noteworthy incident. A few ice-packs crossed, several hummocks and a glacier overcome! The day certainly is a wasted one. Some of you ought really to have been here a year or so foodless and lifeless, waiting for a rescuing party composed of the rest, who are only about now coming on your tracks. How else can new exploration parties seek the Pole if each party in turn is not rescued from finding it? So you wait until Al and Dick get out of sight, not seeing them anyway, not even hearing Al's feeble, starving wail, "You've gone and taken a hog-bite, Dick, and it's the only apple I've got!"—Presently you look up—the bleak North stretches bare before you—"Come on now, fellows—we're the rescuing party!"

"We ought not to have let them go, John"—"We'll find them all right—let's all call at once—now—one—two—three—AL! DICK! now, again—AL!! DICK!!" "Say fellows, we've got to do something, and quick, too." "Well, but haven't we gone all over everywhere—and hollered our heads off!" "I'll bet they have gone off home alone for a joke!"—"Dick wouldn't do that"—"My, but it's getting cold—going to snow, too." "Playin' some of you gets lost and the rest have to rescue you ain't so much fun—is it?" shivers Harold. "I'll tell you," from Andie, "we will put the bobs right here, and spread out in a big circle—" "Good for you! and each fellow keep yelling—"



The daily winter fight between gangs.

"That's it," "Come on!"—"Wait—if any one of us finds them he must holler with his hand hitting his mouth like this—you know!" "That's the talk!—we'll find the duffers now!—" "And if they are fooling us—!"

But they weren't.

You are a white-faced lot as you turn toward home, Dick holding Al on the "ship" because of the terrible hole the pointer made in his head when it struck him. "Do you think he'll die, Johnnie?" But Johnnie strides right on, keeping the rope taut, though it trembles. You would have started an hour earlier and gone faster but for this, and with the sun behind

the hill and a dry snow falling through the chilly air you are not prone to festiveness. But you chatter and laugh to cheer up Al, who laughs, too—once or twice. You talk about how you are going on the Sunday-school sleigh-ride next week, and what bully skating it'll be to-morrow if it doesn't snow much, "Anyway, they'll sweep a place," and how they say sometimes there are wolves around even up in this section—never in your life did you dream an owl had such a horrible screech! or that your blood could flow in icicles!—and how easy it is to freeze if you can't move your limbs, which is how Fred says his cousin froze his ears "on just such a night as this." And, so talking to cheer Al and

imbue him with your courage, you plod toward home with the Erebus-Hustler and her two small-boats, Jim and Johnnie leading and saying little; the rest somehow rubbing elbows, or treading on the front fellows' heels, or even, in big Jack's case, taking hold of hands with Harold for some reason—afraid maybe; and by the time the stars have succeeded the flurry of snow, and Mother is putting your supper in the oven to keep it warm while Father says he will "attend" to you, and Jess adds a spoonful to your pudding, you all come out at the end of

the wrong road, and to your total discouragement and fright find you are on the very top of the sandbank hill, with Al in a dead stupor, and a quarter of a mile of drift between you and the foot of the sand-bank where the bridge spans the deep railroad cut, and the big coast down into the village begins.

"Jiminy cracks! but we had bad luck in losing that road!" "What shall we do fellows—ride down?—it'll take us into the town inside of ten minutes." "Yes—if we don't land in the cut!" "You'll never make the turn, Lou—never!" "No—of course you won't—the hill is iced all the way from there, way down past the



"Lean, boys—hard over—now—hard—hard."

school!" "It's dark too—" "And the hill will be chuck full—you'd kill a lot of people"—says Jim—"If we don't get Dick home in ten minutes he will be dead I tell you!"

The big men always watered the school hill, making a shining streak down its center from the Catholic church, where the sand-bank road turned to come into the town, away down to the Presbyterian church four "blocks" below. It was a ride for the daring only. The frame sled and the boy who sat up like a girl—ought to—kept off that hill except to stand along its sides to watch. There were men even to guard the street crossing at the foot. The brave rider on sled or bobs started at the canal bridge; the braver from the head of the hill at the Catholic church; the bravest from the railroad cut three blocks above that, around the bend. The foolhardy sometimes went a short way beyond the cut, up the steep sand-bank, but everybody expected a tragedy in that case. The top of the sand-bank was never tried—that would have been

suicide in a sled and murder in a bobs.

The crowd is always a noisy one—"Road! Road!" There come the Black Hawks. "Way below! way below!" Those are the dare-devils of the town—they came from the cut, and look like warriors on a raid as they roar past. "Road! road!" it's the shrill call of a kid aflit his pointer, racing after them and followed by two more nervy imitators. "Road! road!" and the Red Devil grins fiendishly past, Ned Wilson at the lines holding her to the track, for she carries the young men and ladies of the Sunday-school, heads on any shoulders so long as they fit—for the moment. No complaints at the volleys of snow-balls; no complaint at the sudden swerve on the artificial hump near the foot—only a wild screaming and scrambling to get

out of the way of "Road! road! road!" Then The Merry Monster crashes by twenty deep—every throat cheering—and followed close by The Demon, singing "Good Night, Ladies." The tired coasters line up to watch the unwearied—the Black Hawk scares its wild way again—more independents whistle past—the Fast Express, carrying all full-grown men, starts from the canal and tears a rut in the track as she *scrrrrss* on into the "lamp-lighted" darkness. It is a merry, laughing—"What's that racket up above there, anyway?" "What are they shouting?" "But the Black Hawk just *went* down, I tell you!" "Who is it, then?" "They are coming from above the cut!"—"Here they are!" "Stand back!—stand back!" "Room below there!" "Stop her! you can't make the turn!" "Tip her over, you fools!—tip her!" "Look at them!" "Who are you?—great Scot! it's a crowd of kids! they'll be killed!"

"We're—going—like lightning—Jim—can you turn—her?" Says Jim—"Lean, boys—hard over—*now*—hard!—*hard*!—we're safe! all together now—'road! road! ! road! ! !'"

BREEDING EXHIBITION POULTRY

By H. S. BABCOCK

IN all ages of the world and among all races and classes of men, the doer has won popular applause. He has preceded the maker in time and in favor. Achilles must fight before Homer can sing; "the arms and the man" arouse Virgil from silence and give him voice; and Homer and Virgil not only become possible but also popular because of the heroes whose deeds they celebrate. It is the *gaudium certaminis* to which the human heart responds.

In the ruder ages, before the dawn of civilization, the contests were brutal in their severity. The sweat was mingled with blood. The steady march of civilization has removed the brutality and refined the forms of contests, but has not been able to obliterate the feeling from which they spring. It has been said that at heart man remains a savage, that he retains and will retain for ages to come some marks of his brute origin, and that contests in some form he must have to meet the deep-seated needs of his being. Such contests may become less of brawn and more of brain, but they will not cease.

The poultry exhibition affords a peaceful arena for contests, not of strength but of skill, not of brute force but of mind. Once—and not so very many years ago—poultry fanciers decided the superiority of their fowls by combats in which usually one fowl was left dead and sometimes both perished. But gradually the law placed its ban upon this form of contest, until at the present time, in nearly every enlightened State, cock-fighting has become a misdemeanor punishable by a substantial fine. The sport has not been wholly destroyed—it still persists in certain localities and is practised in seclusion under cover of the night—but it has become outlawed, and law-abiding fanciers have substituted the poultry exhibition for the cock-pit.

The extent of this substitution may be appreciated by a consideration of the number of poultry exhibitions held annually, and the number of specimens shown at each exhibition. In the United States

alone, not counting the numerous agricultural fairs at which poultry forms a by no means inconsiderable part of the attractions, during the past year there were held upwards of one hundred poultry exhibitions. The lowest grade of these exhibitions averaged probably from three hundred to five hundred specimens; those of the second grade, from five hundred to twelve hundred; and those of the highest grade from fifteen hundred to four or five thousand specimens. If a thousand specimens are considered as the average of all of the exhibitions, the grand total would be upwards of one hundred thousand specimens. And it is probable that at the town, county and state agricultural fairs fully as many more were exhibited, so that a conservative estimate would place the number of fowls exhibited during the past year at about one quarter of a million.

In the production of these fowls the various breeders have attempted to follow the requirements of a little volume issued by the American Poultry Association, "The Standard of Perfection," in which is given a detailed statement of the figure, color and markings of all of the recognized varieties of fowls. This little book has been called "The Poultryman's Bible," and "The Poultryman's Statute Book," and like the Bible and a book of statutes, it has been construed diversely by different breeders and judges. It is impossible to describe in words the various characteristics of fowls, so that all minds shall interpret them alike. For lack of better terms, vague expressions are sometimes necessarily used, such as "of medium length." Mathematical accuracy is impossible, and uncertain terms lead to similarly uncertain interpretations. Descriptions of color are even less accurate than descriptions of form, and it would probably be impossible to get a unanimous verdict from twelve experts of the exact meaning of "golden buff." And so it happens that what the Standard really means depends more upon the interpretation of the judges than upon its forms of expression, and, as the judges do not agree among themselves, the nicer

points ultimately depend upon the interpretation of the one judge who is placing the awards at any given exhibition.

This diversity of interpretation results in different types and different shades of color appearing in fowls of the same variety. One judge may favor one type or one shade of color, while another judge may favor a different type or shade of color. One judge may consider perfection of form of less, and another judge may consider it of more account than perfection of color. And if an exhibitor can ascertain, before making his entries at an exhibition, the preferences of the judge who is to officiate, he can select his specimens for exhibition with greater confidence. Where one cannot obtain this information he may profit from the example of a veteran and very successful breeder and exhibitor, who always used to select two types of fowls in order to be sure to hit the fancy of the judge; if one type were wrong, the other was quite certain to be right.

It would be misleading, however, to leave the impression that there is no unanimity of opinion among judges. In many varieties, while there may be a diversity of opinion respecting some minor points, there is a substantial unity of opinion regarding the more fundamental requirements. And, as exhibitions have become more numerous and the opportunities of inspecting each other's work have become more frequent, the interpretation of the requirements of the Standard has become more uniform among the judges. This uniformity of interpretation apparently has increased during the past decade, and it is probable that it will continue to increase with the passing of each year. The importance of uniformity in judging is leading to a more careful study of standard requirements, a more frequent interchange of views and a better understanding of how the Standard shall be applied in the actual work of making awards. While it is too much to expect that judging fowls will ever become perfectly uniform, it is apparent that tendencies towards greater uniformity are at work and will continue to work towards the desired end.

In judging fowls, two methods are employed, each having its special advocates, and designated briefly as the score-card system and the comparison system.

By the former—the score-card system—a perfect fowl is considered worthy of one hundred points, and the judge notes upon a card the percentage of departure from perfection which he finds in the several sections of the fowl. When these defects have been valued, he adds up the column of “outs” and subtracts this sum from the one hundred points allotted to absolute perfection, and the remainder is the score of the fowl. The fowl having the largest remainder, after the deduction of the “outs,” becomes the winner. By comparison, the judge notes mentally the departures from perfection, and the fowl which, in his opinion, shows the smallest amount of departure from perfection is designated as the winner. As by both methods of judging, each fowl must be compared with the ideal described in the Standard, the actual difference between the two systems, when properly applied, is that of keeping a written record of defects in the one case and omitting it in the other. In the largest exhibitions, because of a saving in time and labor, comparison has become the favorite method of judging. In the smaller shows, because of the record it gives to all the fowls in competition, the score card is the more popular. The value of the judging under either system depends upon the competency of the judge; if he is incompetent, his judgment is valueless, whether his ignorance is recorded in detail or whether it is shown only in his misplaced awards.

An exhibition fowl should receive proper preparation and training before it is placed in the show. Fowls which are soiled in plumage cannot hope to compete successfully with those which are clean. A fowl which is wild, and either crouches in a corner or makes a mad attempt to fly out at the top of its coop, has a small chance with one of equal, or even less, merit, which has been taught to pose and exhibits no fear. One year, at the great exhibition annually held in Madison Square Garden, New York, I stood before a coop containing, what I deemed, the finest Black-breasted Red Game cock in the show, and was wondering why such a specimen had failed to win a place. The judge who had placed the awards in this class I knew to be one of the best judges of Game fowls in the country. As I stood there trying to



The Indian Game.

solve this problem, the judge came up, and greeting me, said: "That is the best cock here. He ought to have won the first prize, but when I judged the class he was so wild that I couldn't get him to stand and show what he was, and so I was obliged to pass him." If this fowl had been properly trained, by putting him into an exhibition coop for a few hours each day for the period of one or two weeks before the exhibition, enabling him to become familiar with his quarters and to overcome his timidity, he might have carried off the coveted blue ribbon instead of failing to get any place. The horseman, who would put into the show-ring a wild, ungroomed horse, would be laughed at, and yet exhibitors of fowls commit precisely similar folly each year.

But while proper preparation and training are desirable, "faking" is an abomination. By this term is meant the altering over of comb, the dyeing and splicing of feathers, the artificial coloring of shanks and the like. Instances of "faking" are on record where extreme cruelty was practised. Fowls have been exhibited with needles run lengthwise through their combs to keep them straight, and where the top of the comb was one large scar made by cutting away the flesh in order to bring the comb into symmetrical proportions. When "faking" is discovered the fowls are promptly disqualified from competition, and the owners ought to be disbarred from future exhibiting. In this country they usually escape disbarment, and in the eyes of some, their sin consists only in being discovered. We lack a central organization with sufficient power to deal with those engaged in this dishonorable practice. Our poultry associations are independent organizations over which the American Poultry Association has no control, and if an exhibitor is found guilty of "faking" the utmost that can be done is for the organization detecting him to disqualify his exhibit, to refuse to receive future entries from him, and to get other associations to do the same if they will. The American Kennel Club has power to protect the honest and punish the dishonest exhibitor of dogs, and in the National Trotting Horse Association the Board of Review expels fraudulently driven horses and unworthy horsemen

from its tracks, but the poultry exhibitor is under no such control. The honest exhibitor, for the present at least, must rely for protection against the dishonest exhibitor upon the moral sense of the community and the keenness of the judges and managers of exhibitions in detecting fraud.

The breeder of exhibition poultry who wishes to attain recognition as such must, perforce, become a successful exhibitor. But before he can become a successful exhibitor he must win success as a breeder. In the formation of his ideal fowl, three elements must be kept conspicuously before his mind—the necessary shape, the desired color, the exact markings. To know the meaning of these elements it will be necessary to study carefully the standard requirements, to learn how they are interpreted by artists in their ideal illustrations, and to frequent the poultry exhibitions to ascertain the interpretation of the judges. In this way the first step to success, a correct knowledge of what is required, may be taken.

In breeding for shape, a beginner will probably obtain the best results by using prize fowls, especially if they are fowls which have won under a judge who considers shape of the first importance. Later on, when the beginner has gained experience and is no longer a beginner, he will mate his fowls so that a deficiency in one sex will be corrected by an over-development in the other sex.

In breeding for color it will be indispensable to learn what are the breeding tendencies of the selected variety. For example, in Barred Plymouth Rocks the tendency is for the males to average much lighter in color than the females, so that the breeding together of fowls of the shade desired for exhibition will result in failure, the males becoming too light and the females too dark for such a purpose. Special matings for the production of each sex of the desired color are necessary. And whatever the breeding tendency of the selected variety, successful breeding requires its mastery.

In breeding for markings it is necessary to secure not only the proper colors but to secure them in proper adjustment and correct proportion to each other. The markings must be accurate in pattern and clearly defined. In nearly every such

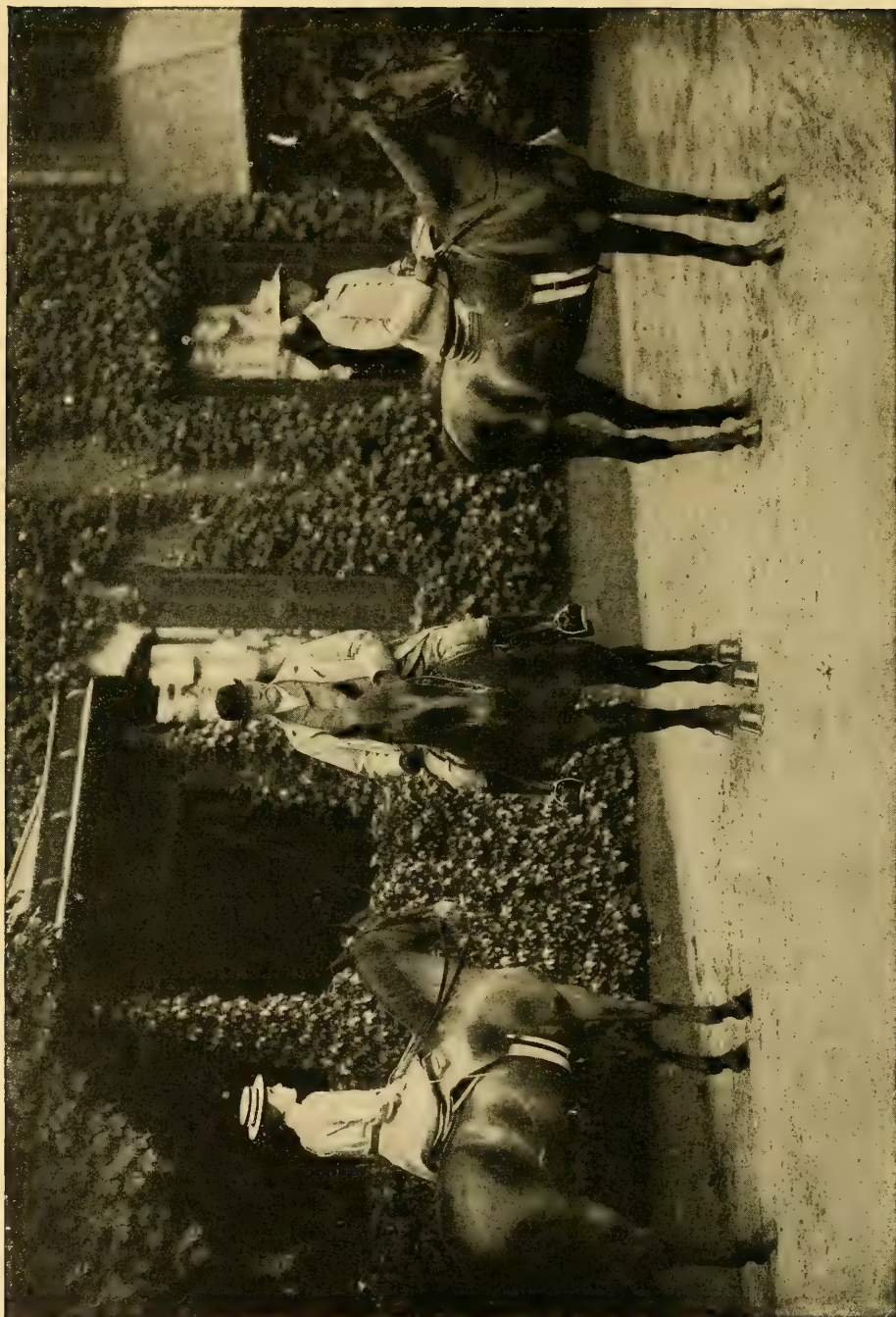
case special matings will be required to secure the desired result. A single illustration will suffice to indicate what is necessary to be done. The Dark Brahma female is one of the most exquisitely penciled fowls among the domestic varieties. Upon a steel-gray ground color, the pencilings of black or nearly black are placed, one within the other, each following the contour of the web of the feather. In the best specimens there are not less than three and frequently as many as five of these concentric lines of dark color upon each feather. The male has a black breast, underbody and tail, with hackle and saddle of silvery white striped with a broad black center, and the wing white with a broad black bar. If a beginner were to mate such a cock and hen as above indicated, and such as are required for exhibition, he would produce indifferent specimens of both sexes, and probably lose most of the beautiful penciling of the female. To secure this penciling upon the female he must use a cock with a breast mottled or splashed with white—a sorry specimen for the show room but invaluable in the breeding yard.

When one has learned what to breed and how to breed, his labor will become very pleasant. The difficulties which beset his path are easily removed. If nearly a quarter of a million of exhibition fowls were produced last season, the necessary knowledge of the art of breeding must be somewhat widely diffused. What so many have done, and done so well, no man of average ability should be deterred from attempting. And that this work has been done well, no one who has visited an exhibition like the New York or Boston show, and has observed the beautiful specimens in competition, with their finely turned figures, rich colors and accurate markings, will for a moment question. To one who has never visited such an exhibition the work of fanciers will seem almost like magic. But it is a magic that any one can learn and practice with, at least, a fair chance of success.

When one has succeeded in producing proper specimens, his next step is to exhibit them. Horace Greeley, when the question of the resumption of specie payments was under discussion, said, "The best way to resume is to resume." And this, *mutatis*

mutandis, is the proper advice to give one who would win success as an exhibitor. The best way to become a successful exhibitor is to exhibit. There is, indeed, no other way. If defeated the first season—and such a result is not improbable—he should not be discouraged. The causes of his defeat are probably discoverable, and he will wisely attempt to find what they were. After suffering a few defeats, if he has ascertained the causes and attempted to remedy them, success will come. And such success is not dearly bought, because each defeat has been teaching him in the best of all schools, that of experience.

And not only will an exhibitor learn in the school of experience the secret of successful exhibiting, but he will also gain a conception of the true object of poultry exhibitions. His first conception will probably be narrow and hence false, embracing only the idea of winning prizes. Later, he will enlarge this conception by adding other ideas. He will see in the poultry exhibition an opportunity to match skill against skill, the chance of meeting old friends and making new ones, the pleasure of knowing that he is growing intellectually and the like. And, finally, the true conception will dawn upon him that the poultry exhibition has for its real object the building up of a great industry. He will see that underneath the pleasure which it affords and resting upon it as upon a firm foundation, there is a serious purpose, affecting not only the exhibitors but thousands who are not and never will be exhibitors, but who have a living interest in the production of more and better fowls. And when once this conception has been gained, it will be apparent that he is fulfilling his duty to the public, not by winning prizes but by exhibiting fowls. Whether they win or whether they lose is unimportant, provided always that the best fowls win; to sustain the exhibition and thereby to promote the industry is the important matter. A true conception of the real object of poultry exhibitions, especially when that conception is held not only by the intellect but also by the affections, so as to become a motive power of action, will develop in the exhibitor the true characteristics of a sportsman, to win modestly, lose gracefully, and to be happy in either event.



A. J. Cassett and his daughters.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE OUTDOOR WORLD

THE PREFERENCES OF A. J. CASSETT

AT the head of one of the world's greatest railway systems, president of seven companies, and director of twenty-three, A. J. Cassett would gladly forsake them all for leisure to enjoy the out-of-doors with his horses, his stock-farm, the golf course and the open road. Once before, he made his escape from the trammels of high position and great responsibility, and at the age of forty-two, retired from a vice-presidency of the Pennsylvania road which he had welded into a system, to devote himself to sport and recreation, just as the late William C. Whitney planned to enjoy himself after the age of sixty. Mr. Cassett did the far more surprising thing of making pastime his business while he was yet a young man, and for seventeen years he ordered his life as he would have it, in travel and residence abroad, and in using his influence at home for the uplifting of the standards of sport as recreation.

As one of the two or three foremost patrons of the American turf during those years, as a breeder, farmer, and patron of the horse, Mr. Cassett was admired by a generation which has almost forgotten that the president of the Pennsylvania system was, for so long a time, a gentleman sportsman of the finest type, by preference. He was dragged from his retirement to re-enter the railway world when Frank Thompson died, and a new president must be found. It is well known that Mr. Cassett did not want to take the position. The life of a country gentleman was his choice. The committee from the Board of Directors, appointed to notify him of his election, went out to his country home at Haverford, deeply impressed with the weight of their mission.

"Mr. Cassett is out on the golf links," was the reply to their anxious inquiry. "Will you come in and wait for him?"

The solemn directors would not wait but turned and went to the course, where they

saw Mr. Cassett lustily swinging a club, and as they drew near, he made a long drive.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cassett," said they.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen. That was a pretty good drive, wasn't it? You're just in time to join me in a round."

"Ahem, thank you," said the fidgety trio, "but we did not come out here to-day to play golf. The fact is, we are here to announce to you that the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad has elected you to the presidency. And we have been appointed to notify you and take back with us your official acceptance."

Mr. Cassett stood silent for some time, so the story goes, and then made answer.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor, but I don't want it. I want to be left alone with my horses and golf-sticks."

"But think of the——"

"I don't care a rap for the position. Why can't your good people leave me alone to enjoy my own good times without bother and interruption and care. I don't want the presidency; I won't accept it."

The surprised directors urged and argued, but they went home without an acceptance. Then began a campaign of persuasion and flank attack. Finally Mrs. Cassett was enlisted in the cause. She asked him to take the office.

"And give up my horses and my pleasures?" said he, with the air of a man who was being unfairly dealt with. "Haven't we money enough already?"

When Mr. Cassett capitulated, he sailed his new duties with the same enthusiasm that had filled his seventeen years of wholesome recreation and out-door occupation. He was at his desk in the president's office eleven hours a day, and within three years he had undertaken the greatest railroad improvements ever planned for one system. He showed that what a part of the busy world calls "wasting time" for seventeen years had only sharpened the edge of his ability and masterly energy.

President Cassett is not divorced from his wholesome fondness for outdoor pleas-

ures, and, when he leaves his offices, it is to go to his country home, "Cheswold," and drive or ride over roads whose excellence is to be credited to his years of office as Supervisor of Lower Merion Township. His neighbors elected him to this office nearly twenty years on end, and while he hung back from the presidency of the Pennsylvania system, this country gentleman needed no urging to work for better roads, and he is proud of his record as Supervisor.

To the younger generation, Mr. Cassett's prominence as a turfman is somewhat blurred by years, yet it was he who was the head and front of high-class racing as a pastime for gentlemen, when Monmouth Park was in its finest bloom. The Bard carried his colors—red, white and blue—in one of the most brilliant racing records recorded in America, for a stable which boasted, also, of Taragon, Bend Or and Eurus. Reminiscent of those great days was the recent success of Gold Heels, a product of the Chesterbrook stud.

When racing at Monmouth Park became rotten with scandal, and the turf at large seemed to have fallen upon evil days, Mr. Cassett decided that the game was no longer his kind of pastime. He sold his stable, and turned his attention to breeding on an imposing scale at "Chesterbrook," his farm near Philadelphia. In a short time he had brought the imported hackney to the front for carriage and driving uses. Little Wonder, the pride of his hackney stud, swept the show ring for years, and was a sensational success in the stud. The Bard was at the head of the thoroughbred stud of Chesterbrook, and his lordly presence was enough to make the farm famous. But in addition to these classes, Mr. Cassett became interested in breeding fancy sheep, Guernsey and Aberdeen cattle, Percheron draught horses—all tending to better the farming and driving stock of this country.

President Cassett was one of the pioneer promoters of coaching in this country, and for many years was head of the Philadelphia Coaching Club. He has maintained an active interest in the Radnor Hunt, and was conspicuous in the organization of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association. Cricket is a Philadelphia institution, and Mr. Cassett has been one of the leading cricket enthusiasts in that region, as presi-

dent both of the Merion Cricket Club and the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia.

Rarely fortunate both in his tastes and the means to gratify them, he is, at sixty-five years, a stalwart and active six-footer, "a human dynamo" in business, and as ardent a lover of hardy outdoor pastime as when twenty-odd years ago, he got out of harness expecting to be free. His daughters have shared his keenness for horses, and for bracing recreation of all sorts.

A HEROINE OF THE TAN-BARK RING

MANY thousand patrons of the horse-shows of recent years will recall, as a consistently interesting feature, the sight of a pale slip of a girl riding high-class hunters, with rare pluck and skill, in the dashing battles of the show-ring. When it comes to timber-topping for the prize ribbons, a lad, in whom the family likeness is unmistakable, is usually with this string of hunters, ready to risk his neck with all the careless indifference in the world. Miss Marion Holloway and her brother Sidney, have even a pluckier story behind them than shows in the test of the tan-bark ring.

Their father was an English horseman of sturdy yeomen stock, who came to this country to manage the stable and breeding interests of S. S. Howland's farm in the Genesee Valley.

He was uncommonly successful with this enterprise, and among fine horses and in the hardy, out-door life of this hard-riding region, the young Holloways—Marion and Sidney—were raised. As children, they straddled ramping hunters as other youngsters curb their fiery rocking-horses. They learned not only how to ride straight, but all about horses, from the stable to the show-ring, and this knowledge was absorbed year by year, without conscious effort.

When they were in their early teens their father set up his own breeding establishment at Scarsdale, and his children helped him. He died, leaving them with the farm on their hands, as their means of livelihood, and they grappled with the problem in very manly fashion. For exhibition purposes, their horses were now

entered in the name of young Sidney Holloway, and his sister exhibited with him, handling their hunters at every notable show of the year. They built up a flourishing business, and one in which they have found no end of pleasure as well.

her with great force, seeming to roll on her as he struggled to get on his feet. Pale and undaunted, the fragile-looking young girl rose with him, and without stopping to find out whether she was hurt or not, remounted him, and finished the circuit of



Miss Marion Holloway on one of her jumpers.

New York horse-show patrons will recall their sensational introduction to the nerve and daring of Miss Holloway, at Madison Square Garden in 1897. She was riding a prize-winning hunter over the hurdles, when her horse stumbled, fell, and threw

jumps in headlong style. The daily papers pictured this feat as if it were something out of the usual run for Miss Holloway. But on her farm, when she is training her green hunters for the jumps, croppers, falls and bruises have been her common



Governor Napoleon Broward.

lot, and she thinks of them only as incidents of the day's work. Brother Sidney is one of the most fearless cross-country riders going, and has broken ribs and other important features of his anatomy until he loses count of the total injury list. The only occasions on which Miss Holloway seems at all nervous is when her young brother is taking a horse over the high jumps against a record, or performing some other hazardous feat. And conversely, the game is commonplace for Sidney except when his sister is riding hard at risk of her neck.

THE PICTURESQUE GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA

NAPOLÉON BROWARD, elected governor of Florida last November, sworn duly to enforce the laws of that semi-tropical commonwealth, owes

some share of his popularity to the incongruous fact that several years ago he was ardently engaged in dodging and puncturing the laws of the government at Washington. As part owner and captain of the famous, or infamous, filibuster, *Three Friends*, he eluded United States cruisers and gunboats, officials and detectives, and fled merrily out of the frying pan into the fire, by running the Spanish blockade around the island of Cuba. The government at Havana offered large rewards for the capture or destruction of the *Three Friends*, and incidentally set glittering prices on the heads of Captains Napoleon Broward and "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien. These are stirring names in themselves, and they fitted the men who bore them in 1895 and 1896.

Governor Broward had been a sailor and a tug-boat man from his youth up. The *Three Friends* was built in a Jacksonville



Mrs. Henry G. Trevor, one of the most successful exhibitors of French poodles, with three of her winners—Champion Milo Fils, Emperor of Meadowmere, and Milo Boy II.



John W. Bourdette—all he caught that day.

ship-yard, with an eye for the lawless career in which she gained notoriety for herself, and large dividends for her owners. Captain Broward was not content to stay at home while his big ocean-going tug panted down the Caribbean Sea, crammed to the hatches with rifles, dynamite, machetes, artillery ammunition and Cuban patriots. When a voyage looked particularly hazardous, he went out with his vessel, and

drove her with the safety-valve clamped down.

While the finest kind of reckless bravery and resource was needed to run the chances in this vocation, these qualities were needed also in eluding the vigilance of the American authorities, who were bound in honor to check these violations of the neutrality laws, as between two friendly nations. Other filibustering skippers went to prison

—Hart and Wiborg in Philadelphia under two years' sentences—but Captain Broward was too clever to be caught red-handed. The *Three Friends* was often seized and held under suspicion, but her crew were loyal, none turned State's evidence, and the Florida filibusters were heroes in their communities.

Captain Broward held a "wrecking license" which he produced in time of sore need, and the *Three Friends* would be allowed innocently to saunter down the Florida coast in search of some "reported wreck." Ten days or a fortnight later she would return to port outwardly guiltless, but meantime there had been transfers of explosive cargoes and desperate dashes through the Spanish blockade.

Now Captain Broward is the dignified governor of Florida, and the *Three Friends* plies a conservative and respectable business as a tow-boat, in and out of the St. John's bar.

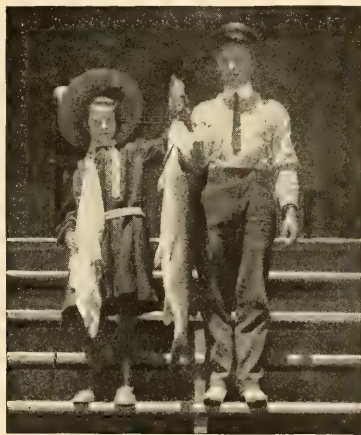
A WESTERN FRIEND OF FISH AND FOWL

THEY will tell you in San Francisco that the city is the home of more men and women actively interested in out-door recreation than is any other place of its size in the country. That all out-doors is so close at hand in a hundred tempting guises, has much to do with this notable enthusiasm, which enrolls among its most prominent patrons John W. Bourdette, a lawyer, when he has to be confined within four walls. For many years he had a zealous influence in the enforcement of the State laws for protecting fish and fowl. Not content with striving to safeguard living

game, Mr. Bourdette has given freely of his time and money to stock the California streams with trout, with no other reward than the satisfaction of helping the cause of out-door pastime. Through his efforts, 40,000 Eastern brook trout were distributed in the Rubicon River near Lake Tahoe. This work was so successful that he next stocked the streams of that region with 100,000 Rainbow trout, and intends steadily to increase these benefactions.

As a member of the Pringle Pond Gun Club, whose preserve of 800 acres of marsh and tule land is at Suisun in Salano County, Mr. Bourdette has had opportunity to do conspicuous work for adequate game protection. Like other hunting clubs of California, this club coöperates with the State organization in behalf of fish and game guardianship along wholesome lines of influence. In addition to this kind of leadership in out-door life, Mr. Bourdette has been a member of the Olympic Athletic Club for twenty-six years. While he was chairman of the Advisory Board he was one of the most aggressive fighters for clean standards of amateur athletics, in spirit and letter, on the Pacific coast.

His home is a model farm of eighty acres, at Belmont, an hour's ride from San Francisco. Here he enjoys much of his leisure time out of doors, and is a very Spartan for exercise. Five o'clock of every morning in the year, in all weathers, finds him out and starting on a walk of seven or eight miles. A cold shower, and breakfast, and Mr. Bourdette is ready for the 8.15 train to his office in the city, an energetic, cheerful, untiring type of man, who, at nearly fifty years of age, can walk most of the youngsters to a standstill in a long day's gunning or fishing.



Miss Mary Rutgers Sage, age 9, and a 15-lb. (3-ft. 5-in. in length) muscallonge which she caught in the St. Lawrence River and brought to gaff in ten minutes.



John Flanagan, of the New York Irish Athletic Association—all-round weight-throwing champion of the world.



Photographs by N. W. Penfield

C. M. Daniels, of the New York Athletic Club—champion short-distance swimmer of the world.



Photograph by Notman.

The Canadian *Nourna*, which successfully defended the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Cup—champion small boat trophy of the world.



The *St. Claire*, which won the Lipton Cup for the championship of the Great Lakes.

THE LEAST KNOWN OF ALL GAME ANIMALS

By E. S. HALLOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. L. BULL AND J. M. GLEESON

NOWADAYS, when anyone speaks of rare animals, our thoughts turn at once to the American bison, the Prongbuck, the white-tailed gnu and gemsbok of South Africa; in other words, all those creatures that are now verging on the ragged edge of extinction as a result of the spread of civilization and the white man over the face of the globe. The idea of there being numerous creatures of which civilized man knows next to nothing; animals that have never been hunted by white men, in countries that are as yet a *terra incognita*, never once enters the mind of the average creature of civilization, and it was for this reason that civilized humanity was thunderstruck and aghast when, in 1901, Sir Harry H. Johnston, the British Commissioner to Uganda, announced the discovery of the okapi in the untrodden forests of Semlika, Ruwenzori and Aruwimi.

The hinterland of the West Coast of Africa, from Senegambia on the north, to the Gaboon River on the south; the Himalaya Mountains from Simla on the west, to Moupin, in Western China, on the east; the Amur Valley, in Eastern Siberia and Manchuria; and the group of islands, including Mindanao, lying between Luzon on the north and Borneo on the south, are the four little-known and unexplored regions, in which are found some of the most remarkable animals in the world; animals, many of which would make the fortune of any showman fortunate enough to possess specimens of them.

Beginning with the hinterland of the West African coast, from Senegal south to the Gaboon, we at once strike two animals that are today practically unknown to the outside world. These are the pygmy, or Liberian hippopotamus, and the Derbian eland. The first-named is just what its name implies, a pygmy hippopotamus differing from the larger and common variety in three respects only. In the first place it

is much smaller than the common hippopotamus amphibius, being no larger than an ordinary or fair-sized hog; in the second place it differs somewhat from the common hippo in the character of its teeth; and, in the third place, instead of spending its time in the rivers and lakes in large herds, it wanders about through the jungles singly or in pairs, much after the manner of swine in search of mast. Owing to the fact that it does not go in herds, and is hard to distinguish against the dark background of jungle thickets, it is an exceedingly difficult animal to hunt or find. If anything, the legs of the dwarf Liberian hippopotamus are a trifle longer, in proportion, than are those of the common river hippopotamus.

Singular though it may seem, only one live specimen of this remarkable animal ever reached civilization. In 1873, Capt. Pope Hennessy, an officer in the British army and a native of Ireland, who had been stationed for a time on the West Coast of Africa, brought a young pygmy hippo from the Little Sarcies River, in Sierra Leone, which he placed on deposit in the London Zoo. Subsequently he presented the animal to the Dublin Zoo, where it remained for about a year, when it died. The skin was removed, stuffed and mounted, and is now in the Dublin museum. This, and another mounted skin, received some years later at the London Zoo, are the only specimens, dead or alive, in Europe; and since the date of the arrival of this Liberian hippopotamus in London, none others have reached Europe. Some years ago the nations of Europe owning colonies in Africa framed international laws for the protection of game animals on that continent. According to these statutes, some of the animals as, for example, the white-tailed gnu, bontebok, mountain zebra, giraffe, and others on the verge of extinction, are not to be hunted under any circumstances,



The Maned Wolf—a strange wolf-like creature, found in South America, where in Brazil it is known locally as the swamp-dog.

Drawing by J. M. Gleeson.

and although the little Liberian hippo is far from being in any such danger, still those who framed these laws showed their wisdom by placing it upon the list of creatures that are not to be hunted; so that in case the tide of colonization does turn in the direction of the West Coast (which, in view of the deadly fevers and miasms of that region, is not at all likely) the pygmy hippopotamus will be protected.

Next to the Liberian hippopotamus the Derbian eland, of West Africa, which the Mandingoes call "Jinke-janko," is today the least known of all rare and strange animals.

During the early part of the 19th century, Sir Edward Smith Stanley, thirteenth earl of Derby, maintained at Knowsley Hall, his country seat in Lancashire, what was beyond all question the most remarkable zoological establishment of modern times. Quite recently the newspapers and magazines have made a great ado over the work of Prof. Ewart of the University of Edinburgh, and Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg, in obtaining hybrids between the zebra and horse, zebra and ass, and kiang and horse; but these results and experiments, which have been heralded forth as the first and only work of the sort ever undertaken, pale to insignificance by the side of Lord Derby's experiments, at a time when natural science

was in its infancy, and evolution a new and little known doctrine. To attempt to give a review of the results obtained by Lord Derby would, of course, be entirely foreign to the subject in hand, but in order that the reader may gain some idea of the character of his establishment I need only briefly mention the following facts: He obtained what no modern breeder has yet succeeded in obtaining; namely, an equine hybrid that was one-quarter mountain zebra, one-quarter Maltese ass, and one-half Welsh pony. He had in his Knowsley menagerie some twelve or fifteen different varieties of rare African antelopes, to say nothing of bovines, kiangs, quaggas, zebras, wild asses, hemiones, and several hundred other animals and birds.

Even though Great Britain, France and Liberia own practically the whole of the Northwest African coast, no specimen of the Derbian eland has thus far reached Europe or this country, and next to the okapi, it is indeed the least known of all game animals. There are three distinct species of eland in Africa. The large, dun-colored Cape eland of South Africa, the striped Livingstone's eland of East Africa, and the Derbian eland of West Africa from Senegambia to Dahomey. The Cape eland, once very numerous, is today almost extinct,



The Panda, from Gervais' "Histoire Naturelle."



The Anoa of the Celebes.

having shared the fate of other South African animals that fell victims to the merciless "roers," or elephant guns, of the Boers. The Cape eland, and also Livingstone's eland, which is found throughout East Africa from the Zambesi to Abyssinia, and differs from the first in being of lighter build and having the body and sides marked with white stripes, were large heavy animals, the males being oftentimes larger than a prize Shorthorn bull. According to Mr. Selous, the great African hunter, the largest known pair of Cape or Livingstone's eland horns were those obtained in 1887 by Karl Weyant, a Boer hunter, and measured 2 feet 10 inches in length. Such are the East and South African elands, which, large as they are, are undersized as compared with the Derbian eland of the West African hinterland. The latter are enormous animals, of a fawn or dun color on the body, back and hind quarters, black on the shoulders, neck and part of the head, with faces that are almost white. Curiously enough, they are utterly unlike the other elands, which prefer the open plains, in being forest and jungle-dwelling creatures; for which reason, no doubt, they have so long escaped attention. Mr. Bryden, in his recent book, entitled "The Great and Small Game Animals of

Africa," states that, while the record pair of Cape eland horns were 2 feet 10 inches in length, the horns of the Derbian eland frequently reach a length of 3 feet; $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet being the common average. Although there is not a single mounted skin of the Derbian eland in any of the museums of Europe, several of these institutions have horns of specimens of this eland, brought back from the West Coast by travellers, hunters and explorers. Mr. Bryden states that the Berlin Museum possesses a single horn that measures 3 feet 4 inches in length, and $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference at the base, while the Paris Museum has a pair of Derbian eland horns which are 3 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; these, together with another pair in one of the London museums, forming the sum total of all that are known to exist in Europe. Pictures of this monster creature, the largest of the antelopes, are to be found in only three books, and are mentioned by but one African explorer. These are: "Gleanings from the Menagerie at Knowsley Hall," published by Lord Derby, in which there is a plate, made from a drawing by Waterhouse Hawkins, of the pair which Lord Derby is supposed to have owned; another colored picture in Sclater and Thomas' "Book of Antelopes," and a plate showing a herd of these animals in

their native jungle, in Winwood Reade's "Savage Africa." Reade is the only African explorer who makes any mention of these creatures, and even what he says of them is very short—not over a paragraph of five or six lines. He states that it is a forest-dwelling animal, never appearing on the plains, and exceedingly difficult to approach. In view of the foregoing, it would appear, therefore, that the hinterland of West Africa is, today, practically a *terra incognita* that remains to be explored.

From the sultry and fever-stricken lands of West Africa we will next turn to the cool uplands of the Himalayas, and that practically unknown mountainous region of Western China. There are, in this unexplored upland, two animals that are particularly deserving of attention; namely, the budorcas, or takin as it is known to the natives, and the panda. The takin is an animal about the size of the musk ox, and so strikingly like it in appearance, that Prof. Alphonse Milne-Edwards, Prof. Rutimeyer and Dr. Mitchell at one time formed a new order of animals, which they named *Ovibos*, of which they claimed the musk ox and the takin were the sole representatives. This order, they stated, was intermediate between the ox and the sheep, and such, in fact, is the character of the musk ox, which is neither one nor the other, but very much of both. The takin has horns which, like those of the musk ox, grow outward from the forehead, thence down, and then upward, the only difference being that the horns of the takin are more acute, shapely, and have a sharper curve than those of the musk ox. It is covered with long hair like that of the yak and musk ox, which is light yellowish fawn on the back and neck, shading off into black at the ends. Mr. Blandford, however, places the takin in the group represented by the goat-antelope of Japan, the chamois of the Alps, and the Rocky Mountain goat of this country, which latter is not a goat at all, but an antelope, and the only pure white species at that.

The takin is an exceedingly lively animal and has never been seen in captivity. It is a complete stranger to the zoological gardens of Europe, and there is probably not a mounted skin in existence. Perhaps the only attempt ever made to capture one of these creatures, was that of a Major Bryden, a British officer stationed at Darjeel-

ing, in the Himalayas. This was in 1884, and a correspondent writing home to the London Zoological Society, stated the following as the outcome of this officer's efforts;

"Major Bryden made many endeavors to procure young specimens of this scarce animal (which, by the way, inhabits only the tallest peaks and most inaccessible part of the Himalayas above the snow line), but was informed by the natives that it was impossible to keep it in captivity as it always 'jumped itself to death,' as they expressed it."

This perhaps is true. Living at a high altitude, and bounding from rock to rock and crag to crag, the takin would doubtless stand captivity little better than its congeners, the Rocky Mountain goat and the chamois of Europe, neither of which have ever proved a success in a captive state.

In the two Americas there is an order of animals known under the scientific designation of *procyonidæ*, which includes the raccoons, the *cacomistiles*, the *coati-mundis*, and the kinkajous. During the miocene period, however, raccoons and *coati-mundis* inhabited Europe, and perhaps Asia as well, but, for some reason, the family, with a single exception, disappeared from the Old World and is today found only in the New. That single exception is the panda, or *ælorus fulgens*, the habitat of which is confined to the higher peaks of the Eastern Himalayas, and which is a close approach to the American raccoon. Formerly, during the early pliocene period, this animal had a much more extended range than at present, remains of the *ælorus*, differing but little from the Himalayan animal, having been found in the Red Crag of Suffolk, England, a variety of rock formed during the early pliocene times. It seems strange that the *procyonidæ* family should, with the exception of a single representative, have disappeared from the Old World while occupying such an extended range in the New (the raccoon being a common animal from Hudson's Bay to Rio de Janeiro); and, stranger still that, in view of the wide expansion of the members in the two Americas, the sole remaining species of the Old World should nowadays be confined to the topmost peaks of a narrow mountain range restricted within certain limits; but then, palæontology is full of enigmas, and

this problem is perhaps not a bit more puzzling than many others.

Very few specimens of the panda have ever reached civilization. There is a mounted skin in the National Museum at Washington, and others in London, Ber-

three specimens of this animal have in the past reached the London Zoo.

The panda is of the same size and proportions as the raccoon and, like the latter animal, makes its home in the tops of tall trees. It has the same penchant for bath-



The Raccoon Dog.

Drawing by C. L. Bull.

lin, and Paris; but, thus far, no live specimens have ever reached the United States. Despite the fact that the greater part of the region forming the habitat of the panda lies mainly within British territory, only

ing and dabbling in water, but, owing to the fact that its hands are more heavily and densely furred than those of the raccoon, it does not handle its food to the same extent nor in quite the same manner as the lat-

ter creature, which is noted for its peculiar habit of fumbling, scrutinizing and picking to pieces everything it eats. In running, it progresses in a long, jumping gallop, with back arched after the manner of a raccoon or bear, and like all members of the *procyonidæ*, it drinks in long, steady draughts, never lapping the water like a cat or dog.

In the opinion of Mr. Bartlett, who was for many years superintendent of the London Zoo, the voice and habits of the raccoon, kinkajou, coati and panda are wonderfully alike, showing clearly that long centuries of separation from the other members of the genera have merely changed the color and markings of the latter animal, which, in all other respects, is like its American relatives. The color and markings of the panda are, without doubt, much more attractive than those of the other members of the genera. It is white and grey on the face, deep fox-red on the sides and tail (which is banded with rings of darker color like the tail of the raccoon), yellowish on the back and black on the legs and feet. The first specimen to reach the London Zoo was brought over by an Indian officer in 1869, who, in speaking of the specimen and its life at the Zoo, in the "Proceedings" of that year, says:

"The panda is found at an elevation of 7,000 to 9,000 feet above sea level, in dense forests. It lives in tall trees, and will not eat animal food in any shape. My specimen was fed chiefly on milk and rice, and it browsed freely on grass and bamboo leaves. It was very fond of rose leaves and peaches, and would drink milk quicker if a little sugar were added. It is unknown in the Northwest Himalayas, being common only in the extreme Eastern range, where, in 1868, I saw Mishmees (a tribe of natives living in that region), wearing caps of panda skin with the tails hanging behind (like the coon-skin caps of our own backwoods-men). The cry of the panda is very peculiar. When attacked or angry, it rises on its hind legs like a bear (the raccoon does the same thing), and emits a sound which can be easily imitated by opening the mouth and drawing in the breath through the nose several times in quick succession; in fact, it is a series of 'snorts.' (The raccoon utters a similar warning note.) Its usual cry, however, is like the chirping of a

bird, or a series of short whistles. It emits a strong odor of musk when excited."

The second specimen was sent to the Zoo from Nepal, *via* Calcutta, in 1876, and the third and last was received during the latter part of 1903. This specimen is, or was until a few months ago, still living, and the keeper has enjoyed ample opportunity for studying its habits. In his opinion it more nearly resembles the raccoon than it does any of the other members of the *procyonidæ*, although in some respects it reminded him very much of the Brazilian kinkajou. He therefore regards the animal as being intermediate between the raccoon and the kinkajou, both in structure and habits.

From the Himalayas let us descend northward to the valley of the Amur River, the scene of Russian activity and Japanese aggression, for here again is a region practically unknown and unexplored, in which there lives a strange and little-known animal which demands our attention. Many years ago, when Europeans visited the Amur valley and the neighboring islands of Japan, they found there a strange animal which, to one near-sighted, cannot be distinguished from a raccoon. It is of the same size as the American raccoon, and also of the same color. It has the prick ears, sharp muzzle, profuse, hairy coat and bushy tail of the American raccoon, which it resembles in all things, except in the one respect that it is not a coon—it is a dog, a veritable "coon-dog." Not until one examines the feet of the animal and discovers that they are true dog paws, and not hands with true digits like those of the coon, does it become clear that the animal in question is not another member of the genus *procyonidæ*. This is perhaps the most remarkable instance of protective coloring and marking in the world.

This animal was so utterly curious and startling that the first naturalists who made the acquaintance of the species could not persuade themselves into believing that the Amurland raccoon-like dog was a true dog. They were satisfied that it was neither a raccoon nor a dog; so they compromised matters by placing it in a genera of its own, naming the animal *Nyctereutes procyonoides*. Later naturalists recognized that the animal was a true wild dog; as much so as the jackal, the Indian dhole, or the Cape hunting dog, so that nowadays



The Derbian Eland.

it is classed where it belongs, as *Canis procyonoides*.

This is another animal practically unknown to the civilized world. There is a mounted skin in the National Museum in Washington, probably the only one in America, while only two live specimens were ever received at the London Zoo. The first arrived in May, 1874, brought over by a naval officer who purchased it at one of the Russian settlements on the Amur River, while the second arrived two years later, in 1876, brought from Manchuria by Capt. Burgoyne, of the Asiatic Squadron.

From frosty Amurland the scene now shifts to the Island of Mindoro, one of the southernmost of the Philippine group. For a great many years the fact has been well known to naturalists that among the other strange animals of the Island of Celebes, in the Malay Archipelago, the little anoa, or sapi-utan of the natives, was perhaps the most remarkable. At first this animal was classed as a variety of dwarf antelope, but of late years naturalists have realized

that it is nothing of the sort, but simply a dwarf buffalo, and related to the arnee or water-buffalo (*Bos bubalis typicus*) of India, China and Italy; the Cape buffalo, Congo buffalo, Lake Tschad buffalo, etc. Doubtless at one time, when these islands were all one continent, it differed but little in size and character from the ordinary water-buffalo, but when the great convulsion came breaking up this continent, and making Celebes a small island surrounded by deep sea, it became specialized and adapted to its narrow habitat, through the selective processes of evolution. It is a curious little animal, no larger than a Shetland pony, and with horns that suggest the antelope more than they do the buffalo. Many years after the discovery of the anoa, some naturalists discovered that on the island of Mindoro there was another species of dwarf buffalo as strange and peculiar, if not more so, as the anoa. Prof. J. B. Steere sent to the London Zoological Society the first correct and definite description of this animal, in 1888, but since

then very little has been done toward bringing the animal to the attention of civilized readers. Dr. Steere went to Mindoro for the special purpose of studying this newly-discovered animal, and, while there, had three full grown specimens which he caught and tamed as pets about his bungalow. They are of the same height and proportions as the anoa, shapely, graceful and full of life. The color, like that of the sapitutan, is a solid black over every part of the body, with the exception of the forelegs,

which, from a point above the knees to the hoofs, are pure white. There is also a broad transverse band of white on the throat, half way between the chin and dewlap. In this respect they differ from the anoa, which is a solid black over every part of the body. The white on the legs and throat of the Mindoro dwarf buffalo renders the little animal much handsomer and more attractive than the one found in Celebes. This little buffalo is known in Mindoro as the tamarau.



The Takin.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS

By JOHN HENRY FREESE

THE game of billiards may lay claim to great antiquity, for in "Anthony and Cleopatra" Shakespeare makes Cleopatra say: "Let us to billiards;" and so, unless we accuse the great poet of an error in chronology, we have traced the game back to a period before the Christian era. In early times a similar game was played on the grass or turf with stones, and later with balls of lignum vitæ and other substances. How to apply the right "twist," or "English," to the cue-ball is one of the most interesting and important elements in the art of good playing. In early times only two white balls were used, and each player sought simply to pocket the ball of his opponent. The red ball was introduced as a novelty to keep the game from dying out. As time has gone on, the game has had a varied development in different countries. In Spain they play with three balls and five wooden pins which are set up in the middle of the table. In Russia they play with five-balls—two white and a red, blue and yellow one. The English game is played quite differently from the American and French games. It is a combination of the American games of both pool and billiards, being played on a table having pockets as in an ordinary pool table, and the points as scored in both of the American games being counted. The French and American games are played with three balls upon a table without pockets, and only "canons" or "caroms" are counted, as hereinafter explained. In America the game of billiards has undergone a rapid development on account of the great skill attained by American players. Early in the last century the game was commonly played with four balls upon a pool table, more or less like the present English game, for both pocketing balls and making caroms were counted; but in time this style of playing proved so simple that a table was adopted without any pockets in it—and caroms only were counted. But even then the best players soon began to make great "runs," that is, could play a long time con-

tinuously without failing to make a shot. At length one ball was discarded and three only were used, as in the common game to-day. But the experts were not balked, for their ingenuity soon taught them to get the balls wedged in the corner, and also to "nurse" them along the railing of the table, so that further restrictions had to be imposed upon them to prevent continuous playing by one person. This was accomplished by drawing chalk lines on the cloth eight, ten or fourteen inches from each railing and forming nine "squares" on the table, and by prescribing that only one shot be played while all of the balls are within one of the squares formed by the chalk lines; that is, every second shot must be played hard enough to drive one of the balls outside of the square or "out of balke" as it is called, and thus "nursing" in the corner and along the railing of the table, was and is to-day, effectively prevented. Thus to-day the experts play the "balke-line" game—with the chalk lines as just described—while the common playing, such as we see in our clubs and hotels and billiard-rooms, is the three-ball game on a table without pockets and no chalk-line restrictions. This three-ball game, as played unprofessionally, I shall now endeavor to explain.

Almost everybody is familiar with the leather-tipped, wooden rods or cues now used in striking the balls; and with the round, ivory, red and white balls; and with the smooth-surfaced, green-covered table about five feet wide and ten feet long, around the top of which is a rubber-cushioned railing, upon which table the game is played. Ordinarily two white balls and one red one are used. Each player selects a white ball as his "cue-ball," or ball he starts rolling with his cue, one white ball being distinguished from the other by a black spot on it. Besides your cue-ball there are two "object-balls"—the red ball and your opponent's cue-ball.

The principal object of the game is to make the ball which the cue strikes, called the "cue-ball," hit the other two balls, the

red ball and your opponent's white ball, which two balls are called—from this player's standpoint—the two "object-balls." He is then said to have made a "carom." If this is done the player scores one point, and 50 or 100 points make a game. This is the principal object of the game, but a secondary and important object is to play each shot so as to leave the balls in good position for the next shot, thus enabling the player to make as many points continuously as possible. In some cases, however, the balls are left in such a position that the shot itself is so difficult that even the best players cannot foresee the position of the balls for the next shot.

Almost all shots which can be made on a billiard table, seem to fall within a limited classification. They are in the following classes or combination of them: (1) direct caroms; (2) cushion caroms; (3) "follows;" (4) "banks;" (5) "draws;" (6) "kisses;" and (7) "massés."

Before considering each class of shots, I must explain a certain phenomenon applicable to all shots, a knowledge of which is essential even to moderate proficiency in the art of billiard-playing. In driving a billiard-ball to the cushion of the table, one soon notices that the angle of resilience of the ball, or that at which it rebounds, is not equal to the angle of approach. The ball does not bound off from the cushion at the same angle as when it approached it. The angle at which a ball leaves a cushion may be varied at the will of the player, as it depends upon the "twist," or "English," as it is known in the United States, being various rotary motions which the player imparts to the cue-ball when the player strikes it with his cue. In Figure 1, if the cue-ball A is driven to the cushion at C, but instead of being hit in the center when started, is struck a half inch to the left of the center, it will rebound from the cushion, not right straight back, but will turn off towards the left, the amount depending upon the twist imparted by the stroke of the cue. And likewise, in the same Figure, if the ball B is sent to the cushion in the same manner but is hit a half inch to the right instead of left of the center, it will rebound from the cushion toward the right, following the dotted line toward F. Understanding how to English just right is fundamental to a fair knowledge of the

game. Curiously enough, the billiard-room-"marker" who first discovered how to apply the twist, for his own profit, claimed that the secret lay in his special chalk, and so he sold thousands of boxes of common powdered chalk at a guinea a box, before the swindle was discovered.

Now let us consider the various classes of shots. In Figure 2 is shown a direct carom. Balls B and C are the two object-balls and are near the corner of the table. A is the cue-ball. By striking the cue-ball A so that it rolls and hits the object-ball B, on the right hand side, it will be observed to bound off and strike object-ball C. This scores one point. This shot should be played so easily that both object-balls, B and C, will be driven only into the corner of the table and remain near the points D and E, in order to be in good position for the next shot. The cue-ball should come to rest at about the point F. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact of the desirability of playing with just the right amount of force. In the same Figure 2, suppose the two object-balls in positions H and K and the cue-ball at G. The next few shots should be played so easily that at least six or eight points be made without driving the two object-balls out of the dotted square by which the three balls are surrounded. Still, a great many players will play both of the positions shown in this Figure so hard, and on the very first shot, besides, that the balls are scattered all over the table and the good or bad position following depends entirely upon luck.

Figure 3 shows a "cushion-carom" shot. Balls F and G are the object-balls and E the cue-ball. To make the shot, the cue-ball is directed so as to strike ball F very lightly or "thin" on the right hand side, whereupon it bounds to the cushion of the table, and then rebounds and strikes ball G, thus scoring a point. Of course the shot should be played lightly, so that the two object-balls will not get scattered but will come to rest at points H and K—the cue-ball being nearby. In the same Figure 3 is illustrated a cushion carom, in which the value of the English, or twist, is shown. If the cue-ball A were made to strike B very thin on the left hand side and then go to the cushion, it would naturally rebound toward the point D. Then no point would be made. But by striking the cue-ball a

half-inch or more to the right of the center it will not rebound from the cushion toward the point D, but will veer off to the

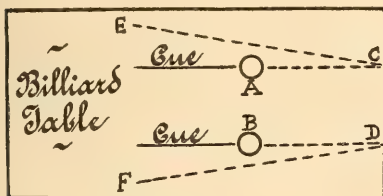


Fig. 1

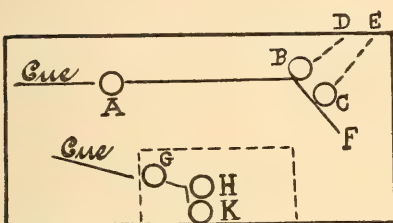


Fig. 2

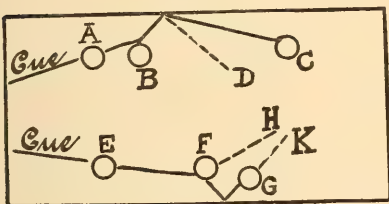


Fig. 3

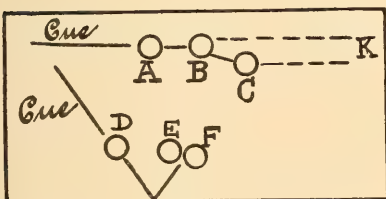


Fig. 4

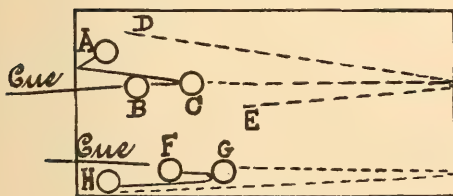


Fig. 5

right and strike the ball C, thus scoring the point.

Figure 4 shows the "follow" shot. The two object-balls, B and C, are so "lined up" that if you hit ball B as thin as possible

on the right hand side, it would not hit ball C, and a cushion carom also would not be feasible. An easy way, however, has been found in which to make the shot. Strike the cue-ball A about half an inch above the center. Do not aim exactly at ball B, but a little bit to the right of the center. It will then be seen that the cue-ball, A, after striking ball B, will pause a little perceptibly and then, on account of the forward rotation imparted to it by the cue-stroke, will go forward, deviating a little to the right and striking ball C, and thus making the shot, and, if played easily, leaving the balls near together at point K.

In the same Figure 4 is shown the "bank" shot. The two object-balls E and F are so lined up that a direct carom cannot be made. However, the point is scored by driving the cue-ball to the cushion, before striking any ball—aiming so that it will rebound so as to hit them both, which, with a little practice, is very easy to do, and leaves the balls in good position for the next shot.

Figure 5 shows the "draw" shot. F is the cue-ball and G and H the balls to be scored on. A player finds that, by aiming the cue-ball a little to the right of the center of ball G, and striking the cue-ball an inch below the center with considerable force, that the cue-ball will rebound from ball G and, because of the backward rotation imparted to it by the stroke, will come back and strike ball H, thus scoring the point and sending the object-ball G down the table and back again, so that it comes to rest near the corner at H, where the other balls are. The phenomenon of the draw shot is like that of the child's hoop, which can be made to return to the thrower by giving it a strong reverse whirl. Just here I will explain a use of the twist, or English, not used by many players. In the same Figure 5, if the cue-ball B were drawn back from the ball C to score on A, the ball C would roll down to the end cushion and rebound in the direction of the dotted line to E, and thus leave the balls in a bad position for the next play. But if the player will strike the cue-ball B, not only an inch or so below the center to effect the draw, but will also English on the right hand side, it will be found to have the effect of imparting the opposite twist to the ball C, and the result is that ball C will go to the

cushion and will return along the dotted line to D, thus being in favorable position for the next shot—the cue-ball in the meantime having rebounded to the cushion and counted on A with the help of the rightside twist.

Figure 6 shows two “kiss” shots. The ball B is placed in the corner touching both cushions, and the cue-ball A is then struck half an inch above the center and a little toward the left, and aimed at a point about half way between the end and side cushions, on that part of the ball toward the center of the table. The cue-ball will then rebound without striking either the end or side cushion and, describing the curve shown by the dotted line, will strike the ball C in the other corner. In the same Figure 6, the cue-ball D is aimed at ball E, not exactly straight, but just a little bit to the left of its center, when it will rebound without striking a cushion and hit ball F. This last shot should be played easily, so as not to disturb the balls.

In Figure 7 is shown another kiss shot. To make it, play on the end ball a little above the center, with left twist, hitting ball B a little to the right of center. The cue-ball will strike the cushion at points D, E, and F, at which latter point it will count on ball C, which was forced down the table, having been in contact with B.

Figure 8 shows the “massé” shot. Balls A and B are so nearly in line that if the player hit ball B as thin as possible on the left hand side he could not possibly hit ball A. However, a skillful player, by raising the butt end of his cue almost perpendicular and hitting the cue-ball C almost on top and on the right hand side, with a stroke straight down toward the table and directed somewhat forward, may make the cue-ball touch ball B lightly on the left hand side, and then describe a curve around to the right, striking ball A and scoring the point, while leaving the balls in good position for the next shot. Likewise cue-ball D, hit nearly on top and toward the left with the same downward and forward stroke, will curve around ball E and strike F, leaving the balls in good position. This identical shot I saw superbly executed by Shaefer, the billiard expert, in the course of an exhibition game.

Figure 9 shows a good example of correct position playing. The cue-ball D is

hit about an inch under the center and thus drawn back, striking the other ball F and remaining near it. The object-ball E is hit so hard that it goes along the dotted

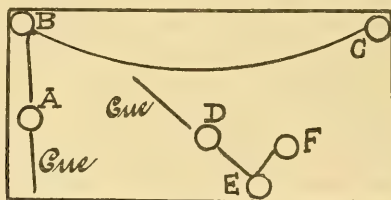


Fig. 6

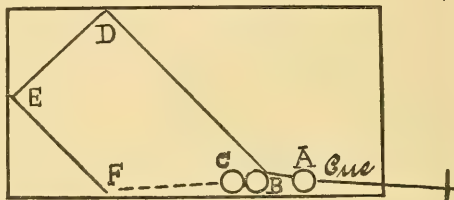


Fig. 7

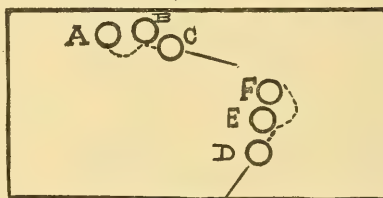


Fig. 8

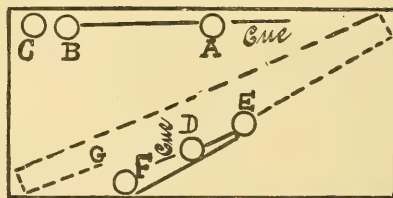


Fig. 9

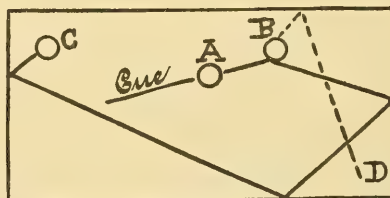


Fig. 10

line, almost around the table, coming to rest at G, near the other ball F, and so in good position for the next shot. This diagram also shows a good kiss shot. The cue-ball A is driven straight on to ball B. Ball B is driven ahead and strikes ball C,

and then bounces out of the way of ball A, which follows along and strikes ball C as it rebounds from the cushion.

Figures 10 and 11 show the incorrect and correct ways of playing the common "round-

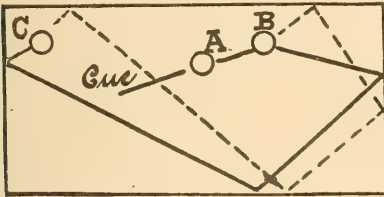


Fig. 11

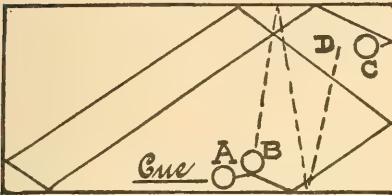


Fig. 12

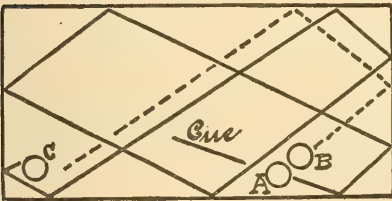


Fig. 13

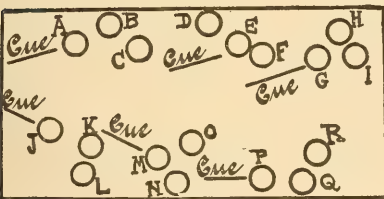


Fig. 14

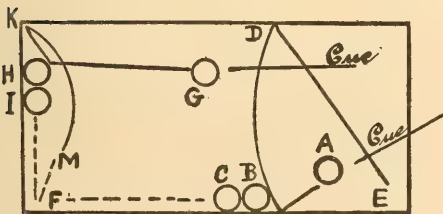


Fig. 15

the-table" shot. In Figure 10 the player makes the cue-ball A hit B lightly on the right hand side and then, bounding off and going around the table, strike C—thus

making the point. However, the shot fails, as no good position is left for the next shot, for the ball B is left at point D. In Figure 11 ball B is struck rather full—not thin, what is called a "half-follow" stroke. The cue-ball is struck an inch above the center and somewhat to the right, so that it follows the line and goes around the table, and strikes C, making the point. But the great difference in the two ways of playing the shot is the effect produced on the object-ball B. In the first way, it stopped in an unfavorable position for the next shot, while in this Figure 11 it follows the dotted line and is left in the corner with the other balls. It is a good rule to always play for position, except at the last of a game, when sometimes a person must be extra cautious against leaving the balls in a favorable position for a run by his opponent.

Figure 12 shows a seven-cushion carom which, played correctly, leaves the balls in good position for a run. The cue-ball A is struck above the center and slightly to the left, and ball B is hit thin on the right hand side. The cue-ball A then goes around the table, taking seven cushions and counting on ball C, and the ball B goes across the table three times and comes to rest in the corner at D with the other balls.

Figure 13 shows a nine-cushion carom, which is an exhibition shot played by some of the experts. The cue-ball A is struck slightly above the center with great force, and with a little twist on the left hand side. It strikes B on the right side very lightly, and follows the line, taking nine cushions and then hitting ball C, and in the meantime ball B follows the dotted line and comes to rest with the others in the corner near C.

Figure 14 gives some idea of how to "nurse" the balls along the rail—the ambition of many an amateur. Many players when confronted with the position of balls A, B, and C, will play the cue-ball A against the ball B so thin that it goes right by B and leaves the balls in the position as shown by balls D, E, and F. E, being the cue-ball, is between the other two balls and not favorably situated for making a large number of points. The ball B should have been struck rather "thick," that is, half way between the center and the right edge, the cue-ball being struck a little above the center and with *left* English, or twist. This

will cause the ball B to move forward, and the balls will be left in the position shown by balls G, H, and I—G being the cue-ball. This leaves them in good position for another shot and avoids their spreading, which is the bugbear of the amateur. The same Figure 14 shows another common fault with amateur playing. The cue-ball J is played thin against K and strikes L rather thick. The result is shown by the position of balls M, N, and O—M representing the cue-ball. M is between the balls making the next shot from this position, one which will certainly spread the balls further. The player should have played thicker on ball K with the cue-ball J and should have Englished the cue-ball J on the *right* side. This would have carried the cue-ball farther to the right and the balls would have been left in the position as shown by the balls P, Q, and R—P, the cue-ball, being in good position for making a run.

Figure 15 shows two exhibition shots, as played by Maurice Vignaux, the French expert. The cue-ball A is driven quite forcibly against the cushion near B, with right-hand English and some draw. It strikes ball B and then bounds over to the opposite cushion at D, and counts on the other ball C, in the corner at E. C is driven up to the end cushion at the corner, F, and back again, just in time to hit the cue-ball in the corner at E. In the same Figure the cue-ball G is driven with considerable force against ball H, with a follow stroke and left English. It describes a curve and goes to the corner K, and then goes toward the corner at M, where it hits the other ball I, and scores the point.

American billiard players have always found it difficult to arrange tournaments with English billiard players, because the English game is a combination of the American games of both billiards and pool. Some years ago, however, Champion Ives, of America, succeeded in arranging a match with Roberts, the great English champion, for a large purse, by a plan whereby Roberts agreed that rather small pockets be used, and Ives consented that smaller balls be used; these details being regarded as a concession by each side. The match created great excitement, but Ives, the American, got the balls together and made a splendid run of 2,540 and won the match

with ease. A good story is told of the first meeting of Shaefer and Ives. It seems that before Ives became well known he drifted into a billiard-room in the West and asked the room-keeper to find someone to play billiards with him. Shaefer happened to be present, so the room-keeper, not knowing Ives and with the intention of playing a joke on him, introduced Shaefer, not mentioning his name distinctly. They played some time together and Shaefer beat Ives each game by a small margin, waiting until Ives got almost out and then making a big run. Pretty soon Ives caught on and asked Shaefer his name and finding out, the joke was revealed to him.

Men of average skill often ask what they can do to improve their game, so I shall make a few suggestions for their benefit. In the first place I cannot urge them emphatically enough to play more carefully for position. Nine out of ten players play nine out of ten shots much too hard. In the long run, force without forecast is bad policy. Success by design is the rule. You can't depend on luck. Play over the common shots illustrated in this article, with special reference to getting a good position for the next play as indicated in the diagram. The chief bugbear of common players is a failure to play the easy shots right. Master the easy draw. Many players do not strike the cue-ball down low enough in drawing. This is necessary in playing without much force. Then the stroke must be quick and sharp, and when the balls are near together, very delicately applied in order to guard against making a "poke." To draw well, use an elastic tip of medium size. The very small tips and old hardened ones of any size, so often seen, are poor implements for effective execution. Don't use the English unless you have a reason for so doing, for, with its use, aiming is more difficult. Play with the best players; use a straight cue, and make a short, stable "bridge" or hand-rest for your cue. Use the same cue continuously, as a good deal depends upon getting used to its weight, balance, and the size and texture of the tip. Use plenty of chalk. Practice much. Practice nursing in the corner and along the rail, trying over the shots on which you fail. An hour's intelligent practice is better than a year's desultory time-wasting.

KATIE'S TEXT

A REMINISCENCE OF WASH BOZEMAN'S YOUTH

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

IT was ten o'clock in the midsummer morning and it was Sunday morning as well. Because of the day, the fields were deserted, the plows stood idle in the furrows, and the very farmhouses wore an air of pensive loneliness. Pleasant enough it was in the shadows of the roadside trees or under the sheltering hedgerows, but the sun shone warm in the dusty middle-stretch of the highway, and the heat-waves rose like a thin impalpable mist in the open fields where the star-leaved cotton plants grew. Far to my right I could see the tall white-oaks that grow along the banks of the Brianon; to my left were the ridges, while away back at the forks of the road, half hidden by the intervening poplar trees, rose the steep shingle roof of Lower Rehoboth church. Just there behind that Western ridge stood the house in which I was born, and hither, on mornings like this, I had been used to come, holding fast to my mother's hand, to sit in the strait uncomfortable pews, to drowse through the lengthy sermon, and to listen to the old-fashioned swaying songs that were sung in the praise of the Lord.

Thinking of these things I forgot myself and my errand, and stood motionless, with my head in the sunshine, my feet in the heavy dust. A great longing came over me. Why must a man grow old? Why might I not have my mother again, and my playmates, and the scent of the locust bloom, and the long idle days of the summertime? Why, when the drawling hymns rose high and floated far and echoed back again, might I not close my eyes, as once I had closed them, to behold a ladder in the clouds and God's angels going up and down?

Blinded by the too great light of an unassimilated knowledge, my mind groped stumblingly among the many things which had been so plain to the child, but there was no result. Then, when I had hurt myself, when I had called and there had been no answer, I roused with a start and went on

hastily and came at the next turn of the road into sight of Wash Bozeman's cabin.

Now if the gods have been good to you, if you have ever journeyed in the Southern hills and have come to that goodly land wherein lies Keowee, then you know Wash; if not, I pray you remember that you have yet an object in life. Elsewhere I have told of the man—of his farming and his ferrying and his fishing, of his poetry and his personality, of his philosophy and of his utter repose—and it would be but a "vain repetition" to recount his virtues again. Suffice it therefore to say that Wash Bozeman is my friend, that when the world jars upon me and tires me, I get me out to the river and to his companionship, there to fish and to rest, to lie, pipe in mouth, beneath the waterside willows, listening, now to the long, low monotone of the rippling water, now to the voice of Wash as, with words aptly chosen, he clothes and embellishes the naked truth, so that presently it stands forth transformed, a marvel of imagination and of art.

The day being the Sabbath—also there had been a drought and the river was very low—it was impossible to fish; but fishing is not, after all, the whole of life nor of leisure. The shadows lay cool, I knew, about Wash's habitation, and the honeysuckle was in bloom and there was tobacco at hand, so in the early morning I had come out from Keowee along a winding country road that crosses the ragged hills and threads the low-lying valleys. It may be that it was wrong thus to use the day—I do not know. Certainly there is in me a touch of the pagan, for I love the "high places" and the "groves," and in the moonlit evenings I thrill with delight to the blowing of the "quills"—the negro's instrument—the veritable "pipes of Pan." At any rate today I had braved the conventions and had come, and as I approached, Wash caught sight of me.

"Squire," he called as he hailed me, "I wuz jest a thinkin' uv you!"

Sobered by my recent reflections, I answered him gravely. "It is good to be remembered," I said. "I thank you very heartily, my friend!"

But Wash is nothing if not honest, and he answered me accordingly. "'Twarn't so much ther 'membunce uv yer, Squire, whut fotch yer up in my mine," he informed me with a deprecatory nod—"not so much ther 'membunce ez 'twuz bein' out o' ter-backer. Yer see, Squire, I wuz a needin' uv a chaw an' I knowed 'at yer allers kyars hit."

I drew out a plug and handed it to him. His need being supplied, we sat down at the root of a tree, my companion manipulating his chew, I gazing far-eyed across the river toward a break in the hills where a row of Lombardy poplars stood outlined against the sky. There used to be a house at the end of that avenue, I reflected, and a flower garden and a girl who wore straw hats and crisp, fresh, calico dresses; now there is no house there at all, though the river flows on and on, and I have grown old, and the girl—

My companion interrupted the trend of my thought. "Hit air nigh dinner time," he remarked, "an' ef we wants ter eat we has shorely got ter cook. I ain't so fond uv cookin' jest ez an exercise but I finds hit sorter tryin' ter do wi'out my meals. Now thar's fish in ther spring'ouse an' meal in ther cabin. Whut says yer appetite, Squire?"

I knew the quality of the fish. Wash takes them on set-hooks and keeps them in the clean, cool brook-water that trickles away from the spring—also the baking of hoe-cakes is a lost art, save to a few.

Ah, the degeneracy of the times!—"Get the fish," I said, "and I'll set the fire going."

So when Wash had gone and had come again, we set about our task, and when at last it was finished and the brown fish and the crisp corn-bread had been eaten, we sat for a long time smoking our pipes and conversing.

"Squire," my friend asked presently, "wuz yer ever nigh ter fallin' in love?"

I did not answer at once. Out across the valley the afternoon shadows were creeping, and in ripple and swish and swirl the river below seemed singing a song to me. "Old!" it said. "You are growing old;

and youth is gone, and the girl, and the house beyond the poplar trees. Old! You are growing old!"

I shivered a little. "I should have gone to church to-day," I remarked.

Wash shifted his position and eyed me solicitously. "Whut is hit 'at's ailin' uv yer, Squire?" he queried. "Why sh'd yer wish ter go ter preechin' stidder comin' here ter see me?"

I cast about for suitable words. "I did not say I wished to go," I explained, "but that I ought to have gone. The fact is I am not so young as I was, and my thoughts are too much occupied by this world, its follies and its fishermen and such like unspiritual things."

Wash looked away toward the river. Over in the farther "bottoms" the young corn was growing and in the green pasture land beyond, dun cattle, and black and red, stood half-leg deep in the lush tall growth of the grass. He regarded the scene critically. All his life he had been looking at such, but he had never grown tired of this. At last he turned back to me.

"An' yit," he remarked impersonally, "fishermen aint so bad; not nigh so bad, hit seems ter me, as is some men whut I knows—men whut is done all ther devilment 'at they c'u'd an' now bein' ole an' bal'-headed, is wishful uv foolin' theyse'ves. Fishermen 'pears too bad fer sech, but they warn't too bad fer ther good Lord down thar in Galerlee!" He stopped speaking, pushed back his hat and spat at a stone which lay some yards in front of him.

"Oh, well," said I, "I meant no harm, but you must admit that the Scriptures command us to 'remember the Sabbath day.'"

Wash flushed. "I aint a fergittin' uv hit," he replied, "an' Squire, ef you hadn' never done no wuss'n you has terday, yer wuddent be so monst'us oneasy 'bout yer wharabouts in ther herearter. But yer namin' ther Scriptur' sot me ter thinkin', kase ef ole Aint Sally Dillard hadn't gin Katie a Bibul onst, hit's plum nigh rees'nerble ter say 'at when ther argyment riz, Aint Sally she'd a winned out."

"What was the argument about?" I inquired.

"'Bout me," Wash returned.

I looked at the wizened figure that was hunched up at the foot of the tree. Of

bones and leather it seemed to be made and its garments were nondescript—it was only in the gray eyes that humor seemed to lurk, and kindness, and a subtle philosophy; and women are seldom tolerant of these.

"About you!" I scoffed. "Why should a woman argue about you?"

Wash unburdened his mouth and laughed. "We ain't much for looks, now is we, Squire?" he asked sympathetically. "You fer'n instance has lost yer teeth an' yer har'; an' my compleckshun is sp'ilt. Ther sun ruint me, but 'twarn't no sun whut reddened that nose uv yourn."

"About the argument?" I interrupted impatiently.

"Yas-yas—hit wuz this-er-way, Squire: A long time ago, further back 'an you kin remember, I reckon, Aint Sally lived right back yander at ther forks uv ther Brianon; an' them times she had a gal—a monst'us putty gal—named Katie. Wa-al, I wuz a whole lot younger 'an whut I is now——"

"And better looking."

"Naw," returned my friend, unmoved, "I don't bank on my looks; I gits thar on my winnin' ways."

"Go on," I said.

"Ez I tell yer, Aint Sally lived thar at ther forks uv ther creek an' she war a pow'ful reeligious ole soul. She war ez good ez they make 'em, but she wuz sorter narrer-minded like—speshually whar' gals wuz concerned.

"Wa-al, suh, Aint Sally fotch up Katie in ther way she sh'd go an' when ther gal got ole away she went. Suttently she war the moest owdacious, ther skittishest, an' ther moest mischeevousest gal in ther whole endurin' naberhood. An' suh, mankind jest natchully hankers atter thet sort uv a gal, so 'twarn't very long till I got ter hankerin' atter Katie. Some uv ther other fellers too, wuz a lookin' thet-a-way an' I had ter be right spry. Fer thet reason I kinder loaf permisc'us lak' about Aint Sally's yard, an' Aint Sally, not a likin' uv me, sorter tuk notice uv hit. I heern 'at she talked pow'ful ter Katie an' prayed wi' 'er onst or twict—anyhow she gin ther gal a bran new pockit-size Bibul.

"'Read ther W'ud,' she sez, sez she, 'an' squar yer life by hit. Allers do jest

ez hit tells yer ter do, an' make shore ter bewar' uv ther onrighteous man, ther same by name bein' Wash!"

"I suttently thort hard uv Aint Sally fer sayin' thet thar, fer I hed been a gwine ter chu'ch fer three mon'ts stiddy han' runnin', an' ter ole Aint Sally's chu'ch too. But I said nothin' an' sorter kep gwine my route; an' sometimes Katie seemed ter lak me putty well an' sometimes she seemed ter not, tell at las' one day when we wuz in ther orchid toge'rr ther gal clumb up on ther fence fer ter reach a June-sweetenin' apple 'at wuz a hangin' some'rs above.

"'Wash,' sez she, a rockin' back an' forth sorter wobbly lak, 's'posed I wuss ter fall?'"

"'Katie,' sez I, 'I'ud ketch yer.'"

"'Wud yer shore enough?' sez she, half shettin' her eyes an' laffin'.

"'Jest try me oncst,' sez I—an' fore ther Lord she did!"

"Then jest ez I cotch her—an' hit may be, Squire, seein' 'at we wuz both excited, thet her lips *did* bresh mine—who sh'd I see a peerin' over ther fence but ole Aint Sally Dillard.

"'Katie!' she yelled; an' I might' nigh swunk inter my shoes, but ther gal she warn't fazed. Toge'rr we follered ther ole 'oman up ter ther front uv ther house an' thar she turned upon us.

"'Now?' sez she.

"'Ther Book,' sez Katie quick ez a drap, 'ther Book sez "'Love one an' urr.'"

"Ther ole 'oman gasped. 'But yer wuz a kissin' uv him,' she said, 'I seed yer myse'f!'"

"Ther gal reached in her pockit an' when she hed got holt uv ther Bibul she tuk hit out an' turned a leaf. 'Read thet!' she said.

"An' Aint Sally read 'Whatsoever ye would thet men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them!'"

I laughed, and then I fell silent. The day was passing; the afternoon sun was flooding the valley; over the hills a woman was calling to the cattle, and a soft light lay on the pines. When I looked at Wash again he blew his nose hastily.

"Come on, Squire," he said, "le's go ter ther spring—thar ought ter be a watermilion thar."

THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

By CASPAR WHITNEY

The U. S. G. A. The United States Golf Association is casting west-

ward, I am told, for ways and means of increasing its membership and extending its influence. An appointed committee is looking the situation over and is to supply the next meeting, on February 10th, with a symposium of suggestions, calculated to bring the official body into closer relations with clubs and golfers of America generally. Such effort is certainly commendable and frankly indicative of a spirit new to the Association which all sportsmen will rejoice to see; yet the Association might have found answer to its question without unusual effort. Were membership in the Association what it implies, and what it might be—really serviceable—the great majority instead of the large minority of the about one thousand American clubs would long since have joined. And had the Association shown the qualities of real leadership or even some spirit of the leader, it would not now be seeking to widen its influence. Apart from holding an annual championship and indorsing the St. Andrews rules (which it is high time were revised and, if you please, Americanized), the Association is strictly local, not national, and its influence even more restricted. It is a nice, respectable old lady who gossips and slumbers over her tea cups—only to take precipitate flight at the first knock of an objectionable visitor. Why should not the old lady avoid objectionable callers? you ask; of course she should, for that is quite the proper thing for an eminently proper old lady to do. But the old lady must not look for influence beyond her tea cups.

When W. B. Thomas was its president the Association had character, and the promised election of Ransom H. Thomas holds out a doubting hope that perhaps it may even so late come into its natural birthright—but the interim between W. B. and R. H. Thomas has been colorless, with annual collection of golfers in New York meeting as the chief effort for a na-

tional nature. The great majority of the clubs throughout the country have felt that they must work out their own salvation; and they have done so with decided success. In fact, the sectional associations have been the only ones to have shown activity and initiative, and because of it, have attained to the influence which now the national Association awakens to miss.

As a leader in American golf the national body is by way of being very much of a bluff. On several occasions when it has had opportunity to give American golfers team work and all open evidence of fitness for leadership, it has fiddled away at some side issue, and left golfers and the minor leagues to work out their destiny unaided. In no sense has the Association been a leader, and naturally its influence reaches scarcely beyond a very small Eastern circle.

Sectional Leagues do the Work.

The time was when the Association had opportunity of serving the game and Western golfers; but that opportunity, like others, passed unheeded. To-day, the West has no need of the Association. In fact, neither has the East, for the Metropolitan League has done more for Eastern golf in one season than the U. S. G. A. has accomplished in its entire life. With these facts before me, I fear the Association will be disappointed in an effort now to extend its influence or add to its membership.

Really, its present membership-roll is longer than circumstances warrant, and no doubt another year or two will find it even smaller. Eventually the U. S. G. A. membership will most likely be confined to sectional leagues. That seems to be the rightful trend. To hold a national championship and to give nationality to the rules which a collection of sectional delegates decide upon should constitute the sole mission of the Association. By filling that role capably the national body may be both useful and influential; and that is more than can be said truthfully of it now.

Thus the membership of the Association should be made up of delegates from sectional leagues and not of individual clubs. In fact, individual clubs should not be eligible to membership in the Association, but restricted to their respective sectional leagues. Unless I very much mistake the temper of the times, such will come to pass. The present scheme of membership is inconsistent and unsatisfactory. A legislative body that pretends to real national influence and is in existence solely to rule for the welfare of all concerned, should be composed of members drawn from the sections governed and not from a handful of clubs of a given one or two sections. Individual clubs should yield allegiance to their sectional league, and the national body be entirely composed of these sectional leagues. In that common-sense procedure lies the solution of the U. S. G. A's present woe.

Federal Protection for Migratory Birds Almost one of the first measures I suggested, when I took up the pen full twenty years ago in support of common-sense game protective measures, was the establishment of Federal supervision over migratory birds. It always has seemed to me that migratory game is peculiarly entitled to the protection of the government, and therefore I indorse with enthusiasm the bill which George Shiras, 3rd, a sportsman of well-known principles, has introduced providing for the establishment of just some such supervision. The bill is now before Congress, and will come up for final decision no doubt in February or March.

I have only to add the suggestion frequently advanced by me, *i. e.*, that Congress should in passing this bill, also create the office of a Chief Game Protector, just as there is the Chief Forester. His work in conjunction with state and association effort, would be timely and invaluable.

**No Conflic-
tion with State Law** Here is a measure, which, if carried through as it righteously should be, and properly enforced, will forever protect our wild fowl; because vesting control of the shooting seasons in the Federal authorities means uniform law. And uniform game law is what is so sorely needed to strengthen the efforts of state legislators and protective

associations. Conflicting State laws at the present time defeat much of the effort for adequate protection. But this bill of Mr. Shiras, like the Lacey Act, will effectively supplement State law and protective effort. Wild fowl that frequent northern Canada in the spring and in the autumn pass through a dozen or more States in their migrations, resting and feeding in each of them; and find protection or bombardment, according to the idiosyncrasies of the conflicting laws. The wild pigeon, because of its migratory character and indifferent and conflicting State laws, was slaughtered without restriction in every State through which it passed—all but exterminated.

By dividing the game birds into two great classes, migratory and local, no conflict whatsoever is had with State authorities, because each State will retain title in and custody of the game birds having their habitat within the boundaries of the respective States. And the protection will be efficient and practical.

**Havens of
Refuge for
Birds and
Animals** The main and all important feature of the Shiras bill is the establishment of Federal control over our migratory game. And here again is emphasized the fact that protection of our wild game animals is not a measure to gratify particular associations of men, or one favored for the mere selfish gratification of men who hunt. It happens that hunters are pioneers in this question, because their study of the game teaches them the need of protection, and long ago they came to the conclusion that one of the surest ways of saving to future generations our fast disappearing large wild fauna is to make game refuges of our public forest reservations. Yellowstone Park is at once an eloquent example of what may thus be accomplished in preserving wild animals, and of the frank and pleasurable interest they excite in the American citizen. Even the startling scenic wonders of this Park fail to attract tourists as much as the resident animals. Before it is too late the people of this great country should increase the number of our national parks and enlarge the area of those already of record. This may be done without infringing at all upon the rights of the people; on the contrary, it is

a measure which in every sense not only respects those rights but in reality adds to them.

Forestry for the Farmer.

This question of game refuge and protection and national parks is very close to that of forest preservation; they share in being of vital importance to the people. To the farmer, to agricultural communities anywhere, to the miner, to the stock breeder, conservation of the forest is absolutely imperative. The permanent prosperity of some of our far Western States has been seriously threatened by destruction of forests on the water sheds of needed streams. Protection of such forest land is literally a *sine qua non* of agricultural success. But wasteful lumbering and criminal carelessness that starts fires, continuously are impairing the efficiency of the forests as storage founts of future water supply.

Ignorance on forestry matters has been denser, perhaps, than on any other question in which the public is interested. The Forestry Department of the United States has been and is a missionary of incalculable service to those who will heed its warning, but only now is its educational efforts beginning to bear fruit. Residents of afflicted districts having learned their lesson through suffering are demanding the creation of new reserves and the rigid conservation of those which are not already devastated. Yet with the need of scientific forestry thus painfully demonstrated, over and again, no kind of bill meets by turns with such indifference or with such bitter opposition before Congress.

For example: The effort to officially establish the Appalachian Forest Reserve has been so long and unsuccessfully seeking Congressional recognition one despairs if eventual success will not come too late. Always Congressional ignorance or servitude of given interests disastrously handicaps the way of intelligent forestry preservation, irrigation, and wild bird and animal protection. Citizens should instruct their Representatives and Senators on these great general questions in no uncertain terms.

Nowhere in the whole country is more shameful destruction of forest taking place than in the southern Appalachian district; nowhere is the need of forestry conservation greater. Although the comparatively

sparsely settled areas of agricultural industry have served to scatter and minimize losses, yet the losses are there, just the same, and are grievously harming land which otherwise would be most advantageous for settlement. The lumber companies unchecked are making tremendous and irreparable inroads in the primeval forest, for the same reason that in the same South market hunters were permitted to slaughter birds—indifference of the local legislatures. Federal rescue is the only hope of this great section; and the Appalachian Forest Reserve should be among the first of those granted by Congress.

**Spirit
Willing
but the
Wording
Weak.**

How the end of justice may be defeated through deficiently comprehensive wording of a legislative measure is deplorably instanced by the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals in the case of the New York State Game Protector against the Arctic Freezer Company. This is the company which several years ago was found to have a very large quantity of game birds on hand in the close season. The birds were seized, the company arrested, and the State Game Protector brought the suit which finally reached the Court of Appeals. The decision of this Court is instructive in showing how fine a line may be drawn by the legal mind to divert obvious good intention on the part of the original drafters of a bill. In a word—how imperative it is to cover every loophole in game protective measures. The Court says that the State legislature "may provide a close season for the taking of game and may prohibit the possession or sale of game during that season. It may close the game market throughout the State during the period of prohibition in order to remove temptation from poachers and pot hunters who are apt not to run the risk of taking game out of season if they cannot sell it. To do this effectively it may be necessary to close the market as to game taken without the State as well as within, for there are no marks by which birds killed in Michigan can be distinguished from those killed in New York."

Continuing its argument, the Court says that "when enacting a game law the legislature may provide for its ready enforcement not simply by making the possession

of game during the close season presumptive evidence of a violation of the statute, but it may go further and in order to prevent evasion, fraud and perjury, may prohibit the possession of game in this State during the close season, even if it was taken in another State and brought here during the open season."

In fact, after reading the opinion of the learned Court of Appeals judges, the lay mind is considerably puzzled to understand how, after the deliverance of such an opinion the distinguished jurists failed to uphold the State Game Protector's suit against the Arctic Freezer Company; for the Game Protector, in causing the arrest of the Arctic Freezer Company, was doing precisely what the Court of Appeals proclaims in this decision may be done, namely, he was arresting because of game in possession during the close season, presumptive evidence of law-breaking whether the game was shot in this or another State.

No Excuse for further Muddling In other words, the spirit which drafted and made the measure the law of New York, and which impelled the action of the State Game Protector, is upheld absolutely by the Court of Appeals; but the Arctic Freezer Company wins out solely because the Court of Appeals finds that the letter of the law does not in literal fact permit what the spirit intends and proclaims it shall. Therefore, while it is regrettable that this Arctic Freezer Company should escape being mulcted for the full penalty, yet the finding of the Court of Appeals is one that must rejoice the heart of every friend of game protection in the country, for it states what never before has been proclaimed so plainly or so publicly; it freely acknowledges the right of a State to prohibit the sale of *imported* or foreign as well as the game native to that State during the close season. This is really a great victory; for argument on whether imported game might not always be on sale has waged continuously and confusedly to the great detriment of protection. Lower courts have made decisions for and against, but at last we have the matter settled finally in favor of game protection, by the Court of Appeals—the highest court in the State. It has of course always been apparent to every friend of

the cause that home protection may not be given adequately if the sale of all game in close season is not prohibited, for, in the words of the learned court, there are no marks that may distinguish quail killed in New York or in Michigan.

There remains now only for the present law to be changed in its wording, to carry out the spirit as originally intended, and the spirit which the Court of Appeals has impressively read into it.

A New Spirit in the Colleges of the South West.

I am glad to congratulate the Southwestern Intercollegiate Athletic Association on the apparent good spirit which guided its officers during last autumn, its first official football season. This organization includes Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory; and it is a section which in several directions certainly needs the hand of the sympathetic and sportsmanly legislator. Perhaps the most gratifying result of the movement for the better has been the awakening pretty generally of the student body to a more complete understanding of just what is meant by amateur sport.

The ethics of sport for sport's sake have been very much of an unknown quantity in a great many of the student bodies of the South; and it is due to the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association of which Dr. Dudley is still President, I believe, and to this recently organized Southwestern Association that the educational campaign was instituted. The Southerner is a chivalrous, thorough-going sportsman, second to none in all of this great country, and his sons require, I am sure, only to be told of an offense against sport to abandon it without further entreaty. Yet the attitude of some of the Southern college faculties continues to amaze me. Why, for example, the Agricultural and Mechanical College faculty should not stop the scouring of the country for star players, which is to discredit of this institute, is something I have yet to have satisfactorily explained to me. There are others in this section of the South and West that require drastic overhauling, and I am waiting to see whether the lessons of the past autumn will bear fruit in new legislation, for the coming spring.

**French Turf
has Lessons
for England
and America.**

At the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club, Lord Durham, senior member of the English Jockey Club stewards, and one of England's most highly esteemed sportsmen, declared the professional tipster to be the curse of the English turf. And we of America can indorse that statement without reservation. The tout is a daily, hourly menace to the good name of racing everywhere except in France where they manage the book-making and the whole betting proposition more ably. It is the tout's unceasing business to corrupt stable employees into betrayal of their employer's secrets. Were it possible of tracing, corruption of stable hands by touts would be found at bottom of many cases of pulling of horses, and selling of minor stable races, and a large percentage of other turf scandals. But it is impossible to trace, as it is impossible to stop. Ninety per cent. of popular interest in horse racing is purely speculative. People want tips. They encourage the touts. They go to the races to bet and not to see the horses run—except as a means of winning their money.

There is no way of cutting out the tipster and the tout, except through the elimination of the betting ring. And I fear it is a fact, even though an unpleasant one, that horse racing in America could not live without the betting ring.

Lord Durham referred also to English handicapping difficulties. But in America that has been one of our least difficulties, because of the quality of the men into whose care the weight allotments have been given. At the same time the English sportsman makes a suggestion applicable to racing America as to England, that horses should be weighed on their best and not on their present form, as is the usual method. Yet excellent as that provision seems and is in many respects, it has its unfair side. Unless a man has had experience of actually working with animals it appears impossible for him to understand that no four-legged beast is a machine, any more than a man is.

It does not follow that because a horse runs within a certain time to-day he is bound to run within the same time, or even a fraction of a second of it, next week.

Because the horse fails to repeat invariably is no sign of fraud on the part of its handlers or its rider. And we are treated

to a great deal of unjust and trouble-making accusations every racing season because ignorant or sensation-seeking racing reporters raise the cry of corruption on every occasion of a horse not running true to form. This kind of reporter is one of the most harmful influences of the turf, both in England and America. It is too true that there is a plenty of dishonesty in horse racing, but there is not so much as one would conclude after a season of yellow journalism.

The horses have their on-days and their off-days quite as a human being. Any hunter of big game knows it to be true that animals of the same species differ in disposition so widely at times as to considerably upset calculations; so widely as to give excuse to those who seek it for all kinds of fairy-tale natural history; but the temperament of the same animal of a single species also varies. And so is it equally true of the horse, which the average man views as a machine to perform equally well day in and day out—which even a thing of steel and steam and screws won't do.

As in handicapping, so also in the starting we have had less trouble in America than the Jockey club has had in England, again because of the better class of starters, and more particularly because of the severity of our flagmen.

I have seen a jockey in England trifle with the starter over and again—the same jockey, the same starter—and go scot free when he should have been set down good and hard. American jockeys are not above trifling with the starter, but to a very limited extent as compared with England.

I must say, however, that they still have too much license.

The penalty cannot be too severe, or too frequently applied to a jockey who trifles with the starter, and thus handicaps the chances of every other horse in the race.

"Star" Play To open the game of football, is not necessarily to uplift the star above the team or to subordinate team to individual effort and glory. Argument on that line is specious. Team play is of course a quality not to be lost, and is just as possible in open play as in close formations.

Those who think that open play means punting, first, last and all the time ought to see a game of Association, which is all open.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE OUTDOOR WORLD

By RALPH D. PAINE

THE BASEBALL TALENT OF JAPAN

THE treasurer of Stanford University has received a startling communication from Mr. Iso Abe, who is at the head of the athletic department of Waseda University, Japan. It is nothing less than a challenge, politely expressed as a desire, for a baseball match between these two institutions on the opposite shores of the Pacific. It is modestly explained that Waseda University has won the inter-collegiate championship on the Japanese diamond, and wishes to test its skill against American talent. The Japanese nine is willing to come to the United States to play the game, preferably in San Francisco. The Stanford athletes welcomed the challenge and are trying to arrange additional games for the visitors with California University in order to make the trip as interesting as possible.

Few there are on this side the Pacific who knew that native talent had so far progressed in the science of the "inshoot" and the "three bagger" as to be ready to hurl the gauntlet across five thousand miles of water. Compared with this suggested pilgrimage, the invasion of England by American collegiate talent seems a trifling enterprise. It has been surmised that in view of the havoc wrought by hand grenades in close quarters around Port Arthur, the patriotic students of Waseda and elsewhere have an eye to future efficiency in the ranks of the reserves. Ability to "send 'em down to second," to cut off a runner across the diamond and to pick up a "hot line drive" will be handy in this terrific war game of handling live bombs without gloves.

Certainly if the Waseda nine crosses bats with the experts of Stanford University, a new mark will be set for long-distance athletic competition. And "Banzai" will be a novel addition to the stirring list of chorused yells which make pandemonium of the contests among our noisy young seekers after culture.

Nor are the Western collegians at all confident that they can defeat these versatile Orientals. On last Fourth of July, the Yokohama nine, composed of Americans, and most of them old collegians, met a team of Tokio students. The chunky little men from Tokio played ball so deftly and nimbly and daintily, that when the smoke cleared, the husky and confident Americans found themselves beaten to the tune of twenty-two runs for Nippon and six for the U.S.A.

A NEW DEPARTURE AT AMHERST

Indoor gymnasium work is detested by the average undergraduate, and attempts

to make this kind of compulsory exercise attractive have not been wholly successful. At Amherst, the athletic directorate has taken the bull by the horns and solved the problem by transplanting the indoor work out-of-doors. It was an experiment carried through last autumn with surprisingly beneficial results. The whole freshman class, one hundred and twenty-five strong, was required to go to Pratt Field four days each week for one hour of prescribed work in out-door athletics. Fifteen minutes of this time was allowed for walking to the field and changing clothes. Then came ten minutes of setting-up drill, twenty minutes of squad activity in the various track and field events, and the remainder of the hour for play and a shower bath.

The spice of competition was added, and the men were given a shift of work from day to day. Rain or shine, it made no difference, the class turned out, and enjoyed the programme. After five weeks of it, careful measurements were made, and it was found that the gain in average height was a fifth of an inch, and in weight, seven pounds. This was not all the benefit. The Freshmen had worked in all weathers, and had been made practically proof against catching cold. They had learned that the athletic field could be enjoyed by the novice, even if he could not "make a team." Physical training was made enjoyable and the gymnasium bug-a-boo was banished. Amherst has established an admirable precedent in the field of athletics for the general good, and not for the specialist alone.

AN ATHLETE COMES BACK TO HIS OWN

The selection of Thomas Lee McClung as Treasurer of Yale University, a responsibility involving more than \$7,000,000 of funds, brings again into prominence a young man who won fame in a different field a dozen years ago. His is an instance to offset the theory that athletic greatness means an anti-climax in the real battle of life. It is also worth the attention of young men who prefer to coach football teams for big salaries, instead of dropping what should be a pastime, and buckling down to the world's real business. "Bum" McClung, as he was called when he wore padded trousers and cleated shoes, was one of the most conspicuous athletes of his time, and only the other day, Walter Camp, in choosing an ideal eleven from among all the heroes of the last twenty years, had to name McClung as one of the half-backs.

He played his whole four years on the eleven, and was its captain in his senior year; he won a place on two university

nines and was offered the captaincy of one of them.

When he had gained his diploma from Yale, he said good-bye to athletics and began to learn railroading from the bottom. Within eight years he had climbed to be assistant freight traffic manager of the Southern Railway system, and from the position stepped to the helm of Yale's financial interests.

If Mr. McClung had elected otherwise, he might have been coaching some university eleven to-day, at a salary of five thousand a year with the lofty title of "Hustle Up" or "Eat 'Em Alive" McClung. Instead of such eminence, he has become one of the highest officers of his *alma mater*, an honor won because of her trust in his sterling worth and ability as proven in the stress of an uphill fight in the world of affairs. It is a bracing sight, for athletes and others.

A LITTLE WESTERN TRAGEDY

Shortly after a dinner given in honor of the football champions of the University of Michigan, the following notice appeared in the campus daily newspaper. It needs no comment:

"TO THE PUBLIC:

"I wish to set Mrs. Motley right in regard to the delay in the supper at the Gym on November 11th for the Michigan Union banquet. I am to blame if any one is, as I did not think chickens would take so long to clean and bake, so thereby wishing to give nothing but the best to eat, I held everything back, and hope that you will please forgive me.

(Signed) "J. E. PENNYCOOK."

IS THE COLLEGE DEBATER AN ATHLETE?

Intercollegiate debating is not as bloodless a pastime as the outsider may consider it. The spirit of rivalry runs so high that "championships" and "coaches" are mixed up with the orator's arts to an extent that is mildly surprising. It remains for the University of Michigan to shift the debater fairly over into the ranks of the campus athletic department. We learn from a competent authority that:

"Michigan's gridiron heroes are not the only ones who have to undergo the hardships of a training season. The men who represent the 'varsity' in debating have to go through a course of training just as rigorous. At tables in the rear of the library, unwatched by the eyes of any but their task-masters, the men who are to debate against Northwestern spend two to four hours a day reading up the immense amount of bibliography and correspondence which bears on the subject. A little later they will meet in practice debate before various members of the faculty. During the last fifteen days before the debate, they

will have an hour's work daily under Professor Trueblood, who has sent out so many winning teams, and who will coach them on the fine points of debating.

"Even their physical condition is carefully looked after. It is recognized that to do himself justice, a man must be in the best physical condition. Regular meal hours are prescribed, the early-closing law is enforced, *pie, puddings and all things dear to the American palate are strictly on the black-list. The team has already gone to the debating training table.*"

The chess team is yet to be heard from.

A GIFT THAT MEANS BIG DIVIDENDS

The Public School Athletic League of New York is doing impressively good work, for so young an organization. It was something like a belated inspiration, this enlistment of thousands of city youngsters in competitive track and field sports of their own, and the zest with which the big idea has spread points to a wholesome and solid future. It was a sensible and happy impulse which led Harry Payne Whitney to encourage this movement by giving bronze buttons, much like those worn by the marksmen of the National Guard, as a reward to all boys reaching a certain standard of proficiency in the competitive games and training of the Public School League. Twenty thousand boys will begin to strive for these badges, and will be mightily proud to wear them. Some such impetus as this was needed to put the boys on their mettle, and the donor will receive his dividends in sturdy boyhood and abounding health, spread among the homes of the city in which he lives.

A FOOTBALL BLACK-LIST IS SUGGESTED

The last football season left in its wake a host of suggestions and demands of a reformatory and even revolutionary nature, and the game has remained a lively topic long after the end of the active campaign. A Harvard athlete has sent me the outline of a plan for attacking unfair play and foul tactics on the field—offenses which menace the future of the game even more seriously than its playing rules. The point is well taken, that the penalties for unsportsmanlike play are wholly inadequate at present. The foul player whose standards of right conduct are all wrong, has no business in a college game. Every season he is notorious on one or more teams, and persists in trying to put the opposing men "out of commission" by dirty tricks of various kinds.

If he is caught at it, he is ruled off the field, but only for the remainder of the one game in which the offense is noted. He is free to repeat his tactics next time, profiting by experience to elude the eye of the official. There have been players on

leading college teams, who played dirty football for two or three seasons. Such men ought to be kicked out of the game to stay out, but at present there is no instrument of punishment available.

It is suggested that a central board, or committee, be organized with representatives from perhaps half a dozen of the leading football institutions, and that this body be empowered to investigate instances of foul play, and, if the accused is guilty, to rule him out of the game, for the remainder of the season, or for his college course. The existence of such an authority would, in itself, be sufficient to frighten the vicious player into good behavior, for he would be facing the possibility of expulsion from football altogether, a disgrace not to be lightly risked.

With ideal standards of sport in force, the college itself would take such a matter in hand, and banish from its team a brutal player. But the college will not do this, as history has shown, and there is as much need of some stricter supervision of conduct as there is of revision of the rules of the game.

This intercollegiate committee might have before it only one case in a season, and its duties would be to pass judgment upon violations reported by the officials, after reviewing the evidence secured. But one severe penalty would have a lasting effect. In many other fields of sport, such committees play a most important part and they are a perpetual influence for clean conduct. But football has no central authority of any kind, and as a result, when the dirty player gets into the fold, as he will now and then, the game at large suffers, and he can laugh at the flimsy penalty for slugging or gouging or twisting a man's neck or leg. This is an idea worth some discussion, and this department will be glad to hear from football men willing to present their opinions in detail.

It is an interesting coincidence that Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska, should have presented a similar suggestion as part of a recently published opinion on athletic eligibility. He proposes:

"Let no man represent any college in any match until he has been in that college a year, failing in no study, and gaining at least 60 per cent. general average standard.

"Promptly disqualify, whether in training, or mid-season, any candidate or contestant who for a month falls below the general average named, or is guilty of any immorality, breach of training or impropriety in play.

"Require of every team member his written statement, upon honor, detailing his revenue, and means of support, money from home, wages, and for what gifts and from whom, with the understanding that aught of misrepresentation in the account, will, being discovered, permanently black-list

the man throughout the association and throughout the country."

This is drastic medicine, indeed, and if matters have come to such a pass as to necessitate this kind of a catechism, it were better to abolish intercollegiate athletics.

GUARDING SCHOLARSHIP STANDARDS IN THE WEST.

The intercollegiate college conference of the Middle West, known as the "Big Nine," has taken a radical step toward keeping scholarship standards beyond the influence of athletics. Hereafter no Freshman will be allowed to try for a team until after his first term of residence. This means that he will be barred from the 'varsity athletic field until after Christmas. Therefore, there will be no Freshmen on the football teams, although they will be eligible to compete for positions on the nine and the track team in the following spring. A more radical suggestion to keep Freshmen off all the athletic teams was voted down, but has been under discussion between Stanford and California Universities.

In the East, where Western athletic standards have been sometimes criticised, no legislation has gone as far as this. The motive in this action is commendable enough. The prohibition will help to block the importation of promising schoolboy football players, as well to check the traffic in "inducements," which has become a glaring evil East and West. The sight of a prominent school rusher or back heading for one college, and mysteriously changing his mind en route, has become so common that this form of proselyting needs vigorous action. Such legislation as this of the "Big Nine" may work hardship in the case of the "non-athletic" Freshman who has no ulterior motive in getting into football togs, but it will be the greatest good to the greatest number, if strictly lived up to. Another reason why no harm will be done in discouraging Freshman football in the 'varsity squad is that the craze for weight in the line has led coaches to grab every lubberly and overgrown seventeen or eighteen year old, and hurl him into the fray, as long as he tips the scales at more than two hundred pounds.

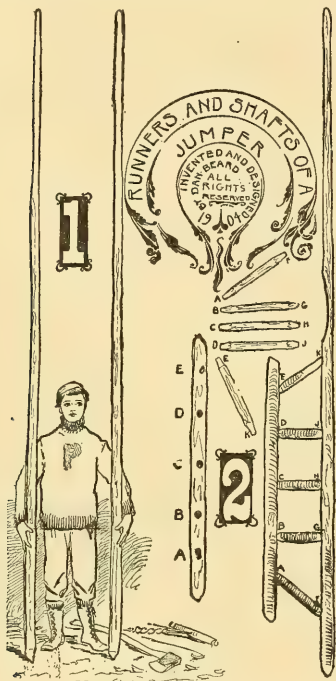
Often these young mountains are too soft to stand the brutal hammering of the scrimmage and are injured, when by waiting a year, until their stamina has caught up with their growth, their services will be more valuable to football and less dangerous to themselves. It is true, also, that the campaign of a 'varsity eleven is so wearing on mind and body and so greedy in its demands in the student's time that the Freshman cannot get a fair start in the class-room if he tries to carry a load on both shoulders.

HOW TO BUILD A JUMPER, OR A GUMMER, IN THE WOODS

By DAN BEARD

THE only really necessary tools with which to work in building a Jumper is an axe and an auger, but for that reason one need not throw away the contents of the tool chest.

The jumper is a sleigh made from green



wood, cut in the forest for the occasion; hickory saplings furnish the proper material and the denser the forest the taller and straighter the saplings will be. These are the sort of sticks you should seek for

THE RUNNERS

of the proposed sleigh (Fig. 1). With a good sharp axe, lop off the branches, leaving no projecting stubs; then cut two more stout sticks like the one marked with large capitals A, B, C, D, E, (Fig. 2), for the top rails of the runners; after which lay the top rail on a level piece of ground and the long bottom rail alongside of it at exactly the distance from the top rail which you have decid-

ed to be the height of the proposed runner (Fig. 2). Next cut the spokes AF, BG, CH, DJ and EK, and lay them along the runners, in the positions which you intend them to occupy in the finished frame (Fig. 2), and mark where they are to be trimmed down to fit the proposed auger holes in rail, at A, B, C, D, E, and runner at F, G, H, J, K. Also mark the places for the auger holes and scratch the direction, or angle, on the rail and runner of the slanting auger holes at the ends of the sleigh AF and EK (Fig. 2). This done, bore the auger holes at the points marked, being careful to make the middle ones at right angles with the rail and runner, and the end ones to exactly correspond with the diagonal scratches made to guide you. Now test your spokes and see that the middle ones are of equal length and end ones of proper length to fit holes EK, AF. Trim off the spokes so that they may be forced into the holes and then drive them in place.

Take care not to make the ends of the spokes so large as to split your rail or runner or to drive them in with such force as to produce the same disastrous result; they need to be firmly fixed in place, but not forced into the auger holes with sledge hammer blows.

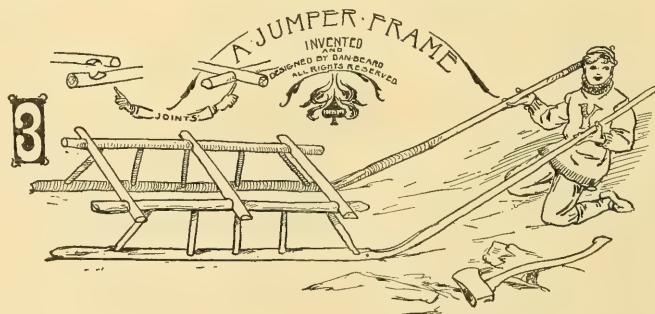
THE SHAFTS

of this jumper are the long protruding ends of the runners, and if the wood proves to be too stiff to bend properly for the correct angle of the shafts, the top of the runners may be carefully shaved off at the bending point in front of the sleigh as it is in Fig. 2. But do not do this until you have completed your jumper and tested the elasticity of the poles by lifting up the ends of the shafts, something after the manner the Yale man is doing in Fig. 3.

When one runner is finished to your satisfaction build a duplicate one as already described.

THE AUGER HOLES

may go entirely through the top rail, but





of the Jumper, and it is called a "Gummer," because a somewhat similar sled is used by the men known as gummers, who live in the forests and make a living collecting spruce gum for children, and "sales-ladies" to chew.

must not go through the runners for the obvious reason that if the spokes protrude through the runners they will retard the progress of the sleigh. For ordinary purposes it is not necessary to have as many spokes to the runners as are shown in Figs. 2 and 3, but the builder must here use his own judgment, as he also must do in the selection of the material. It requires more skill to build a light jumper than a heavy one, and the best course for the novice to pursue is to select timber heavy enough to avoid any great danger of splitting when the spokes are driven in place.

THE FRAME

of the sleigh is finished when the cross-braces are put in place (Fig. 3), and secured there by nails or lashings of thongs, twine or marline; a glance at Fig. 3 will show the reader that within reasonable limits the greater the weight which rests on the runners, the less liability there is of the spokes working out of their bearings. The braces may have log cabin joints to fit in similar ones cut in the top rail, as shown by the diagram marked "joints" above Fig. 3, or, if there is thought to be any danger of weakening the top rails by these joints, the notches may be cut only in the braces, or if the builder is in haste, the braces can be nailed in place without having any notches at all.

THE GUMMER

is a hand sled built on the general plans

THE RUNNERS OF A GUMMER

are much lower in proportion to its size than are those of a Jumper, but they are made in the same manner as the latter.

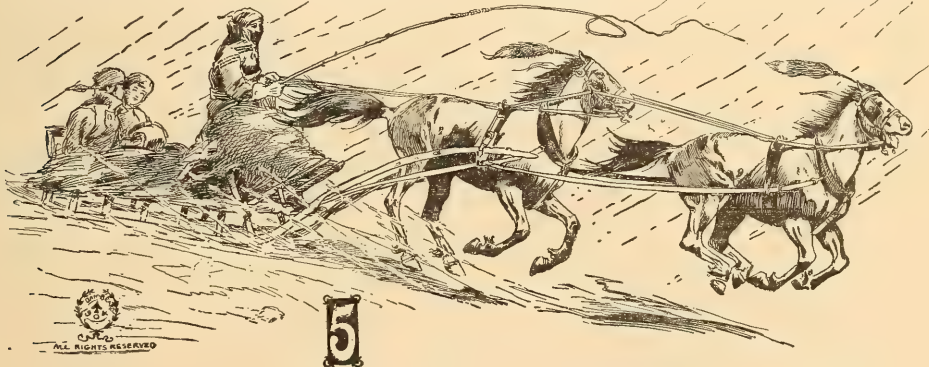
The reader will, of course, understand that a Gummer is built of very much lighter material than a Jumper. As may be seen by reference to Fig. 4, the runners are bent up until they reach the protruding ends of the top rails, where they are securely bound in place with thongs, or secured by nails to a cross-brace which is omitted in the illustration.

If you are the happy possessor of a piece of board, the top of the Gummer may be made of this, but to many minds the presence of a piece of sawed lumber savors too strongly of the effete civilization of towns and cities, and in the woods one likes to have the "real thing," which in this case is a top made of halved pieces of spruce, pine or other wood, or of shakes, splits or clapboards—as the small rough boards split by woodmen from quartered logs are variously called—according to the locality where one happens to be camping. In the Far West these big shingles or short boards are called "shakes." In Maine they are splits; but down in the Southern forests they are still known as clapboards, a name now usurped in the North by the milled product used on frame houses.

Fig. 5 shows a low sledge—built Jumper style, but with an elevated driver's seat and

A TANDEM RIG.

This is for use in the narrow trails which



exist in some sections where roads are wanting and where the winter snows smooth the trails by obliterating the stones and logs which impede summer travel.

THE BODY OF A JUMPER

can be finished in any style which one's time and material will allow. A good top for a Jumper can be made in the same manner as the runners, that is, by the use of spokes and a rail, as is shown in Fig. 6. Straw or hay may be used to sit in, if there is any such material obtainable, and if not, one can fill the crib with the sweet smelling balsam, upon which we all love to sleep while in the woods. The balsam may be not so warm as hay or straw, but it is soft to sit upon, while its perfume appeals to one's poetic idea of the forest; and blankets and wraps may be depended upon to keep out the frosts, as one goes bouncing over the "thank you marms" in the improvised sleigh, proud to be a real exemplification of

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

It will be noticed that the Jumper in Fig. 6 has the top rail of the runner prolonged into shafts and the lower rails of the runners curved up and made fast to the shafts. This can sometimes be done when the sleigh is so light that the stiffness of the runners, if prolonged into shafts, would cause the Jumper to rear up on its hind legs, so to speak. Yet the wood may be elastic enough to be forced up to the upper rail of the runner and made fast there, as it is in Fig. 6.

When you have horses, you, in all probability, also have wagons, and in that case it may be possible to take the shafts from a wagon and attach them to a Jumper, or it may save time and labor to remove the whiffletree from one of the wheeled conveyances and attach it to the sleigh, to which to fasten the traces.

But if there are no wagons handy there will probably be no traces, and in that case ropes must supply the place of traces and reins. With ropes for traces a rude

WHIFFLETREE

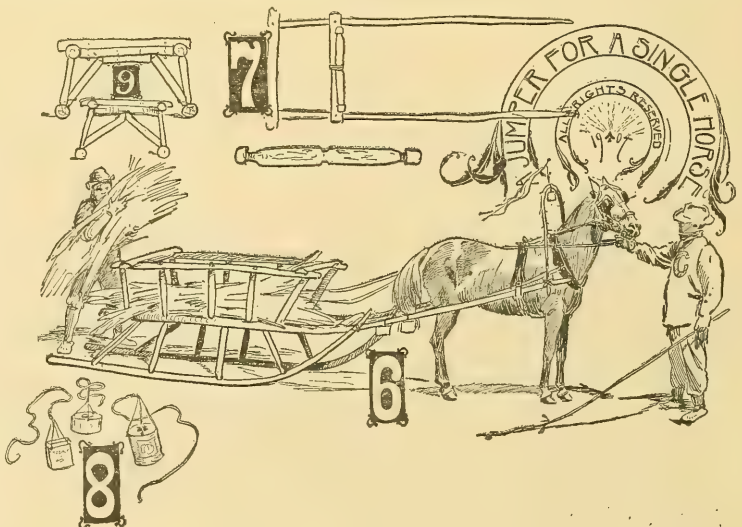
may be made of a stick notched at the end to receive the rope and notched in the middle, when

it is bound to the cross-brace between the shafts, as shown by Fig. 7. In the illustrations good harness is depicted upon the horses, but that is because they are picture-horses, and good harness is always as acceptable to the illustrator as is bad, or improvised, and looks much better than either; but in the woods, with only pack horses at one's command, improvised harness of ropes or thongs will probably be the only kind available, and a breast strap must then be substituted for the collars worn by the animals in the diagrams.

HOME MADE SLEIGH BELLS

are not a difficult proposition to one who wishes them for use and not appearances, and tobacco, meat, or tomato cans, which are to be found around almost any camp, will be as much admired by the deer, moose, wolves, coons or jack rabbits as the most expensive Russian sleigh bells. If a few round pebbles be placed inside of the cans they will make as much noise as necessary to apprise any other wayfarer of the approach of the Jumper. Fig. 8 shows how the cans may be hung by strings run through nail holes, and Fig. 6 shows some such crude bells attached to the shafts of the Jumper.

It is possible that one may want to build a heavy sledge on the Jumper plan, for the "toting" of weighty dunnage or heavy material of some sort, and in that case the ordinary Jumper runners, if made tall, even when built of heavy material, may be liable to spread, or fold up under the sleigh. Fig. 9 shows a cross-section of a Jumper with braces to prevent such accidents, simple affairs nailed in place so as to stiffen the frame. As emergencies arise change the shape to suit the conditions, while keeping the real essentials.



A NATURALIST'S BIG STORIES

By JOHN BURROUGHS

TALK about "wild animal whoppers," I have found nothing in my reading of the works of reputable naturalists quite so hard to believe, so utterly incredible in fact, as in Hudson's "The Naturalist in La Plata." What is one to think, for instance, of his man-chasing spider, and the man on horseback at that? Mr. Hudson suggests that when Nature made this species she "overshot her mark." That he has himself overshot the mark in portraying the creature's fierceness and prowess will, I fancy, be the conclusion of most readers. "When a person passes near one—say, within three or four yards of its lurking place—it starts up and gives chase, and will often follow for a distance of thirty or forty yards. I came once very nearly being bitten by one of these savage creatures. Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly observed a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me." So the spider got the whip, if it failed to get the man. The question naturally occurs, what was Mr. Hudson doing, while the spider was traveling up his whip-lash from the ground? Was he holding still? Could he not snap the savage beast off? Our own wolf-spider is a savage little creature, and will show fight when you touch it, but here is a wolf-spider that, like a veritable wolf, pursues and overtakes a man on horseback, and actually comes near biting him. The size of the spider is not given; though it is said to be "extraordinary." Yet it could hardly have been more than an inch high.

The bird-catching spider of South America has a spread of eight or ten inches, but I believe this is much the largest of the spider tribe. I have seen our wolf-spider seize and drag off a very small toad, but it could hardly travel fast enough to overtake a creeping baby.

This astonishing spider story of Mr. Hudson's predisposes one to discount many other statements in his book. The precocity of the young of some of his animals surpasses anything of the kind I ever heard of. Of the lambs of the pampa or native breed of sheep he says this: "I have often seen a lamb dropped on the frosty ground in bitterly cold, windy weather in midwinter, and in less than *five seconds* [the italics are mine] struggle to its feet, and seem as vigorous as any day-old lamb of other breeds. The dam, impatient of the short delay, and not waiting to give it suck, has started off at a brisk trot after the flock, scattered and galloping before the wind like

huanacos rather than sheep, with the lamb, scarcely a minute in the world, running freely at her side."

Can one accept such a statement without a violent wrench to his "will to believe"? It takes all four-footed creatures of which I have any knowledge, some minutes to get their eyes open when they are born, and to find themselves in their new and strange surroundings, and they rarely do this without aid from the mother. Is there not just as much need that the fawn of the common wild deer should be able, on coming into the world, at once to find its legs and follow the dam as that the new-born lamb upon the pampa should? And yet the fawn does not follow the dam for some days, and probably does not get to its feet for some hours. President Roosevelt records that he once saw a frightened deer drop her fawn as she ran, but he does not record that the fawn sprang to its feet and followed its mother.

These pampa sheep are, no doubt, a very hardy breed, but the statement that they come into the world ready to flee from danger on the instant certainly taxes one's credulity.

Mr. Hudson's statement that the young of the jacana—a bird of the marshes—"is ready to begin active life from the very moment of leaving the shell," is not quite so hard to believe, though hard enough. The young of certain reptiles will run, and hiss, and strike the instant they escape from the egg. But this maturity of powers is certainly rare among birds one moment from the shell. The young of our waterfowl require some hours to make ready for active life. But not so with the jacana. Mr. Hudson had found a nest on a mound of earth in a shallow lagoon containing four "pipped" eggs. "While I was looking closely at one of the eggs lying on the palm of my hand, all at once the cracked shell parted, and at the same moment the young bird leaped from my hand and fell into the water. To perish? Not so. It pulled for the shore at once, and escaping from the water concealed itself in the grass, lying close and perfectly motionless like a young plover."

This story has gone into recent works of animal instinct, and the truth of it has apparently never been questioned. All the same, it is a tough one.

There are several other observations in Mr. Hudson's book that one cannot swallow without a struggle. His account of the death-feigning instinct of the fox is so contrary to all we know of that animal that it is incredible. In one case which he relates a young fox actually fell down at the sight of two men approaching on horseback and played its part so well that a severe

lashing with a whip failed to arouse it. What is the fox's cunning and fleetness of foot given him for, or how has he ever acquired them, if this is the way his heart fails him at the sight of danger? The 'possum behaves somewhat in this way, but it is a slow, stupid animal. Every instinct is supposed to be of some use to the animal possessing it, and to have been developed in the struggle for existence, but of what possible benefit could this death-feigning instinct be to the fox? His enemy would have his pelt without an effort.

The puma as figured by this La Plata naturalist is another animal whose habits in some respects contradict all we know of its tribe. Savage and cruel and bloodthirsty like our panther, leading much the same kind of life, it yet will not "defend itself against a human being," but will rather defend a human being against its enemies; will fawn upon a man whom it meets in the night, rubbing playfully against his legs like a cat, etc.—all of which one would like to see corroborated by other observers.

THE ROBIN.

Probably, with us, no other bird is so closely associated with country life as the robin; most of the time pleasantly, but for a brief season, during cherry time, unpleasantly. His life touches or mingles with ours at many points—in the doorway, in the garden, in the orchard, along the road, in the groves, in the woods. He is everywhere except in the depths of the primitive forests, and he is always very much at home. He does not hang timidly upon the skirts of our rural life, like, say, the thrasher or the cheewink; he plunges in boldly and takes his chances, and his share, and often more than his share, of whatever is going. What vigor, what cheer, how persistent, how prolific, how adaptive; pugnacious, but cheery, pilfering, but companionable!

When one first sees his ruddy breast upon the lawn in spring, or his pert form outlined against a patch of lingering snow in the brown fields, or hears his simple carol from the top of a leafless tree at sundown, what a mild thrill it gives one! What a train of pleasant associations is quickened into life!

What pictures he makes upon the lawn, what attitudes he strikes! See him seize a worm and yank it from its burrow!

I recently observed a robin boring for grubs in a country door-yard. It is a common enough sight to witness one seize an angle-worm and drag it from its burrow in the turf, but I am not sure that I ever before saw one drill for grubs and bring the big white morsel to the surface. The robin I am speaking of had a nest of young in a maple near by, and she worked the neighborhood very industriously for food. She would run along over the short grass after the manner of robins, stopping every

few feet, her form stiff and erect. Now and then she would suddenly bend her head toward the ground and bring eye or ear for a moment to bear intently upon it. Then she would spring to boring the turf vigorously with her bill, changing her attitude at each stroke, alert and watchful, throwing up the grass roots and little jets of soil, stabbing deeper and deeper, growing every moment more and more excited, till finally a fat grub is seized and brought forth. Time after time, during several days, I saw her mine for grubs in this way and drag them forth. How did she know where to drill? The insect was in every case an inch below the surface. Did she hear it gnawing the roots of the grasses, or did she see a movement in the turf beneath which the grub was at work? I know not. I only know that she struck her game unerringly each time. Only twice did I see her make a few thrusts and then desist, as if she had been for the moment deceived.

How pugnacious the robin is! With what spunk and spirit he defends himself against his enemies! Every spring I see the robins mobbing the blue-jays that go sneaking through the trees looking for eggs. The crow-blackbirds nest in my evergreens, and there is perpetual war between them and the robins. The blackbirds devour the robins' eggs, and the robins never cease to utter their protest, often backing it up with blows. I saw two robins attack a young blackbird in the air, and they tweaked out his feathers at a lively rate.

The past spring a pack of robins killed a cuckoo near me that they found robbing a nest. I did not witness the killing, but I have cross-questioned a number of people who did see it, and I am convinced of the fact. They set upon him when he was on the robin's nest, and left him so bruised and helpless beneath it that he soon died. It was the first intimation I had ever had that the cuckoo devoured the eggs of other birds.

DUCKS AND THE WIND

Mr. R. Kearton, F.Z.S., in his interesting book called "Wild Nature's Ways," jumps to the conclusion that because he has seen ducks flying against the wind they always fly against the wind, in order not to ruffle their plumage, as would be the case, he thinks, did they fly with the wind. Now ducks fly where they want to go, regardless of the direction of the wind. But aside from this a duck would not ruffle his plumage any more going with the wind than against it, for once on the wing, the duck is going through the air, just as a steamboat is going with or against the tide. Like many other writers of animals and their habits, Mr. Kearton draws a hasty and incorrect conclusion from his observations, and falls into the common error of making too much out of them.

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE YACHT

By E. A. TERHUNE

NOW is the time to get ready for the ice-yachting season, and all those who want to have sport this Winter should begin now and get their boat built so that when the ice gets here they will be prepared to enjoy all of it. Take time by the forelock and build it now. The boat here described is of moderate dimensions and within the means of everybody. However, if any one wishes a larger one this plan can be enlarged to suit. This boat will be found to be the best size for the beginner and one to have the greatest pleasure with. It will take up very little storage room in summer and one person can put it together and take it apart.

All the lumber should be selected and be as free from knots as possible. The best material would be spruce or white pine. The keel, or backbone, is made of one piece, 4x6 inches, where the mast rests on it, and tapers to 4 inches square at the forward end, and 4x5 inches at the rear or stern. The next piece is the runner plank. This runs at right angles to the keel and is fastened to it in center with an iron strap that goes up each side and over top of keel, and has the ends bent out so bolts can be put through the runner plank. This strap should be bolted to the keel also. The runner plank should be 10 inches wide and 2 1-2 inches thick in center, and taper down to 2 inches at the outer ends. This plank is to support the runners at each end of it. Four strips of hard wood, 2x4x18 inches, should be bolted to the runner plank to form guides for the runners. There should be 1 3-4 inches between them, and they are to be bolted on and must be exactly parallel with each other so the runners will run true. If there is the least variation in them the runners will not "track" evenly and your boat will not sail very fast. This is the main point in getting a fast boat. Be very particular with the guides and runners. Now we will take up the body or cock-pit. This is made by putting a strip 1 1-2x4 inches on each side, about 3 inches from the center and on top of the runner plank, and bolting it fast. The ends run back to near the stern, and are there joined with a circle piece which is made from 1 1-2x4 inch wagon wheel rim, which can be bought at any wheelwrights or most hardware stores. The side pieces can be halved into the circle piece and bolted together. After this is done cover the bottom with tongue-and-grooved beaded boards, and your woodwork on the body of your boat is done.

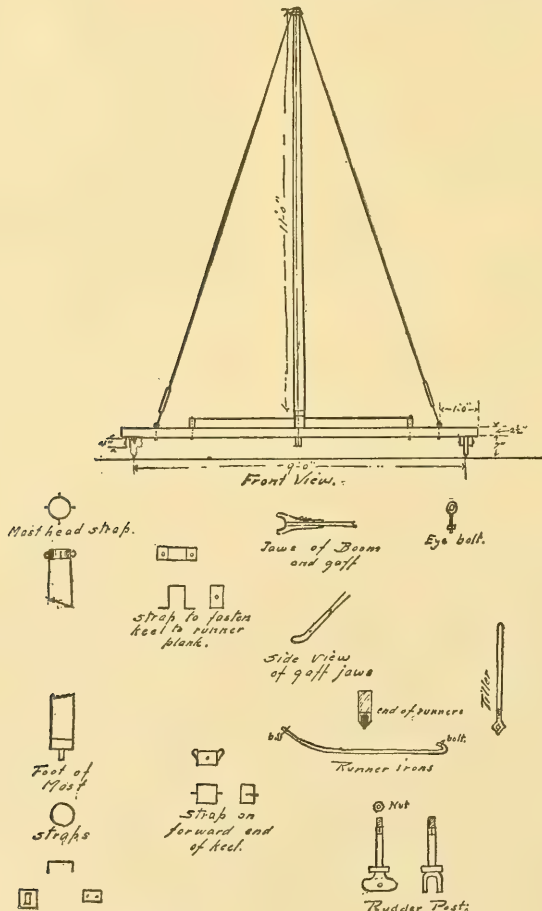
The mast should be of spruce, 4 inches at the base, and taper towards the top with a swelling taper, not straight but slightly rounding as it goes towards the top. This is to give greater strength. The mast should have a foot 1 inch wide and as long

as the thickness of it will permit, and be fitted with an iron strap to prevent splitting. There should be a corresponding hole cut in the top of keel timber for the mast to step into, and to prevent the keel from splitting, a strap with hole in it to fit over the one in keel timber, should be placed over it, and have two or three inches turned down on each side to fasten it to the sides of the keel. This finishes the foot of mast. The top should taper down to 2 1-2 inches and be fitted with a ring about 2 inches wide and have 4 eyes welded in on the four sides of it. These eyes are to fasten the head and side stays and the peak-halliard pulley. The boom and gaff should be made in the same manner as the mast, only that the largest place in each should be where the pulleys are fastened. The boom should be largest about four feet from the rear end, and taper both ways, so it is about 2 inches at each end, and 2 1-2 inches in largest place. The gaff should be 1 1-2 inches at each end, and 2 inches at largest place, or about 2 1-2 feet from outer end. The inner ends of both boom and gaff should be fitted with wooden jaws to straddle the mast and prevent them slipping off. The gaff jaws to have a curve upward on the inner ends, so that when the gaff is hoisted up in place the jaws will strike on both sides of the mast and not slip off as would be the case if they were straight. The jib-boom should be 1 1-2 inches at each end, and 2 inches in center, but will have no jaws, simply a straight finish.

Now we come to the sails. The best material for them will be 8-ounce duck or canvas, which can be purchased at any drygoods store. Before cutting out the sails the whole strip should have a one inch tuck run through the center and stitched down on both sides; this not only strengthens it but makes a nicer looking sail. To cut out sails the best plan would be to mark them out, full size, on the attic floor, or stake them out on the lawn, and run a string around the stakes to cut to. When cutting allow 2 1-2 inches more on all sides for the hem and lap each joint 1 inch. Always begin to cut your sails on the rear side and work towards the forward. On the lower sides of both sails cut them with a slight rocker, say about 2 inches deeper in center of main sail, and 1 1-2 inches deeper in jib. When sails are cut and stitched together, each corner should be reinforced with an extra piece of canvas, and each corner will then have a hole worked in it for the lacing. Now the lower and forward edges of the jib and the bottom, top and forward edges of the main-sail should have a strip of 3-8 inch rope sewed on them to prevent stretching, also every 10 or 12 inches on

the roped edges, there should be holes for lacings worked in, and an extra row of holes worked three feet above the boom for reefing, when there is too much wind. The rear edges or leach of each sail should be fitted with a strong, small line to tighten up with, so the sails will not flutter while sailing. These lines should be only tight enough to hold the sails steady and not so they will be baggy, as that holds the boat back. These lines, or leach ropes, are run inside of the hem and the ends fastened to the boom and gaff. The sails are intended to be laced around the boom, gaff, mast, jib-boom and head-stay, but rings can be put on mast and head-stay if preferred. The head-stay should be 5-16 inch wire rope and fastened to eye in top of mast and pass through hole in forward end of keel, and then pass back under runner plank and cock-pit, about 4 or 5 feet, and be fastened with a bolt up in the keel. A small block about 3 inches deep should be placed between runner plank and wire, thus pressing it down and giving it a greater purchase.

The side-stays fasten to ring in top of mast, the same as head-stay, and lower ends have a turn-buckle, or lanyard, to tighten up with, and are fastened to eye-bolts in runner plank. These stays hold mast in position and should always be kept tight. In setting mast see that it pitches forward slightly, as an ice-boat sails better with mast in that position. Pulleys are necessary for hoisting the sails. A single one at mast-head for jib, a double and single one for the peak-halliard, two single ones for the throat-halliard, two double and one single one for the main-sheet rope and two single ones for the jib-sheet. All these pulleys can be lashed on with rope, but it would be much better to have little iron straps fitted to spars and eyes welded in for pulleys to fasten to. Now we come to the most important item in the whole boat, "the runners;" the easiest to make will be described. Cut out the wooden shoe according to the length and shape wanted and 1 5-8 inches thick. Along the bottom edge cut out a V-shaped groove the whole length of runner, then take runners to a



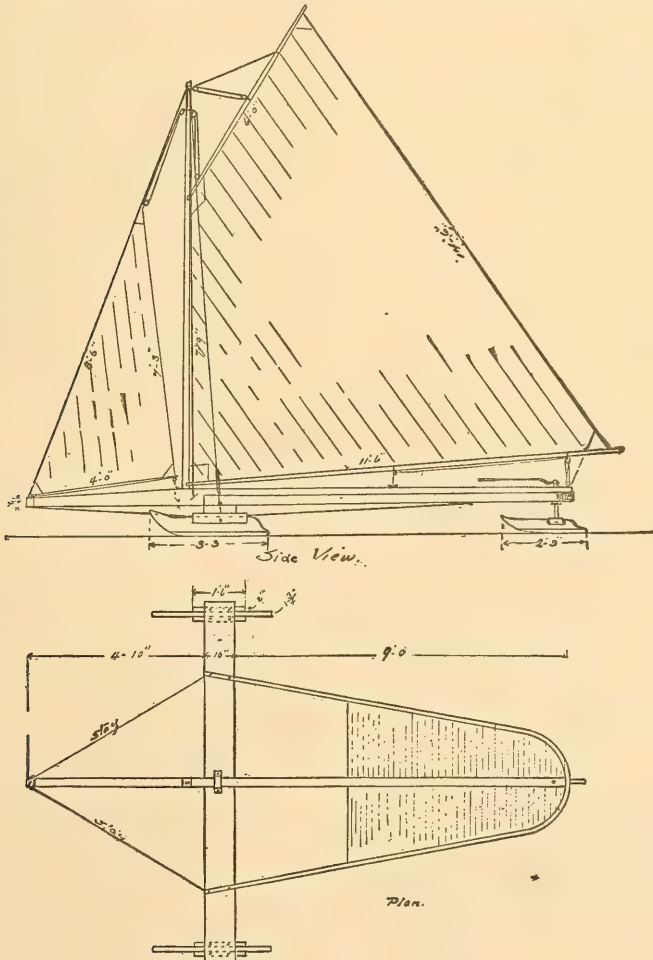
blacksmith and let him make you the iron shoes for them. They should be of 1-2 or 3-4 inch square iron, with the rear end turned up and a hole drilled and counter sunk in each end, so they can be fastened to wooden shoes. The 'iron' should be bent to take the shape of the wooden shoe, and made with the sharp corner down and slightly rocker-shaped. After irons are fastened on they must be filed down and made sharp and smooth so they will not scratch. The two forward runners are now placed in the guides and a hole bored through both guides and runners and a 1-2 inch bolt put through for a pin to work on. The rudder-post, for rear runner, will have to be all iron and have the lower end all spread out, both sides, so it will straddle the runner and have a bolt through it the same as for the forward runners. The stem will pass up through the keel and have a square head for tiller to fit on, and long enough above tiller to have a thread cut and a nut to screw down to hold tiller firm. Between top of rudder and bottom

of boat there should be a piece of rubber to take up the jar, but some leave this out and have a shoulder welded on rudder-post instead. The tiller can be made of pipe and wrapped with cord.

Provide the forward end of keel with a square strap and run side stays to forward sides or runner plank, to prevent keel from bending.

When boring holes through the runners see that they clear the runner plank about 3-4 of an inch, and so that they swing freely. Where rudder post passes through keel have an iron plate put on top of keel, also under body of boat for post to pass through.

Before starting to build boat, study all the accompanying drawings carefully and look over all the measurements and little points, as every necessary figure is given to complete the ice yacht. The writer has built several boats of this kind, and though there are numerous other designs this is the most satisfactory, as is proved by a practical test and experience.



THE GAME FIELD

RAISING QUAIL FOR SPORTSMEN

By EDWYN SANDYS

FOR most of us, this is an idle time for the gun. Unfortunately, only a favored few are so situated as to be able to express themselves southward to where migrant snipe, cock and water-fowl are resting in a sunnier clime. After all, this is not so bad for the game. There are active sportsmen a-plenty in the South without calling out the northern brigade, which already have attacked and decimated the feathered army. To judge from advices and invitations received, the southerners confidently expect a very fair season, which I most sincerely hope will pan out.

Beware of that man who glibly reels off minute details concerning shooting-grounds and exactly how to reach and work them. In most instances, he personally knows nothing, never having actually tested the shooting. Of course, in the case of water-fowl, every sportsman knows of their famous haunts and how to reach them, while information concerning such trifles as the cost is best acquired by actual, not seldom rather bitter, experience. The greatest difficulty is in the case of the Bob White. Those who know this bird, also know what changes may come with a new season.

Ground that was A-1 last season may not be worth shucks this month. Bad weather, an extensive fire, over-shooting, or trapping, can, in brief time, play the mischief.

Once again I would remind sportsmen within touch of the Bob White covers of the East and Middle West of the value of a little care during this and next month. The real pinch is yet to come and only well-fed birds can stand it. Grain properly placed now, will do much toward saving a good breeding-stock for next season, and it should not be forgotten that the northern-bred bird is the better for northern grounds. Of course, should anything fatal occur to him, his southern cousin is a heap better than nothing, but the wise man will cherish his own rather than send for the outsider. An active sportsman cannot do better than take a tramp through the covers of his district and see for himself how the birds are faring, and also just where to place the grain. The snow will tell where the birds most frequent, and the food should be placed in the line of travel and at the winter headquarters, and so screened that a snowfall will not hide it. The birds, of course, are apt to be in the snuggest of available natural shelters, so the search for track should be about the brushy, out-of-the-way places, rather than the open fields. It is better to place the food in thick brush, too, because such cover protects feeding birds from sudden dash by hawk, or other foe. It is much better,

cheaper and easier to feed and care for the native stock than to import; in fact, it is no easy task at present to secure the needful birds. Because the Bob White, practically, is a resident of his native district, it is not only possible, but comparatively a simple matter to carry over a proper breeding stock. Yet it requires a something of both self-sacrificing and sapient hustling, and the true sportsman, having the opportunity, should do both and begin now.

According to statements from Winnipeg, a resident of Manitoba is successfully running a fox farm, comprising some sixteen acres, of course all within a fox-proof fence. I believe he pays attention only to those valuable beauties, the black and the silver-gray varieties. Another man, in the Lake-of-the-Woods-Country, has a skunk farm, and I should suppose, a still stronger grip upon prosperity. Certainly both skunks and foxes should assure a man a cent or so, especially for a rainy day! but, according to my lights, the man who will go in for practical Bob White breeding would stand an infinitely better chance of certain profit. That the Bob White can be reared in confinement has long been an established fact, the question of profitable rearing being an entirely different matter. But why not rear them at a profit? A Bob White, remote kin to a bantam fowl, lays a lot of eggs and not seldom hatches two broods in one season. Twenty matured young would be no extraordinary product for one pair of birds in one season. This, to some, might appear far too small a number, but in spite of many yarns to the contrary, I believe a fair brood numbers no more than from ten to fifteen, also that the second brood seldom equals the first. But the figures given are amply large to warrant faith in propagation in confinement, for, after making all reasonable allowances, the second year should see a substantial increase, and the third, a crop well worth any ordinary man's attention. Be that man experimental man of leisure, or strictly business-like producer, he should be able to clear good money on his surplus birds as stockers for nearby shooting-grounds. They should pay better than fowls, because the very best places for rearing them would be light-soiled, scrubby corners, of little use for anything else. Hundreds of spots which for years have been nothing but weed-producing nuisances, might be turned into the most remunerative portions of the farm. It is true the venture would require a certain amount of intelligence—most successful ventures do—but in these enlightened days that should be no barrier. Bee-keeping, frog-raising,

fish-hatching, game-breeding, etc., each and all have been scoffed at in their turn, yet they, and kindred ventures, have put much money into certain pockets. And if, for one reason or another, there were no direct open market for Bob Whites, that would not necessarily mean good-bye to the profits. Suppose a dozen farmers banded together, shared the expense of a main hatchery and kept well-stocked one thousand acres. They not only could raise all the usual crops, but obtain better results, because the birds are tireless foes to certain insect pests, while themselves doing no harm whatever to any farm product. Then, and not till after the crops were gathered, would come the shooting, a sort of second crop and if bountiful, a doubly profitable one. Make no mistake about that. There are plenty of men, especially city men, who would be only too glad to pay a fair price for a few days' good shooting. They pay now, here, there and almost everywhere, and more than half the time get no value for their money. Once get those men assured of shooting and no reasonable expense would stand in the way. Nor would it mean an invasion of destroyers and the speedy ruination of the preserve. A hard and fast limit to the daily bag has in many places already proved a sufficient check, and the shooting, dog-work, etc., cannot be surreptitiously carried on. The really desirable patrons themselves would be the best of game protectors, and most likely would be the first to insist upon some effective method of keeping tabs upon each gun's work. And the fee for membership, or a day's shooting would not be all. Satisfied sportsmen never object to fair price for board, extras, care of dogs and the like, while the native boy, too, who was wise, surely would get his little bit for showing the way and so on. And further, there would be no cause for anxiety about continued patronage. The best possible advertisement for a game region is the man who has tried it, and found it up to promise. Not only will he talk about it, but he will take his closest friends thither, so one good man means more of the same kidney.

And lastly, lest the bugaboo of a set of wealthy monopolists arise; is there a fear of these favored fellows gobbling up the choice little preserve? What of it? Is there no more country, or is there any law against other farmers not in the original deal, going and doing likewise? Remember, this is not a case of gobbling up a naturally good region, like some duck-marshes, and then ordering off every outsider. What is meant is first making good that which was no good, and then pocketing a legitimately-earned profit; not at all unlike taking a country store, building up a good business, and selling out when you get good and ready, leaving the purchaser liable to such healthy opposition as makes strong the life of trade. The same thing has been profitably done in various forms,

not once but many times, in England, and proof of its practicability may be found in the fact that far better shooting, and that at an originally imported bird, is enjoyed there than is to be had in most of our older states. The Bob White is our best native bird for this purpose, and we already have plenty of pheasants for breeding stock. Bob White propagation upon a large scale, surely will come, and no doubt the best results will be from small separate pens, as the natural pugnacity of the males at the critical period, demands privacy in family matters. To those inclined to question the possibilities, I might say that years ago such things as game-refuges were suggested and strongly advocated in these very pages. Are there any such refuges and talk of them today? I most assuredly did not provide them, but mebbe I had dreams, and mebbe I'm a'dreamin' some more! Quien sabe?

That warm-blooded man who believes in a long, vigorous tramp of a winter's day, can see many interesting things in field and forest. The snow is not exactly a hotel register, while not unlike it. Of transient, regular and accidental, it truly tells who is and was there, and the reading is well worth while. But the reader will be wise to follow the fence-lines, border-thickets and wood paths and streams, rather than the better footing of oft-used routes. The close, or widely separated triangles of hare and rabbit; the long double-dotting of mink and weasel; the cambric stitching of hasty, awe-inspired mice; the clean-cut, typical line of a fox; the trim, carefully-measured print of a grouse; the trail of the short-legged bevy, and the lace-work of feeding small birds—each and all are worth examination, while most will repay following. The other ends of them may prove tragic—not a few end that way—but the time devoted to them should not be wasted. Many a useful little wrinkle has been acquired by the man who prowls snowy woods. The white stuff unblushingly betrays every secret confided to it, and not a few of these secrets are well worth knowing. They are apt to prove very useful at some time when the gun is in hand.

For the benefit of certain correspondents who appear to think I am what they term "a shooter of little birds and no hunter," I'll frankly acknowledge a lack of enthusiasm over the killing (not the trailing you understand!) of big game. While yielding to none as regards love of nature and prowling through the wilds, to my notion, the true charm of following big game lies in the getting nearer to nature and the close observation of small things which it needs must encourage. I would sooner watch a live moose than a dead one, because, to me, the live one is of absorbing interest, while dead it is merely a mass of almost invariably wasted meat.

WHAT TO FISH FOR IN FEBRUARY

By WILLIAM C. HARRIS

THE exodus of anglers to the waters of Florida is in full flood during the month of February. Those, however, who have been annually angling visitors to that State and go solely to indulge in their favorite pastime, postpone their visits until the latter part of March and the month of April, for it is then that all species of game fish and many of the most beautiful of the richly colored semi-tropical species are in the greatest profusion. It requires neither skill nor experience to fill a boat with them if the proper feeding grounds are fished.

While the interior portion of the State is full of lakes, large and small, but few Northern fishermen visit them solely for fishing. These waters contain large numbers of large-mouthed black bass, warmouthed bass, strawberry bass, a species peculiar to the South, sunfish of many varieties and an indigenous pickerel, closely allied to the Northern and Eastern pond pickerel, not the big one so-called East of the Alleghanies. While usually ignored by the angling tourist these fresh waters present many attractions for the rod. The black bass run very large—a weight of thirty pounds has been reached—and on a plane with their big-mouthed brethren of Northern and Western waters, they are apt to show widely different traits when fighting for liberty. In some Florida waters they leap wildly into the air when hooked; in others they come tamely to the net, with their great mouths wide open and in a drowned condition. They are identical in species with our Northern variety.

All along the Eastern and Gulf Coasts of Florida there are rivers and streams that flow down to the salt waters. In all of these the black bass is found, and the flowing current seems to give them an added fighting strain to that possessed by their congeners of the more quiet waters. Here they are found at their best in the extreme upper waters, among the lily pads and in the dense growth of other water vegetation, to boat one safely from which requires the skill and experience of years. The charm of fishing these waters of the down-flowing streams, is not, however, confined to catching the black bass. In nearly all of them, particularly in the month of April, they are visited by great shoals of migratory and predatory fish that come in on the early flood-tide to feed upon smaller fish, particularly the young of the menhaden, so called in that section, and it is not an infrequent sight to see the water tossed into foam, over more than an acre in area, by the onslaught of the big fish upon the dense schools of the smaller ones.

The red drum or channel bass can be taken freely in the river waters on the troll—the phantom minnow seeming to be the favorite lure—and frequently reaches a

weight of twenty to thirty pounds. Occasionally one has been taken on a large gaudy fly, as also have been the salt water trout under like conditions. There is an angler who spends every winter on the East coast of Florida, who never uses any lure except the feathers, and seems to be very successful with them. My own experience, however, has been scant in that direction, probably because I wanted clear water where a surface fly could be used, feeling no doubt to the extreme, that to use a sunken one was merely bait-fishing.

In these streams the black bass frequently come down to the brackish waters, but, in my experience, it rather dulls them as fighters, the reverse being the case below the mouth of the Susquehanna River, where the water is at times brackish, and when found there these fish seem to have taken on greater fighting powers than they show in the upper fresh waters of that river. In the little bays and widenings of the Florida streams, the strawberry bass, locally called in many places the "spotted bass," gives considerable sport on light tackle, frequently accentuated by hooking a large channel bass, which will be death to your gear, if you do not have plenty of line and know how to serve your reel and rod.

PACIFIC SALMON ON THE FLY.

From time to time the local papers of the Pacific Coast have published accounts of the salmon of those waters being caught on artificial flies. These statements have never been substantiated. Why these fish do not feed on the surface, like their Atlantic congeners, have puzzled the most experienced of anglers, and the solution is quite as perplexing as the whys and wherefores of the hooked nose of the salmon developed on the approach and during the spawning season. An inquiry has reached the OUTING office concerning the taking of Pacific salmon on an artificial fly, and although assured that a pure *oncorhynchus* had never been so taken, the matter was referred to the California Fish Commission for consideration. Mr. Charles A. Vogelsang, an experienced angler and Chief Deputy of the Commission, replied:

"While I have heard that such has been done, and it was noted as an unusual occurrence, I have not been able to verify any of the stories. Thousands of salmon are caught with a spoon in Monterey and San Francisco bay, and occasionally they are taken near the headwaters of the Sacramento in the same way.

"I am inclined to your view of it, that in the cases reported it has been the steelhead trout that were taken. As I have seen specimens of those fish that weighed twenty pounds, and they bear such a close resemblance to the salmon, it is easy to confuse the two, and a great many steelheads are taken with a fly, especially the small ones."

This subject is an interesting one and merits further investigation.

MIDWINTER GOLF GOSSIP

By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

AT the annual meeting of the United States Golf Association to be held this month (February), the ticket selected by the nominating committee will doubtless be elected; indeed at no time in the history of the organization has an opposition ticket ever been presented. The selections are: President, Ransom H. Thomas, Morris County Golf Club; Vice President, A. L. Ripley, Oakley Country Club; Vice President, Theodore Sheldon, Chicago Golf Club; Secretary, W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltusrol Golf Club; Treasurer, S. Y. Heebner, Philadelphia Cricket Club. Executive Committee—Daniel Chauncey, Garden City Golf Club; Herbert C. Leeds, Myopia Hunt Club; Eben M. Byers, Oakmont Country Club; H. G. Leavitt, Omaha Country Club.

The nomination of Mr. Byers is noteworthy for two reasons. He is a "class" player, and it is the first time that Pittsburg has been represented on the National Committee. During the eight years of the Association's existence the really crack players have not received overmuch recognition from nominating committees. Mr. C. B. MacDonald served three terms as Vice President, and Mr. H. J. Whigham, an ex-amateur champion, held the same office for one year. Perhaps it would be invidious to go farther, but Mr. Byers' record certainly entitles him to rank with the above named. As for Pittsburg, that golfing center, with the aid of the Fownes family, Dr. Fredericks, George A. Ormiston and Byers himself, has shown a strength for several years past that calls for recognition. It is possible too, that in the near future one of the championships—the Open—will go to the Oakmont Country Club of Pittsburg.

This is the time of year when golfers throughout the country are anticipating the publication of the handicaps. The Metropolitan Association did a wise thing when it appointed its Handicap Committee in December, so that the first general list for 1905 might be compiled on the form of the players as shown in the fall competitions at the different clubs. Probably few people have any idea of how much labor is involved in the work. Take Massachusetts for instance. During the last season over forty open tournaments were held throughout the State and more than three thousand golfers took part in these events, many of them one-day affairs. All this data has to be thoroughly sifted, classified and considered in assigning the players their handicap rating.

To be thoroughly satisfactory, a handicap list should be revised at frequent intervals. One critic has put forward the theory that the Metropolitan Association should reserve the right to change the rating at any time, even after a morning

round of 18 holes in an all-day medal competition. This critic says that if the morning round shows that a man rated at 18 should really be playing at 8, the committee should have power to make the correction on the spot. According to this same authority it seems that on more than one occasion of this nature a minority of the committee has asked for an immediate reduction of the handicap, but the majority has always voted the proposal down. Quite rightly too was such a proposition tabled. It is impossible to accurately gauge the standard of a man's golf from a single round, even if it be theoretically conceded that the committee reserves the right to interfere in the middle of the play. Such action would create, practically, a new competition.

Last month the suggestion was made in this column that it was time that the United States Golf Association took a hand in the sorely needed revision of the rules. The first step towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished, would be the appointment, by the Association, of a Rules of Golf Committee. This committee as a matter of courtesy, would at once communicate with a like committee of the Royal and Ancient and suggest co-operation. If this were declined then we are certainly able and willing to go it alone. Incidentally, such a committee could find useful employment in deciding the disputed points in actual play which are always arising. Possibly, such a committee might not display more wisdom in the interpretation of abstruse points than the various golf editors do now, but at least their decisions would come with authority.

The season of 1905 will soon be in full swing and golfers will have every chance to decide the vexed question as to whether Mr. Travis is still our leading player. In the various Eastern ratings that position was unanimously awarded him, but Western authorities were not disposed to agree with this dictum, and almost to a man they placed Mr. Egan first and Mr. Travis second. Since the ratings were promulgated one important tournament—that at Lakewood—has been held. The field was a strong one and, with apparent ease, Travis showed his superiority to all opponents. It is unfortunate that the two undoubted champions of the East and West should not have an opportunity to decide the question by an actual meeting. Perhaps they may do so this coming season and on a course—say Myopia—that will try out the best golf they can show. Here is another argument for the plan long advocated by Mr. Travis—sectional championships and a round-robin tournament for the elect. From such a mill the real champion would be ground out unquestionably.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE BEGINNER

DEVELOPING AND DEVELOPERS

By L. W. BROWNELL

A GREAT deal of the ultimate success of a picture lies in the manner in which the negative is treated in the dark room.

In the first place dust and bubbles are two of the worst obstacles in the way of a perfectly developed plate. These troubles can be obviated to a great extent by carefully brushing each negative with a soft camel's-hair brush before immersing in the developer (this should also be done before the plate is put into the plateholder), and by flowing the developer quickly over the plate, not placing the plate in the developer. If, after the developer has been poured on, a tuft of cotton is gently passed over the surface of the plate it will effectually break any bubbles which may have formed, and the danger from that source will be passed.

When pouring on the developer, care must be taken that it immediately covers all parts of the plate, or else there will be a distinct line across the negative at that point where the developer ceased to flow. Also the tray must be constantly rocked during the process of development, for, usually, if a plate is allowed to lie still in a flat tray, the finished negatives will have a mottled appearance which will show in the print.

Too strong a light on any plate during development will fog it. Of course, the slow plates can stand the strongest light, but the orthochromatic plates should be developed with almost no light, it being turned on only occasionally for an instant to ascertain if the development is completed. Another source of fog is from too strong developer and from forced development of an under-exposed plate.

As to the question of how far to carry a plate in the development, that is one that can be learned only by experience, as it so entirely depends on the plate used, the developer, and the style of negative wished. All I can say on that subject is that the image on the plate when it is held up to the light in the dark room, must appear to be considerably stronger than will be required in the finished negative, for it becomes much thinner from the action of the fixing bath. This is particularly true of double-coated (non-halation) plates. Usually the image can be distinctly seen on the back of the plate when the development is complete, but this is not always the case, and so cannot be entirely depended upon.

In some developers the negative requires to be carried much farther than in others, and with pyro the negative "fixes out" but little, while with metol it "fixes out" considerable, and therefore the development when using metol must be carried much farther than when pyro is being used. So it is necessary to take into consideration both the plates and the developer that is

being used when judging how far to carry the development, and a little experience in this line is worth more than many pages of written advice.

During the process of development the plate should be handled as little as possible, and it should not be removed from the tray to be held up to the light for examination until the operator judges that the development is nearing completion.

The developer should be kept at a temperature of between 60 degrees and 65 degrees. This can be accomplished by adding a little warm water in the winter, or ice water in the summer. If the developer is warmer than this it softens the film to such an extent as to cause it to "frill" about the edges and often to leave the glass entirely, while a colder developer works slowly and gives a flat negative.

Old developer that has become discolored by repeated use should be thrown away, for its action is not perfect and it is liable to stain the plates. When we find that our developer is working slowly it should be thrown out and new mixed, for developers are cheap and it does not do to risk spoiling a negative with old developer in order to save a few cents.

Tank development is often most successful and, where one is busy, is a most excellent method, as the negatives do not have to be constantly watched, and fifteen or twenty may be developed at the same time. It consists in using a tank, filled with developer, in which the plates may be placed upright. On the inside of the tank are slots in which to slide the negatives so that they are kept from touching each other. The developer used should be diluted with about twenty times the usual amount of water, and after the negatives have been placed in it they may be left to develop themselves, which, if they have been correctly exposed, will be accomplished in about an hour, when they can be removed to the fixing bath. The tank should never be used, however, for anything but this work.

In all work in the dark room, cleanliness is absolutely necessary to success. In mixing the developers, it is well to use distilled water if possible, and even then they should always be filtered after being mixed, for even in the purest chemicals there are always some impurities.

Above all, never use a hypo tray for developing, for the least trace of hypo in the developer will often cause stains on the negative. I think it unnecessary at this time, to speak of local development. Later I may do so, but just at present the beginner will have very little use for it and it might tend to confuse him.



Philip R Goodwin

Drawing by Philip R. Goodwin

The race.

OUTING

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THE LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JUN., EXPEDITION INTO LABRADOR

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. HUBBARD ON THE TRIP

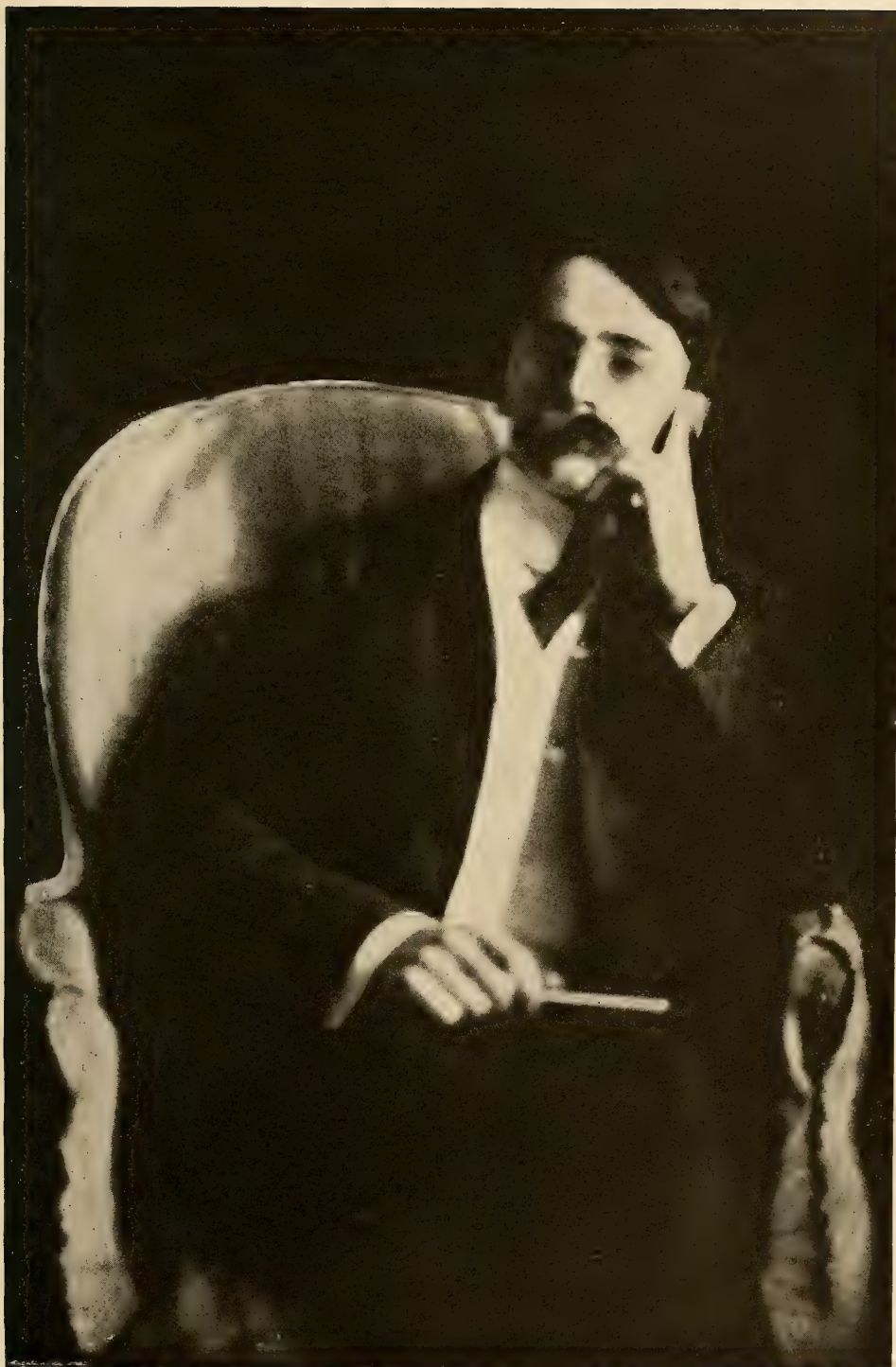
By CASPAR WHITNEY

ON June 20, 1903, Leonidas Hubbard, Jun., the assistant editor of OUTING, closed his desk, and set out from New York for the purpose of meeting the Nascaupsee Indians of Labrador somewhere on the George River at the time they gathered for the early autumn caribou migration. He planned to strike from the head of Grand Lake up the Nascaupsee River, thence through that small unexplored, and, as it proved, incorrectly mapped, tract of Labrador lying between Grand Lake and Lake Michikamau. Through Lake Michikamau he was to go down the George River (which heads about twenty miles to the north of this lake) to the Indians, who rarely go out to the coast to trade. The return journey was to be over the same route to the south, or on to Ungava Bay on the north, or even out to St. James' Bay on the west, according to time and opportunity.

It was a trip with which I was frankly not in sympathy and from which I sought to dissuade Hubbard; not because of its severity, for, as exploring trips go, it seemed a fairly easy venture for experienced wilderness hunters or travelers, but rather because I considered it not worth the time and money. Not good enough, in a word. Because of our high regard for Hubbard, however, and a desire to, as much as we could, help him attain to his ambition, we gave him the financial aid he asked. His equipment, party and arrangements were not only entirely of his own choosing, but even unknown to us. In this respect Hubbard took neither OUTING nor its editor into his confidence.

Hubbard and party, consisting of his friend Dillon Wallace, a New York lawyer, and George Eleson, a half-breed Cree Indian, sailed from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland, where they outfitted, except for canoe and tent and personal equipment, which had been taken from New York. By steamer they continued from St. John's to Indian Harbor at the mouth of Hamilton Inlet, on the southeast coast of Labrador, where a sailboat and a second steamer took them fifty miles west to Rigolette, and at the latter place another steamer conveyed them ninety miles farther west to Northwest River Post, a station of the Hudson Bay Company. This was the real starting point of the trip, and is near the head of Hamilton Inlet on the small Northwest River.

They left Northwest River Post in high spirits on July 15th. It is three miles from the Post to Grand Lake, which is about thirty-seven miles long and runs east and west more than north and south as the maps wrongly indicate. The Nascaupsee River heads in Grand Lake and makes northerly and then westerly towards Lake Michikamau—which was the water most important for Hubbard to reach. But Low's map, which Hubbard



Leonidas Hubbard, Jun.



Detail Low map showing Northwest River Post, the incorrectly mapped Northwest River, and the country Hubbard entered west of Grand Lake.

drop, that sufficient food might be found, that something—anything—might happen, to enable them to go on to a successful issue of the trip. Prayers urgent and sincere—but futile. The wind continued to blow, fish more difficult to catch in sufficient numbers; and soon realization came to the travelers that it was now no longer a question of the trip's success, but of escape with their lives. Ahead were storm and the unknown; south-east, a trail they knew, by which they might escape from the gripping fingers of winter rapidly closing upon them, to the Northwest River Post about two hundred and fifty miles distant by the route they had come:

So on September 20th they turned their backs on Michikamau, and started for the Post. The way was now familiar, but disappointment at their failure to reach George River, and weariness of body, ill fitted them for the exhausting effect of travel on failing rations. It seemed to wear on Hubbard more than the others, partly no doubt because of his feeling of responsibility, as leader of the expedition, and partly because he had not the reserve physical force of Wallace or Eleson. Gradually it wore him out. One day he had to abandon the pack—under which he had staggered that he might continue to do his share and not add to the burdens of the others—and then two days later followed in rapid succession his collapse, the consultation, the starting out of Wallace and Eleson for food and assistance, the last entry in his Diary on October 18th, and the peaceful passing away of as brave and gentle and lovable a soul as ever breathed in human form.

Twelve miles from where Hubbard made his last camp were three pounds of flour; twenty-five or twenty-six miles farther was the head of Grand Lake, and Donald Blake's food cache. And it was less than forty miles from that cache to the warmth and plenty of Northwest River Post from where they had all started. The plan agreed on at that last



Sketch-map of the route of the Hubbard party from

pathetic conference of the three starving men, was that, having found the flour, Wallace should go back with the scrap to Hubbard, and that George should go out to Blake's and bring in help. It was the 18th of October that George and Wallace set out from Hubbard. On the 19th they found the flour, and on the 20th Wallace and George parted; Wallace starting back to Hubbard, and George pushing on the remaining twenty-six miles to Blake's cabin at the head of Grand Lake.

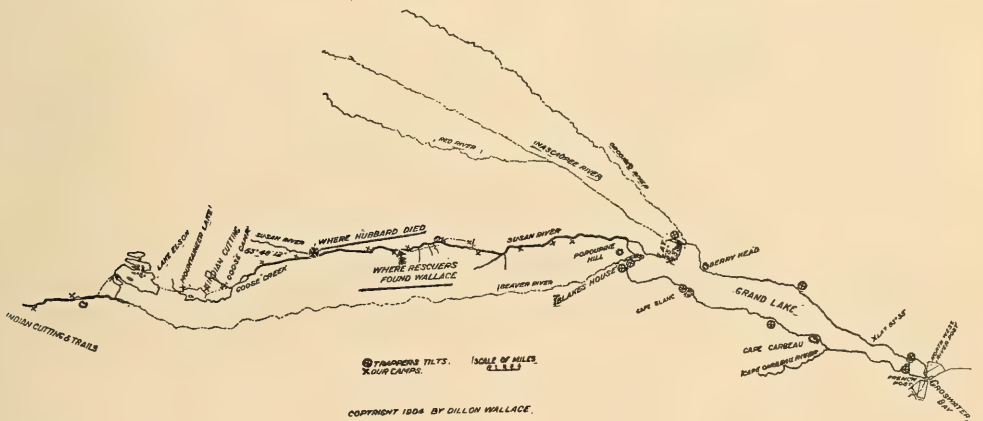
October 27th George reached the cabin, and immediately sent back Blake and three others with provisions. On October 30th these four men found Wallace just on the point of collapse, not far from where he and George had separated; for twelve days he had wandered about in continuous snow storm—too baffled to find his way until finally, too weak to move at all. Two of the four went on immediately to Hubbard, whom they found rolled in his blankets as sleeping—the closed Diary placed in its canvas bag at his side, and the pencil near at hand for the next entry.

Hubbard's body was wrapped tenderly and completely in furs, and left where he had died, securely protected against the wild beasts of the woods. The party that went to fetch it to the Post in March, preparatory to its long overland journey to the coast—found it under eight feet of pure white undisturbed snow—as fitting sepulcher as man ever had.

The rescuers of Wallace took him on to Northwest River Post, which they reached November 6th, and there and at Hamilton Inlet, where he was later carried on dog sledge—Wallace lay under medical care for weeks while his frozen feet healed—and he recovered from the exposure which had all but cost him his life. From here on December 21st started the telegram announcing Hubbard's death, which was carried three hundred and twenty-five miles by the Hudson Bay packet to Chateau Bay, and reached the outside world a month later.

Once recovered, Wallace set about preparing to bring out the body of his friend, and this was a task that proved nearly too much for him to accomplish. First he had to overcome native prejudice against such an undertaking, then combat local influence to have the body buried at the Post, and finally, the difficulty of getting dogs and drivers. But at last he succeeded, and in his success and in that three hundred mile journey to the coast, Wallace paid never-to-be-forgotten tribute to his friend Hubbard, and to the friends whom Hubbard loved. They left Northwest River April 22nd, reached Battle Harbor, May 12th, and arrived in New York, May 27th. On the following day Hubbard's body rested finally at the end of its long journey in a beautiful spot on the hillside overlooking the Hudson at Haverstraw, near the little house that had been home to him until he started for Labrador. Here in vigorous health and exuberant life often had he roamed, or sat looking down upon the noble river, dreaming the dreams of the wanderlust call.

And his spirit goes marching on.



Grand Lake to where they turned back within sight of Lake Michikamau.

George



Mackenzie

Wallace

Starting out from the Northwest Post—photograph taken morning of July 15th.
The canoe loaded with the Hubbard party equipment.

THE DIARY OF LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JUN.

Tuesday, July 7th.—Landed this A.M. at Indian Harbor. George and I went ashore in canoe; Wallace in ship's boat. Lot of fishermen greeted us. Find all men and women on the coast are Newfoundland men and "Livyeres" (Live here). The former come up to fish in summer and are the aristocrats; the latter are the under crust. Could not get any one to take us to Rigoulette.

Spent the P. M. getting outfit together—assorting and packing—weighing and trying it in the canoe—while line of Newfoundland salts looked on, commented and asked good-natured questions.

Canoe 18 ft., guides special Oldtown canvas; weight about 80. Tent—miners' tent, pole in front, balloon silk; weight 6 lbs.; dimensions $6\frac{1}{2} \times 7$. Three pairs 3-lb. Abercrombie & Fitch blankets; two 4-lb. single blankets; two tarpaulins, about 6×7 ; three pack straps; 2 9-inch duck waterproof bags. Hold 40 lbs. flour each; 3 12-inch bags; $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$; 30 rolls films, 1 dozen exposures each, in tin cans, with electricians, tape waterproofing; 1 doz. small waterproof bags of balloon silk, for sugar, chocolate, note-books and sundries. Wallace and I each have one extra light-weight 45-70 rifle, smokeless powder. Also one pistol each, diamond model, 10-inch barrel—for partridges. For grub we have four 45-lb. sacks of flour; 30 lbs. bacon; 20 lbs. lard; 30 lbs. sugar; 14 salt; 3 or 4 lbs. dried apples from home; 10 lbs. rice; 20 lbs. erbswurst; 10 lbs. pea-flour in tins; 10 lbs. tea; 5 coffee; 6 chocolate; 10 hardtack; 10 lbs. dried milk. Put it all in canoe. Got in ourselves, and found we could carry it O. K. Did some packing. Could carry 135 lbs. easily. Did not try more, but am sure I can handle 150 to start with.

Wednesday, July 8th.—Took observation at noon. Lat. $54^{\circ} 28'$. Then Steve Newell—a livyere—from Winter's Cove, offered to take us to Rigoulette for \$15. Started in the *Mayflower*—a leaky little craft—about 5 P.M. No wind to speak of. Cold drizzle and fog. About 11 we landed at Winter's Cove. Nasty place to land among the rocks on a desolate point. From a shanty on the beach came a yelling and hallooing from several voices to know who we were and what we were doing. Went into cabin; two rooms—one frame, one

sod. Room about 12×14 —desolate. Two women like furies—ragged, haggard, brown, hair streaming. One with baby in her arms; two small girls and a boy. One of women Steve's mother. Dirty place, but better than the chilling fog. Glad to get in. Fire started. Stove smoked till room was full. Little old lamp—no chimney. We made coffee and gave coffee and hardtack to all. Women went into other room with children. George, Wallace and I spread tarpaulin and blankets, and lay on the floor; so did Steve. Women talked loudly.

Thursday, July 9th.—Started at 5 A.M., launching boat after Steve had said, "Don't know's we can launch her, sir." Fog. Offered Steve chart and compass—"Ain't got no learnin', sir. I can't read." So I directed course in fog, and Steve steered.

Later, clear—fair—high wind. Steve cool, nervy, tireless. He traps foxes and shoots partridges in winter. Buys flour and molasses. Got too windy to travel. Landed at Big Black Island to wait for lower wind. Bought salmon of Joe Loyd. Lives in 10×12 shanty, hole in roof for smoke to escape. Eskimo wife. "Is all the world at peace, sir?" He came from England. Hungry for news. Had trout smoking in chimney. A little wood on this island, and moss, thick and soft.

Did not pitch tent. Wallace and I threw tent down and lay on it. Pulled his blanket over us, and slept. Whales snorting in the bay. Big gulls croaking. Bright moonlight. Still sunlight at 11. Am very anxious to reach Rigoulette, so intend to get up early. Had Steve get boat about to place, he says will leave it close to water at low tide. Nervous, and not sleepy.

Friday, July 10th.—Awoke at 1 A.M. Bright moonlight. Made coffee and milk. Called men. Portaged outfit 200 yds. to boat. Found her high. Worked till 4.30 to launch. Little wind. Made Pompey Island at 11. Saw many whales and seals. Caught caplin on fishhook tied to stick—jerking them. Stopped on Pompey for lunch. Mossy island of Laurentian rock. Saw steamer in distance. Thought it was Dr. Simpson in *Julia Sheridan*. Put off—fired three or four shots. Got only a salute. Wallace and I put off in canoe to head her off. She came about—was the *Virginia Lake*. Took us on board,



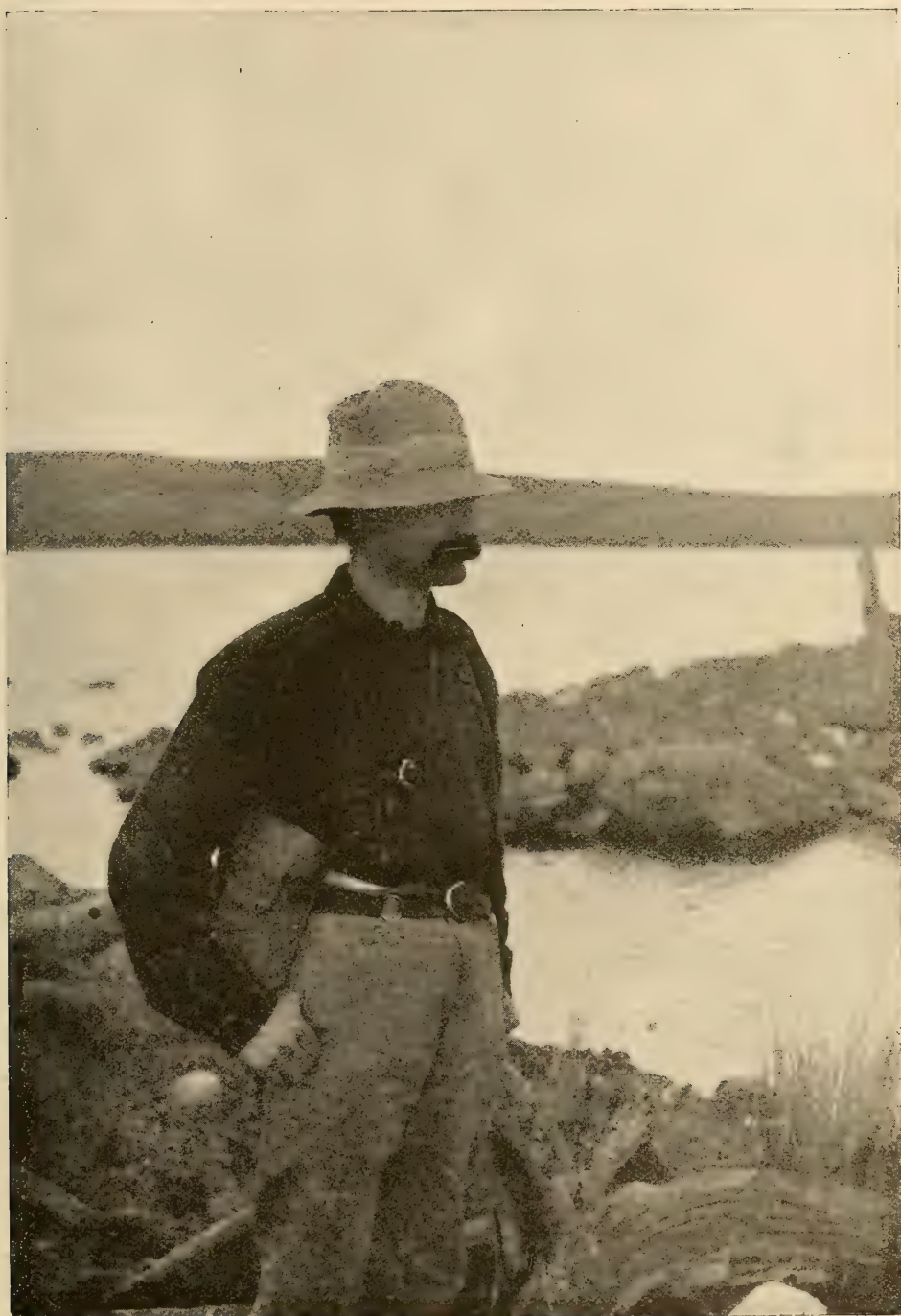
Running down the Beaver River.



Packing over the Early Portages.



Drying Clothes and Making Bread on the Susan River.



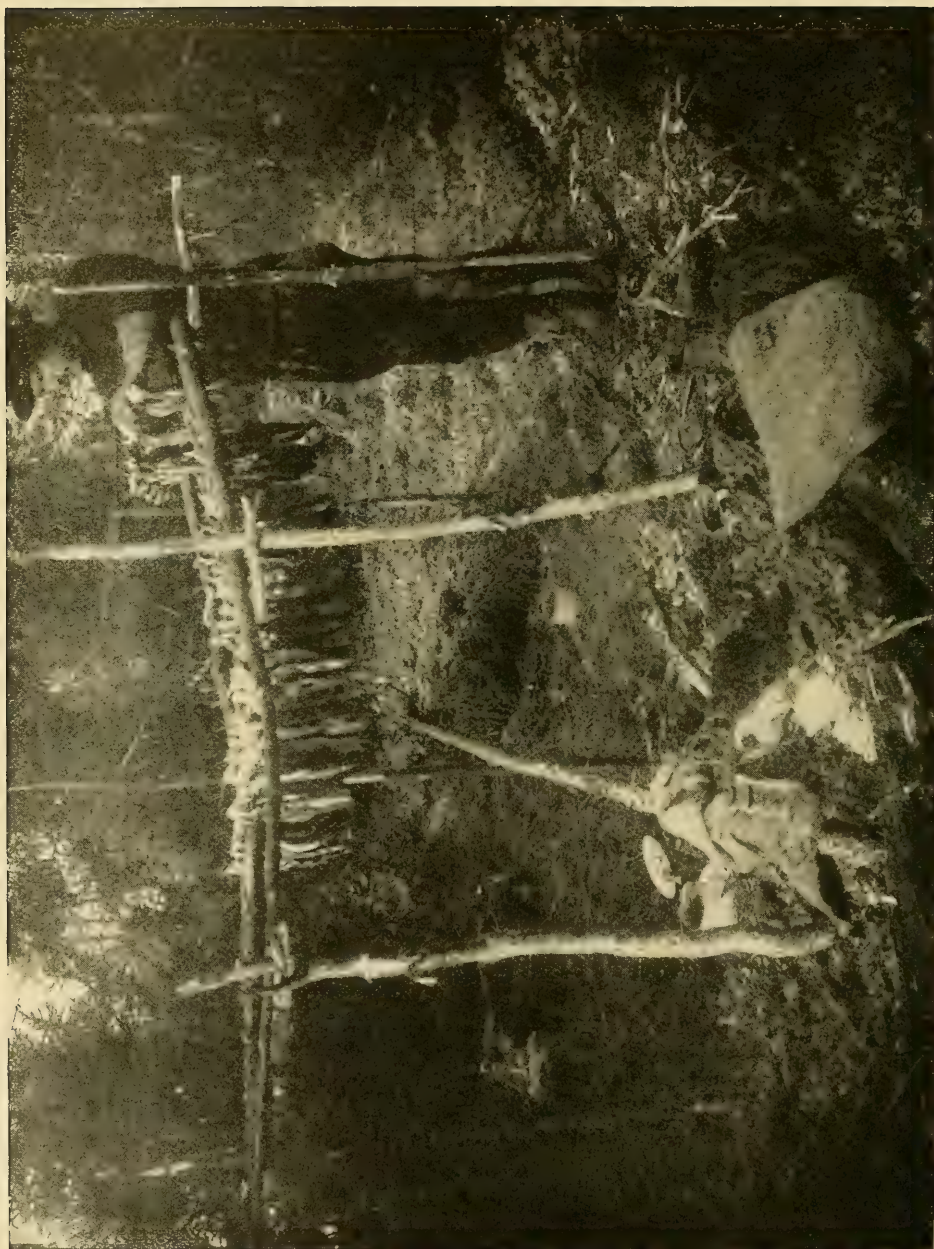
Hubbard on the Trail.



Camping on the Site of the Caribou Killing



Resting, protected from mosquitoes, after a hard days' portage on the Su-an.



George drying Brook Trout.

brought us to Rigoulette. Mr. Frazer, H. B. C. Agent, to whom I had letter from Commissioner Chipman of the H. B. Co., took us in, as the Company's men always do. Made us at home. Seems fine to be on land again at a Company Post.

Eskimo dogs, Eskimo men and women, breeds, lumbermen, trappers, fishermen, two clerks. All kindly—even the dogs. All talkative and hungry for outside visitors.

Saturday, July 11th.—Trying to get data as to Northwest River. No Indians here. White men and Eskimo know little about it. Capt. Joe Blake (breed) says Grand Lake good paddling—forty miles long—Nascauppee River empties into it. Says "Red River" comes into it about 15 miles above its mouth. His son Donald came from his traps on Seal Lake to-day. Says same. Has crossed it about fifty miles above mouth in winter. Has heard from some one that Montagnais Indians say it comes from Michikamau. Does not know. Says it is shallow. This seems to be what Low has mapped as Northwest River. Donald says not much game on it. Others, who have not been there, say plenty. All report bear. Man who lives on river just above Grand Lake in winter to trap, missing. Supposed drowned. Donald says "a chance seal" in Seal Lake. Has shot 'em, but never killed one. Little game there to eat. May be fish—does not know. Does not fish himself. Takes flour, pork, tea and "risin." Porcupines—we can live on them. Hard to get definite data—but that makes the work bigger.

Sunday, July 12th.—The *Pelican* came in to-day from England. Stole in in fog and whistled before flag was up—good joke on Post. Big day. *Pelican* goes from here to York, stops at Ungava on way out and comes back again. Brings supplies. Capt. Gray came on shore. Has been with Company thirty years. In Northern waters fifty years. "You'll never get back," he says to us. "If you are at Ungava when I get there I'll bring you back." Calder—lumberman on Grand River and Sandwich Bay here, says we can't do it. Big salmon baked and stuffed for dinner—bully. George says he's ready to start now. Prophecies that we can't do it don't worry me. Have heard them before—Can do it. WILL.

Monday, July 13th.—This noon the *Julia Sberidan*—Deep-Sea Mission boat—Dr.

Simpson—came. We said good-by, and embarked for Northwest River.

Tuesday, July 14th.—Landed at Northwest River about 2 P.M. Thomas McKenzie in charge. Bully fellow—all alone—lonesome but does not admit it. Tall, wiry; hospitable in extreme. Not busy in winter. Traps some. Wishes he could go with us. Would pack up to-night and be ready in the morning. Can get no definite information as to our route. McKenzie says we are all right; can make it of course. Gave way bag of flour. Discarded single blanket, 5 lb. can lard. Got, at Rigoulette yesterday, 10 lbs. sugar, 5 lbs. dried apples, 4½ tobacco. Bought here 5 lbs. sugar. McKenzie gave me an 8 lb. 3 in. gill net.

Wednesday, July 15th.—Wind light S. E. all day; light clouds. Lat. noon 53° 35'. Left Northwest River Post 9 A. M. Camped 7.30 P. M. Camped early because of rain and stream which promised trout. No trout caught. For lunch pancakes and syrup of melted sugar. Went to spot and made us feel bully. Made four miles per hour for a time. Cups of pea soup at 5. No fish or game. Lake looks like Lake George, with lower hills. Much iron ore crops from bluffs on south side. Makes me a bit homesick to think of Lake George.

Thursday, July 16th.—Fair day. Wind S. E. Lat. at noon 53° 45'.

Six miles above Grand Lake on Northwest River. Started at 5.30 A.M. At 9 rounded point and saw mouth of river. Lake only 32 miles long—not 40-45. George and I ferried outfit across northwest arm of lake in two loads. Wind too high for whole load. Saw steel trap—probably belonged to poor McLean, who was drowned. Had cup of tea at 10. Stopped at noon three-quarters hour for observation.

Northwest River runs through a spruce-covered valley, between high hills—easily seen from lake, but not in river as spruce is too close. In many places high banks, many turns. Many little rapids. Water low. Have to pole and track. See that we have our work cut out. Doubt if we can make more than ten miles a day up this river. I took tracking line; George and Wallace the poles. Made less than four miles from 3 P.M. till 7.30. Will probably be worse after we pass mouth of Nascauppee River. None of us is depressed at outlook.

It has been a good day. The boys are full of courage. "Shall we throw away stuff?" I asked. "Let's try a little longer," said George. Canoe too heavily loaded for depth of water. If worst comes to worst we will abandon large part of outfit and portage whole thing to height of land. Slow, but a way out. Sand-flies awful—nasty, vindictive; bite out chunks and streak our hands and faces with blood. Mosquitoes positively friendly by contrast. Tried net—could not see; then tried dope—some help. Eating much and not rustling for fish or game. Want to lighten outfit. Pancakes, bacon and melted sugar at three o'clock—bully. Dried apple sauce and hot bread, bacon, coffee with milk, for supper at 8.30—bully. Apples and abundant sugar great comfort. Keep us feeling good and sweet and well fed.

Friday, July 17th.—Rain and clouds. Rained hard in the night. Awoke, dreading to start out in it. Water so shoal and swift that we would take part of outfit and return for the rest. Most places had to track, I pulling rope while Wallace and George waded and pushed and dragged the canoe. We are eating four meals a day. Eat our second meal about 10, third about 3; sometimes a snack when noon observation is made.

Saturday, July 18th.—Bright, clear day. Latitude $53^{\circ}45'30''$.

Started out with full load and kept it most of day. Had to portage half load a few times. Awful work all day. Rapids continuously. I waded with line while George and Wallace dragged and lifted. All enjoyed the forenoon's work, and no one depressed when P.M. weariness began. Wallace shot red squirrel; first game of trip. Ate bread and tea at ten, pancakes at three. Camp at seven. Make good bed of boughs. It pays, I think. We are eating heavily on our stores—good to keep well fed. Want to lighten outfit. No game. Bear and some caribou tracks. Have not seen a partridge or porcupine. Seem to be few fish—they come later and farther on.

Sunday, July 19th.—Minimum temperature last night 38° . Fine day and warm. Stayed in camp all day to rest. I got up at 7 and caught about 20 trout, small. All pretty tired and enjoyed the long sleep. At noon George and I started up the river,

following the hills. Found small, rocky stream coming in about one mile up. Suppose it is the Red Wine River. Two miles up a two-mile stretch of good water. Best of all the portage route leading in at the foot. We followed this over the hill to the Red Wine River and found old cuttings. This pleases us a heap. It shows that we are on the old Montagnais trail, that we will probably have their portage routes clear through, and that they probably found lakes and good water farther up, or they would never have made these long portages and fought this bad water. Tomorrow we will tackle the two-mile portages with light hearts. We are thirty miles south of where Low's map places us. Am beginning to suspect the Nascauppee River, which flows through Seal Lake, also comes out of Michikamau, and that Low's map is wrong. Bully stunt if it works out that way. Saw lots of caribou and fresh bear tracks. Trout went fine for supper. Flies very bad; our wrists burn all the time.

Monday, July 20th.—Minimum temperature last night 37° . Bright day. Flies awful. I got breakfast while George cut portage through swamp, then we groaned all day—through the swamp $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles—across two streams, up steep hill, then along old trail to foot of smooth water above these rapids. Covered route mainly three times. All very tired. Tea and bread and bacon at noon; pancakes for supper. I found 75 pounds a plenty to pack. Glorious night, bright and starry. Mercury dropped suddenly, as it has always, down to 45° soon after sunset. Too cold for flies. Bully bed on moss and spruce. Bully camp fire. Good supper; cakes, bacon, syrup, chocolate. After, sat about fire and drank pea soup. Never had a better evening in camp. Worth the day's toil.

Tuesday, July 21st.—Minimum temperature 36° . Tracked bad $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. George and I scouted ahead 6 miles. Climbed hills 600 ft. high. Caribou and bear tracks. Crossed two or three creeks. Found old trail and wigwam poles and wood. George says winter camp, from size of wood; can't follow it. Tracked $\frac{1}{4}$ mile more and started on long portage. Went $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and camped. Flies bad; gets cold after dark, then no flies. Stars, fir tops, crisp air, camp fire, sound of river, hopeful hearts. Nasty hard

work, but this pays for it. Wallace caught mess of trout.

Wednesday, July 22nd.—Minimum temperature 33°; 60° in tent at 6 A.M.

Torture. All worked across 2½ mile portage. Sun awful. Flies hellish. All too tired to eat at noon. Cold tea and cold erbswurst. Cached 80 rounds 45-70 cart-ridges, 300-22's. Too heavy. Too tired at last to mind flies. Rested hour under tent front, all of us. Diarrhœa got me—too much water-drinking yesterday, I guess. Shot partridge—first seen on trip. Jumped up on log before me; waited for me to drop back and load pistol. Camp on Partridge Point. Bird seasoned a pot of erbswurst.

Thursday, July 23d.—George and Wallace scouted for trails and lakes. I lay in tent—diarrhœa—took "Sun Cholera Mixture." Tore leaves from Low's book and cover from this diary. These and similar economies lightened my bag about 5 lbs. New idea dawned on me as I lay here map-gazing; portage route leaves this river and runs into southeast arm of Michikamau. Will see how guess turns out. Heat in tent awful—at noon 104°; out of tent at 1 P.M., 92°. Diarrhœa continued all day. No food but tea and a bit of hardtack. George back about 7.30. Wallace not back. Not worried. Has probably gone a little too far and will stay out. Has tin cup and erbswurst. George reports branching of river and a good stretch of calm water. George fried dough and ate it with melted sugar. I toasted some bread and drank some tea.

Friday, July 24th.—George produced a yellow legs, shot yesterday. Diarrhœa. In tent I studied how to take time with sextant. Observation failed. Much worried over Wallace till he came in about 7 P.M. Compass went wrong; he lay out over night. Stewed yellow legs and pea-meal to-night.

Saturday, July 25th.—Four miles. Weak from diarrhœa. Portaged one load each four miles—South side of stream to open water. Back to camp—I took another pack; George and Wallace followed, trying to drag canoe up river. I made camp. They came in after dark, tired out. Canoe left two miles down stream. Wallace shot partridge with pistol. Came near going over falls with pack round his neck. Drizzled all day. Heavy rain to-night—great relief from heat. Flies very bad in after-

noon and evening. No supper but bread and tea.

Bully camping places everywhere. Plenty spruce boughs, good wood and water. High sandy ridges. Moss. Made a fire-place of green spruce here. Great hopes of good water ahead.

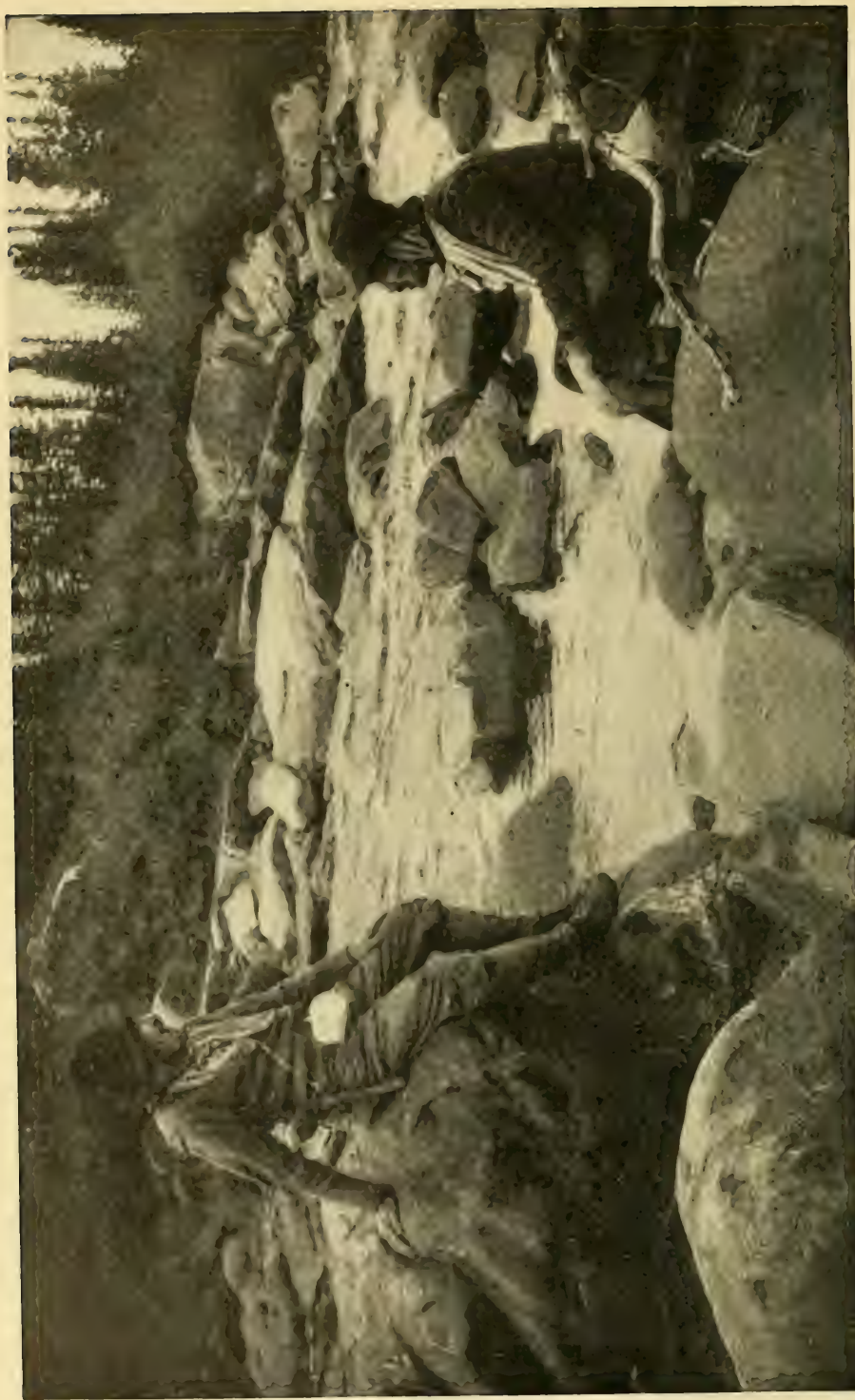
Sunday, July 26th.—Rain most of the day. Lay in tent in A.M., hoping to be better of diarrhœa. Read Low's report, etc. Trouble better. Wallace not eating well till noon, then George made stew—rice, bacon, partridge—bully. Wallace ate with gusto—so did we all. While boys smoked I had a lump of chocolate and some sugar, which left a good Sunday dinner effect. Glad of the rain—raise river—cool—few flies. Caught 22 small trout. Hot fried trout, apple-sauce, bread and tea—fine supper.

Monday, July 27th.—Spent A.M. and two hours P.M. bringing up canoe, dragging half way, George carried rest. Started on at 4, alternate pools and rapids. Rapids not bad—go up by dragging and tracking. After 1½ mile camped. All very cold. Wet all day. Good camp—dried clothes—ate hot rice boiled with bacon. Typical fall wind. Flies not bad in morning—none to-night. Spell from noon to 4. Saw partridge; George shot three times—missed.

Tuesday, July 28th.—Temperature 6 A.M. 46°. Three miles. Cool—cloudy—spell of sun now and then. Cold, nasty wading all A.M., to make a mile. Fine portaging in P.M. Just cool enough—no flies. Pretty nearly blue in A.M. over lack of progress. Two miles in P.M. brightened things up. By fire between logs, we dry clothes now in evening. Rice and bacon soup. Fried dough and syrup, tea. All tired out. Low new moon.

Wednesday, July 29th.—Temperature 6 A.M. 58°. Worked four miles. Small ponds alternating with rapids. Portage 1 mile in P.M. Very tired. Tea and finished fine. Feel better with pack than without when very tired. Caught a dozen trout for supper. Cut off syrup—sugar down to about 25 lbs. Bacon short—*must* get fish. Pea soup, fish, bread, tea, supper. Go over portage now in two trips.

Thursday, July 30th.—Temperature 6 A.M. 39°. Two toe nails came off last night. Another ready. Patched my heel with gun rag and electrician's tape. Last



The Rapid and Rocky Susan River.

night bad for sleep. Too wet and bad bed. Got up, stirred fire and sat till daylight. Dropped to sleep and slept till 5.15. Paddled through a succession of ponds about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long each. Tracking or dragging over little falls or rapids between. Made portage of 100 rods in P.M. and George and Wallace got lost carrying canoe far out of way. Lost 3 hours—about. Made $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles and felt fine but for time loss. While they were lost I caught trout, about 25, and we had bully plate of fried fellows to eat with hot bread and tea. Need fish now—grub not so heavy as it was. Were starting to dry blankets at fire when rain started. All crawled into tent. Need it to raise river. Plenty caribou signs—two old wigwams (winter) on rock. No fish but 6 7-inch trout.

Friday, July 31st.—Temperature 6 A.M. 56°. Rain all day. Two rivers puzzled us. Came together just above our camp. One comes over a fall from the south side; other, rough, comes from northwest; south branch comes from west; south better, more level. Little ponds between falls and short rapids. Scouted. Think south branch Low's northwest river. Wallace caught bully mess of trout while George and I were scouting. George found old wigwam about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up South branch; also a winter blaze crossing stream north to south—fresh—trapper's line, think. Blake or McLean. Wigwam old. Rain bad. River not very good—some ponds—some portage—some dragging. Up south branch $\frac{3}{4}$ mile stopped for lunch. Fried trout, fried hardtack, tea. Stopped after $\frac{1}{4}$ mile portage for a scout. Wallace and I made camp in rain while George scouted. George reports $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile bad river, then level, deep, ponds, very good. Caught trout—broke rod. Trout, bread, pea soup, tea, go to spot. Rainy camp. Blankets feel good. Lots of dry tamarack wood. Saw partridge. Had no gun. No bear signs lately. Some caribou signs. No caribou. Lard nearly gone. Bacon low. Got to hustle grub soon. Trout help and are gratefully received. Don't know what we will do with them when lard gives out. Don't care much for dessert. Like our plain grub bully. My only pants giving out. Right knee. Moccasins of whole party badly worn.

Saturday, August 1st.—Rain all day.

Rained steadily all night and to-day. Tired, chilled, ragged. Wallace not well and things damp. Staid in camp all day. Hoped to dry things out. Too much rain. All slept most of day. Pea soup, fried bread, tea for breakfast. Rice and bacon soup, chocolate, for supper. Went out in bare feet and drawers and caught ten trout. No dinner. Slept.

Sunday, August 2nd.—Cleared this A.M. Boys dried camp while I caught 24 trout—some $\frac{1}{2}$ -pounders—getting bigger—nearer height of land we hope reason. Water higher—will help us. Two cans baking powder spoiled. Good feed of trout. Not a bit tired of trout yet. Observation shows 53° 46' 12" Lat. Went 3 miles in P.M. and camped. Pea soup, bread, tea for supper.

Monday, August 3d.—Temperature 6 A.M. 56°. Big day. At foot of a portage, as we were getting ready to pack, I saw four wild geese coming down stream. Grabbed rifle, 4 cartridges in it. George got Wallace's rifle. All dropped, waiting for them to come round bend, 30 ft. away. George and I shot at once, both hitting leader. All started flapping along on top of water, up stream. I emptied my rifle on them, going at 40 to 50 yards, killing two more. Drew pistol and ran up and into stream, and shot fourth in neck. Got all and threw fits of joy. Need 'em just now badly for grub. Bacon short, flour getting toward low point. Through little lake, beginning at head of water $\frac{1}{4}$ mile above, into meadow, fresh beaver house. At foot of rapid water, below junction of two streams, ate lunch. Trout $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., making water boil. Caught several and had big feed. Not tired of 'em—taste bully. Tea, too, tastes better every day. Bread becoming a luxury, though have not started to go slow yet. From this point, where river branches to two creeks, we scouted. Think found old Montagnais portage. To-night heap big feed. George built fire as for bread baking. Two forked sticks at one side—cross-pole—string round goose—pin through at legs—another at wings. String from cross pole over each end of one pin in noose. Goose hangs low—just enough from ground for plate under to catch gravy. Gives it a whirl now and then. Lower end bakes first. Sticks stick in. Juice white—done. Turns other end down. Cooks in about two hours. Smells like Christmas

goose when one goes through the kitchen dead hungry before dinner. Done at last. All sit by fire in dark, and eat and eat. George eats no bread. Tells of geese at Bay, of Indian feeds, rather goose than caribou. One piece left. George puts giblets to stew for breakfast. Extra pot ten. Sit long time. Geese, portage and big trout make us happy

My only pants ripped clear down front of leg. Don't know how to patch 'em. No stuff. See trouble ahead unless can think of some good scheme. Spirits high.

Tuesday, August 4th.—Temperature 6 A.M. 56°. Portaged one mile to Montagnais Lake. Portage ran through bogs and over low ridges. I sat on edge of lake looking at rod, when a caribou waded into lake, not 100 ft. away. Rifle at other end of portage. Hoped to find inlet to lake, but only one ends in bog. Lots of old cuttings at northwest corner of lake; two old wigwams. Troubled to know where to go from here. All scouted whole afternoon. Lake 1 mile west. Old trail runs toward it. George thinks caribou trail—no cuttings found on it yet. I think portage. Looks like portage we have followed, and runs in right direction. Wallace caught eight fair trout where inlet runs in. Caught nothing trolling. George reports big hill 15 miles west. Wallace shot muskrat. Bread, chocolate and giblet stew, with rice, for breakfast. Tea and bread lunch. Boiled goose for dinner. No bread, but some pea-meal in goose liquor for good soup. Mosquitoes—millions. Patched pants—white duffel—looks distingué. Shower 2 P.M. North wind. Rain to-night.

Wednesday, August 5th.—Portaged from camp on Montagnais Lake 1 mile west to another lake. No signs of Indians here. Camped at west end of this. Climbing ridge, saw that lake empties by little strait into other small lake just alongside, at south. Stream flows from that south, therefore we are on Hamilton River waters. George and I went scouting to bluffs we saw from trees on ridge. Both lost. George got back before dark. I spent night on hill, 2 miles southwest. No matches or grub, and clothes wet. Scared a little. Heard big river, found it flows southeast. Must go into the Hamilton, but it is a big one, several times as big as the Northwest at its biggest. Where does it come from?

Can it be Michikamau? Saw two caribou. Dropped pack and grabbed rifle. Was waiting for them 250 yards away, when a cussed little long-legged bird scared them. At point near camp where lakes meet, I cast a fly and took half pound and pound fontinalis as fast as I could pull them out. What a feed at 2 P.M. lunch.

Thursday, August 6th.—Slept some last night, lying on two dead spruce tops; too wet and cold to sleep very well. Mosquitoes awful. Got home about 5 A.M. The fellows knew I had no matches and were scared. Caught big mess trout while George was building fire. George went to my river. Wallace and I took canoe and went into lake north of here. Cuttings—winter. George found river to be big and deep—straight, as though from Michikamau. Don't believe this little creek of the Northwest comes from there. Will portage to this little river and try it. Flour low—rations one-third loaf per man per day from now on. Lard gave out. Ate last goose roasted for supper. Hung 45 trout to smoke and dry. Carry emergency kit now. Matches, hook and line and waterproof film case.

Friday, August 7th.—Portaged two miles to river on our south; good paddling, save for a rapid now and then. So big we think, Low's map to the contrary, that it comes from Michikamau; anyway it comes from that way and will carry us a piece toward Big Lake. No cuttings. Camped to-night at foot of rapid on a rising plateau. Cold wind drove away flies. Fire between big rocks; moon over bluff beyond. Big trout, despite east wind—caught about 15, 1½ lb. down to ¼ lb. Ought to be bully river for big fellows when weather is good. Goose gave out to-day; fish plentiful. Coffee for supper; bread and fried trout. Sick at lunch and did not eat. Fine evening. Fine river. Fine world. Life worth living. Pants torn open in front again. Wallace patching moccasins with canvas leggings.

Saturday, August 8th.—Nasty, cold east wind. Went 4½ miles through it, all in good river with six short portages, first ¾ mile, and stopped about 1 P.M. to make Sunday camp, and get fish. Put out net, ate our dried fish and by hard labor got a few more for supper. Only a bit of bread a day now; no grease save a little bacon; all hungry for flour and meat.

Sunday, August 9th.—Raining this morning and most of the A.M. Cold, east wind. Caught about 45 trout by hard effort, several $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each. George made paddle and scouted. Burned his knife. Wallace repaired moccasins and then scouted and looked for caribou. George and I ate pea-meal and boiled fish-liquor for breakfast—not bad. Wallace ate two trout. Besides this we had each one-third of a thin loaf of bread, and chocolate with the taste of sugar in it. We crave bread and sugar—boiled fish, some way, don't satisfy, but I guess they'll pull us through to caribou time. Wallace and I talk of restaurants, and what we would do if we were in New York—we would take bread and pie and chocolate, mainly. Like to think how much of it they have at home, and how I'll gorge when we reach the first Post. Hope to make good time from now on, to see Michikamau soon and to get on to Caribou grounds. No fish in net to-day. Trousers badly torn again.

Monday, August 10th.—Rain and east wind. Caught one big fish before breakfast. On first portage found old summer cuttings and wigwam poles; feel sure this was the old Montagnais route. Went three miles and crossed four portages, then on strength of being on right road, and needing fish, camped before noon. Caught about a dozen $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. trout. Ate them for supper with one loaf of bread, coffee and a little pea soup. Hope fish will bite in A.M. Intend to wait till rain stops and wind changes, so we can dry up more fish for a bad day. Mother's birthday. Ate some of her dried apples last night without sugar.

Tuesday, August 11th.—East wind; warmer, a little. Just a little rain. No fish biting. Slept late and ate pea soup, chocolate and loaf of bread for breakfast. Climbed ridge and tree; see ridge of high, half-barren hills away ahead—think this the ridge east of Michikamau. Hungry all the time. Bit of bread, no grease and no shortening, like choicest dainty. Down to 40 lbs. of flour, 8 lbs. tea, about 20 lbs. pea-meal, a bit of sugar, bacon, baking powder and dried apple—just a bit of rice. *Must get grub.* Need fish and caribou. Think plenty trout here, but this blamed east wind and cold keeps them from biting. Started about 2 P.M., mainly hoping to get to good fishing place. Tried foot of each

rapid. Stopped and had big supper. Saw mountains ahead from a bluff just below our evening's camp. River runs to north, apparently; it must, therefore, be Low's Northwest River, I think. Mountains look high and rugged, 10 to 25 miles away. Ought to get good view of country from there, and get caribou and bear. Moccasins all rotten and full of holes. Need caribou. Need bear for grease. All hungry all day. George weak, Wallace ravenous, lean, gaunt and a bit weak myself. Fish braced us wonderfully. Coffee and bread ($\frac{1}{3}$ loaf each) after. Noon $\frac{2}{3}$ loaf each and tea.

Wednesday, August 12th.—Best day of trip. Started late. Cloudy, damp. I took pack over one-half mile portage, and stopped to fish. Fourteen trout. Three portages, and then—glory! open water. Five miles and stopped for lunch, with good water before and behind for first time since Grand Lake. Old wigwam and broken-down canoe at lunch place. Ate trout and loaf bread. Hungry. Started again, hoping for a stream to fish in. Made three miles. Then a big bull caribou splashed into the water of the bayou 200 yards ahead. Wallace in bow took shot, high and to the left. I raised sights to limit and held high; did not think of sport, but grub, and was, therefore, cool. At first shot George said, "Good, you hit him." He started to sink, but walked up a bank very slowly. I shot two more times, Wallace once, and missed. George and I landed and started toward spot. I found caribou down, trying to rise. Shot him in breast. Cut throat. George made stage for drying. Wallace and I dressed caribou. Wallace put up tent. I started meat from bones in good strips to dry. Then all sat down and roasted steaks on sticks and drank coffee, and were supremely happy. We will get enough dried meat to give us a good stock.

Thursday, August 13th.—Worked at getting caribou skin tanned in A.M. Ate steak for breakfast, liver for dinner, ribs at night. No bread—just meat. Wallace and I started in canoe to look for fish and explore a bit. Found rapid two miles above. Very short, good portage. Old wigwam; good water ahead. Too cold to fish. Cloudy day, but got blankets aired and dried. Had mess of dried apples without sugar to-night—very good. River seems to run to north-

east of ridge, of quite high mountains, 6 to 10 miles ahead. Very tired or lazy to-day; may be meat diet—may be relaxation from month of high tension—think the latter. Mended pants; one leg torn clear down front. Patched with piece of flour sack.

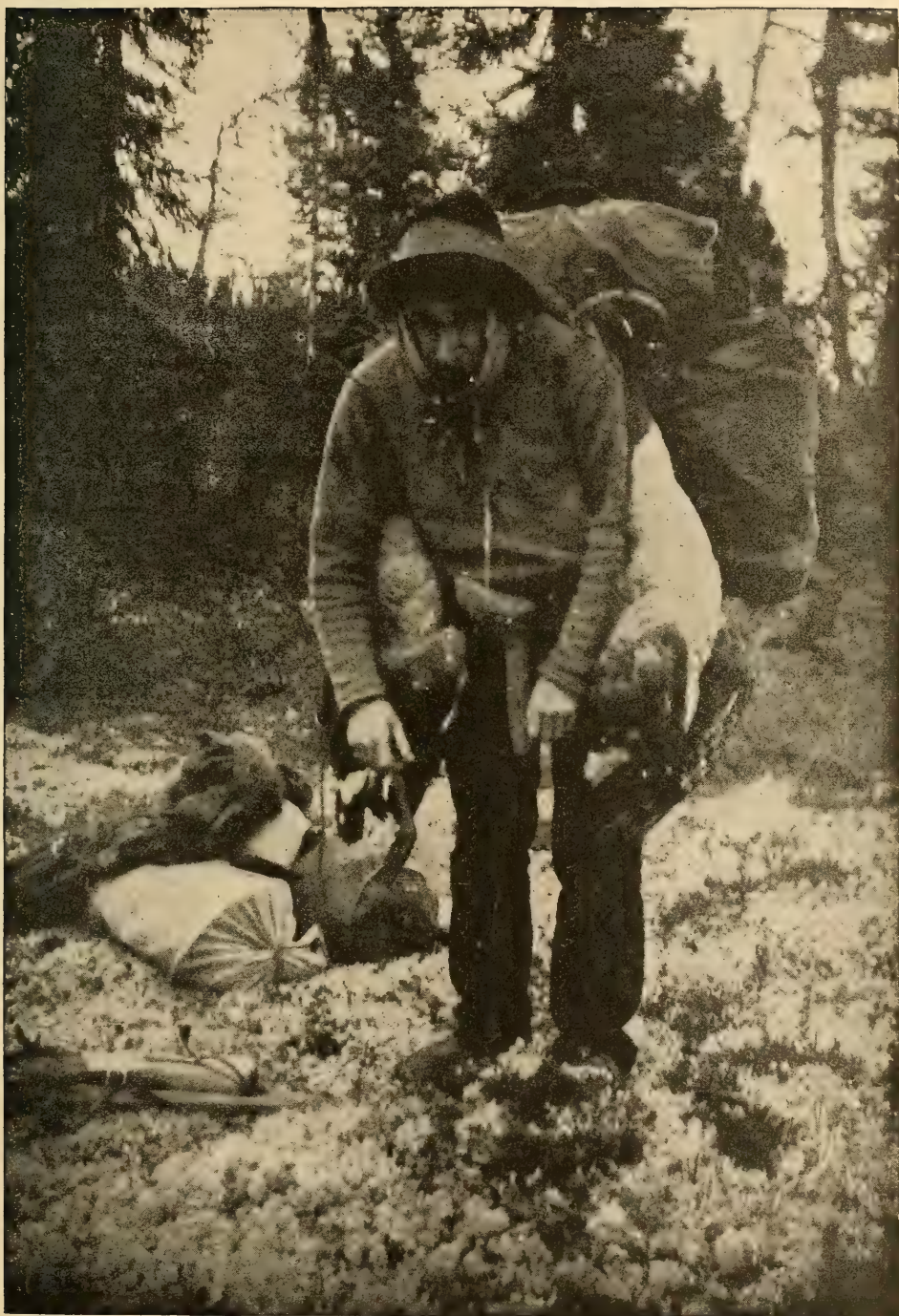
Friday, August 14th.—George and Wallace left in canoe with tin cups, tea and some ribs of caribou, to scout river above, and climb hills. I put more ashes and water on caribou skin. Just starting to shed. Studied map and Low's book. Wish we could descend this river on way out and map it. Ate caribou steak and chocolate for breakfast. No bread or anything but caribou and drink to-day. Lay in tent a good deal, very lazy and tired; slept a good deal. Wonder if it is meat diet or relaxation. Wallace and George not back to-night. Must have gone too far. Not hungry. Cup of tea for supper. Clouds with a sprinkle till late P. M., when it cleared.

Saturday, August 15th.—Cloudy again this morning. Sprinkle or two. Wallace and George not back. Made coffee and fine stew for breakfast. Put into pot boiling water small bit bacon chopped fine, cut little pieces meat from back bone of caribou and put in; boiled till done and stirred in pea-meal to thick porridge—salt and pepper—bully. Ate quart or more. No bread. Pea-meal best stuff in outfit—almost. Inactivity makes me feel depressed and useless. Went down to wash. Big trout in shallow water. Tossed fly; he rose—I struck. Missed. Tried again; he rose; missed. Tried again, and caught him. Caught four more. Wallace and George came at dusk, tired out and none too hopeful. Found stream coming from a little lake with two inlets; followed one west to mountains; turned to a brook; ended in mountains. Other went so much east they fear it ends in lakes there. Think maybe they lost the river. Hungry as bears. Staid out to explore this east branch; they had a meal of caribou ribs yesterday noon for lunch, 10 small trout last night, 2 ribs each this A.M. Complain of very cold time with little firewood last night. The three days' inaction and their story of doubtful river depresses me. If the way to Michikamau is still so doubtful, after more than four weeks of back-breaking work, when will we get there, and

when to the caribou grounds, and when home?

Sunday, August 16th.—Wind has changed at last to north—not much of it. Clear and bright in early morning. Clouded at noon so I am not sure my observation was just right—close to it, though, I think. $53^{\circ}-46'-30''$. Have been coming nearly west, an angle to south and another to north. Last observation possible was two weeks ago to-day. Feel fine to-day. Good rest and good weather and grub are bully. Figure that east branch the boys saw *must* be Low's Northwest River, and must break through the mountains somewhere a little north. Anyway, it can't run much east, and must take us north and west through lake expansions close to the mountains. Then if it ends it's up to us to portage over to the lake expansions Low sees on his Northwest River flowing out of Michikamau. Scraped flesh from caribou skin. Three $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. trout came at commotion when I went to wash it. Wallace came with fin and got 'em all. I took 3 more big ones around rocks in shallow just below. Wallace and I went to rapid $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile above and got 30 more in an hour. Big supper. Two small loaves bread for breakfast; one for supper, with fish and coffee. Stewed heart for breakfast, tongue and boiled scraps, dinner. Supper bully and no one groaning for more. George boiled last of bones. Has quite a lot of grease now. We fry trout in it. Not up to lard or butter, but very good, we think. George has saved even the cracklings. Says we'll be glad to eat them. All feeling fine. Blankets and things dry and fluffy.

Monday, August 17th.—Temperature at 4.30 A.M. 29° . Temperature, noon 59° . Ice on cups—first of season. Beautiful, clear day; north wind—slight. Flies bad in P.M. Went west of north three miles, following river to where it began to expand into lakes. Noon observation $53^{\circ}-43'-19''$. Yesterday's observation wrong, I think. In A.M. fished few minutes at foot of short rapids. About 40 trout, one 16 inches long—biggest yet. Caught most on fins. Ate all for noon lunch, stopping at sand beach on shore of very pretty little lake expansion. Had coffee, too. In P.M. we turned west into some long, narrow lakes that extend into mountains and have a current coming out. George and Wallace think from a previous look that here is a P. trail to



Wallace on the Portage.

Michikamau's S. E. bay. George explored while I worked at skin. Caught big mess of trout in little while at two rapid, shoal places where lakes narrow to straits. About 35, mainly $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.—some 1 lb. each. Ate all, with coffee for supper. Bully supper. We are all feeling fine. Better satisfied with grub. Not so much hankering for bread. Beautiful place. Mountains all about, lake narrow, and right at their feet. Roar of brook. Brown and gray rocks. Spruce trees. Clear, starry sky. Mosquitoes and flies; early to bed. George returned. No good, so far as he saw, to cross here. But he did not do the thing thoroughly. However, I'll let it drop here, for I believe the river goes east and north and then west about mountains and breaks through to Michikamau. Worried some. Time short and way not clear. But we'll get there, if we have to take the canoe apart and walk across. May have to stay late on the George, and have to snowshoe to Northwest River and then across, but if it comes to that, we'll do it. This snowshoe to Northwest River and across to St. Lawrence by Kenamon and St. Augustine Rivers appeals to me. Lots of old wigwams about, summer and winter. Stove was used in one. I think Indians hunted here. Caribou tracks on barren mountains.

Tuesday, August 18th.—Temperature 28° at 4 A.M. Clear sky in morning. Much worried last night and this morning about way to Michikamau. Started early, ready to go at the job harder than ever. Lake expansions, rapids, no signs Indians. Afraid this a bad stretch which Indians avoided. Stopped for tea at 10 A.M. Caught 14 big trout there in few minutes. Then river opened into long, narrow lakes, and the going was bully. It turned west (or we did—it came from west) and went into the mountains, and we fairly shouted for joy. George saw caribou. Turned out to be geese. Chased ahead of them on bank. Shot old goose as she lay low in water, swimming and hiding. Gander took to woods. Broke old one's wings and took off leg. Then missed four shots. George took after young and killed one with pistol. Came and helped get wounded goose. Great chase. Trout (pounders) jumping like greedy hogs to fly. Took about 50 while boys were making two short portages in P.M. Ate boiled caribou, loaf

of bread for breakfast. Ribs roasted on fire for lunch; 4 P.M. meal of trout and tea. Two lunches, no sugar—not bad. Bread (small loaf), coffee, sugar, goose, trout, supper. Big feed in celebration geese and good water. Bed at 11. At end of today's course turned to right into wrong channel, into little narrow lake, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long—prettiest I ever saw. Big barren bluff rises from water on north. Barren mountains a few miles to west. Ridge of green to west. Sun setting in faces to contrast and darken. Two loons laughing. Two seals, small, swimming in lake; one seemed afraid and dived; other, more bold, looked at us. Hoped to kill it to settle question of species, but did not get close enough. Good water ahead. Hope we are on the road to Michikamau.

Wednesday, August 19th.—Noon 53°-50°. Bright, clear, in A.M. S.E. wind brought clouds. Began to rain as we went to bed. Spent whole day river hunting—paddling from arm to arm of the lakes. George and I climbed high, barren ridge. Red berries and a few blue berries. Flock ptarmigan ("rockers"). I shot 3 with pistol; one old, two young, but could fly. Saw more mountains on all sides. Many lakes to east. Failure to find river very depressing to us all. Seems to end in this chain of lakes. Will retrace our way to last rapid, to be sure, and failing to find stream, will start west up a creek valley, on a long portage to Michikamau. Boys ready for it. I fear it will make us late, but see no other way. Glad Wallace and George are game. A quitter in the crowd would be fierce now.

Thursday, August 20th.—Rain last night. Cloudy in A.M. Rain P.M. and night. Wind south. Stopped to mend moccasins and give caribou a bit more drying before we start to cross mountains. Looked ahead and saw two more lakes. May be good deal of lake to help us. Mended moccasins of raw caribou skin. While George got lunch I took 16 trout, fin for bait. In P.M. Wallace and I took canoe and went back over course to last rapid, exploring to see that we had not missed river. Sure now we have not. So it's cross mountains or bust. Michikamau or *Bust*. Wallace and I came upon two old loons and two young. Old tried to call us from young; latter dived like fish. Caught one. Let it go again. We caught 81 trout at last rapid in

about an hour. Mostly half pounders; 15, about pounders, hung up to smoke. Big feed for supper. Rest for to-morrow. Rained good deal. Sat under drying stage with a little fire—tarpaulin over us—and had big supper—fried trout, trout roe, loaf of bread, coffee. Last of coffee—hate to see it go. For noon lunch, jerked venison, and tea without sugar. Little sugar left. A bit in morning and evening cups.

Friday, August 21st.—Rain all day. Wind changed to north—colder.

Portaged to little lake west of camp. Found wigwams at each end of portage. Looks like old Montagnais trail. Then more lakes and short portages. Made four miles very easily, then after a pot of tea and big trout feed, portaged one mile west to another little lake, just over height of land. Our stream tumbles off the mountain, and does not come from this last-named lake at all. Little 4 ft. ridge turns it. Went into camp very early, chilled through.

Saturday, August 22d.—Portaged across height of land. Delighted to find on end of lake westward many Indian signs. Believe this enters S.E. bay of Michikamau, or a lake connected with it. Rained hard by spells. West wind. Camped on island early in P.M. after a very short march, to repair punctured canoe, and to wait for head-wind to fall. Caribou meat roasted at noon. Two loaves of bread, dried apples and tea—no meat or fish—supper.

Sunday, August 23d.—Wind west. Rain and clear by spells. Drank last of chocolate—two pots—for breakfast. Dried blankets in a sunny spell, and about 10 A.M. started. Coming to point round which we expected to get view of lake ahead “like goin’ into a room where there is a Christmas tree,” said George. Narrow channel around point $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from E. end. Thence we saw a long stretch of lake running west. Believe it Michikamau’s S.E. bay sure. Mighty glad. Ate boiled dried caribou, pea-soup, tea. Dried caribou hurts our teeth badly. Went west $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles and climbed barren hill on north side of lake. Ate blue berries, baked apple berries and moss berries. Saw on north water in big and little masses, also on N.W. many islands of drift, rocky and spruce-clad. One long stretch of lake like a river. Runs east and west. About 2 miles north. Wonder if it is Low’s N.W. River.

Went west on our lake three miles. Caught a fish like pike, with big, square head, $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Found our lake ends—stream falling in from another lake, west. Came back 2 miles to outlet into waters north. Camped. All feel bully. On Michikamau waters, sure.

Monday, August 24th.—Rain, north wind, cold. In camp all day. Bad head-wind. George and I scouted. Fish net rotten. Threw it away. Too bad—dangerous, too. Cold weather and fish not biting. All restless at inactivity but George. He calm and philosophical, cheerful and hopeful always. Wallace and I very hungry for breads and sweets. Half our last $\frac{1}{2}$ cocoa for supper. Boys nearly out of tobacco. Told them to use what I brought for trade. Sugar almost gone. Big feed berries on mountain. No satisfaction.

Tuesday, August 25th.—Cold, northeast wind. Rain.

Made start. Nasty portage into North-west River(?). Wallace turned round and started to carry his pack back. Wind fair part of time. Part of time dangerously heavy. Landed on point running out from north shore. Wigwam poles. Have diarrhoea. All chilled. Not sure of way ahead, but not worried. Camped at 5 P.M. Nice camp in clump balsam. Not craving bread so much. Idleness and a chance to think make us hungrier. Flies about gone. Proverb: On a wet day, build a big fire.

Wednesday, August 26th.—Temperature at 5 A.M. 40° . Bright and clear, save for one shower in P.M.

Started happy. Shot goose with pistol, after long chase. Goose would dive repeatedly. Shot several times at rather long range. Paddled 20 to 25 miles on big lake running east and west. No outlet west. Came back blue and discouraged. Passed our camp of last night to climb a mountain on northeast side. Caught very pretty 2 lb. pike, trolling. Wallace and I got supper. George went to climb mountain. Had found river this side (west) of mountain, running into this lake from northwest. What is it? Low’s North-west River? Can’t see what else. Glad again. Very hopeful. Sick and very weak. Diarrhoea. Pea-meal and venison and goose-liquor. Better. Bright northern lights.

Thursday, August 27th.—Bright and lightly clouded by spells. No rain.

Northwest River panned out only a little stream. N. G. Guess we must portage. Desperate. Late in season and still no way to Michikamau. One more try for inlet, and then a long, nasty portage northwest for the big lake. See little hope now of getting out before winter. Must live off country and take big chances. Camping near where we camped last night. Going up Northwest River(?) and hunting outlets some more took our time. Ran across geese this A.M. I went ashore and George and Wallace chased them close by. Shot leader with rifle, then two young ones head close in shore. I killed one with pistol and two others started to flop away on top of water. Missed one with pistol and killed other. Three geese. At mouth of supposed Northwest River found a fall and rapid. Wallace and I caught about 80 very fine trout. Average $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., largest $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. None bit in deep pool where stream falls into lake, this made me suspect pike. Put small trout on bait outfit and saw cork go under. Hooked fine pike—about 6 lbs. When ready to land Wallace shot it with pistol. Above falls, lake, and above that, another. Then stream fizzled out and we turned back. While exploring a bay to northwest we landed to climb ridge. George found three partridges. I shot one, wounded another—pistol. Camp to-night cheerful but desperate. All firm for progress to Michikamau. All willing to try a return in winter. Discussed it to-night from all sides. Must get a good place for fish and caribou and then freeze up—make snowshoes and moccasins and toboggans and go. Late home and they will worry. Goose giblets and a pike for breakfast. Fried trout dinner. Planked pike and boiled goose, night. Getting so we can drink tea sugarless, and like it. Miss sugar, though. Two times we want good grub—when we are progressing and happy, and when we are dragging along, lost and blue. My moccasins are all but gone. Toes out of both. Walking on right sock to-day. George and I scraped hair and maggots from deer skin, still good. Hope to get moccasins out of it.

Friday, August 28th.—6 A.M. 56°. Back to Northwest end of lake, where bay runs north. Portaged to small, shoal lakes and camped on north side, ready to start portage in A.M. Fixed moccasins in prepa-

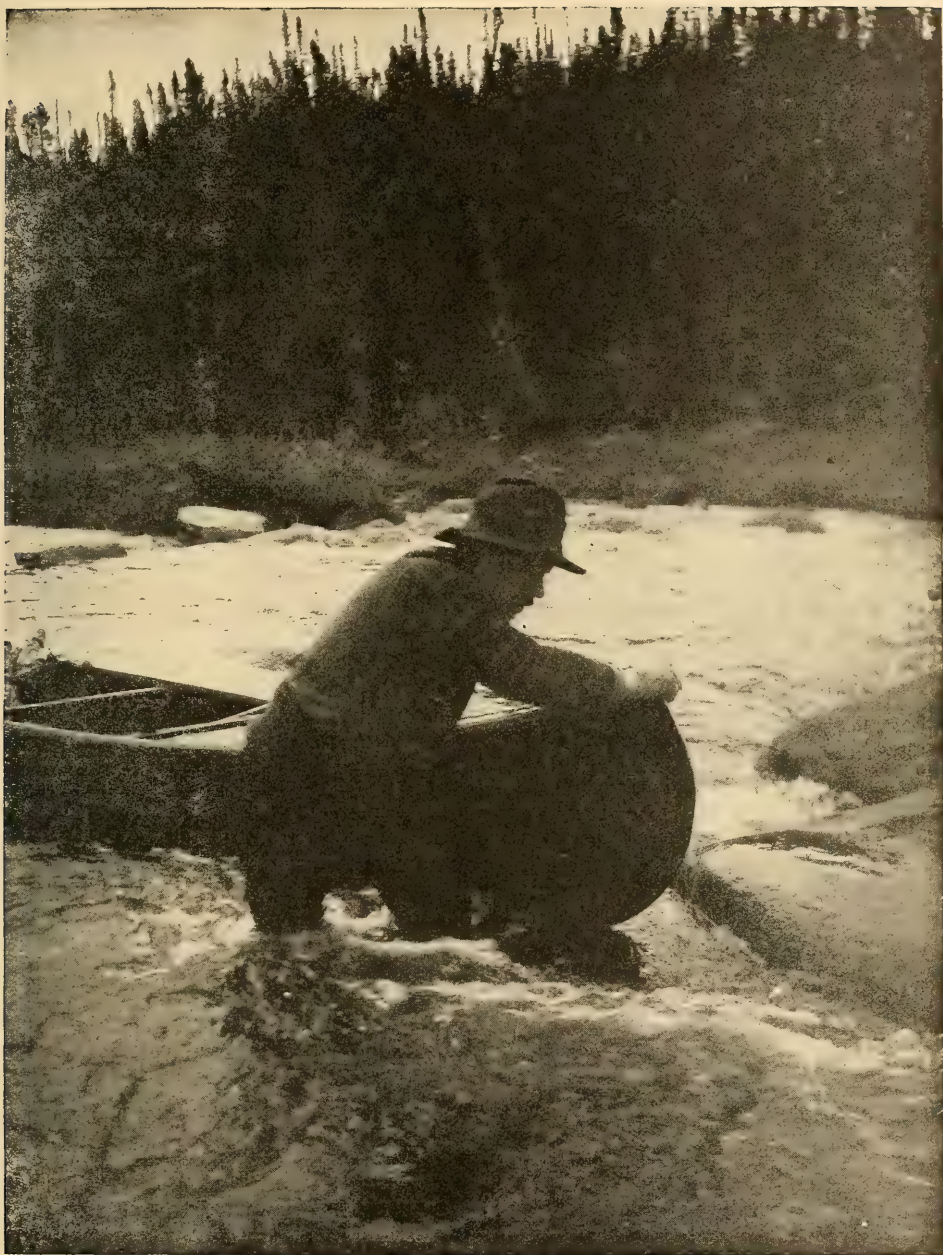
ration for long portage. Made observation of sun and moon to-night, hoping to get longitude. All very tired, but feel better now. Fish for breakfast. Boiled trout, lunch. Berries with'em. Writing by camp fire. Goose for supper. No bread to-day. No sugar. Don't mind latter much, but hungry for bread. Good weather. Shower or two.

Saturday, August 29th.—6 A.M. 38°. Am writing a starter here before beginning our march north. Wallace and George at breakfast now. I'm not—sick of goose, and don't want it. Ate my third of a loaf of bread—lumpy—without grease, and soggy, but like Huyler's bon-bons to our hungry palates. Dreamed of being home last night, and hated to wake. Jumped up at first light—called boys and built fire, and put on kettles. We must be moving with more ginger. It is a nasty feeling to see the days slipping by and to note the sun's lower declination, and still not know our way. Outlet hunting is hell on nerves, temper and equanimity. You paddle miles and miles, into bay after bay, bay after bay, with maybe no result till you are hopeless. Ugh! This is a great relief to be about to start north through the woods—fairly high ground to start with—on a hunt for Michikamau. Hope we will not have swamps. Lakes will probably stop us, and make us bring up the canoe. If they do not we will try to go on to some barren hills about 10 miles straight north, hoping there to see Low's Northwest River lake expansions. If we do not we must go northwest till we find the big lake or Low's Northwest River. Hope there will not be many swamps to wade. Are taking a tarpaulin and two blankets to make sort of camp in case we have to stay out.

Later, 7 P.M. Writing by camp fire.

Plan outlined above did not work. Reason, lakes. So, to-night, after a day's work, the whole camp has moved three miles. Not enough. Must get more snap into our game—too much scouting—not enough backache. Grub low—dried venison three times a day—bread—just a bit—twice. Tea plenty. No sugar. Don't mind lack of sugar as we did. Still long for it and bread, but not so desperately.

George made big fire to-night—couch of boughs by it. We drank venison broth, ate tough boiled venison, then drank tea



Tracking up the Susan River.

with our piece of bread. Good evening and we are happy, despite the fact that grub is short and we don't know our way, and all that.

Sunday, August 30th.—Beautiful clear Sunday—but no Sunday rest for us. I jumped up early, called George and built

fire. Started at 5.54 A.M. portaging from little lake to little lake, north and west, to where we know Michikamau must lie—somewhere. For two days have heard geese flying—thought our goose chases over—but to-day five walked down bank into water ahead of canoe on a small lake.

Wounded two at one shot with rifle. Two old ones flew. Left wounded to chase third young one. Shot and killed it with pistol. Could not find wounded. Made three miles before dinner. Good. In P.M. about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles more. Then reached range of semi-barren ridges, running east and west, and seeming to reach to barren mountains north. George and I climbed first ridge from a little lake, with blue-green ocean-colored water. Heard stream ahead. Little river running through ponds. George went back for outfit and Wallace. I took emergency outfit and a tamarack pole and caught about 20 trout, mostly over a foot long—two smallish, 10-inch, on fly—rest with fins. Broke all my emergency hooks and flies. Yanked 'em out. Did not bite ravenously, but slowly and with dignity, as become King fishes—mostly in ponds and not much right in stream. Very, very weak to-night from hard work and diarrhœa. Can hardly drag. Shall stop here a day or two to dry fish and explore. Need grub and want to see our way before we carry outfit farther across these awful, heartless ridges. Drank a cup of tea before supper. Taken at once with severe vomiting, which passed away soon. Ate my piece of bread and roast trout, and a bit of goose, for supper. We need grease, are clear out of it. Must get caribou—not many signs of them hereabouts.

These are trying days. We are not quite up to normal strength, I think. Too much routine of diet—lack grease, sugar and grain foods. The feeling of not knowing where we are or how to get out, adds to our weakness. Still, we are all cheerful and hopeful, and without fear. Glad, all of us, to be here. How we will appreciate home and grub when we get out—coffee, chocolate, bread, pie, fried cakes, puddings; these are what Wallace and I talk about in our moments of relaxation. We talk of good dinners we have had, dwelling on minutest details. My luxury is sleep. I crawl into blankets while the boys smoke their evening pipe.

Monday, August 31st.—Ice in cups this morning. Thermometer out of order. Latitude 53° - $57'$. I hate to see August end with us so far from the George River—or so perplexed as to the road. We are in camp now, on the stream which we reached last night. I am writing and figuring now

in the early morning. The whole character of our country changes here. Ridges and hills extending into mountains on the north. Must know what lies there before we proceed. George will scout. Wallace and I will dry fish. If George does not find something hopeful to the north, we will scout west for Michikamau. Then I think we can strike west and get much help from long, narrow lakes between these parallel east and west ridges. We surely need to get there. Moccasins out again. All of us patched with caribou skin. They give out entirely in two days or less.

Observation to-day 53° - $57'$. So we are safely north and may work straight west for the Big Lake. Nasty ridge in the way. Very, very weak to-day—results of diarrhœa, nervous wear and hard work, I think. While George was scouting I lay in tent awhile, too weak to fish even. Fish not biting, though. Oh, but I'll be happy to see Michikamau. George returned late. Climbed mountains to north. Reports fair line of travel to northwest, long lakes and tolerable portages. Will go that way, I think. Wallace got a few trout. George killed two partridges with my pistol.

Tuesday, September 1st.—West wind. Fair, warm. Very weak to-day. Our stuff so light now we can take all but canoe at one trip over portage. Have just crossed portage from lake by yesterday's camp to other lakelet northwest. Boys gone back for canoe. I sit here and write. Very rough portaging here, all rocks and knolls. Little clear lakes between. Have to put canoe into water every 40 rods or so. Shot a plover with pistol to cook with George's partridges.

Later. Made about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Caught about 35 trout at edge of lake where stream empties.

Wednesday, September 2d.—West wind. Fixed moccasins in A.M., and started portage. Camped in swamp.

Thursday, September 3d.—Rain all day, by spells. Wind west. Got up in rain, hating to leave blankets. Portaged and paddled west $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Wallace turned round again and carried pack back to starting point. George and I carried canoe. At breakfast bread and tea and venison. I took no tea. Am trying now just venison and fish broth. May agree with me better than tea. Don't miss sugar much,

any more, though I do plan little sweet feeds when I am out. Very nasty work in rain. Am well again and strong. Worked well. Sky cleared in evening. Saw all day big spruce trees. Country here not burned, I think. Caught about 14 fish to-night. Biggest trout I ever saw. In shallow pool in stream. Sluggish in extreme. Spawning, I think. No bread for supper. Bully mess boiled trout and a few trout guts. Stirred two spoonfuls of flour in liquor and drank the resulting soup. Big moon, stars bright. Seat of boughs by camp fire. Grub good enough though not various. Feel fine. Taste for this sort of thing coming back. Have been thinking to-day of some childhood experience I want again—country fair—cherry tree.

Friday, September 4th.—Rain. West wind. Portaged west $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with two little lakes to help. Rain all time. Stopped to let George scout best way to big lake ahead. Thinks it is three miles away. Hope it leads to Michikamau. George and Wallace mending moccasins. Fish boiled breakfast; two spoonfuls of flour stirred in liquor, good. Venison and little flour in liquor other meals. This flour scheme seems to lessen our craving for bread and will make flour last. No bread. Ate next to last mess of dried apples to-night. Had them boiled very thin and ate and drank them from tea cups. Pint each. Bully. George reports big water about 3 miles ahead. Hope Low's Northwest River lake expansions. Cannot be far now from Michikamau.

Saturday, September 5th.—Rain by spells. West wind. Cold. Awoke in rain. Last three nights have been clear as crystal—beautiful moon—then rain in morning. Very disappointing. Waited a little while about getting up—hoping rain would stop. Slackened and we started. Poor day's work. Portaged about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west. Came out on barrens and ate lot of blueberries. Saw big waters to west—big blue hill—blue sky line where we hope Michikamau lies hidden. Pint berries raw for supper. Otherwise venison and broth, thickened with three spoonfuls of flour, each meal. This satisfies, however, and we like it. Looks milky and pasty, but fills, and tastes well. We are happy when we sit down to a pot of it hot, and are sorry when it is finished. Talked over sit-

uation on boughs by camp fire to-night. Cold nights now and nasty cold days, packing in wind and showers—but am not dressing up much, and must get ready for colder times later on. Don't suffer much though. Wallace and I talked long by camp fire after George had turned in, about home and restaurants and grub.

Sunday, September 6th.—Temperature at 5 A.M. 38° —first snow came, mixed with nasty, cold rain. Rain—cold, nasty raw west wind. Worked in it most of day, portaging, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles northwest. Tried carrying all stuff at one trip. Grub low. Big water ahead. No fish. All hungry—just venison stewed, with a bit of flour, 3 spoonfuls (table) to a pot, regular allowance. Little more flour to-day as Sunday treat—but also a little less venison. Crossed semi-barren ridges and plain and entered heavy spruce bush (small trees) alternating with swamps that make one wade and flounder. My trousers hanging in strips and tatters. My moccasins showing sock at most every angle. Not much worried about grub—think we will find fish soon. Believe this big water will lead to Michikamau. Almost a desperate hope. If it does not, and we find no water route, I scarcely see how we can reach the caribou grounds in time to see the crossing and meet the Nascaupees. Without that I'm doubtful of the success of this trip and failure makes me shudder. Besides, it is liable to make us all very hungry. We must push on harder—that's all—and get there somehow.

Monday, September 7th.—Temperature at 5 A.M. 48° . Northwest wind—light. Rain by showers. On portage crossed worst swamp of trip in to my knees and fell down with heavy pack on my back. Floundered out in nasty shape. Found small stream flowing northwest toward our water. I caught about 30 trout—not big—while Wallace and George brought up outfit and canoe by stream. Very slow work. All very hungry in P.M. Stopped for pot of soup. Found it getting dark and stopped to camp. Last meal of venison in bag. Must get fish. Ate half the trout to-night, boiled and thickened with flour. Drank last bit of cocoa. No sugar. Boys not scared. No talk of quitting. Don't just see where we are coming out.

Tuesday, September 8th.—Cold, raw N.W. wind—no rain. Partly clear. Observation

noon, Latitude 54°-1'-21". Aired and dried blankets. Followed stream down to very shoal bay of our big water, which, like the will-of-wisp, or, as Wallace puts it, the wisp of hay before the donkey's nose, has led us on. Only 10 trout, mostly small. Weather too raw. Very depressing to have it so when meat is out. Ate last bit of caribou stewed with a young ptarmigan George shot, some flour thickening. Moccasins in tatters. Socks and duffel hang out at every angle and catch on every bush. Pants in rags from knees down—shreds. Could trade footwear and pants with raggedest tramp I ever saw and be better off. It is depressing. So is grub lack. Hard to keep up courage when hungry. But we do it. George and Wallace brave as lions. On to caribou grounds is the watchword. Gave up trouting and started northwest on our big lake. Stopped to climb mountain. Ate some cranberries. Saw a few old caribou tracks. Big mountain to west of us. Islands or something between. Many low, flat, wooded.

Wednesday, September 9th.—BIG DAY. Warm, clear. Temperature 5 A.M. 29°. Ice in cups.

Slept without sweater or socks last night—cold, but slept well. Beautiful, cold, crisp morning. Up at first dawn. Inspiring, this good weather. No fish or game ahead. George boiled a little bacon and rice together and a little flour—made sort of porridge for breakfast. Very, very good. Went to big hill mentioned yesterday. George and I walked about 4 miles and back, getting to its top through spruce burnings. Awful walking. Very tired when about to top. Wondering about next meal and thinness of soup mostly to blame, I guess. Then things began to get good. First we ran across a flock of 10 ptarmigan. They were in the burned-over, semi-barren of the hill top. They seemed to lack entirely the instinct to preserve themselves by flying. Only ran ahead, squatting in apparent terror every few feet. We followed with our pistols. I killed eight and George one. My last was the old bird, which for a time kept away from us, running harder than the rest, trying to hide among the Arctic shrubs. George says they are always tame on a calm day. Their wings are white, but the rest is summer's garb. "Not rockers, but

the real kind," says George. Then we went on across the mountain top and looked west. There was MICHIKAMAU, and that's what made it a Big Day. A series of lake expansions runs east from it. We can see them among flat, drift islands, cedar-covered, and the ridge south and a hill and the high lands north, and apparently a little river (?) coming from the north and pouring in to the lake expansion some miles east of Michikamau. There is one main channel running east and south (in this expansion). It is north of the waters we are now in and we can see no connection. However, it looks as though there might be one about 5 miles east of our big hill, behind some barren ridges about 50 feet high. So we are making for them, to see what we can find. If no connection we must portage, but we will not mind a little portage now with Michikamau waters just over it. Westward from our hill are dozens of little lakes and a good deal of low burned land—south-east more lakes—must be an easy portage from the lakes on which we were muddled two weeks ago. That's where we missed it—in not finding that portage.

A little rabbit crept before us on the mountain. Both shot and hit. So rabbit and ptarmigan were ahead for three meals. We cooked 3 ptarmigan on our glad but tired arrival at canoe. They were bully. We roasted the guts and ate them. Good too. Did not wash them. Stripped out the blackest, wound 'em round a stick and held 'em in fire till cooked. Wallace had picked big pan of berries (blueberries). To-night we feasted before a big fire under a beautiful moon. Two 2-lb. *nomaycush* which I caught in evening, trolling, boiled with a touch of flour—heads and guts in stew—then Wallace's blue berries stewed and a bit of flour to thicken—thought it would be like a pudding. Was pretty good and did suggest pudding a little; would have been real thing if it had had sugar and a little more flour. Light southwest breeze.

Thursday, September 10th.—Wind west—cloudy. Temperature 5 A.M. 46°. Cut legs from old drawers and pulled them over pants as leggins. Went east, looking for opening into Northwest River. Think we saw it from ridge to northeast. Came S.W. believing we saw also opening into Michikamau's bay which runs out of



Preparing a mess of the grouse that helped out the failing food supply.

lake on S. E. side. Wind delayed and we only got to foot of mountain from which we expect to see it. Camped. Rain commenced. While scouting I shot a large spruce partridge with pistol. Needed it. Ptarmigan for breakfast and lunch. No fish on troll. One ptarmigan and spruce partridge stewed for supper with bit of rice and flour. Lack of grub depressing and exhilarating by turns; former to be hungry; latter to rely on self and country for grub. Learning what grub to take and leave. Next hard trip, flour, rice, pea-meal, oatmeal, fair amount of bacon, tea. Little or no sugar, chocolate and milk—no coffee, no apples.

Friday, September 11th.—Raining in morning. Wind southwest. Temperature 49°. Ate last meal of mother's sweet dried apples, stewed over night and thickened with a little flour, for breakfast. Two partridge guts and a small trout made rest of meal. Have eaten a good many apples from that same tree in northeastern corner of yard at home. Did not think in those days would have last of them here, as I lay for hours under Summer Queen trees next to this same sweet apple tree, with map of Canada, dreaming of a trip into the unexplored. No dinner in sight. We have left about 2 lbs. rice, 7 or 8 lbs. flour, 3 or 4 lbs. bacon, and 6 or 7 lbs. of tea. We have also 20 lbs. of pea-meal—mostly erbswurst—a little of Symingtons. This latter is emergency grub, not to be used till we have frozen up for the winter march. It makes one feel desolate to have no dinner ahead. We *can* draw on our flour and bacon and rice, but we *must* not. We are on the verge of success, apparently; in sight of Michikamau, from which it ought not be far or long to the caribou grounds and the Nascaupes. Yet we are sick at heart at this long delay, the season's lateness, the hunger and our barefoot condition. Yet no one hints of turning back. We could do so and catch fish and eat our meal for we know the way to within easy walking distance of Grand Lake. But the boys are game. If we only had a fish net we would be O.K. My plan is to get a few fish, if possible; push on at once to Michikamau some how. Get to the George River, and find the Nascaupes. Then if the caribou migration is not over we will kill some of the animals, dry them up, and get as far

back as possible before freezing up and leaving the canoe. Then, unless we can get someone to show us to the St. Lawrence, we will probably go to Northwest River Post, get dogs and provisions, and snowshoe southwest to Notisquang, or some such point. If we don't get to the caribou grounds in time—well, we'll have to try to get some fish ahead, or use our pea-meal in a dash for the George River H. B. C. Post.

After breakfast George and I went in rain to climb mountain. No water into the S. W. bay of big Lake as we hoped. Trolling back I caught one small namaycush. Then we all started to hunt for a rapid we heard on the S. side of this lake. Caught one 2½-lb. namaycush. Found rapid. Good sized stream falling in from south. Big hopes, but too shoal and rapid—no pools. Only one mess of trout. Very much disappointed. While Wallace and I fished George has gone to troll. When he gets back we will go to look for inlet into Low's "Northwest River;" not finding that, we will start on a portage for it in the morning.

Later. By camp fire. Weather has cleared—all bright and starry. Caught a 7-lb. namaycush, and so we eat to-night.

Saturday, September 12th.—Temperature 38°. High N. W. wind. Clouds and sky by spells—dashes of rain and snow. We camped on a little island not far from the northeast mainland, where we hope the inlet is, just at dusk. Ate big namaycush and were ready to push on early this A.M. Two meals of trout ahead. Awoke this A.M. to find awful gale stirring the lake to fury. No leaving. Wallace and I stayed in tent mending. I made pair of moccasins out of a pair of seal mittens and some old sacking. Patched a pair of socks with duffel. Not comfortable, but will do. George went to canoe to get fish. "That's too bad," said he. "What?" I asked. "Somebody's taken the trout." "Who?" "Don't know; otter or carcajou, maybe." And sure enough they were gone—our day's grub. We all laughed—there was nothing else to do. So we had some thin soup—made with three thin slices of bacon in a big pot of water and just a bit of flour and rice stirred in. One felt rather hungrier after eating it, but then we did not suffer or get weak. It is very disappointing to be delayed like this, but we can only make the



The Lucky Kill of Geese.



Stopping for Noon Meal, on Grand Lake.

most of it, and wait. No game or fish on this island and no hopes of getting off till it calms. So we are cheerful, and make the most of a good rest and a chance to mend—and we need both, though perhaps we need progress more.

Sunday, September 13th.—Temperature 39°, 5 A.M. High N. W. wind in A.M.

Clear, rain, sleet by spells. Heavy wind continued this A.M. Some more rice and bacon. Soup for breakfast. Read Philemon aloud and told story of it. Also 1st and 91st Psalms. Found blueberries and all ate. About one o'clock wind dropped somewhat. We started to hunt outlet into N. W. River, supposed to be N. E.



One of the Old Indian Deserted Camps.

of island. N. G. Shot at goose—missed. Hooked big namaycush. Lost it. Caught another—6 lbs. Ate it for lunch about 4 P.M. Picked gallon of cranberries. Ate a

pot stewed with a little flour for supper—enough for two meals left. Not very satisfactory. Awful sour, but lots better than nothing. Sat long by camp fire.

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Monday, September 14th.—Temperature 40°, 5 A.M. High N. W. wind—clear and showers by spells.

Very much disappointed to find heavy gale blowing—could not leave shore. Had breakfast of very thin soup. Then all slept till nearly noon.

Hungry all day. Cranberry pudding—stewed berries and a bit of flour—a sauce—for lunch. Wallace and I left tent about 10 and sat by camp fire. All cheerful but hungry. Wallace and I made a list of restaurants we are going to when we hit New York. Our tastes are decidedly plebian. I would like to enter a mission restaurant on the Bowery and eat beans and bread at 2 cents a plate. I could revel in Haim's 2-cent coffee, 3-cent pie and cheap buns and coffee-cake. I would like now, best of all, big slices of boiled pork, bread (bannocks preferred) and sorghum, or New Orleans molasses. Would roll the bread in it and eat it down as a delicacy, as I've seen "lumber Jacks" do. George tells of his camp cooking for miners and surveyors and we delight to listen. Wallace tells what he has cooked now and again, and I add my poor store of culinary knowledge.

I have learned a lesson in outfitting on this trip. It is this—on a hard trip take only the essentials—leave the comforts out. When you are hungry enough you will not mind lack of sugar. Boiled fish will satisfy. So will rice and pork. Better a little flour or other grain with fish or stew. It satisfies the bread craving. Never mind lard—don't shorten bread. I'd take now: First, flour—a lot; second, pea-meal—a lot; a lot of oatmeal and rice; a few beans, maybe; tea, sure; a good wad of bacon or fat pork—preferably the latter; baking powder; some salt. Never mind sugar or coffee or chocolate—or take a little to taper off with at the start—just a little. Then use the whole lot conservatively. Boil bacon and rice and stir in flour. Same with oatmeal. Use oatmeal, rice and flour with partridge, fish, etc. Go light on bread. Flour goes farther in soup. But I'm not aching for more trips like this just now. Heretofore I have revelled in strenuous trips, trying to make them the real thing—getting down to the essentials. Now I've had a good taste of essentials, I want pleasant, easy trips.

George and I have decided that we must not start this way home before freezing-up

time. Might get caught again by bad winds. Better freeze on the George River with the Indians, save grub—if we get any—and then snowshoe clear out.

Later, by camp fire.

Hard to keep off depression to-night. Wind continues and all hungry.

Tuesday, September 15th.—Temperature 31°, 5 A.M. West wind, spits of sleet and fair. Wind continued hard all day. Could not leave shore. I lay awake all last night, thinking over the situation. George is worried and talks of Indians who starve. Tries to be cheerful, but finds it hard. Here we are, wind-bound, long way from Michikamau. No hopes of wind abating. The caribou migration is due to begin. Yet we can't start and are at least two weeks from their grounds, with no grub and no prospect of good weather. Our grub is 18 pounds pea-meal—to be held for emergency—and 2 pounds flour, 1 pint rice, 3 pounds bacon. To go on is certain failure to reach the caribou killing, and probable starvation. If we turn back we must stop and get grub, then cross our long portage, then hunt more grub and finally freeze up preparatory to a sled dash for Northwest River. That will make us late for boat. But we can snowshoe to the St. Lawrence. I don't see anything better to do. I asked Wallace. He opposed—then said it was best. I said to George—would you rather go on or turn back? "I came to go with you and I want to do what you do." When I said we will turn back, he was very greatly pleased. Now my job is to get the party back to Northwest River, getting grub as we go. We will take the back track to some good fishing grounds, catch fish, try to kill a caribou, and wait for freeze. We can't take the canoe down the Nascaupée—hence the need of freezing.

Staid in camp all day. Could not launch canoe. No place to fish or hunt. Feel better, now that the decision is made. Ate very thin rice and bacon soup and drank tea. Long chat with Wallace. Feeling good in spite of short grub. We are talking of plans for our home going, and are happy despite impending hunger.

Wednesday, September 16th.—Temperature 20°, 6 A.M. Wind N. W., shifting to N. E. Little rain. Moved to rapid on south shore, where there is some trout fishing, and hard place to be wind bound. Must fish a few

days and get grub ahead for our long portage back to Namaycush Lake. Ate last bit of bacon at noon—cut in three bits and boiled in rice and a little flour. Boys trolled in P.M. I made camp and fished brook. Too cold. They lost two good namaycush. I took two 10-inch trout.

of erbswurst. Good. Wallace and I each had half a bird. No lunch. Trolled faithfully. Lost one big namaycush by hook breaking—another, 5 pounder, through trying to shoot. Then took a two pounder and one 6 pounder. Lifted latter out on a gaff I made this A.M. of a gimlet and a bent



Mending Moccasins.

Boiled these into a mush and put last handful of rice and a little flour into pot with them. Good soup, made us feel stronger.

Thursday, September 17th.—Temperature 33°, 6 A.M. Rained all last night and all this P.M. For breakfast a whiskey Jack stewed with flour and about two spoonfuls

stick. Cut this fish in three parts to make three meals. Ate one for supper and followed it with a cup each of thin cranberry stew—this gives us two little meals ahead and the smaller fish to smoke for the portage. If we can get ahead enough fish to take us across this portage, our pea-meal



Making Fire for the Noon-day Meal on the Portage.

and what fish we can get on river, will see us to Post. Hoping weather will improve so we can make a good haul. Disheartening in extreme to be working all the time in rain and wind and cold. I made a map this A.M. of our long portage—about 30 miles—will require about 7 days. All a little weak from thin food; too much thinness of soup. But all perfectly cheerful and in good spirits. Camp fire is the luxury now. Wallace and I hate to leave it. Night in tent with our thin blankets, always more or less cold shivers and unpleasantness. At the camp fire we talk of home and what we'll do, and dinners. Wallace and I talk over the same old things again and again and again, and never tire of them. I patched tent to-day and put outside spring to hold it shut, trying to get more warmth in it. It has been a bully tent and is yet.

Wallace and I stretched tarpaulin by fire and sat long beneath it, chatting. Wallace is a great comfort these evenings. There has been no friction on this trip whatever. I think I'll get a bully story out of this trip despite our failure to find Nascaupees. I'll get more in freezing up, more in Northwest River people and more in the winter journey to God's country.

Friday, September 18th.—Temperature 38°, 6 A.M. S. E. wind turning to N. W. gale about noon. Raw by spells and snow. Caught three namaycush in A.M. Then wind bound by fierce N. W. gale at camp. Wallace caught 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. trout. I caught one $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. Namaycush heads and guts and my trout for supper, boiled with last of flour. Hungry and all a bit weak, but all cheerful.

Very depressing, this getting wind bound so often just when we are trying to get fish ahead for our long portage toward home.

Saturday, September 19th.—Rain and snow last night. Temperature 32°. Gale from N. W. all day. Wind bound in camp all day. Lay in tent most of time. Spits of snow. No breakfast. Bit of fish and its liquor for lunch. Same with a dash of pea-meal at night. Oh, to be away from this lake and its gales and to be started home!

Last night we quit rolling in blankets and made bed to keep warm. All three crawled in. Warmer than other way. Quite comfortable all night.

Sunday, September 20th.—Temperature 6 A.M. 29°. Morning bright and clear. Light N. W. wind. Showers in P.M.

Squally. Started trolling along our shore west of camp by the rapid. Hooked and lost big namaycush. Caught one 4-pounder. Ate it for lunch. Wind drove us to shelter. Ate berries—cranberries—on ridge north of lake. Wallace very weak. I, too, but did not say so. Wallace said sick at stomach; trouble, though, is lack of grub. We've been eating too thin soup. To-night we are starting for Northwest River Post. We are sick of this windy lake, which keeps tying us up day after day. We have just 16 lbs. pea-meal and one mess (very small) of dried fish. I have made map of our long portage which lies between us and Disappointment Lakes. I count we can get over it in seven days' hard work. Then it is only two days to good fishing on our big river. We will have *some* fishing on the way over. When we reach the big river we can, I think, nearly live on the fish we get. From there, too, there are more signs of caribou. About four days more and we ought to reach a remnant of flour which we threw away. It was wet and lumpy, but we will welcome it now. It (if is usable) will see us to the head of Grand Lake, where Skipper Blake has a cache, I think, in a winter hunting shanty. It promises to be a hungry trip—but it's a man's game! Now that we are starting home I am content with the trip and material. We've done all we could. Our minds turn to home even more and we are so anxious to be back. So hungry to see all the old friends. I'd like to go and see all my relatives and especially those in the country. Canada and Michigan call me specially. George told us to-day of another Indian mixture I want to try. It is flour and sugar and salt and water stirred into a batter—poured into boiling grease in frying pan and cooked—then eaten with spoon. Another is plum pudding dough fried like doughnut in boiling grease—same cut thin and fried in pan. Pretty greasy, I guess, for home, but good in the woods.

Monday, September 21st.—Temperature 6 A.M. 40°. W. wind. Rained all last night. Warm this A.M. Left camp and went to inlet, where we entered lake. Forgot axes. Wallace and George went back for them. I fished stream—5 small trout. Moved up to last camp above lake. Camped there. Like home and cheers us up. All pretty weak. Threw away logarithm book,

some tea. Ate four thin meals of soup. I shot a small duck with my rifle. Just touched tip of its bill and did not tear it up. Small but went fine in soup to-night. A depressing day in many ways. Keep uncertain as to grub and our diet is very thin. More caribou signs. Think they are coming out of barrens—that's good. Went to tent early, so rainy outside. All cheerful.

Tuesday, September 22d.—Temperature 38°. N. W. wind. Rain in morning and by spells all day. Six small trout in our pea-soup at first lunch. Then tea-sickness made me throw mine up. Hated to lose them. 1½ lb. erbswurst used to-day: ½ lb. breakfast, ¼ lb. A.M. lunch, ¼ lb. P.M. lunch, ½ lb. night dinner. All feel stronger to-day than yesterday. Tried to stalk goose in bad swamp. Missed at long range. Waded above knees in mud and water to get shot. Portaged all day, mostly through low or swampy ground. Happy to be going home. Camped to-night on second old camping ground. George and Wallace brought up last of outfit, while I made camp and got wood.

Wednesday, September 23d.—Rain by spells. W. wind. Clear in evening and cold. Portaged all day. Crossed barren ridge. Had big feed moss berries and cranberries. Wallace had apparent tea-sickness and vomited. Erbswurst same as yesterday. Feel quite weak to-night. Had carried canoe a good deal. A good deal depressed until camp fire. Then good again. Bright, crisp night. Dried clothing and got warm. Talked long by fire of home. Blankets very damp. Hard time keeping warm at night.

Thursday, September 24th.—Temperature 28°. N. E. wind. Snowing in morning. Quite cold last night but clear and crisp till toward morning, when it snowed. Blankets very damp, but by drying clothes at fire and getting good and warm we slept warm and well. Snow covered ground by noon. Disagreeable morning, but a little crisp wintriness helped it some. Plodded along through snow on a pea-soup breakfast, wondering what the outcome will be—a little. Nasty weather makes one wonder. Then came a happy event. George killed one goose, which drifted ashore, and wounded another, which sat on shore and let George end it with pistol. Never was goose more gladly received, I'll venture.

I promised George two cook-books and a dinner as a reward. He says he will take a leg of lamb, beets, sweet potatoes, honey, hot biscuit, mince pie, ginger cake, chocolate. We ate giblets boiled in pot, and drank liquor. Oh, *how* good. Then we ate the guts—stripped but not washed—boiled in tea pail. Bully. They swelled up and were quite substantial. Liquor was good, too. George gave us each a little fat and skin. We warmed it before fire and ate it half raw and found it delicious. Fierce cold rain in P.M.

Blankets wet for several days. No chance to dry. In evening heads, wings and feet of geese, boiled. Good.

Friday, September 25th.—Temperature 28°. Wind N. E. Snow squalls. Half goose, breakfast. Pea soup, thin, for dinner. Half goose, supper. Goose is bully. When done eating we burn the bones and chew them. Nasty day. Portaged to old camp on small lake and stopped. All day I have been thinking about childhood things and the country. I want to get into touch with it again.

Saturday, September 26th.—Temperature 28°. Wind N. W. Rain in early morning—cold wind—warming in late P.M. Clear at midday. Dried blankets. Traveled over old course to our "long-lake-that-looks-like-a-river." Shot a large duck's head off with rifle. Had hopes of a few fish at place where we found them spawning on our westward way, but was fearful of the cold. Left George cooking duck and went to try with Wallace's rod, not over hopeful, as water was very high and weather cold. Delighted to catch 20 very fair ones while lunch was cooking. In P.M. took 95 more. Estimated weight of catch 70 lbs. We will stay here to-morrow and fish and dry trout for journey. This is a wonderful relief. It means enough fish to put us through to our big lake, or nearly so. We had no hopes of such a catch and would have been delighted with just a meal or two. Then it means—I hope—that we will find the trout biting at other spawning places and catch enough to live on in spite of the cold weather. We are happier than for weeks before, for we believe this almost guarantees our safe return home. Rain drove us from our camp fire just after George had declared: "Now we'll talk about French toast, and what we'll eat



Patching the Canoe.

when we get to New York." So we all crawled into blankets and did plan and plan good dinners.

Sunday, September 27th.—Warm day, partly clear, wind S. W. Ate last of goose for breakfast. Bully. George and Wallace cleaned trout in A. M. Big feed of guts and roe, roasted together in frying pan for lunch. Bully—awful good if some flour and butter were stewed in. George fixed stage and put fish to smoke. I caught about 50 more. Not biting so well, though it is a fine day. Hole fished out, I guess. Very tired; relaxation, I think. Lay in tent after fish quit and wrote diary and talked with George. Wallace hunted caribou.

Monday, September 28th.—Snow by spurts—clear by spells. Staid in fishing camp to rest and feed up. Were all weak as cats when we relaxed from the grub strain. We kept smoke going under stage and lay in tent most of day. Boiled fish for breakfast. Roast, smoked fish for other meals. Like them rather better the latter way. When we eat them boiled, no tea; just drink fish liquor. When roast, tea. All drink tea when we want it. Have plenty. Eat 6 to 9 fish per meal. Not big feed and leaves us hungry for more, but I count it gives us about a pound of fish per man, per meal; that ought to be enough. George says this weakness is what Indians complain of "when they've been hard up and then get grub, they get just as weak! Then they must have feed up a little and get strong." "But it's just after the grub comes that they're weakest," again he said. "I guess it's because our minds are a little easier." Which, I think, is good psychology. How easy we feel now, with a few days' fish ahead! It is the first part of the journey we have enjoyed. Homeward bound, with enough grub to make it probable we shall get there. As to outfit—for a hard trip like this more men are essential. The head must have more time to think and plan—less need for continuous physical labor. Add to outfit mentioned heretofore, some pemmican, perhaps beans, and some hardtack—the last to use with pea-soup and fish-broth at the last extremity.

I want also to experiment with condensed foods and emergency supplies—maybe write an article thereon—some time.

Tuesday, September 29th.—Temperature

24°. Snow by squalls all day. Wind W. Caught 12 good trout while boys were breaking camp. Crossed long lake. Diarrhœa which attacked me yesterday came back when I started to carry canoe. Had to drop it and became very weak. Boys went on with it about 1¼ miles and came back. We camped on long lake. I huddled by fire and wrote when it was not snowing. We can catch up to our schedule if I am able to travel to-morrow, for it is only an easy march, covered in less than a day before. All talking about home—all happy to be going there.

Wednesday, September 30th.—Boys carried canoe nearly to Pike Lake, while I made camp and went back and forth three times to bring up packs. Then a happy camp—nearer home. To-night we planned in case we have a long wait in St. John, to get rooms for light housekeeping, and not go to hotel. Then we can cook what we want and need, and live high—beef bones—far caribou—cereals with real cream—rich muscle-making stews of rice—beef, etc., tomatoes, etc.

Thursday, October 1st.—Temperature 40°. Crossed this A. M. to Pike Lake. Lunch on west side—last of fish. Nothing now left but pea-meal. Crossed lake to trail on east side, hoping to get trout where I took a mess in outlet, coming up. Not a nibble; too cold, or something. Camped in lee of trees. Boys had feed of blueberries while I fished. Ate half stick of erbswurst. Good camp fire, but I rather blue and no one talkative. So hungry for home—and fish.

Friday, October 2d.—Cold W. wind. Temperature 30°. Cold—snowed a bit in evening. Took packs early in day and hurried across from Pike Lake to tamarack pole fishing place. Only two trout before noon. Ate them with pea-meal and boys went back for canoe. Only two days and easy ones, now, to our big lake. Then only two days to the river with its good fishing. This makes us feel good. It means a good piece nearer home.

George shot duck with rifle in P. M. I got three more fish—1½ lbs. each—about. Ate duck for supper.

Saturday, October 3d.—Bright, crisp morning. Temperature 21°. Snow squalls. Left tamarack pole place and portaged south over old route—crossing lakes, etc., to our camp of August 29th, on little pond.

Wet feet and cold, but not bad day. I lugged all packs, and boys canoe. Beautiful moon and clear night. All sat late by camp fire, talking and thinking of home. Pleased to have another fair march back of us—happy. George shot two ducks with Wallace's rifle. One boiled for lunch—other for supper. One fish boiled with erbswurst for breakfast.

Talked of what people are doing at home to-night.

Sunday, October 4th.—Temperature 10°. Bright, clear, cold A. M. Everything frozen in morning. Pond frozen over. Two trout left. One for breakfast, boiled with

erbswurst. Portaged to lake, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away. Crossed it. Some ice to annoy. George borrowed Wallace's pistol, saying he saw a partridge. He killed four. Lord's with us. We need 'em bad. I'm weak and nervous. Must have vacation. Wallace notices it. Have not taken bath for two weeks—ashamed of my ribs, which stick out like skeletons. Thinking of going to Bewdley's for vacation. Want to take a lot of Hope's broken candies—or Ridley's—for presents. Feeling weak and mean to-day. Wallace read 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians this A. M. I read 91st Psalm. Drying blankets. Ideal day. Later. Af-



Taking an Observation.

ter lunch I started to hunt trail. Two spruce partridges jumped up ahead of me. Shot both with pistol. Hit each at first shot, but had to shoot one second time. Very weak and tired this P.M. George and Wallace carried canoe while I brought up packs, one at a time. Sat at old camp—first north of big lake. Pretty happy to-night to be one day's journey nearer home.

Monday, October 5th.—Temperature 30°. Wind S. E. Snow on ground. Up late. Waited Wallace to mend moccasins. Late start. Crossed bad swamp to big lake, wading icy water. Dried feet and drank cup soup. Stopped island in P.M. to get berries. George and I each shot a partridge. Got dark. Camped. Good moss berries. All talk much of home now.

Tuesday, October 6th.—Temperature 48°. Rain and snow in A.M. George shot partridge before breakfast. Rained most of night.

Started, expecting to portage to lake first west of height of land. Got into rough sea—exciting time. Found river of considerable size with rapids emptying into that lake. Ran into it and prepared to finish in morning. George and I ran on rock—shooting rapid. Beautiful night—cold. Feel all cold.

Wednesday, October 7th.—Thermometer out of order. Heavy frost. Ran down river into lake. West to barren mountain; climbed to scout on day after entering lake W. of height of land. Stopped and fed well on our moss berries and cranberries. Took some along. Started height of land portage. Happy to be back. Very thin pea-soup breakfast. Some with berries for lunch. Weak.

Thursday, October 8th.—Thermometer N. G. Very frosty.

Finished height of land portage and came on to place where we dried caribou—second time—at head of Ptarmigan Lake. I caught four fish—small trout—while Wallace was going back for rifle which he had left at far end of small lake. Wallace came back with partridge. This delayed us and we did not reach good fishing rapid. Hope to get trout here. Did catch a few before—failed to-night. Bright, crisp day, too. George very blue in consequence. Wallace and I not worried. Pea-meal down to less than 2 lbs. No other food, save tea.

Friday, October 9th.—Reached good fishing hole at rapid where we caught so many trout on way up. Got about 60 in P.M. Glorious, crisp, fall day. Dried blankets. Fifteen trout lunch; 12 supper. Then 6 roast before bed time. Disappointing. Hoped for some to dry. Only one day's slim fish ahead—1½ lbs. pea-meal. No hopes of getting ahead fish to freeze up. Must get out to civilization. Pretty weak, all of us.

Saturday, October 10th.—From rapid about half way to camp Caribou. Boys shot rapids, while I fished. Beautiful day till about noon. Then cloudy and cold west wind. Cheerful camp fire, as always. About 20 trout; 9 boiled for supper. Same number for lunch. Much talk of grub and restaurants and our homegoing.

Sunday, October 11th.—Beautiful, clear day. Cold. Off day for grub. George shot three times at ducks and I fished at rapids. No fish—no ducks. Nine small trout breakfast, eight lunch. No supper ahead save what George hoped to find at camp Caribou. Arrived there tired and weak about an hour before sunset. George gathered bones and two hoofs—pounded part of them up. Maggots on hoofs—we did not mind. Boiled two kettlefuls of hoofs and bones. Made a good, greasy broth. We had three cupfuls each, and sat about knawing bones. Got a good deal of gristle from the bones and some tough hide and gristly stuff from hoofs. I enjoyed it and felt like a square meal. Ate long, as it was a slow, tough job. Saved the bones to boil over. Saved horns, too. They were in velvet and seem to be quite soft and greasy on inside. A good deal of skin sticking to them and head, which George will save. Trying to save, also the "*venastica*"—digested contents of stomach—but it has been well washed out, is pretty rotten, and may be hopeless. Will try a soup of it, anyway.

Monday, October 12th.—Made about 9 miles to-day. Several bad rapids. Shot them. George and I nearly came to grief in one. My fault. Beautiful day. Fished a little, but no fish bit. Hope to leave stream to-morrow, and that makes us happy. For breakfast bones of caribou, boiled to make greasy broth—quite supply of grease in it—hoofs—two—boiled. Some gristle to these that was good. Strong, ran-



Portaging.

cid taste, but we relished it. Roasted hard parts of hoofs in fire—ate them—half rubber—half leather, but heap better than nothing. For lunch, bones with skin from velvet horns added. Latter boiled up and was very good. At night same bones boiled to make broth. Skin from head added. Part of mine I could eat boiled. Part from nose very thick and had to be roasted first. Good. Sat by camp fire long time. Very sleepy. Talked of home and friends and grub and plans.

Tuesday, October 13th.—Lightened our packs a bit, throwing away more or less useless stuff at old shack where we had a rainy night. Pot of tea at rainy Sunday camp. All very hungry and weak. Camped below rainy Sunday camp. Tried *wenastica*. Not bad. Not much taste to it.

Thinking all time of home and parents, Congers and Wurtsboro and childhood and country.

Wednesday, October 14th.—Caribou bones boiled into broth for breakfast. Then George shot at duck. Came back. "Lord surely guided that bullet," said he, reverently. He had killed a wonderfully fat duck. Oh, but it was good and greasy. Made bully lunch, boiled and good pot of broth. Left river where we entered it. Left canoe, sextant-box, artificial horizon and my fish-rod. Packs still too heavy for our strength. Little progress. Reached old camp whence we left lakes for big river. Hoped fish. No bites. Cold E. wind. Big fire. All cheerful. Just bone broth and a bit of *wenastica* for supper. Must lighten packs to limit. Count our bit of flour 22 miles from here. Here George found two old goose heads and some bones we left. Saved them for breakfast. All gnawed some charred bones. George found 3 tiny slices fried bacon in old lard can which we left—one each. How good they were. The scrapings of lard he melted for the broth pot. We have $1\frac{1}{8}$ lb. pea-meal left. No other grub but tea. We think this will take us to our bit of flour—if it is still left, and Blake has a cache, we think at head of Grand Lake about 24 miles beyond that. Hope to get out O. K. Count on berries to help us. Had some moss berries to-day.

Thursday, October 15th.—Lightened packs a good deal. Left Wallace's rifle, cartridges, rod, my cleaning rod, my sex-

tant and 15 films and other things, cached in bushes at left side of little stream between two lakes. Wallace hated to leave rifle, and I hated to leave other stuff. Spent most of forenoon getting ready. Ate for breakfast bit of skin from old caribou head, boiled with bone broth. At lunch—on Montagnais Lake—same, but skin was that from old caribou hide which we had carried to mend moccasins. Were almost to our second camp—where we ate first goose—when I got shaky and busted, and had to stop. Wallace came back and got my pack and I walked to camp unloaded. In P.M. George shot three partridges which jumped up before us in swamp. Killed them with my pistol. Made us very happy. Ate one for supper, and oh, how good. In spite of my weakness I was happy to-night. I remember a similar happiness once just after I went to New York. I got caught in rain; had no car fare—got soaked—spent last 10 cents for rolls and crullers—then crawled into bed to get dry and eat, not knowing where next meal would come from.

Sunday, October 18th.—Alone—in camp—junction of Nascauppee and some other stream—estimated (overestimated, I hope) distance above head of Grand Lake 33 miles.

For two days past we have traveled down our old trail with light packs. We left a lot of flour—wet—about 11 miles below here; 12 miles (approximately) below that about a pound of milk powder; 4 miles below that about 4 pounds of lard. We counted on all these to help us out in our effort to reach the head of Grand Lake, where we hoped to find Skipper Tom Blake's trapping camp and cache. On Thursday, as stated, I busted. Friday and Saturday it was the same. I saw it was probably hopeless for me to try to go further with the boys, so we counseled, last night, and decided they should take merely half a blanket each, socks, etc., some tea, tea pail, cups, and the pistols, and go on. They will try to reach the flour to-morrow. Then Wallace will bring a little and come back to me. George will go on to the milk and lard and to Skipper Blake, if he can, and send or lead help to us. I want to say here that they are two of the very best, bravest and grandest men I ever knew, and if I die it will not be because they did not put forth



Making up the Packs, for the Return Trip.

their best efforts. Our past two days have been trying ones. I have not written my diary because so very weak. Day before yesterday we caught sight of a caribou, but it was on our lea, and winding us, got away before a shot could be fired. Yesterday at an old camp we found the end we had cut from a flour bag. It had a bit of flour sticking to it. We boiled it with our old caribou bones and it thickened the broth a little. We also found a can of mustard we had thrown away. I sat and held it in my hand a long time, thinking how it came from Congers and our home, and what a happy home it was. Then I took a bite of it, and it was very good. We mixed some in our bone soup and it seemed to stimulate us. We had a bit of caribou skin in that same spot. It swelled up thick and was very good. Last night I fell asleep while the boys were reading to me. This morning I was very, very sleepy. After the boys left—they left me tea, the caribou bones and another end of flour sack found here, a rawhide caribou moccasin and some yeast cakes—I drank a cup of strong tea and some bone broth. I also ate some of the really delicious raw hide (boiled with bones) and it made me stronger—strong to write this. The boys have only tea and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of pea-meal (Erbswurst). Our parting was most affecting. I did not feel so bad.

George said, "The Lord help us, Hubbard; with His help I'll save you if I can get out." Then he cried. So did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheek with his poor, sunken, bearded lips—several times—and I kissed his. George did the same, and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God b'less and help them.

I am not so greatly in doubt as to the outcome. I believe they will reach the flour, and be strengthened—that Wallace will reach me—that George will find Blake's cache and camp and send help. So I believe we will all get out.

My tent is pitched in open tent style in front of a big rock. The rock reflects the fire, but now it is going out because of the rain. I think I shall let it go and close the tent, till rain is over, thus keeping out wind and saving wood. To-night or to-morrow, perhaps, the weather will improve so I can build a fire, eat the rest of my moccasins, and have some more bone broth. Then I can boil my belt and oil-tanned moccasins and a pair of cowhide mittens. They ought to help some. I am not suffering. The acute pangs of hunger have given way to indifference. I'm sleepy. I think death from starvation is not so bad. But let no one suppose I expect it. I am prepared—that is all. I think the boys will be able, with the Lord's help, to save me.

THE NEW YEAR MUMMERS OF QUAKER-TOWN

By RALPH D. PAINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOS. N. PEARCE

"BUT the New Year's Shooters are such an old story," protested the Native of Philadelphia, looking solemn and bored. "They have been prancing through our streets for years and years. And the mummers are the commonest sort of persons, from Fishtown and Kensington, and, really, many of them live in what you might call our slums."

"But you've had this unique carnival, the most picturesque custom of your colorless old town, right under your noses without realizing what it is," I cried indignantly. "You take it for granted that because Philadelphia is used to seeing it, the rest of the world must know all about it. Common people. Pooh! The commoner your people are the more interesting they run."

The Native was disturbed at such heresy as this, and left the pilgrim to seek the New Year's mummary unassisted. This riotous festival ought to be held in high esteem by the average Philadelphian simply by reason of its impressive antiquity. No ready-made parade of masqueraders, this, for the puzzling name of "Shooters" trails back to the days before the Revolution, when the staid dwellers in the town of William Penn were wont to break loose on New Year's night with fusilades of muskets, horse-pistols and cannonading anvils. This custom was imported by the German immigrants, and was called "Shooting in the New Year."

Mummary was made a part of the yearly holiday-making more than a century ago, when the Christmas Eve frolics were looked upon as heathenish by the Quakers. The fun was a transplanted growth, a relic of the English "masques," given in the streets at Christmastide, and led by the Lord of Misrule. These revellers of Quaker-town trooped the streets in fantastic costumes, chanting rude rhymes, and demanded dole in the form of cakes, ale and cider. The most dignified youngster of the lot would commonly wear a battered cocked-hat, as taking the part of George Washington,

while a popular character called "Cooney Cracker" was undoubtedly the forerunner of the popular conception of "Yankee Doodle."

So much for history. The "Shooter Clubs" of to-day trace no unbroken descent from these early institutions, nevertheless their title and their holiday have somehow sprung from this ancestry. Before Philadelphia was consolidated as a spraddling and brick-hued municipality, there was rivalry among the "Shooters Clubs" of the different boroughs, and this was the beginning of the heated struggle for the most gorgeous display which in recent years has made the city's streets on New Year's Day a dizzy whirl of life and color.

A prosperous and hard-working multitude, freed of the curse of crowding tenement houses, spreads over many miles of that humdrum Philadelphia which lays along the water front, from Fishtown on the south to Port Richmond and Kensington on the north. This is the old Philadelphia, running a few blocks back from the Delaware, and, lost in the tide of traffic, the fine brick mansions of the aristocracy of a century ago, survive as warehouses, shops and dwellings for the humble toiler. These people work for wages, not salaries, and what poverty there is in Philadelphia is to be found in their districts. Yet once a year they blossom so gaily in such prodigality of pomp and outlay, that all laws of economics and common sense are bowled topsy-turvy.

Each "Shooters Club" has its captain, chosen both for popularity and his ability to garner shekels. The ostentation is focused in the captain; his costume must be a delirious dream of impressive extravagance. No sooner is one parade over, than the members of the club and their friends must begin to save and maneuver for the next year. What is the result of this amazing strain and stress to outshine all rivals? The cold facts may hint at the scale of outlay. Last year, for example:

"When the Clements Club came in sight, the acme of the year's fancy dress costumes was seen. It was worn by Thomas Duffy, the captain, and is said to have cost more than six thousand dollars. The capes of the suit were fully sixty feet long. The material was white satin, with many finely wrought designs in gold embroidery. The capes were borne by one hundred and thirty

who staggered ahead of their mammoth trains and hosts of satin clad pages, whose hands, hardened from work in the mills and the machine shops, were filled with such stuffs as royalty displays in its pageants. This dazzling hero, who is so nearly submerged that only his crowned head peeps above his train, like a marble on a counterpane, may be opening oysters in a white



These splendid personages are Kings of low degree, who could not afford the pomp of trains and pages.

pages, but even with their help, Duffy had a tremendous struggle to get along."

The Philadelphia reporter who baldly stated the case for Thomas Duffy had written his column about so many "Shooters" parades, that he bothered his head not at all with the more conspicuous problem: How did Thomas Duffy raise the six thousand dollars for such a costume, which must be measured by the acre rather than the yard. He was only one of twenty odd captains,

apron to-morrow, but to-day he is as gay a human butterfly as ever fluttered through a brief hour of intoxicated splendor.

Until recent years, the different organizations wandered each on its own hook, so that the show was a fragmentary affair. After generations of indifference, the City Fathers awoke to the fact that the "Shooter" manifestation deserved encouragement, so that now the clubs are mobilized in one great procession with aldermanic reviewing



A "Shooters Club" among its admiring friends in down town Philadelphia



The Grand Marshal and his lordly staff draw near the reviewing stand at City Hall

stands, and municipal prizes amounting to several thousand dollars are offered for the best club and individual costuming. But really, the "Shooters" did not need this fostering aid to keep the fire of rivalry burning high. Local and factional pride dragged the funds from the pockets of the participants as if they had been run through a wringer, even in the old days when the prizes were given only by the various "Business Men's Associations" of the several districts.

You must go down town into the haunts and homes of the revellers, to learn about the inside workings of this carnival. It was the story of Lizzie McGowan as confided piece-meal by several of her friends, which first told the writer that big emotions may be stirring beneath the glittering panoply of the parading "Shooters." This particular New Year's Day was clear as a bell, with flooding sunshine and a whooping wind with an icy edge that made South Second Street sizzle with life and animation. And when a dozen brass bands began to play as many crashing tunes at once within half as many blocks, even the cigar-store wooden Indians did a pirouette when nobody was looking.

The McGowan home was gay with flags and notable for an old locomotive bell hung from an upper window, which the young McGowans kept busy all day. Lizzie was the belle of Tasker Street, and Joe Hutchins was the captain of the Tobasco Sauce New Year's Shooters Club. That these two celebrities should be mutually attracted was in accord with the law of the fitness of things. But Miss McGowan was wavering and unconvinced that Mr. Hutchins was, beyond doubt, her heart's desire. And Captain Hutchins had reason to feel that it was "up to him to make good," and where in his whole life's round could come brighter opportunity than on New Year's Day. He staked all to win on the parade and fore-shadowed his tactics by telling Lizzie the day before:

"The club has coughed up two thousand cold plunks for me clothes, and there's five hundred dollars' worth of gold lace on me train, and white fur till you can't rest. The band is goin' to stop in front of your house, and play 'She's the Only Girl I Love,' an' I'll wave my diamond-studded sceptre, an' yell 'Three cheers for the Queen of the

Tobasco's.' How does that hit you, Lizzie?"

Lizzie was noncommittal, but bright and early on the momentous day, she was waiting in an upper window for the captains and their motley followings. There was a saloon on the corner of the block, and as the parade was forming, Lizzie saw many strange figures sift in and out for stays more or less protracted. Stout colored ladies with a masculine length of stride puffed long cigars as they waltzed to the curb with gauzey ballet girls whose gills were blue-shaven. Pink fairies and pinker cupids, ermine mantled royalty, clowns and minstrels pranced to and fro, while awkward marshals on heavy-footed steeds surged into the tangle and cursed themselves black in the face as they tried to align their hosts.

One by one the clubs were formed and marched past, but Lizzie's eyes were blind to their glories. At last the tall blue banner of the Tobasco Sauce Association was seen swaying far down the swarming street. Such a display of costly fabrics, plumes and colors had not been seen, and as it drew near, the jewel of the galaxy was the captain, Joe Hutchins, King of South Second Street. All the other extravagance was no more than the setting for this sublime figure.

His coat was of brocaded blue velvet, spangled with gold embroidery, with slashed pink satin sleeves. His breeches were of blue satin, his stockings of robin's-egg silk, and his shoes were gilded and studded with "diamonds." His crown was a foot high, and its radiance of emeralds, rubies and diamonds was at least a thousand candle-power. Before the king walked sixteen pages in satins and lace, bearing the streamers which radiated from the royal person like the tentacles of a starfish. Behind danced forty-eight pages in shrimp-pink velvet, and they held up the brocaded satin train which was bordered with ermine. It was a resplendent meteor with streaming tails of glory. The king wore a blonde wig, and his freckled features were overloaded with complexion. He chewed tobacco with notable vigor and no wonder that awe-struck small boys whispered:

"I'll bet he spits ten dollar gold pieces."

When this vision burst upon Lizzie McGowan's swimming sight, she held her breath until her little sister, fearful that she would

rend her very tight waist, began to thump her on the back. As the procession drew near to the house, the king cracked his complexion in trying to smile, and the band was playing "If you love me, darling, wink the other eye."

Alas, just as His Highness waved his sceptre as a command for the parade to halt, he was seen to stagger, sway drunkenly in

Lizzie had vanished from the upper window. After a confused delay, one of the pages was thrust into the habiliments of royalty and the Tobasco Sauce Association moved on, much rumped and crest-fallen. On the curb-stone with his feet in the gutter sat the derelict monarch, abandoned by his friends, and none was so poor as to do him homage. With a groan or two, he pulled himself to-



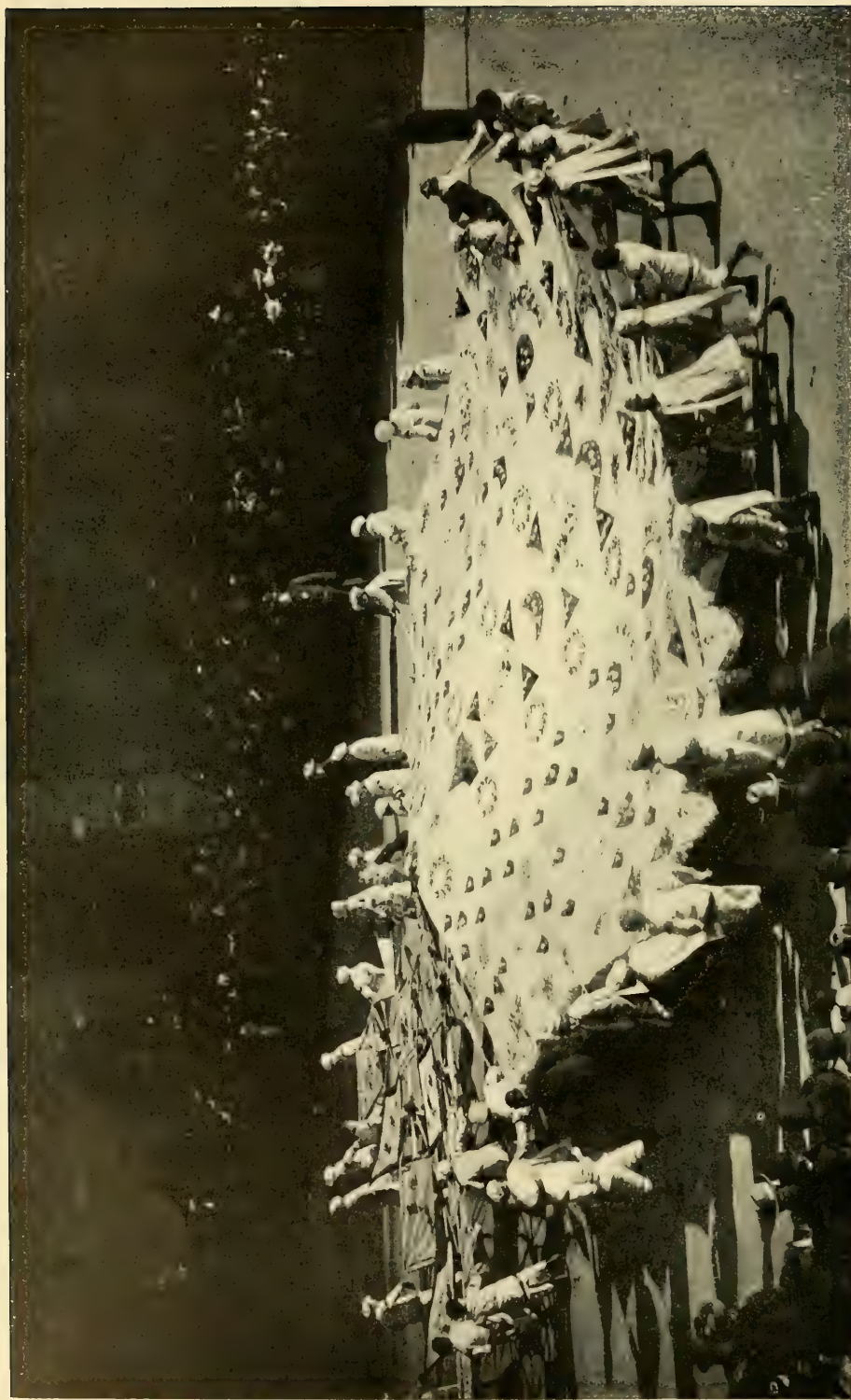
The Fish-town Belles of the New Year Parade, Invading the Haunts of Quaker-town Aristocracy.

his robes, and then topple to the pavement, dragging down with him his robes and his retinue as a circus tent collapses when the centre pole is withdrawn. Stifled in his gay cocoon, King Joseph the First was extricated after much pulling and hauling, and carried to the sidewalk. He was very pale and rubbed tears from his eyes with a pair of dirty knuckles. No offer of help came from the McGowan mansion, whose closed doors frowned a cruel inhospitality.

gether and loafed feebly to the corner where he vanished behind the swinging barroom door.

Meanwhile Lizzie McGowan was weeping her anger out in the arms of her best girl friend.

"And him the finest captain in the Shooters' parade," she quavered. "I never, never seen anything as beyootiful as Joe was, and I've seen the Shooters ever since I could walk. There's been more pages and



The "Captain" and his Royal Train of Pages; These costumes cost several thousand dollars.

bigger club turn-outs, but nothing so dis-tangey and wonderful as Joe looked when he come by the house. And then he falls in a drunken heap, soshed right up to the ears, and I told him and he knows it good and plenty, that if he got an edge on this year, I'd never marry him never. And he goes and gets loaded the very first day he swore off for. Aint it the limit? He had me on the run, too. Says I, a man that can turn out in that kind of style can deliver the goods to make home happy. He was doin' it all for me. And he spoils it and disgraces me before the whole of Second Street. I won't speak to him again, so help me. There's others."

But before sundown King Hutchins' best friend had managed to foregather with Lizzie's best friend, and explanations were hotly pressed.

"It's this way," exclaimed the flushed young man. "Joe's feelin' all to the bad over this. He's tore all to pieces. Sits by himself bitin' the heads off tenpenny nails, an' it's a good safe bet he goes plop into the Delaware if I can't frame up this mess so the truth will be put next to Lizzie. Joe wasn't loaded. He hadn't had a drink. He was workin' all night drillin' in a hall with them pages and things so as to get the marching order dead to rights. He was dead for sleep, he was dyin' on his pins and that streetfull of trains and satins and cloaks that was hung onto his neck weighed a ton. He hadn't walked more'n a mile before he was groggy. Why, here was fifty or a hundred Micks liftin' his robes, with it all comin' on him in the middle of them. He was plump wore out to begin with. He lands in Queer Street, faints dead away, takes the count right in front of Lizzie's number, an'she don't even pass him out a glass of water. Says she to herself, the scrap-heap for yours, Joe Hutchins. Now ain't that enough to make him dippy. Does she want him dead or sent to the nut college? Take your pick. It's even money both ways."

Lizzie's best friend was all sympathy and hastened away with these tidings. As the story was told to me, Lizzie sailed out in pursuit of her derelict lover and snatched him as a brand from the burning, with greetings that ran something like this:

"Joe, I couldn't feel more broke up if you'd batted me one in the eye. This

grand-stand fainting fit has cinched my heart. You poor, wabby old sport. And it was all for me. But before you kiss me, you've got to promise that it's no more Shooter parade for yours. You came to the scratch all right, but its wicked to blow all that stuff that ought to go for light house-keepin'."

Several years after I heard these moving facts, some of them from a spruce young fireman in a downtown hook and ladder house (his name began with Joe), this newspaper paragraph seemed a dramatic confirmation:

"Peter Moran, captain of the Red Onion Shooters Club, was taken to the Jefferson Hospital yesterday during the New Year's parade. He fainted after marching three miles under the weight of his costume, which was carried by eighty-seven pages and was of such imposing dimensions that the captain could not turn in Broad Street."

Nowadays, from two to three thousand mummers are in the consolidated parade, and the money prizes have grown to a total of nearly ten thousand dollars. Upper-class Philadelphia has condescended to find diversion in this pageant, so the mummers march up on Broad Street, and pass a reviewing stand at the City Hall, just like any commonplace demonstration. But these modern improvements have not spoiled the spirit of the old-time Shooters. They are rejoiced if they win the cash, which they promptly hurl into the club treasury for next year's costumes, but deeper than this runs the down-town rivalry among the "White Caps," the "Thomas Clements Association," the "Silver Crown," the "Fire-side Club," the "Bismarck German Bund," the "Stringfellows," the "Home-Breakers" and a score of other organizations.

The first prize attainable for the finest club display is five hundred dollars. Last year the Thomas Clements Club members and their friends spent more than twenty thousand dollars in the effort to capture the "championship." It was their proud boast that "not a suit in the line had ever been on the street before." Captain Duffy's costume has been mentioned, but he was only a feature of a heroic program as presented by this one club. In his wake trailed four hundred handsomely costumed characters, every one in real silks and feathers, cavaliers, more monarchs, harle-



Wesley with me (this) the day we met that day in David Street

quins, and strings of courtiers whose trains weighed down pages by the score. When you consider that other clubs were out to surpass the "Clements," and that the decision for first place gave the judges some headaches, it is conservative to declare that this Philadelphia show deserves more than local attention. Last year the clubs in line had more than one hundred thousand dollars worth of costumes to display.

How can these wage-earners sustain the breaking strain year after year? Partisan pride does miracles of finance. The most prominent clubs enroll their members by the hundreds. Every man of them contributes through the year his assessment of one or two dollars a month, and without any violent effort the war-chest is furnished with a fund of several thousand dollars. The political leaders of the district go into their pockets for subscriptions which are as bread scattered on the waters. The shopkeepers of the neighborhood are ready to add their bit to the bulwarking of local prestige, and so from many sources the revenues of the Shooter's Club filter in. As for the eager and vainglorious captains, such a one has been known to slap a mortgage on his house or shop to rally a desperate finish for the king with the biggest, longest, finest setting.

So far it may seem as if the "Shooters" shot away a lamentable waste of gold for pure display and vanity, and the student of social conditions is likely to wag his head with an air profoundly mournful. But there is another side to this glittering picture. Besides the array of satin and tinsel which cuts so grievously into the community budgets, there is a division of comic mummers in the parade, and they supply infinite merriment to the crowds that pack the New Year pavements.

The kings and their trains have heart-burnings and lame backs, as the largest crops of the day's harvesting. The rollicking tail of the parade keeps its eye on prizes hung up for the best comic display, yet manages to get its fun on the wing, and it is no great disaster if the prizes pass them by. Gray-beards of Quakertown can hark back to their boyhood years and recall their favorite characters in the parade and see how these have been handed down, with new actors, but the same disguises which have come to be a part of the show for all time.

William Penn invariably appears, disgracefully riotous and lightminded, and last year shocked uptown society by waltzing down street with "Carrie Nation," both unduly merry because of strong drink.

To show how dear is this parade to its own people down town, hear what befell one year when the line of march was curtailed without warning. In Frankford and Kensington the residents had raised more than a thousand dollars for prizes as an extra inducement to the "Shooters," and small shopkeepers and millworkers were the leading contributors. The crowds waited patiently until afternoon, but no parade appeared. Then weary children began to whimper and their parents to wax angry. The day drew on toward the bleak and early dusk, and the sidewalks were still populous with wistful little faces looking for the "funny people," the greatest delight of the whole, long year.

It was evident that the parade had been sidetracked and the holiday was turned to mourning. But the victims were not done with their bitter fiasco. They held indignation meetings, they appointed committees of investigation, and they went gunning for the marshals who had shortened the route, until these culprits led wretched lives and begged to be let alone. Next year when the "Shooters" swept through Kensington in all their glory, their reception was so enthusiastic that the police had to take a hand in the argument. Carefully passing over the home talent in the procession, the populace centered its attack on the men from Fishtown and other faraway neighborhoods, and put dents in their ranks with half-bricks and other handy missiles.

When the smarting aliens, who held themselves guiltless of the previous year's fault, tucked up their robes and sailed into the spectators, the "Shooters" of Kensington who were in line, turned on their fellow potentates from Fishtown and Southwark, and defended their own people of the curb. The multitude thereupon craftily withdrew from the fray, and left the warring bodies of "Shooters" to fight it out, now that the issue was fairly joined.

It was without doubt the most satisfying exhibit of "Shooter" attractions ever seen in Kensington. According to a veracious eye-witness, the royal captain of a Fishtown club dragged his thirty-odd pages

after him, like a runaway comet, as he lunged after a potentate of Kensington, and the two clashed in what is technically known as a "free-arm clinch." They were able to use their sceptres freely, and two refulgent crowns were instantly battered down over two pairs of hostile eyes. Thus blinded, the royalties jabbed with their sceptres with such shocking damage to facial beauty, that the excited pages, with a happy inspiration, ran swiftly around the pair and so enwrapped them in their robes that they could be picked up and carried from the scene to cool off, locked in each other's arms, their curses muffled. The fighting clans were like an extravaganza gone mad, and when the police was able to pry them apart, such a wreck of nobilities, lords and gentlemen-in-waiting had not been seen since the French Revolution. As a stirring climax, a prosperous saloon-

keeper of Kensington mounted a truck and shouted at the top of his lungs: "I'll be one of ten men to tribble me subscription av fifty dollars if th' distinguished collection av Shooters will promise to repate th' performance next year. It was th' most successful an' enjoyable iver seen in our midst."

But the unique flavor of this celebration cannot be lost. It is as much Philadelphian as scrapple, catfish and waffles, and Independence Hall.

It gives such a distinctive flip to New Year's Day as can be found in no other American city, and what matters it if the husky lad on the sidewalk shouts to his friend in satin and ermine: "It's chicken to-day and feathers to-morrow for yours, Bill. Them giddy rags means the free lunch counter for three months, that's a cinch. An' hustling pig-iron at Cramps' to-morrow aint goin' to come a bit easier."



The Jolly Tinkers Chorus of a Winning "Shooters Club."

MOTORING WITH "MR. CRÆSUS

THE CAR AS A DISTRIBUTOR OF DOLLARS —THE UP-TO-DATE RACING STABLE

By RENÉ BACHE

IF only for the reason that it offers a new opportunity for the spending of money, the automobile should be regarded as a substantial blessing. For in these days the very rich are constantly puzzled to discover novel forms of amusement, which, in order to be recognized as fashionable, must necessarily be expensive. A sport, or other species of diversion, that is within easy reach of the many, must soon lose vogue—unless, as in the case of golf, the fortunate few are able to pursue it under exclusive and luxurious conditions. Motor-cars, it is true, have already become common, but the cheap ones bear only a humble relation to those used by our millionaires for purposes of pleasure, the enormous cost of which must forever bar the possession of them to persons of moderate means.

To maintain a private locomotive is an expensive affair, and a first-class touring automobile costs as much as a handsome city residence. But a man who goes into motoring seriously requires quite a bunch of motor-cars, and, to be comfortable, he can hardly get along with fewer than half-a-dozen. Furthermore, he will need to buy at least one or two new ones each year—W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., never keeps a car more than six months—in order that those in stock may always be spick and span, of the highest obtainable horse-power, and unstrained by racing. It would never do for the owner to find himself obliged to apologize for the performance of one of his vehicles by saying that "when she came from the factory she could go three miles an hour faster."

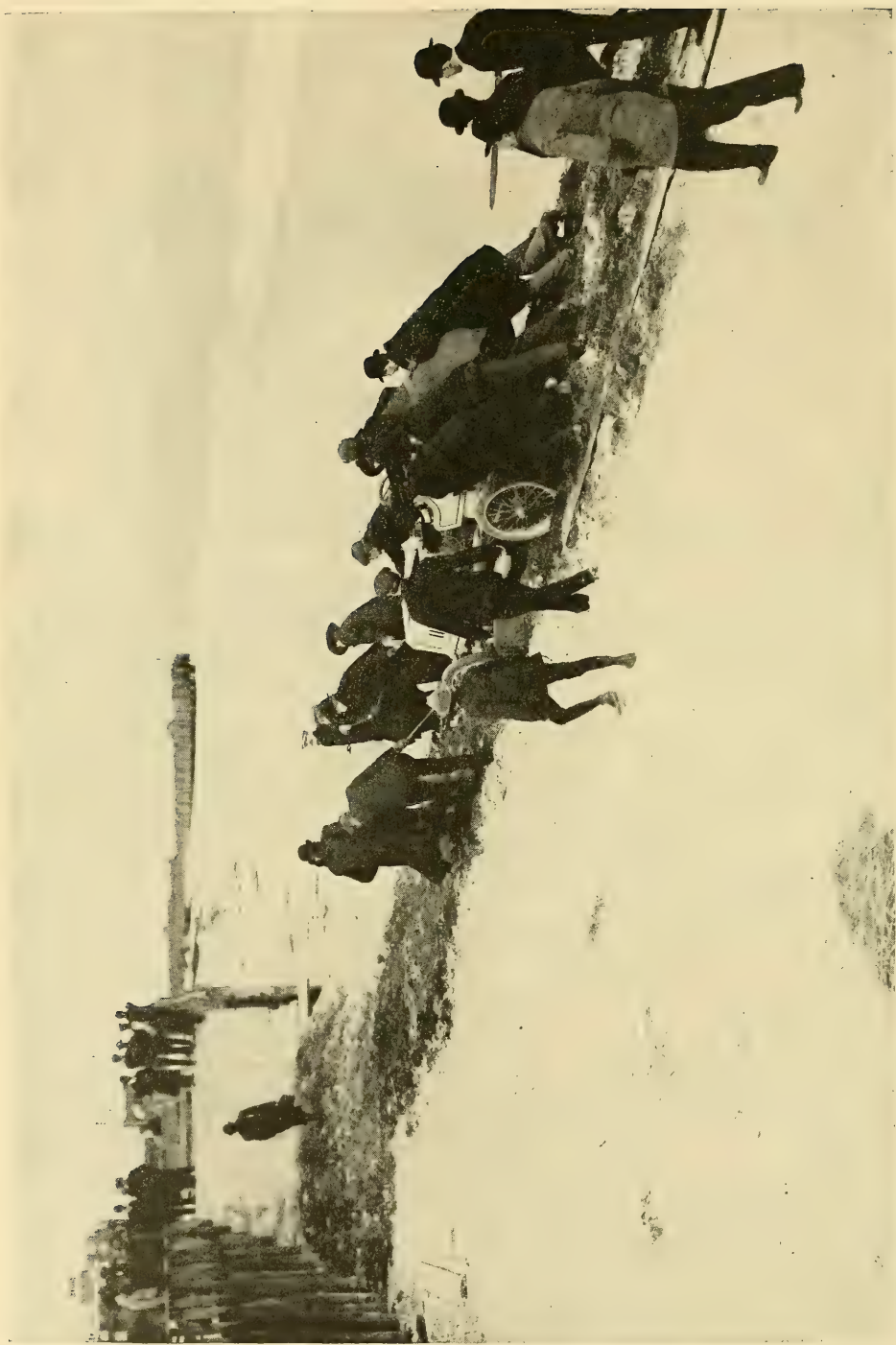
That well-known young millionaire of sporting proclivities, Mr. G. Astor Midas, considers that he is rather economical when he keeps only seven automobiles. Indeed, with a less number, he would find himself somewhat at a loss to meet every-day requirements of transportation and amusement. With seven cars—the term "automobile" is used only by ignorant outsiders—he can go in for racing in a moderate way,

and is provided with such vehicular conveyances as are absolutely requisite for the establishment of a gentleman who spends half the year out of town, and who, disliking the railroad, prefers to travel by gasoline between his country place and the city.

Two of the cars are racing machines, purchased for \$13,000 and \$16,000 respectively, the latter having greater horse-power. Of the others, one is a light vehicle, with seats for the owner and his chauffeur, and is used for short trips to town and back. It cost \$8,000. There is an omnibus car (price \$12,000), seating seven or eight persons, and employed for carrying parties to and from the country place. To these are added a large touring car, for seven people, worth \$15,000; a light touring car (value \$12,000,) for use at odd times, and an opera car, holding four, to convey members of the family to the theatre and to entertainments. This last is covered, being intended particularly for cold weather. It was bought for \$8,000, making a total of \$84,000 for the seven machines.

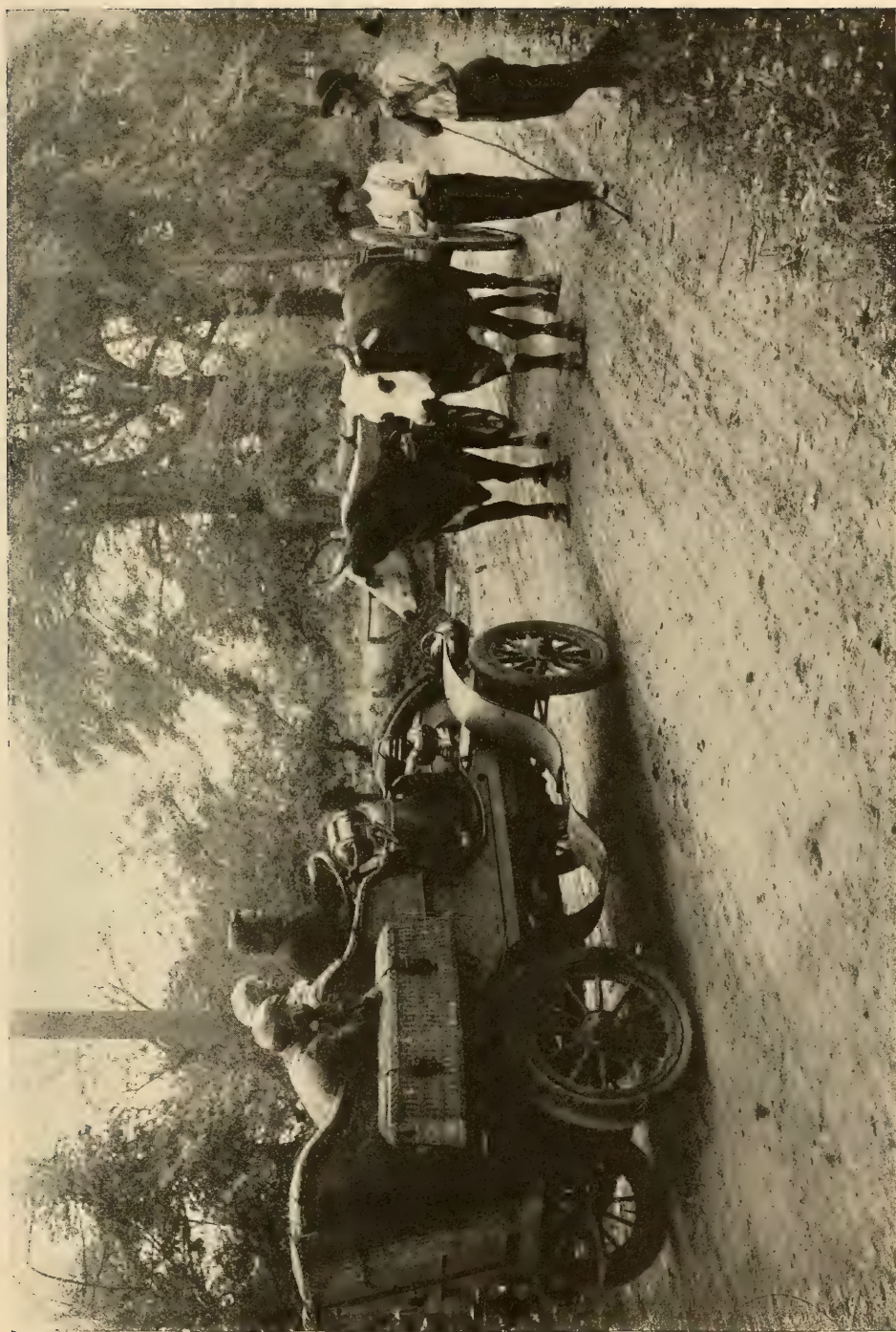
This, of course, represents only the first outlay. Expenses of maintenance run up to about \$20,000 a year, the chief item being for wages of a number of indispensable employees. Mr. Midas keeps a racing chauffeur, who is the head man, at \$3,000 a year. Under him is a touring chauffeur, at \$2,000 per annum, and there are two assistant chauffeurs, who are skilled mechanics, at \$1,800 and \$1,500, respectively. To these are added two expert cleaners and polishers, who see that the machines are always spick and span, and who receive \$80 apiece a month, running the pay-roll up to a total of somewhat over \$10,000 a year.

There are a great many incidental expenses. For example, when a single set of four tires with inner tubes costs from \$240 to \$400, this item alone may amount to \$2,000 or \$3,000 in a twelvemonth. Parts that have to be supplied are far from cheap, notwithstanding the fact that many of them, such



Photograph by Edwin Levick.

On the Southern Atlantic Beach—hauling a car up to the road after the race.



Photograph by Edwin Levick.

The New and the Old.



The gallery at a hill-climbing contest.

as shafts and gears, can be made at home. In his auto-stable in the country Mr. Midas, for the sake of economy and convenience, has established a small but fully-equipped machine shop, with lathes and other apparatus, by the aid of which the mechanics in his employ are able to turn out pretty nearly anything that may be requisite. There is \$2,000 or \$3,000 worth of machinery, perhaps, and all of the ordinary repair work is done on the premises.

Now, in the list of motor vehicles above given no mention whatever was made of those which Mrs. Midas requires for her own personal use. These are three in number—a brougham, a coupé, and a victoria—and all of them are run by electricity. For use in town, and especially for a lady, they are much more convenient than the gasoline-propelled conveyances, and they have the great advantage of being noiseless. Their finish is much finer than that of the gasoline cars, and in all respects they are made to imitate as closely as possible the horse-drawn carriages of corresponding types. So gracefully are they constructed that one would not imagine how heavy they are, though, as a matter of fact, an electric brougham, owing mainly to the storage battery so artfully concealed, weighs something like two and a-half tons, or twice as much as an ordinary touring car.

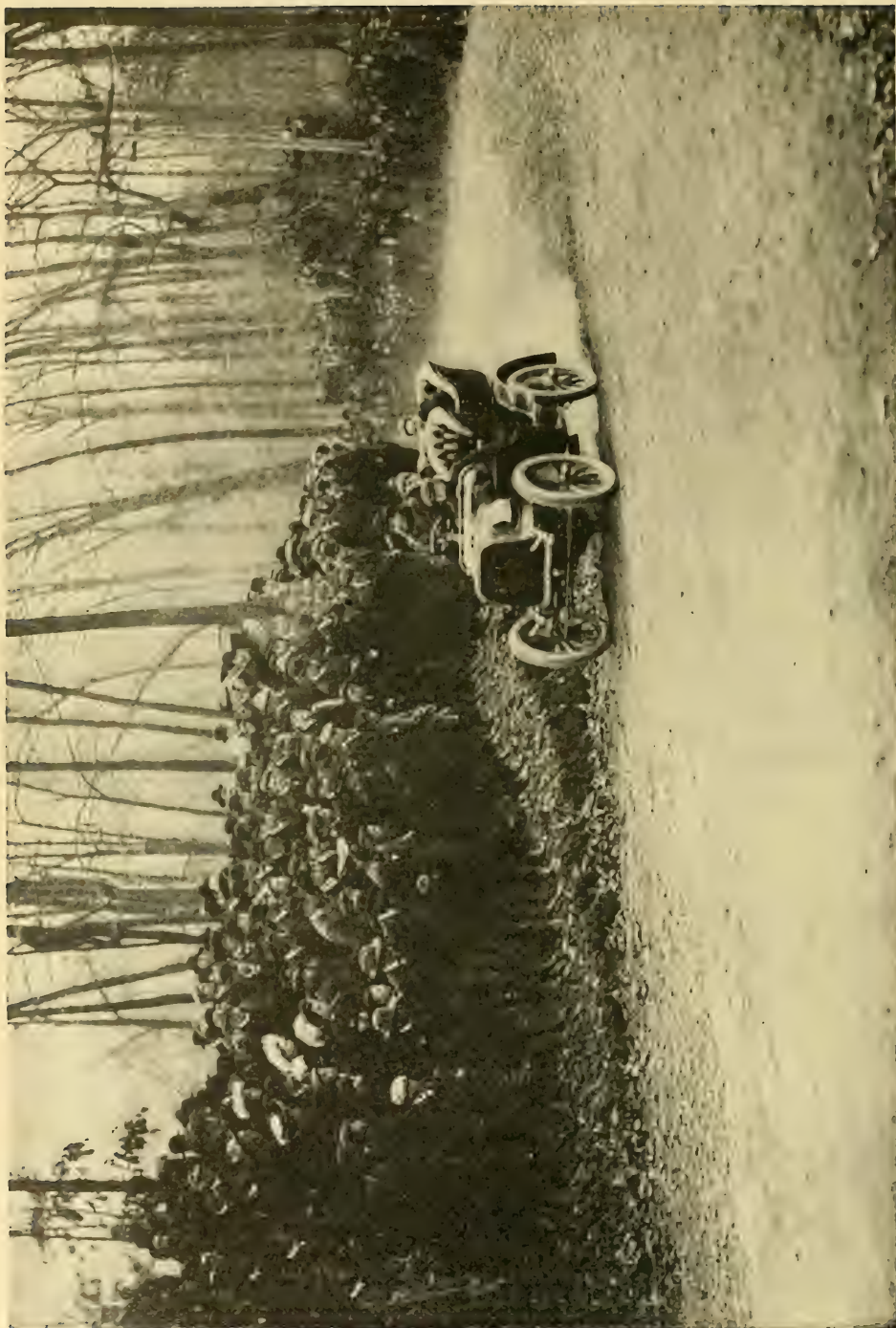
Mr. Midas does not use electric automobiles outside of the city, because they are not well adapted for long journeys. If a gasoline car gets stranded anywhere, it is usually possible to find the means requisite for going ahead. Gasoline, at all events, is a staple article and easily purchased; but to obtain a fresh supply of electricity is impossible beyond the limits of a good-sized town. The storage battery some day may be reduced in bulk and greatly improved, but, for the reason mentioned, the electric motor car for touring has no future. At present the practical radius of travel for such machines is hardly more than twenty-five miles, and on this account their employment is restricted to large centers of population.

The larger of the two touring cars owned by Mr. Midas is a wonder in its way. It has what is technically known as an "enclosed body," and is, to all intents and purposes, a room on wheels. One might almost call it a suite, inasmuch as it includes a completely-equipped lavatory, with washstand and

running water (supplied from a tank overhead), and has sleeping quarters for one or two persons, the seats being convertible into beds. Mirrors are inserted in the walls, which have shallow cupboards to contain such necessities as brushes, combs and towels. There is even a cigar-case, with a cigar-lighter, set into a recess, and one of the wall-panels folds down to form an *escri-toire*. Blankets and linen are hidden under the seats, beneath which there is plenty of storage room.

The amount of space available for the concealment of things in such an automobile is really astonishing. Whatever cannot be stored conveniently beneath the seats is stowed away in the ingeniously-contrived lockers in the walls. Neatly-made hat-boxes occupy some of the room under the seats, against the back of which there folds down when not in use, a mahogany table-top. This may be employed either as a card-table or for eating purposes. Finally, beneath the vehicle there is built, so as to form part of the car, a commodious ice-chest, in which eatables and drinkables may be put while touring. Under such circumstances it is not always easy to purchase even the every-day necessities of life, and it is an immense convenience to be able to carry on a journey a supply of perishable food luxuries. The wooden box is lined with zinc, and between metal and wood there is a layer of felt and another of sawdust, so that a few pounds of ice will keep the contents of the receptacle cold for many hours.

If Mr. Midas is out merely for a day's excursion with four or five guests, he can carry along adequate refreshments for the party in an "outing basket," which is slung outside of the motor-car. The basket has a refrigerator compartment for cracked ice, which lasts five or six hours—a very ingenious contrivance consisting of a zinc-box covered with felt and with an air-tight top. It also contains a box of porcelain-coated aluminum, made in two halves, one of which is big enough to hold a chicken, while the other will accommodate enough bread to make fifty sandwiches. There are also a tea and coffee kettle, an alcohol lamp, a porcelain jar for butter, two cylindrical bottles for pepper and salt, egg-cups, and half-a-dozen of everything in the way of plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks and spoons.



A hill-climbing match always greatly interests the people

Photograph by E. J. LeVick

The most wonderful thing about these outing baskets, which are constructed especially for use by automobilists, is the condensation of their contents. Knives, forks, and spoons are packed in such a way as to occupy practically no room, one method adopted being to attach them inside of what might be called the covers of a folding leather book. Tumblers and bottles are encased in a delicate mesh of wicker, so as not to be easily broken; napkins are neatly strapped in the top of the receptacle, and, for the sake of fit, the plates are sometimes made rectangular instead of round. Sandwich boxes and salad boxes, for the keeping of such edibles in the freshest possible condition, are usually of the metal known commercially as nickel, but which is in reality galvanized tin. Everything about these baskets is expressive of the luxury of daintiness, and one pattern opens up like a little girl's doll-house to reveal its closely-packed inside-works.

The millionaire of to-day, who is looking for something new and expensive in the way of a motor wagon, may purchase a touring car which, being provided with three bodies for different purposes, is in reality rather an economical vehicle. In winter it is a closed cab of landaulet pattern, opening at both sides. When spring arrives, the owner substitutes for this a touring body with canopy top, on which luggage and other odds and ends may be carried inside of a railing. There is glass in the rear, and in front the chauffeur is protected by a sheet of glass which, when not in use, is swung up beneath the top of the vehicle. Thus there is plenty of light, and, curtains being provided at the sides, the occupants are absolutely protected in case of rain. Finally, there is a light, low body for fast riding, which may be used in such non-public races among gentlemen as are popular at Newport and elsewhere. Rivalries and disputes regarding the relative speed of cars are always liable to occur, and it is customary to settle them by the arbitrament of actual contest, with perhaps a few bets to lend additional interest to the sport.

It is a growing habit among very rich men to spend the winter, or part of it, in Florida, and to take both touring and racing cars along with them. Sometimes they travel a large part of the way in their own motor vehicles, carrying plenty to eat, be-

cause there are long stretches of the route through Dixie Land where anything in the way of food, beyond simple hog and hominy, is practically unobtainable. The racing machines are forwarded by rail or steamship, and the wealthy owner, if he makes the journey, will surely take with him three or four of his hired men. He cannot get along without two chauffeurs in a race, the second man being needed to give help in emergencies. For example, if a tire comes off (a not-infrequent accident) No. 2 jumps off and fixes it.

Motor racing is a favorite winter amusement in Florida, and affords the chief attraction to many of our sporting millionaires who at this season visit that part of the country. Young Waldorf Cræsus, who is so famous for the reckless risks he takes in his efforts to make speed records, will enter his cars perhaps in a dozen contests in the course of three or four months, paying in each case an entrance-fee of \$100 to \$500. Such fees run up to quite a pretty figure in a year, but they have the good effect of barring out the common people. If auto racing is to continue to be worth while for our millionaires, it must be exclusive—a form of entertainment in which only the very rich can afford to indulge.

Young Mr. Cræsus owns a touring car that cost him, so he says, \$28,000. The vehicle may be said to touch the top notch of luxury, with its silver trimmings and other expensive incidentals; but then, you see, it was made to order. There is a popular notion to the effect that automobiles run up in price to \$50,000 and \$60,000, but, as a matter of fact, the finest sort of a motor wagon may be purchased for \$15,000. This signifies a reduction of about \$3,000 within the last two or three years, the tendency being in the direction of lower prices for all kinds of cars. Already there is on the market, at only \$700, a strong and efficient two-cylinder machine, noiseless, and in all respects satisfactory for every-day locomotion. There are not a few rich men to-day who, like John Jacob Astor, prefer to use such light and easily-managed vehicles, which they can handle without help, dispensing with the chauffeur.

It has come to be realized that the chauffeur is the greatest drawback to the sport of motoring. He is a first-class nuisance from beginning to end. Standing in not



Photograph by National News Co.

Even the mountain roads, steep and narrow, are negotiated without difficulty.

infrequently with the garage, he steals his employer's gasoline, and the latter is helpless to stop it. Of course, he gets a commission on everything that is bought; but the coachman does the same, and that is only a minor grievance. At night, and at other odd times, he takes out the machine on his own hook, filling it perhaps with women of dubious character, and it happens quite often that all hands get drunk and wind up in the police court next morning. The man is discharged, but his successor is likely to follow the same practices. A more irresponsible person than the average chauffeur is hardly to be imagined, and he is more than apt to be disreputable. His history is usually a mystery. When he is arrested for running over people, his master has to pay damages, and by careless abuse of the car he rapidly wears it out. If you will run your machine for yourself for a while, dispensing with the man, you will find that your bills for repairs diminish amazingly.

There are not a few opportunities for economy in automobiling. Many people now-a-days save traveling expenses by making long trips in motor cars. Suppose, for example, that you want to go from Philadelphia to Portland, Me., taking your wife and child. Your touring car is quite as comfortable a conveyance as a railroad train, and you have the advantage of being able to stop wherever you wish en route, incidentally saving three fares each way. But as yet the possibilities of luxurious traveling by gasoline have not been developed. A few years from now it will be as much a matter of course to make long journeys in motor vehicles as by rail, and automobiles designed for such purposes will be provided with conveniences, not only for sleeping, but for cooking.

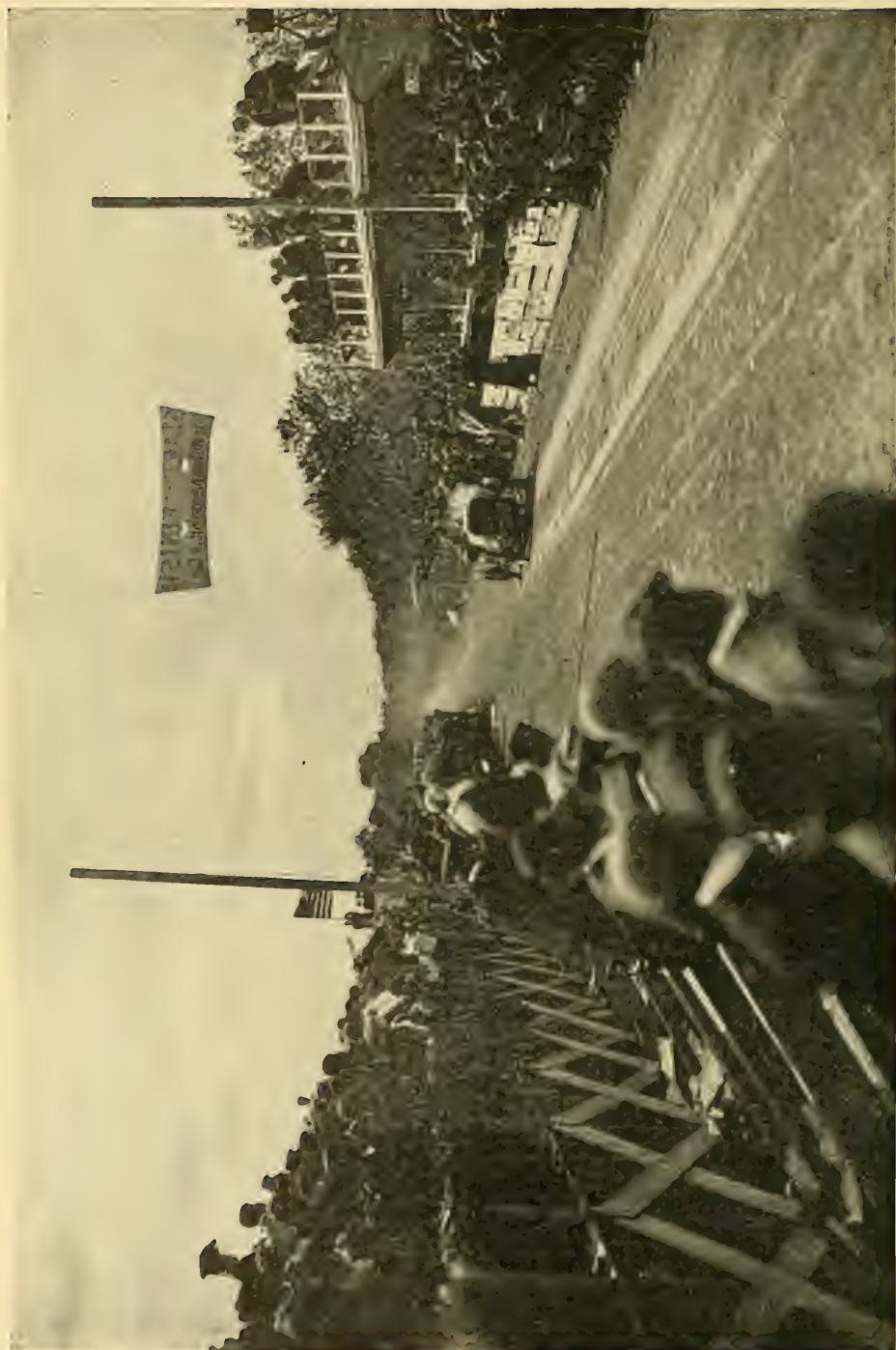
One may say that the family car for traveling is already in sight. It will be a little house on wheels, of light construction, and with the kitchen in front. Part of the machinery will be under the floor of the kitchen (a tiny compartment only big enough to contain the cooking apparatus), the driving power being forward, of course. A small alcohol stove will serve all necessary purposes, and whatever else is requisite in the way of utensils, etc., will easily find storage room; the crockery and other tableware being slung behind in a leather box. Food supplies may be carried on top of the vehi-

cle, the main portion of which will afford accommodations for living, dining and sleeping, two divans being readily converted into beds. Among other conveniences will be a seat that folds up and discloses a wash-basin. In such a car a long journey may be accomplished comfortably at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour.

When Young Mr. Cræsus, in January last, made a flying trip from New York to Washington, the members of his party were as a matter of course well provided with wraps. All of them, including the ladies, wore fur coats, fur caps or hoods, and fur gloves. The chauffeur, however, was clad in a complete suit of leather, which, with the head-piece, made him look somewhat like a mediæval man in armor, and, because his feet could not be wrapped in such a way as to interfere with his control of the machinery, he was provided with fur boots that came up over his shoes as high as the knees. Nevertheless, and although so voluminously protected against the cold, the millionaire and his guests were becomingly attired. It is no longer considered necessary that an automobilist shall get himself or herself up in the likeness of a bear or a burglar, and the fur garments worn under such conditions by persons of taste and fashion are made of squirrel skins, Persian lamb, or other short-haired pelts which can be cut to fit the figure.

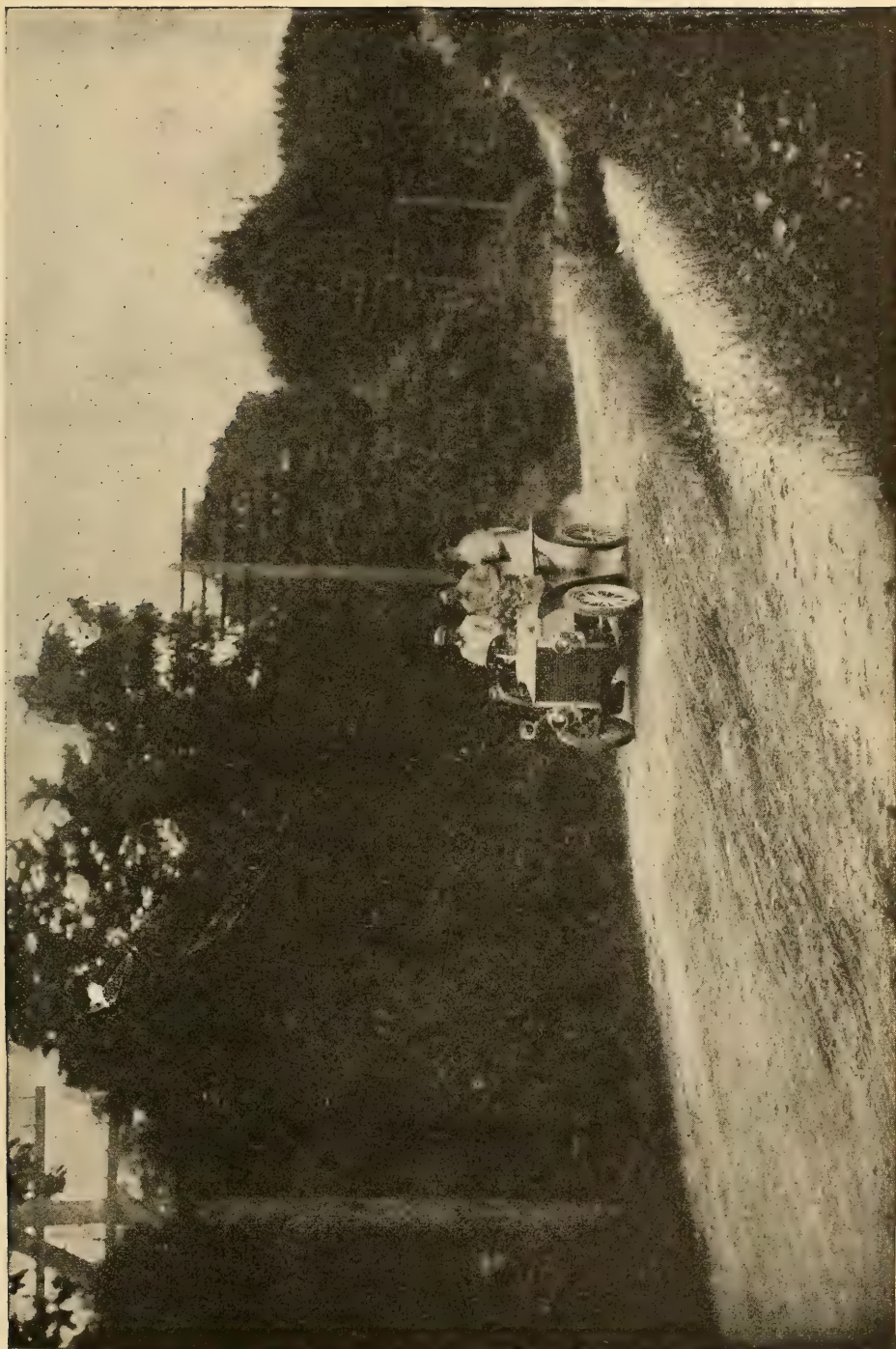
Such auto-coats are not made for ordinary folks like you and me. They cost from \$500 to \$1,000 apiece, and some of them are lined with velvet, so as to be utilized on occasions as opera cloaks. Another thing that is nice about them is that they have capacious pockets, rendering a muff unnecessary, when a lady is the wearer; and it is worth mentioning that the one worn by pretty Mrs. Cræsus has a wide collar which may be turned up so as to cover her ears. Furthermore, she has a hat of grey squirrel-skin, like a Highlander's cap, with a scarlet bird's wing on the side of it, to lend a touch of color.

One of the products of the automobile fad, industrially speaking, is the auto-tailor, who devotes his attention exclusively to the making of auto-garments. He will make for you, at prices by no means impossible, an auto-coat of coonskin lined with musk-rat, of mink fur fringed attractively with mink tails, or of white goatskin lined

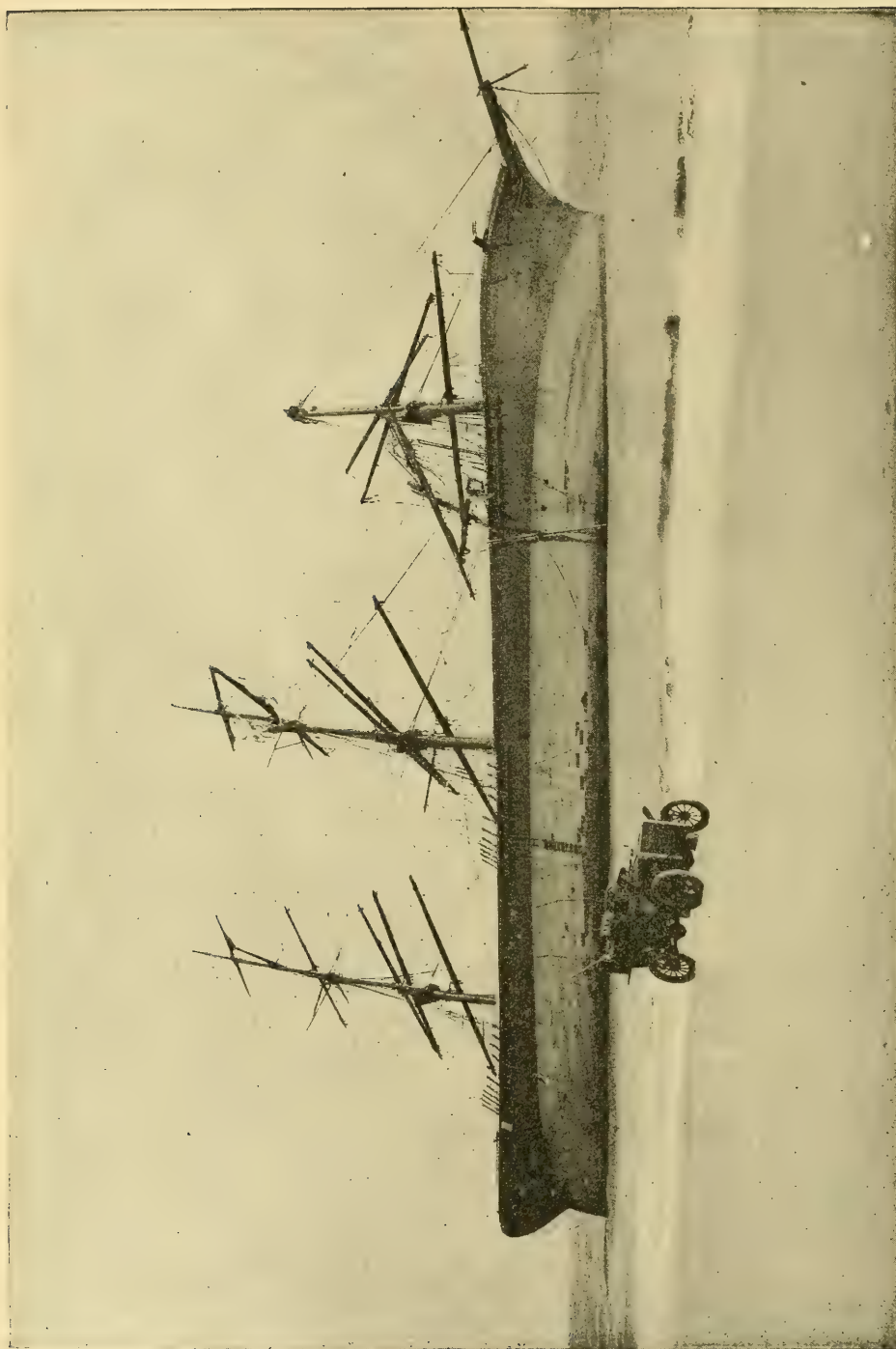


A scene at the 1921 Long Island Vanderbilt Cup race

Photograph by James Easton



Touring at leisure and in utmost comfort.



Photograph by Edwin Levick.

On the Virginia beach, where an occasional wreck gives an objective to the tourist.

with white broadcloth. But the very latest thing is the costume of Russian or suede leather, soft and pliable as satin, the coat and skirt edged with black astrakhan. If possible, the leather should be dark green in color, with a toque of the same material and gaiters to match. To make the costume fit closer to the figure, a belt is worn, likewise of leather, with clasps of silver.

You may buy for \$30 a pair of beaver gloves that come to the elbow, and a cap of the same material will cost you \$50. A hat of beaver or suede, with a chiffon veil, is becoming to the average woman, but ladies of fashion are showing an inclination to prefer, for cold or disagreeable weather, or for use at night, hoods so contrived that they will serve to cover any hat, even though it be made of flowers or feathers, without doing harm. Some of these hoods are of silk, lined with squirrel fur, or of opossum skin lined with satin.

Generally speaking, the tendency in automobile garments is in the direction of becomingness. Summer costumes for the women are far prettier and more tasteful than they were a year or two ago, and even the dust-proof cloak which covers my lady from head to foot is made of champagne-colored silk, with a hood to match. In winter she encases her dainty feet in a sort of fur bag, lined with the same material, to keep them warm. As for her chauffeur, the oddest and most novel item of his personal accouterment is a pair of "spring pants," as they are called, which, made of leather, are fastened about his waist by a semicircle of steel in lieu of buttons. When, finding himself too warm, he wishes to dispense with the garment, he simply gives it a jerk and throws it aside. Auto-robcs of fur, by the way, are made now-a-days on the same principle, rendering it easy to tuck them around one's person or to cast them off.

The brains of thousands of clever inventors have been concentrated for some years past on the problem of improving the automobile in the direction of luxury, convenience and adaptation to the greatest possible variety of purposes. One desideratum being to make the vehicle lighter, the aluminum body, which is said to save 600 pounds in the weight of a touring car, has been put on the market. In the direction of cheapness the tendency is steady, and it is only a question of a short time when the \$500 ma-

chine, strong and capable of doing satisfactory work, will invite purchase by people of moderate means who are unable to afford the more expensive motor wagons.

All of the new cars open at the sides, and not at the back, for the sake of greater convenience. The electric brougham in which Mrs. Cræsus makes calls is heated by electricity, and four incandescent lights illuminate the interior of the vehicle at night. Her husband, who is an all-round sportsman, owns a hunting automobile, which was made to order, with a gun-rack and other appropriate conveniences, including even a compartment suitable for stowing two or three dogs. Some day, doubtless, motor cars will be fitted up as traveling studios for artists who are able to afford such a luxury, and the painter's outdoor work will thus be accomplished under the most delightful and inspiring conditions.

The automobile has already secured recognition for itself as a war engine, and both the German and French armies are making extensive use of motor wagons, especially for the transportation of food supplies.

Automobiles are now being made in this country with flanged steel wheels, for running on railroads. They are used by officials for inspection cars, and also for switching. But this is not altogether new, inasmuch as gasoline motor wagons have been employed for some time past in regular passenger service on European railways. Last September Charles J. Glidden, of Boston, in a touring car of 24-horse power, ran 1,800 miles on the rails from Minneapolis to Vancouver, B. C., in sixty hours, covering the distance at an average speed of thirty miles an hour. It was a wonderful performance, especially in view of the fact that nearly all of the journey was through a mountainous country.

Mr. Cræsus, at his place in the country, has a stable—if such it may be called—especially constructed for the housing of his machines. It has a stand for cleaning the cars—a small platform, above which a hose is so arranged that a stream from overhead can easily be turned upon any part of the automobile that is being washed. In one corner is a tank for gasoline, under ground for the sake of safety, and a small pump provides ready means for obtaining the liquid fuel when it is wanted. Along the walls are lockers for furs and convenient receptacles

for the storage of paraphernalia of all kinds, even to sweaters and goggles for the dogs. The auto-dog, by the way, promises to develop before long into a specialized breed, and he requires goggles and a sweater to protect his eyes from the dust and his body from the cold.

The speed record for automobiles stands to-day at a little less than forty seconds for one mile, or about ninety-three miles an hour. Some day, undoubtedly, this will be badly beaten; but larger machines with greater horse power will be required, and the roads must be better. Fifty years from now there are likely to be magnificent boulevards extending from city to city—even perhaps for such distances as from New York to Chicago. They will be double, to provide a road for coming and a road for going, and at night they will be illuminated brilliantly

by electricity. Over these smooth paths, broad and straight, motor cars will be able to run at a gait of one hundred miles an hour or more, outstripping the fastest electric locomotives of that day.

Possibly it is just a dream, but it should be remembered that as yet the automobile is only in its infancy. One must acknowledge that its development has been well-nigh miraculous, and, in speculating as to what it may become within the next half-century, a moderate exercise of the imagination is surely both discreet and reasonable. Like the railroad, the motor car, by bringing places and people closer together, has made the world smaller, and, if only for the reason that it fetches human beings nearer to each other, it may be confidently expected to remain in the future a conspicuous and useful feature of civilization.

SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE

By EDMOND DE LUCE

Lord of all moving things,
Speeding on brazen wings,
Gaily I dash through the highway's bright gleam.
Sharply the iron rings,
Vital its quiverings,
As I go flashing past meadow and stream!

Loudly my heart doth sing,
As to wheel I cling,
Pulsing in time to the motor's swift beat.
Joyous all care I fling,
Bidding the rushing wind
Bear it away to some distant retreat.

Madly the horn I sound,
Daring, I dash around
Curves that may end in the ditch and the grave.
Coursing like fleetest hound,
Hot on Time's fleeing trail,
O could I catch him, the life-stealing knave!

Wildly the people stare,
As I dash here and there,
Shooting like comet with long tail of dust.
Scarcely my joy they share,
Judging from shouted prayer—
"Hope your darned auto will dry up and bust!"



The Table in Front of the Arena.

SIDE SHOW STUDIES

THE LIBERTY OF FRANZ AND THE REBELLION OF FUZZY WUZZY

By FRANCIS METCALFE

WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HERFORD

MADAM MORELLI, the pretty little Frenchwoman who makes a half-score of leopards, panthers and jaguars do things which nature never intended them to do, had finished her act and driven the snarling performers through the narrow runway to their separate cages, fastening each one, as she thought, securely. Two French clowns were filling in the time and making the audience of Coney Island pleasure seekers laugh by their antics with a performing dog, while the stage hands were bringing in the properties for the next trained animal act, when the proprietor came from behind the scenes and strolled, apparently unconcerned, to the back of the Arena, where he could command a clear view of the performance, the audience and the cages. He said a few words to each of the trainers and keepers whom he passed, and the stranger, who knew the clock-like

regularity with which each one of them went through his allotted duties, noticed an unwonted haste and suppressed excitement among them.

As he joined the proprietor the sound of hammering mingled with the noise of the blatant brass band and the cries of the ballyhoo spielers for the other Dreamland attractions, which came in through the open windows, and he saw that Stevenson, the mild-eyed quiet man who is always on hand to rescue imperilled trainers and keepers when their own carelessness, or unexpected revolt on the part of the animals, leads to a fight, was rapidly nailing boards over the ventilating spaces above the cages. Madam Morelli, whip and training rod in hand, hurried from her dressing room to the runway, and every keeper and trainer seemed to be loitering in the space between the leopards' den and the audience.

He looked at the proprietor enquiringly, but the little trickle of blood which ran down his cheek from under his cap answered the question he would have asked, an animal was loose and the proprietor had encountered it in his rounds. A crash of wierd music from the band drowned the sound of a cracking whip and sharp commands which came from the runway, and announced the appearance of Brandu, the snake charmer, in the exhibition cage, and the audience watched him play with a cobra, all unconscious that Franz, the jaguar, which a few minutes before had desisted from his attempt to tear the fair shoulders of Morelli only after a dozen blank cart-ridges had been fired in his face, was a gentleman-at-large in Dreamland. The proprietor gave a sigh of relief as the jaguar backed into his cage from the runway, snarling and striking at the little woman who forced him backwards with the whip until she was able to slam the door and make him once more a prisoner. When she passed them on her way back to the dressing-room, her dress was torn, and her eyes were flashing from the excitement of the encounter and anger at the carelessness of the carpenter who had left a board loose at the top of the den.

"Of course, that might have been a serious thing for the jaguar and for my pocket book," said the proprietor as three deep scratches in his head were being plastered up. "I couldn't afford to take any chances of an accident, and he would have been shot if he had attempted to come through a ventilator into the Arena, but a trained animal like that is worth a goodish bit of money. He let me know he was loose by giving me his love pat when I was walking through the runway, and as Morelli is the only one who can do anything with him I sent for her. She can whip considerably more than her own weight in wild-cats, and there was not the slightest danger to the audience, but not many men would have relished her task of going into that passage with the beast loose on top of the cages." He negatived the press agent's suggestion to make a scare-head story of the escape for the papers, and suggested that they should go up and



Two French Clowns and a Performing Dog.

G. H. Hardy

hear Madam Morelli's account of it. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, mending a rip which the jaguar's sharp claws had made in her gown, and she shrugged her shoulders when the stranger inquired if she had been hurt.

"It was nothing," she said laughing. "He jumped at me from the top of a cage when I came in, but I beat him off and whipped him back into his cage. It was only the close quarters which made it bad, for I am used to fighting them." She was interrupted by a yapping and caterwauling in the doorway, and sprang on the bed, her face white with terror, as a small terrier and the menagerie cat rolled into the room in a clawing, biting mix-up. The terrier was raising a litter of puppies in the next room, and the cat had transformed the space back of Morelli's bed into a feline nursery, and a meeting of the two anxious mothers in the hall had led to trouble. Madam Morelli always goes through her performance in an evening dress, and she stood on the bed, her long train gathered closely about her, trembling like a leaf, when the proprietor finally separated the combatants and restored peace.

"You wouldn't think that a woman who had just come from a fight with a two hundred pound jaguar, which could easily tear her to pieces, would be scared at a scrap

between a toy terrier and a mongrel cat," said the proprietor, laughing, as he led the way to the café table. "But she makes a specialty of the larger species."

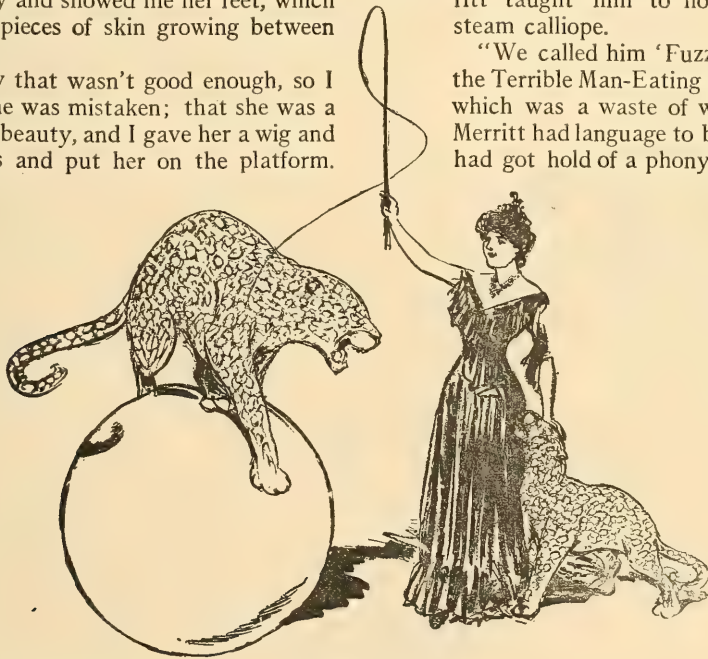
"This matter of specialties seems to run through every branch of the show business," said the Press Agent as they took their seats at the table. "I ran a dime museum in St. Louis a few years ago—in those days there was lots of money in it—and the freaks would never stand for any change in their billing. We used to have a fresh lot sent on by our New York agent every two weeks, and one Monday morning when I went down to look over the new arrivals, I knew that he had been up against the demon Rum, when he engaged such a tough looking bunch. The alleged fat woman looked as if she was wasting away with consumption, and the bearded lady had a way of absent-mindedly humming the popular airs in a bass voice which gave the whole snap away. There was one likely looking girl and when I asked her what she was she told me she was the web-footed lady and showed me her feet, which had little pieces of skin growing between the toes.

"I knew that wasn't good enough, so I told her she was mistaken; that she was a Circassian beauty, and I gave her a wig and the fixings and put her on the platform.

But say, would you believe it? She was so mad and embarrassed by the change in her stunt that when the lecturer was calling attention to her blond beauty, she would blush until she looked like an Indian Princess, and every time he turned his back she would take off her shoes and wiggle her toes at the audience to show what she really was.

"It was up to us to get some real attraction to tide over the time until our agent should get sober and send us another bunch of freaks, so Merritt, who was my partner, and myself hunted up a big buck nigger and made a deal with him to go on as a 'Wild Man.' We ripped up a hair mattress and glued the contents onto him, and wired a couple of big tusks to his teeth, and with an iron collar around his neck and a log chain around his waist he was as good an imitation as was ever faked. We put him in a big cage which we had used the week before for a mangy old lion; one of the five hundred or so 'Wallace the Untameables' which were touring the country, and Merritt taught him to howl like a steam calliope.

"We called him 'Fuzzy Wuzzy, the Terrible Man-Eating Cannibal,' which was a waste of words, but Merritt had language to burn. He had got hold of a phony five hun-



O. Hayes

dred dollar bill, and when he was giving his spiel about how Fuzzy Wuzzy was captured upon a desert island, where he was found chewing a human leg, and how he couldn't eat anything but raw meat, and was always trying to get at his keeper for dessert, he would wave his phony five hundred spot over his head and give it to 'em good.

"'Five hundred dollars, ladies and gents, I will give to any man who will remain for the short space of two minutes in the cage with Fuzzy Wuzzy! Five hundred dollars to any man who is brave enough to run the risk of letting this terrible man-eating cannibal get his hinder limbs about him, for then all would be lost and Fuzzy Wuzzy would fasten his terrible fangs in his victim's throat and suck his ber-lud.'

"Well, it was a good spiel, all right, all right, and when Merritt struck that part one of the supers would prod up old Fuzzy, who would rattle his chains and howl for fair, and the audience would get cold chills down their backs. We were playing to the S. R. O., and giving so many shows a day that Merritt pretty nearly lost his voice, and Fuzzy had been prodded so much that he had to take his meals standing up. We ran

'em through pretty fast, and one afternoon Merritt was just going to give the 'All out' signal, which cleared the exhibition hall for the next performance, when up steps a big husky black roustabout from the levee and commences to strip off his coat.

"'Jes' a minit, boss,' says he. 'Ah reckon ah needs dat five hundred in mah business,' and Merritt looks at him in astonishment.

"'My deluded colored brother,' says he, 'Do you appreciate the fact that you are going to a certain and horrible death? If this terrible Fuzzy Wuzzy gets his hinder limbs about you he will suck your ber-lud.'

"'Ah doan reckon he'll git me, an' ah suddenly needs de money,' answers the coon, and continues to strip, and Merritt sizes him up and sees the finish of Fuzzy Wuzzy, who was shaking the bars and trying to get away from the super who was prodding him; but everybody thought he was trying to get at the coon to make a meal of him, and some of the women folks were getting hysterics. One of the boys had put me wise, and I broke through the crowd and called a halt in the proceedings.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' says I, 'I didn't believe that a man existed who was foolhardy enough to be tempted to certain death by the lure of a paltry five hundred dollars. But although this man is so reckless of his own life, I must insist that he get a permit from the mayor, relieving us from all responsibility, before we allow him to be torn limb from limb. Return to-morrow at two o'clock, and if this man's courage still keeps up, you will see before your shuddering eyes an encounter which will make the

historical gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome pale into insignificance.' I could sling a few language myself, those days, and the mayor was a friend of mine—or I thought he was—so I figured we could catch the suckers for an admission and then call it off, because he would refuse a permit.

"But he was onto the game and he was one of those blame fools who thought he had a



"Blank cartridges fired in his face."

auger



"Five hundred dollars to anyone
who will enter the cage."

sense of humor, so he gives him a document with a big red seal on it which looks like a doctor's diploma, which says that Thomas Jefferson is allowed to go in and win our five hundred, and the next day the coon shows up smiling and ready, and I knew we had to make good somehow. I passed the word to Merritt to delay the game and make a last grand effort to throw a scare into the coon, and he put up a spiel to beat the band.

"This terrible Fuzzy Wuzzy has none of the attributes of a human being," says he. "He lives upon raw meat and would prefer human flesh if he could get it. Observe the expression of ghoulish glee in his eyes as he regards the foolhardy man who will soon furnish him such a meal as he formerly enjoyed in his native jungle. He sleeps at night suspended from the top bars of his cage by his claw-like hands and feet, which will soon be tearing the flesh of this man who stands before you now, a picture of perfect health and strength. He speaks no intelligible language, but he utters howls and yells, which will be more horrible than ever before when he is sucking the warm heart's be-lud of the figure which you see before you for the last time in human shape." Just then the super gives Fuzzy a

prod and he howls like Balaam's ass, but the coon stands there smiling and not feazed a bit.

"It's a sad sight," continues Merritt, "to see a fine man in the prime of life, like our colored brother here, crushed into an unrecognizable mass by the terrible hinder limbs of this man-eating cannibal and then torn to shreds by his horrible fangs. The management of this highly moral and intellectual show will provide a funeral for the remains, if there are any, and now, ladies and gents, I call upon you to witness that we are not responsible for the terrible end which awaits this reckless man."

"I had taken the precaution to button up the box office 'take' in my inside pocket, and while Merritt was making a bluff at looking for the key to the cage door I looked around to see that there was a free exit, for the coon was standing there swelling out his chest and grinning as if he had the five hundred already in his jeans, and I knew he couldn't be bluffed out. Just then a typical antebellum Missourian, one of the

kind that has to be shown, steps up in front. He was tanked up until his safety valve would have blown off if it hadn't been wired down, but he was pretty steady on his pins when he held onto the railing in front of the cage.

"‘Professah,’ says he, ‘Did I undahstand yo’ all correctly to say that this yeah object in the cage has none of the attributes of the human race?’

"‘Correct!’ says Merritt, glad of an excuse to delay things. ‘He is lower than the beasts of the field.’

"‘Well, he suttently aint much to look at,’ says the Southerner, looking him over carefully. ‘He won’t eat like folks—he can’t talk—an’ he sleeps like a bat. I dunno why such a pusillanimous critter should cumber the yearth,’ and with that he puts his hand to his hip and pulls out a forty-five from under the tails of his coat. Fuzzy takes one look at it, and it didn’t need any prodding to make him holler, and he tries to tear off the false tusks.

"‘Foh Gawd’s sake, mistah, doan shoot!’ he yells. ‘Dat white mahn’s been tellin’

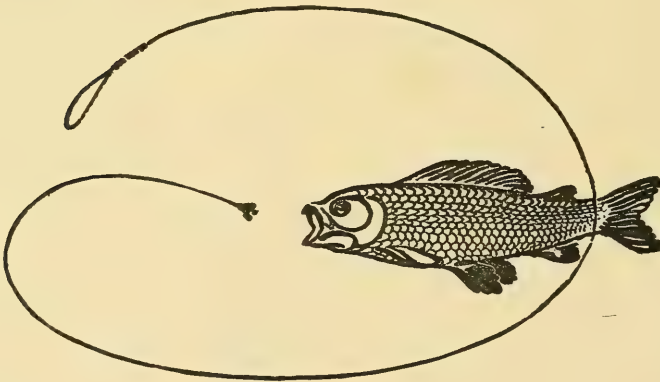
a passel ob lies about me until ah’s sartain suah somefing gwine fer to git me. Ah can eat an’ talk like anyone, an’ mos’ ebery one knows me about yeah wen ah aint got dese yeah contraptions on.’

"‘Shut up, you blame fool!’ says Merritt. ‘He won’t shoot you.’

"‘Mebbe he knows dat, mebbe you knows dat; but how does I know dat?’ yells Fuzzy. ‘Dat gun suttently looks big to me.’

"About this time the other coon got wise and saw the five hundred vanishing, and the last I saw of Merritt he was trying to break a half-Nelson that the coon had got on him and dodge the rest of the crowd at the same time. I left St. Louis on a freight that night, wearing a few lumps where some stray brickbats landed, and the next time I saw Merritt was in Chicago, and he was on crutches and had his head covered with plaster."

No thunderbolt dropped from the blue dome over the Dreamland tower, and the proprietor, with a childlike and bland smile on his face, motioned to the waiter to refill the glasses.





A six-foot tarpon ten feet above water—through a magnifying glass it may be seen that the pectoral fins are closed as you would fold your arms.

THE GIANT OF THE MEXICAN GULF

THEORY OF BAIT

By EDWARD H. HUDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. H. R. GREEN

AS the flight of ducks and geese southward heralds the coming of winter into the southern climes, so does the return of the deep-sea tarpon to the Gulf shores give advance notice to the fishermen who dwell along the coasts, of the arrival of spring.

The month of March had been wild and stormy and had gone out like a lion. According to the weather prophets, spring was

behind her scheduled time. For many April days "Ole Tony," the bent and grizzled Swede-Hungarian boatman, who was master of the Tarpon Club boat-house, and who for many years had held undisputed sway among the fisher folks as the champion "puller" of the island, had been growing more and more restless.

Every day as the tide came in he would walk out along the landing, and shading his



Quinto e oq da quinto intif

eyes from the glare with his old cap, would scan the broad, blue expanse of rolling, surging waters, long and anxiously. He was watching for a sign more infallible than any that governed the issue of the weather bulletins. One day—it was near the middle of April—he stood looking out across the sea as it gleamed and glistened in the morning sunlight, and as he gazed, he saw tiny, star-like, silvery sparks darting up from the surface of a wave. He gave a quick start, bent forward, shaded his eyes again and looked more intently. "Tarpum 'mong dem mullets, sartin," he muttered. Again the school of mullets, like a cluster of glittering, vanishing meteors, shone above the water, this time nearer, and then there was a swirl of water and a sudden flash of light as a long, graceful body, from which reflected rays of brightest silver, leaped forth from the sea, and then another and yet another of the "*Grande Ecaille*" rose, graceful and radiant, above the blue water. The "silver king" had returned to his summer home to feed and raise his young. The old boatman waited to see no more; hastening to the club-house, he called out, "Tarpum come! Me seed 'em! Goot feeshin 'morrow!" and he was off to the boat-house.

A dozen years ago our stock of knowledge relating to the tarpon, or tarpum as it is sometimes called by sailors, was very limited, and practically nothing was known of it as a game fish. It is only within the past five years that close, accurate and systematic study has been made of its nature and habits, and even yet our knowledge is far from complete; there remain some doubts to be cleared away concerning its winter habits and home; and there are some disputed points to be settled among anglers in regard to the most successful and sportsmanlike manner of taking.

Tarpon fishing had been engaged in to a limited extent in the waters of the Florida shore for a number of years in a precursory way, but it remained for Mr. E. H. R. Green to conceive the idea of organizing a Tarpon Club, making original investigations and giving the tarpon its deserved place on the list of game fish.

The site chosen for the club house was the little island of St. Joe, which is thirty miles in length and in width varies from one to three miles, being off Rockport. Its eastern shore is washed by the Gulf of Mexico and

its western beach is swept by the swift and treacherous currents of Aransas Bay—a narrow strait separating it from the mainland of Texas.

It was stated in a book on fishes published in New York in the year 1884, that no man was strong enough to hold a tarpon unless provided with some kind of drag or buoy attached to a hand line. In the light of recent accomplishments in tarpon fishing this statement appears to have been made without much observation or foresight. A tarpon over six feet in length has been taken at the Texas Club by a boy under thirteen years of age, and another as large by a woman weighing less than ninety pounds. Mr. Robert Grant, in 1896, said that no less than one hundred tarpon had been taken with rod and reel. So we see that tarpon fishing was yet in its infancy in 1896. In the "Encyclopedia of Sport," published in England in 1897, it was stated that at that time something like two thousand tarpon had been taken, the largest of which was 7 feet 2 inches. During the first season at the Texas club, according to its official bulletin for the year, two hundred and forty-two tarpons were landed by members and guests of the club. The catches to date number 2,961. The shortest time made in a catch, according to the records, was ten minutes, and the longest six hours. The largest catch to date was made by Mr. C. W. Dawley, of Dallas, Texas: it measured 7 feet 10½ inches and weighed 175 pounds, girth 42 inches. The smallest catch was in length three-fourths of an inch and weighed 17 grains.

The tarpon (*Megalops thrissoides*) has all the qualities that go to make up a game fish. It belongs to the family *Elopidae* and to the sub-family *Megalopinae* or *Megalops atlanticus*. In appearance it resembles the big-eyed herring. In form it is elongate and compressed. In length it sometimes reaches 8½ feet, and in weight ranges from two ounces to two hundred and fifty pounds. One under eighteen inches has never been taken with a hook.

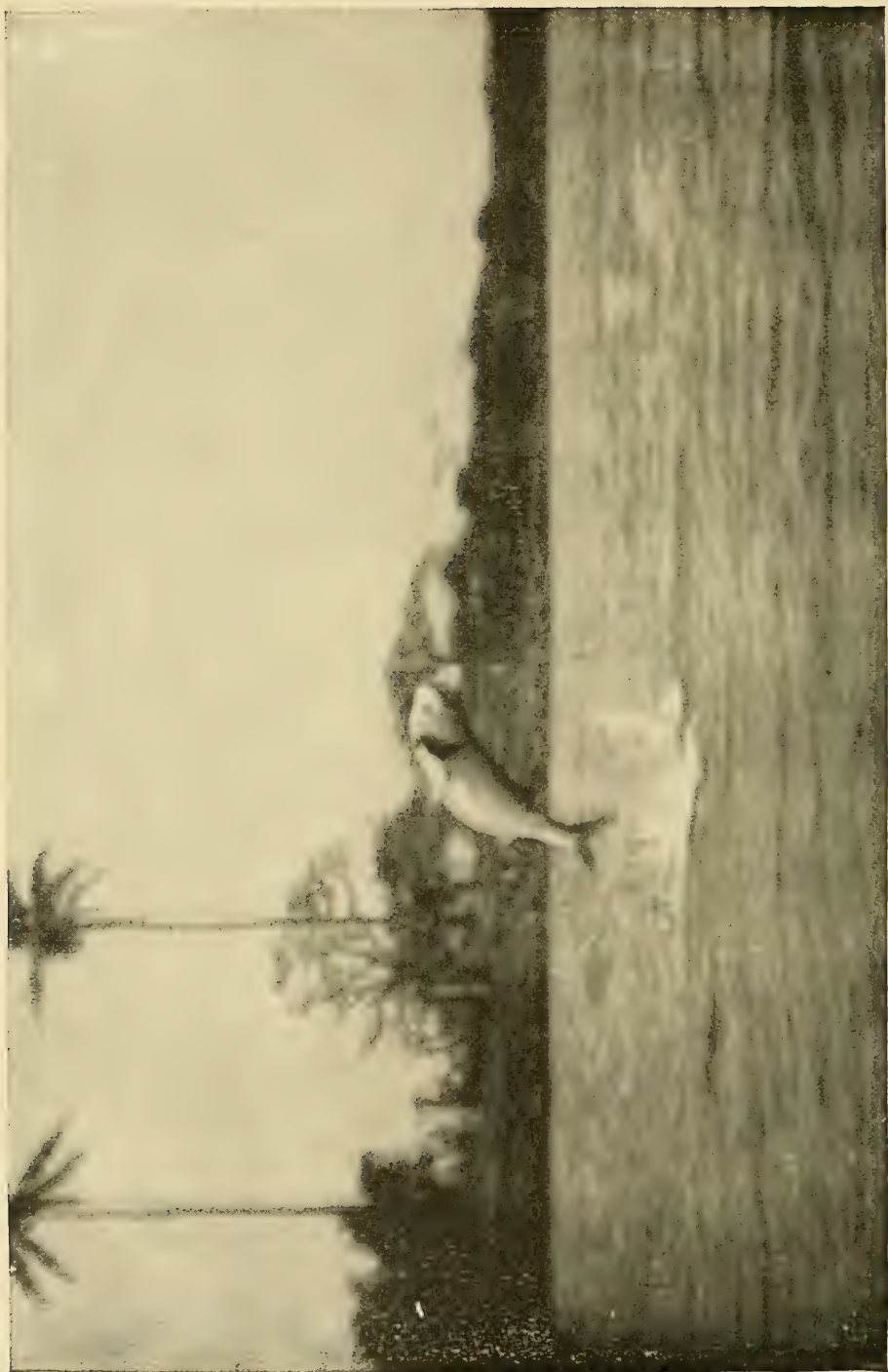
The largest catch is determined by the fish's length and never by its weight; the reason for this rule being that the female is heavier and less active than the male. The male, though not so heavy, has larger fins and a stronger tail and is therefore swifter and a harder fighter. A female weighing



Still farther out of water for the leap—notice the pectoral fins closing.



Still going up—the pectoral fins closed.



Entirely out on the upward spring—turning for the dive.

two hundred pounds is as easily taken as a male weighing fifty pounds less.

The tarpon is covered with circular scales of some horn-like substance ranging from one to five inches in diameter; the exposed portion of the scale is a brilliant argentine, and looks as if it might have been laved in a silver-plating bath; the unexposed part is of a dull yellowish hue. The sides of the fish present the appearance of burnished silver, which merges gradually into a greenish-blue line, extending from the back of its head along its back which gleams with purple and iridescent tints like mother-of-pearl. After having been out of the water a very short time the brilliancy of coloring disappears to some extent, consequently it has proven a difficult matter to paint the tarpon accurately. To the writer's knowledge, this has been accomplished only once, by an artist who was ready with his colors and brush as each tarpon came out of the water; forty tarpon were taken before he finally produced the correct colors.

The tarpon has the ordinary gills, and in addition, is supplied with two small holes in the top of its head, connected to what may be likened to a pair of lungs, from which it often blows on coming to the surface of the water. Behind the usual dorsal fin there is a long triangular, bayonet-like fin, the use of which naturalists have never satisfactorily explained. The tarpon is occasionally found as far north as Cape Cod, and as far south as the northern coasts of Brazil, but it is most common in the warmer waters about the southern coasts of the United States, in the Indies, and in the Gulf of Mexico. They are found in great numbers along the Texas coast—now considered the finest tarpon waters in the world.

The Gulf fishing season begins immediately after the last "norther" has swept down from the snowy heights of the Rockies in the spring, and continues until the first cold wave in the autumn warns the tarpon to seek deeper or warmer waters for his winter home.

The regulation tarpon tackle consists of a lance-wood rod of the strongest fiber, preferably in a solid piece, well shaped and heavy, from 6 feet to 6 feet 6 inches in length; a strong quadruple reel fitted with a brake of tough rubber, the leather brake of the new reel having been thrown away; a large hook of strong steel or English

bronze with a point turned in toward the top of the shank, so that it will be driven straight in and not sideways when you strike; it should have a strong, keen point, and a short barb, that it may enter and hold in the bone-like cartilage of the tarpon's mouth; the hook should be attached to one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of Hall's No. 27 linen line with a snood of strong, steel piano wire in which are three or four swivels, experience having demonstrated the superiority of this snood over all others. Good sized, live mullets are used for bait, hooked through the head. Being unable to swallow the mullet tail first, because of its fins, the tarpon as it takes the bait jumps, turns the mullet head first, and in taking it is hooked in the mouth or throat. It is at this time that most fish are lost because of nervousness or undue haste; the line should never be drawn taut with a stiff rod on a leaping tarpon, for the weight of its writhing body snaps the line like so much thread; wait until the fish starts down with its bait and then strike, and strike hard.

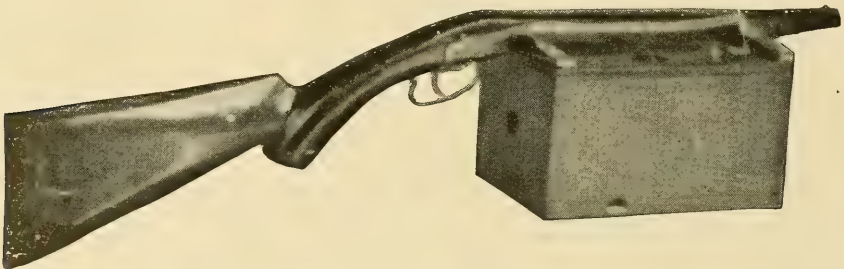
In the matter of bait the Texas theory differs from that held in the Florida waters, where still-fishing has been much engaged in with dead, gorge bait. The Texas theory favors live bait, because, as claimed, it is more exciting and sportsmanlike. Taking live bait the tarpon is hooked in the mouth, puts up a longer and harder fight, and has greater chances for his life in the struggle. Members of the Texas club never bring a tarpon to gaff and the fish is never killed unless for the purpose of mounting. The attempt to place a live tarpon in a boat has proven a very difficult and dangerous undertaking. Having battled out his life among the storms and breakers of the Gulf of Mexico, the fish is, of course, strong. Even when exhausted by a long struggle, a single lash of its powerful tail may knock a side out of the boat or break a man's leg. It is therefore deemed preferable to tow it to the beach, where, after measuring and weighing, if you do not desire it for a mount, you order the "puller" to unhook it and push it back into the water. A catch is never recorded unless the fish is landed on the beach.

It is always to be borne in mind that tarpon are usually found and bite most readily when following the shoals of mullets, on

which they feed. The mullets, as a rule, follow the currents of the tide, so the tarpon are found coming in with the tide and going out with it. If hooked when the tide is coming in, the tarpon can be towed to beach more easily than it can when the tide is going out and the current is against you. Sometimes the heavy rowing skiff is towed by the tarpon far out to sea—so far that it would require a marvel of physical strength and endurance to tow the fish back to beach. To land a tarpon requires a steady nerve, physical endurance, patience, a knowledge of the fish's habits, and a good "puller" who understands the business and knows the currents. The absence of any one of these requisites may lose you your fish, and cause you much discomfort, possibly danger. See that your reel is lashed on strongly, that your line is wound on smoothly; a loose band on the reel or a tangle in the line will result in disaster. Suddenly, your "puller" grasps his oars and points to the right. "Dem mullets, tarpum comin', put out dar." As he talks a shoal of mullets dart past the boat. There is a swish and swirl of water and a storm of spray almost in your face, and in its center a flash of purple and silver; a tarpon has dashed almost into the boat, intent in his pursuit of dinner. Out goes your bait, for you are told that others will follow in its wake. The boat draws off a little to the left and you wait. The boat stops still; yonder is a swirl on a wave and a great, dark body, with a greenish back and large projecting fin appears above it; it is a breathless moment. "Look out dar," yells "Tony;" there is a splash about thirty yards away, your line becomes taut and is gliding out like lightning before you can apply the brake. When you do it is almost jerked from your grasp and simultaneously the tarpon leaps and writhes above the water again. There is

no sight more beautiful to the angler than the graceful, silvery form of the tarpon, like a gleam of light from darkness leaping forth from the green sea. That moment when the tarpon has the bait and you strike is the one of all others most fraught with intense excitement. It is the first crisis in the battle. He is down again and your hook holds. He darts back and forth, ever going deeper in his wild rushes. It is an earnest fight. The first ten minutes seem like an hour. "Rush 'im reel up, don't let rest;" following the advice, your arms tire, your hands become numb, it may be, bleeding and blistered, but you save your fish. Thus you are towed out toward the sea, always fighting. In his first mad rushes the huge fish gained on you, taking out nearly one hundred yards of your line. During the first half hour he has decidedly the better of the fight and keeps most of the line. During the second half hour you gain the lost line foot by foot, and the honors are about equally divided. Now the long rushes and leaps begin to tell and he loses wind. If he did not help to kill himself by these wild rushes and leaps, you could never land him. By some kind of intuition, an angler can tell when he has gained the mastery over a fish. You feel instinctively that the second crisis has been passed and the boat turns back toward the beach; and as the beach is neared you reel in and fight at close range.

Once he dashes almost up to the boat and suddenly turns about; you nearly lost him that time. You soon lead him back, however. Now he lies near the boat; you see his gleaming side glisten in the light. "Stiddy now," says your man, as the boat touches the beach; you climb out and, resisting his last waning strength, as he lashes spray upon you, pull him out upon the sand, and the fight is won.



The gun camera with which these photographs of leaping tarpon were taken.

THE SCOOTER—A WINGED TOBOGGAN OF LONG ISLAND

By J. W. MULLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON

STANDING that January morning on Long Island's southern mainland, whose sedgy surface never freezes so hard that it will not sob under foot, a man might look out over the still inland sea of the Great South Bay and beyond it over the white ocean beach to the sharp, dark curve of the unfluttered ocean, and see spring in the world. Frozen fast from shore to beach, from farthest cove to mumbling inlet, the air that crept over the bay was yet so soft, the sky that hung over it so innocently blue, that it seemed as if the marble sheet must surely disappear before another morning.

Three miles away, in the heart of the serene, stiff plain, lay a black furrow, bent in many curves. In it, with main and foresail drawing gently full, a schooner worked toward open sea to escape the ice-lock that had held her for a week. Careless eyes watched her from the mainland, from miles of sleepy marsh, idly desiring to be on her, close hauled for the unrippled Atlantic in that midwinter, summery gentleness of day. Other eyes watched her too; eyes set in keen, hard-lined brown faces, where the life savers of Fire Island regarded her. They saw what the landsmen could not see; what, indeed, only eyes as sharp as the clear gray eyes of gulls might catch—that the baby blue of the cloudless January heaven had a dull shine of hard steel where the sea dipped. They saw, too, high in air, wide sails careening in a steady flight toward shore. The gulls were coming in, long before noon, not pausing for the feast that the lowered tide had spread on the open beach.

Down in the unseen, sunken sea beyond the horizon, straight east as the parallel of Fire Island's latitude runs, a wind was being born—a cold wind and a great wind. It was drawing in with the young flood, moving with its motion, growing with its growth. When the tide was full, the sea

wrinkled and began to move. On the frost-feathered edges of the ice inside of the inlet, a little surf began to run. A mile of ice whimpered. Faint, vague sighs fluttered over the wide plain. Under the floes, the tide turning to run back to sea, strained its green back. Floe moved against floe, creaked, snapped and receded. Again they met and drifted apart. Once more they struck, grinding, and stayed.

The schooner ran no more in an open lane. Her channel had become an archipelago of ice islets, changing each moment. She tacked, and a field, breaking suddenly adrift, shouldered into her course. She lay on the other tack to pass between two floes, and, before her sheets were taut, the two were one.

The beaches drummed. Beyond them, the red sun shone on a running sea. The wind strove hugely to turn back the lusty tide, and the two battled, with ice floes for weapons. Astern of the caught schooner, the secret tide coaxed a floe that bobbed toyingly. Softly it floated, softly it swung under the vessel's counter, with clear splintering sounds it shivered into bits. And at that purring touch, the wheel twirled crazily with its rudder bitten off.

Down went the starboard anchor. It fell on ice and pressed it under, but a fathom deep the floe held, and buoyed up the half ton iron. Out roared the port chain and found mud. But the ice had the schooner. When the chain veered out, the bottom gave way to the pull, for it was not a schooner alone, but an acre of moving ice that pulled at it.

The straining sails spoke, thundering. But louder than they, spoke the inlet—*one! two! THREE!*—the tide backing against the wind and cascading on the bar. Even as torn hands pulled in the stiffened drumheads of canvas by main strength, the vessel struck—once with just a dainty scrape and a velvety glide over soft, soft sands,



The fleet of yachts on the Great South Bay

yielding kindly; twice, with a weary, squatting wallow; thrice, with a smash that shivered to her mast-heads. Below, there came the trill of little water, flowing musically. Her timbers had started, and the Atlantic Ocean was coming in to see what manner of thing this was.

Now here was such a shipwreck as the winter sea loves, with a scene set cunningly to torment its victims before it took them down; for around the bursting schooner lay too much ice to launch a boat, but were men to creep out on it, they would be met by encompassing hungry water; cold and deep and black.

The staunchest life boat on all the American coast, from Cape Fear to Montauk, could not win through the wicked mass. Yet, from the white dunes of Fire Island, something was coming to help. Little things they were, detaching themselves speck by speck from the beach where the Life Saving Station sits; so little that the lonely figure of the occupant of each loomed up like that of a man sitting on a child's bobsled.

Pitiful things were these to play at taking the place of the mighty lifeboats; neither as large nor as deep as a ducking skiff, and set with a mast scarcely higher than a man. But they came with the speed of the blast itself. Scarcely seeming to touch the surface they skimmed a smooth stretch, with a clinking ring of metal on hard ice.

In their course lay a long mile of hummocks—two and three feet high, cast in rough confusion. Straight at them went the little things, mounted them, dipped into the hollows, mounted again and leaped headlong from the last ones to hit the ice twenty feet away—and still to tear ahead unchecked for even an instant by the wild work. Now they hit mush ice, over which surely no thing made of man can go, any more than things can go through it, for it is too thin for the one and too solid for the other.

Churn! churn! churn! The mush spouts off the bows, and on they go, unhindered, with ice crystals and water spraying high along each side. Out of the mush they spring more easily than ever gull rose from the water, and with a crunch take the hard ice again and speed on faster, faster. But now they are surely doomed! Ahead of them lies black water, five hundred yards

across, and they are pointing for it straight at twenty miles an hour and not a hundred yards to make before they leap in and are engulfed!

In they go! White water smashes over them. But instantly out of the froth the little sails wimple and skim on, undeviating. They hit the ice bank on the other side plumb and do not stop, but slide up on it as a wet seal slides on his floe. Again they take hummocks, almost leaping from top to top of the rough crests. Again they take hard ice, brittle ice, mush ice, ice five feet thick and ice that is only a glare over treacherous, lurking water; and straight and true, unharmed and undelayed they sail and round under the stern of the broken ship.

Next morning her sticks and splintered timbers make dismal black dots along five miles of ice field, and the surf makes cat-play with her wreckage from Fire Island to Tiana Beach; but her crew sits safe and warm in the Life Saving Station, thanks to the Long Island life savers' contribution to nautical engineering, the Great South Bay scooter—sail-boat and ice-boat in one, and the nearest thing to a wild duck that the hand of man has produced.

Men are "scootering" for sport now, all over the Great South Bay from Babylon to Moriches; but the sport is not more than three years old, and the scooter has not changed perceptibly in model or rig from the original form devised by the life savers for practical and, often, grim work. No doubt the next few years will see a great evolution under the hands of the sportsman, for the scooter is surely destined to become a craft of world-wide use. But at present it still is delightfully and amazingly simple—nothing except a flat-bottomed, shallow boat shaped like a ducking skiff, shod with a steel or brass runner on each side of the flat keel, and sailed with mainsail and jib, the latter being used to steer the craft, as, manifestly, it cannot carry a tiller.

Anybody can build a scooter, if he can build anything at all. Some of the best on the Great South Bay to-day were built by house carpenters. One of the prize-winners in last year's races was built by a stone mason. The boat that came in third in the scooter race of last winter was built by a boy of eighteen, who had not seen or



Rounding the Stake—Showing Method of Steering with the Jib.

heard of a scooter before that year. The cost of those in use now ranges from seventy-five to one hundred dollars.

Like the Indian canoe, the Eskimo kayak, the Hawaiian surf-riding boats and the Malay proa, the scooter, fully as unique and original as they, was born of simple necessity.

Those strange salt-water lagoons that extend from New York east along the south shore of Long Island to the sandy Hamptons, present an arctic problem of their own in winter. No boat can cross them, for there is never an unbroken reach of open water. No man can walk them, for there is rarely unbroken ice. No ice yacht can sail them, for there may be a five foot thickness of ice in one stretch and not half an inch in another. The restless tides will not let the bays freeze smooth. Each change of current makes hummocks up-rear that would wreck the ice yacht. Each tide opens wind holes and loosens flocs in the channels.

Thus the only mode of winning across the treacherous and deadly surface from mainland to beach, for communication or life saving, was to drag a flat-bottomed boat on a sled, sliding it off at mush ice or open water and poling or rowing till hard ice was gained again, when the killing work of dragging the heavy craft was resumed. Often it required half a day for men to cross the bay. No man could expect to cross without breaking through hidden holes. Each winter took a toll of dead.

To ease the work of dragging the boats, the life savers at last hit on the idea of setting a tiny sail on the craft when the wind was fair. Gradually the sails were enlarged. Then a bright spirit fastened sledge runners directly to the boat instead of mounting it on a sled. And then—all at once one man preparing to cross the bay with a mighty wind behind him, asked himself why he should haul the boat at all. In that moment the scooter was born.

First it carried a wisp of a sail. Men who know the Great South Bay have deep respect for it. They knew what it meant to slip over its ice with a wintry gale blowing fifty miles an hour behind them, and they went carefully. Gradually, as they learned what could be done, the sails grew in size.

To-day the typical scooter is from fourteen to fifteen feet long, with a beam of four to five feet. It is well decked all around,

particularly forward, so that the open space forms a cockpit only five or five and a-half feet long and two feet to two and a-half wide. Around the cockpit runs a powerful combing, built to withstand rough knocks and rising at least three inches above deck. The entire deck has a gentle turtle-back curve, fore and aft and across. This curve of the deck is almost duplicated by the bottom of the scooter, thus making a very slight modification of a flat bottom.

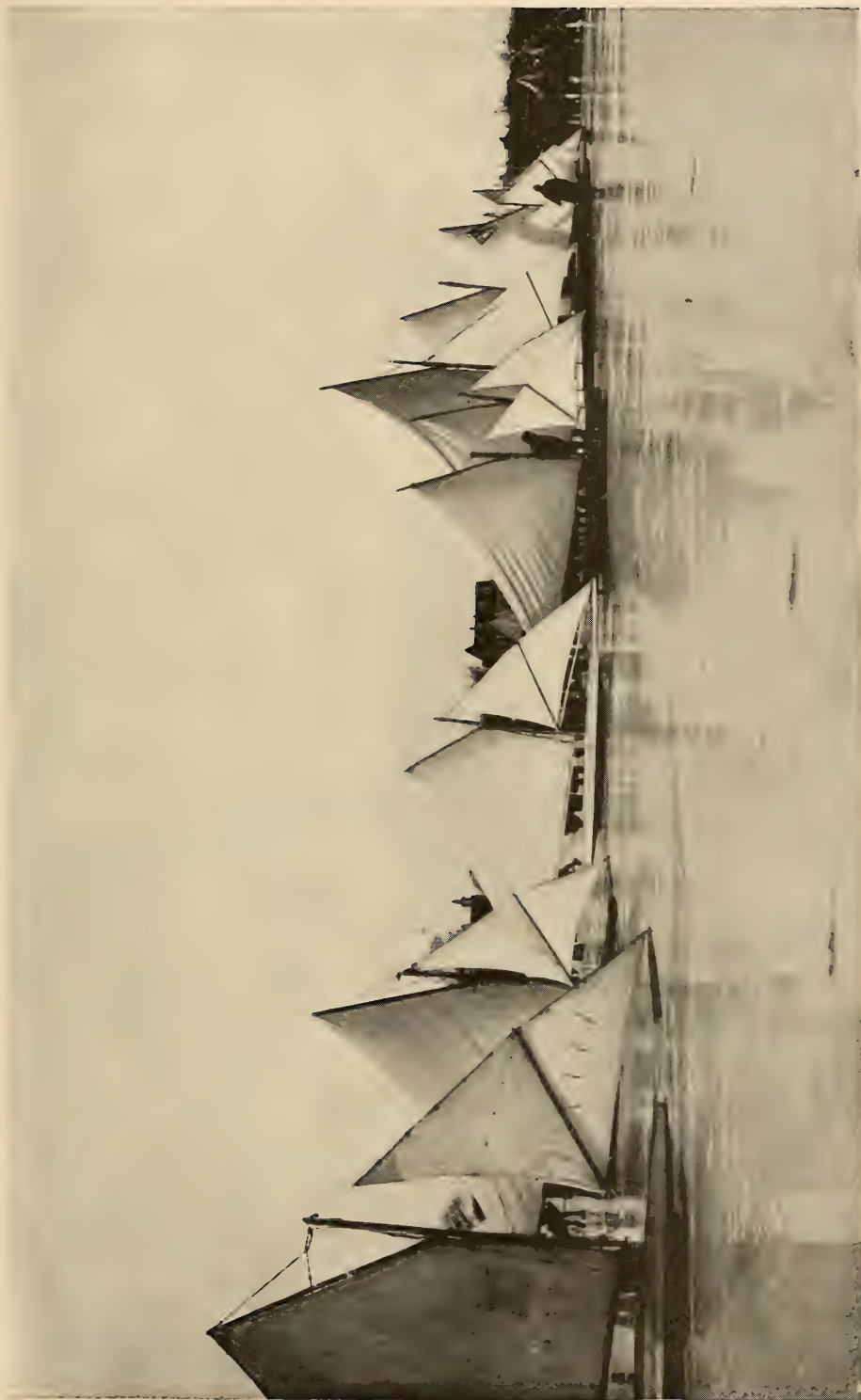
Now come the runners—really the only thing that makes the scooter different from any other boat. They are made of brass or steel. Each has its votaries. The men with brass runners can file them true and sharp whenever they need it, especially before a race, without wasting more than a few minutes. There are conditions where steel runners hold the ice better and again at times the softer brass runners are a decided advantage. On a fourteen-foot boat the runners will be ten feet long, slightly rocker-shaped, one inch wide and from one and a-half to one and three-quarters inches high, being so set and ground as to bevel inwards. They are set about twenty inches apart. It is in the shape, set, and location of the runners that further evolution and perfection of the scooter as a racing machine, probably will come.

The mast, which is set well aft, is from nine to ten feet long. The sails may be rigged in any way customary for small boats. The handiest are the regulation boom and gaff and sprit rigs for mainsails, while it is well to have a small boom for the foot of the jib, because its proper manipulation and set are so important for the handling of the boat. The bowsprit is large and heavy, and projects from two and one-half to three feet beyond the hull. It is made removable, so that larger or smaller sticks can be substituted according to weather.

The sail spread of the scooter differs from that of common craft in that the canvas has its greatest extent laterally instead of in height. The scooter wants as much sail as possible astern and in the bow, because it is the canvas alone that steers her. Therefore, a scooter with a nine foot mast may carry a seven or eight foot gaff and a boom extending fifteen feet and more, although fourteen is the usual length for a nine and a-half foot mast. The leach of such a sail will be fourteen feet or a little more. The



Behind the Line, Ready for the Race



In Front of the Line, About to Start



Shooting the Bunnies

foot of the jib will be at least seven feet and the leach about the same.

Most of the boats are built of pine with oak decks. They must be strong, to withstand the extremely violent wrenches and bumps due to the rough work in the broken ice. The equipment consists of a pair of oars and a pike pole with sharpened points. The latter is as vital to scootering as an anchor is to a yacht. It offers the only method by which the scooterer can work his way through bad mush ice if the wind is not strong enough to force him over or through it. It is needed, also, to bring the scooter around in extra heavy weather, in case the steering power of the jib should not be sufficient to do it quickly, or the sailor lose control of his craft temporarily, a contingency that is likely to happen with bewildering suddenness in the case of a two hundred pound craft with a forty mile wind behind projecting it over ice smooth as glass.

It is wonderful how well the jib steers the scooter, however. There being no tiller to demand the care of the sailor, he can handle his jib and mainsail alone and thus make them work in perfect harmony. Let go the jib sheet and haul taut the main, and the little boat will come around as sweetly as any deep-finned yacht minds her strong helm. She will reach and beat into the eye of the wind, and her runners will not make more leeway than most centerboards. If she is to come up in the wind in a particular hurry, the steersman steps swiftly toward the bow so that his weight makes the bearing fall on the keel forward, and the lightened stern comes right around. Thus, by nice adjustment of weight and close manipulation of sails, the scooter can be made to turn in her own length—spin around like a top. Practically, the man who can sail any small boat really well can sail a scooter. There are lots of “wrinkles;” but there is only one radically new thing to learn, and that is a queer one.

The scooter's poorest point of sailing is running free before the wind. Indeed, to be precise, the scooter can't sail at all before the wind. The moment the mainsail blankets the jib in a following wind, the steering power is totally gone.

The only way to sail a scooter before the wind is to beat down it. You've got to tack before a wind with a scooter just as you have to tack into one.

One or two make her crew. She can carry three, but it is better to have less. When she darts over smooth ice, the men perch on the combing aft to windward, as they do on catboats. When she nears rubble or hummocks, or prepares to dive into mush or water, all hands stand up, to relieve her of dead weight. To enter open water, she is driven straight at it. That is the time the hand at the “helm” must know what to do with that jib. Should she take it sideways, over she'll go. She must hit it true and be eased as much as may be by cunning play with the mainsail. Once over the first wild careen of her plunge, which is almost identical with the gliding plunge of a “shoot-the-chutes” boat, she skims the water as neatly as she skims the ice. When approaching solid ice again, she must be headed straight into it. Her flaring bow goes up its edge, and if she has arrived with speed, she has slid up on it and is off again on her runners before you know it. If the wind is too light to drive her forcefully enough, she may have to be helped up with pike pole, or with another and unique implement specially devised, which looks as much like a hoe as anything.

Although the scooter has been in use for many years among the baymen and particularly the life savers, it was not until the winter of 1903 that its use for sport had become great enough to justify an attempt to sail a regular, organized race. On February 12th of last year the first really big race of this kind was sailed off Blue Point. Fourteen boats were entered. The course was a triangle, two miles to a leg, sailed over three times, making eighteen miles in all.

A Patchogue scooter, *Leader*, won the first prize, making the eighteen miles in 39 minutes, 38 seconds, thus sailing at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour. This scooter was large, being eighteen feet over all, and five feet beam. Her sail spread was thirty yards of thirty-inch-wide canvas. The second boat, *Vamoose*, made her trip in 46 minutes, 41 seconds. She was fourteen feet, 6 inches long, four feet wide, and carried twenty-five yards of thirty-inch-wide canvas.

Better time than this has been made by scooters in stiff weather. In 1903, Albert Latham, a gold medal man of the Blue Point Life Saving Station, made five miles

in six minutes, which would have been fifty miles an hour. But that speed is exceptional. The best scooters do not make more than thirty miles an hour at present under good conditions, and twenty-five miles is more usual. But who would sniff at the idea of skimming across ice, hummocks, mush, and into and out of open water, and over any old kind of surface at that rate of speed on a bright winter morning?

Accidents haven't been common, despite the great speed. A few "scooterers" have been capsized when diving into the water, and more have sailed their craft off the ice into the channel only to discover too late that they had a leak aboard as a silent but active passenger.

Thus two famous ice yachtsmen of New York "scooter" out of Bayport in January of last year with two young ladies. The scooter struck an air hole, and when she went into the water, she developed a leak. There was sunken ice under her keel, and it would have been easy to pole her to the ice-bank, but the good pike-pole had been forgotten. Finally the two men had to get out and stand in the water hip deep, to support the boat till help arrived.

But these accidents are rare; and against them stand the records of many lives saved by their aid. That they will live through a mighty gale was proved last winter when the schooner *George B. Cromwell* struck on the outer beach across from Bellport. So fierce was the storm that the lifeboat was thrown back, bow over stern, time and time again, when the men attempted to put her through the surf. Although many life-lines were shot over the wreck, the seas that washed her were so vast that her crew could not crawl to a single one, although they knew that to reach them meant the difference between life and death.

She struck at midnight. At seven o'clock the next morning nothing was left of the sturdy vessel except "kindling wood"—a term used so often that it has lost its expressive meaning, but that was just what the raving sea made out of the big schooner in seven hours. In the very midst of that gale, Lieutenant D. F. A. De Otte, Assistant Inspector of the Life Saving Service,

crossed the Great South Bay from Patchogue to the scene of the wreck in a scooter, driving through everything from rolling open channels to steeley ice. He arrived in time to direct the rescue of all of the crew who were not washed away when the tide finally went down and the life savers could get their boat out.

Last winter saw the first extended scooter voyage, when Seward S. Wicks and Charles Gill, of Patchogue, sailed over the ice from that point to the head of the Great South Bay and thence on through East Bay into the Peconic Bay, finishing at New Suffolk, a round trip of almost one hundred miles. They returned with the information that their visit showed the "East Enders" for the first time what a scooter looked like.

That is a queer thing about the scooter. A few miles east or west of Great South Bay the craft is hardly known even by reputation. Yet the ice in front of Patchogue has been like a picnic ground for the past two years. Every variety of craft cruises its surface. Patchogue boys, awakening suddenly to their opportunity, have rigged sails on dry goods boxes and mounted them on runners. The owners of the heavy square wooden scows, used to transport oysters, mussels and ice in the summer, slide slowly and majestically along, under their lofty sails. Old flat-boats, with scrap-iron runners fastened to them, rasp around merrily, the occupants having almost as much fun as the sailors of the trim real scooters, which flit like white fairies everywhere, and dart in and out of even the most crowded spots with the ease and swiftness of birds.

But the Long Island bayman is slow to believe and slow to change. Only a month ago a Jamaica Bay oyster-man looked at me with quizzical wrinkles around his eyes when I said something to him about scooters.

"Scooters, eh?" said he, spitting with loving care at a piece of driftwood. "Scooters! And they jump off the ice into the water, do they? Well, well! What a lot of things there be on land and sea that a feller never would hear of at all if he didn't associate with any except them that tells the honest truth."

CAMPING OUT WITH AN AUTOMOBILE

HOW TO MAKE A ROAD MAP—THE CAR AND ITS EQUIPMENT—THE CAMP KIT AND HOW TO PACK IT—SPORT EN ROUTE

By HROLF WISBY

THERE is as much difference between touring in the ordinary way, and camping out with your machine, as there is between a stroll down the avenue and a cross-country tramp. Everybody is familiar with touring in its usual aspect, but few know anything about camping out, and still fewer attempt it. A little experience and a good deal of forethought will enable you to "live with" your auto and make a decent showing, even if you don't combine the qualities of a woodcraftsman and a scout. In a little while you will want to be distinguished from the mere tourist, as the voyageur from the ordinary traveler.

Automobile camping stands apart from any other branch of the sport. It is neither touring nor racing. It is modern man brought back to Nature on the latest vehicle of civilization. It is closing in an embrace with mother earth, yet not locked with her in the compass of a day's slow tramp, but free to roam, to camp, and to change your ground at will, to surmount the obstacles of the open country, to annihilate the wearying consideration of time and distance. It is terrestrial man gifted by an almost aerial mobility—a gift of his own ingenious giving, even more remarkable than the nomadic roving of Beduin sheiks.

The first thing to do is to select your route carefully. The chart will not tell you everything. Some judgment is necessary to map out the probable daily mileage in advance in order to reduce the area of desirable camping ground for each day to the smallest possible radius. The actual picking of the camp must, of course, be done on the spot. Nevertheless, it is convenient for the chauffeur to know when he is traveling over favorable ground for this purpose, and no special facilities are required to make this advance knowledge accurate and reliable.

Most of the big automobile clubs the world over publish good maps, and the topographic charts of the various States are of great aid in judging the lay of the country.

With this equipment, which can be absorbed in any large library, you can construct a set of handy maps for use when under way. Take a good, plain geographic map. Place over it a transparent tracing-paper, say of an "onion" finish, and thumb-tack the corners. Trace with black ink the rivers, railroads, towns, etc., of the country you wish to pass through. Trace with red ink the route you decide to take in passing through. Then take a topographic map and trace, in the same manner, mountains, hills, elevations and valleys; in short, the build of the land you are to enter. If your tour includes travel in but little known regions of this country, provide yourself with a tracing of a survey map such as the U. S. Geodetic Survey issues, which will give you what accurate information is available in advance. The data gleaned from these three maps should enable anyone to make up a driving chart, its object being to show at a glance the combined information contained in all the other maps. To be practical, such a chart must be simple—a sort of ready-reference résumé of all needed road and camping information. Stake out your route in a heavy, red line. Everything that crosses this course is of more interest to you than what runs parallel with it; hence, note all railroad (---), highway (—) and river (...) crossings, towns (C), farms (O) and wayside houses (X). Note only unusually high grades and low drops of the road, thus: Gr. 30 per cent. or Dr. 20 per cent. The topographic maps will give you every boulder, peak and bush in the country, but all you want to know is, "How long does this forest I am traveling through continue?"—or "How long must I camp in this treeless country

before I strike woods and shelter?" Forests, and even the nature of forests, is easily indicated on the map by various symbols (¶ † or ‡), but instead of massing them to show the size of the forest, as is usual, simply draw the outline, say, for a pine forest with symbol (†), for a hardwood copse with (‡), and for miscellaneous woods with (¶). A carefully planned map will give you a correct idea not only of the route, but of how far you must travel to obtain the best available camping ground before night.

The size should not be larger than an ordinary handkerchief, and after pasting the map on chart canvas it should be rolled around a paper or wooden cylinder, placed in a waterproof box with a glass pane, so that the chauffeur may have it continually before him and turn the cylinder as he progresses over the route shown on it. This arrangement will obviate that most wearisome operation of a long-distance trip, of having to stop to consult maps—a very exciting performance when it rains or blows—or to consult "people you meet," who, as a rule, don't know any more about the country they live in than the average New Yorker knows about New York. There is not the slightest excuse why a chauffeur should not know, for his particular purpose, as much about the country lying in advance of him as a military commander for purposes of seeing an army through.

Next comes the choice of a proper vehicle, which for an extended trip of this order, had better not weigh much more than half a ton. If the party numbers eight persons, two 1,200-pound cars with one horse-power behind each one-hundred pounds, and each carrying four passengers, would be far more preferable than a big high-power car of double capacity. Not only will the traveling be more commodious, but in case of breakdowns or accidents, the uninjured car can tow the other. The cars should be of the same model and make, so that the spare parts and accessories carried can be used to equal advantage for both.

For summer travel a tarpaulin roof on a frame, supported by four stanchions, and with side curtains, would give you entire protection from sun heat and rain showers. The same arrangement can be used for winter travel with an addition of a windshield in front. It is better to have the shield made in two sections, and folding vertically

in the center, so that both panes are placed at angles with the wind pressure, in which position they are also better protected against the shocks of a jolting and jumping car front. Personally, I am in favor of no protection overhead or in front, for the most scorching sun that ever shone can be defeated in a Japanese palmetto hat, a suit of karki, and the wind pressure of the ordinary touring gait, while proper fur clothes, hood and face-masks will enable anyone not too enfeebled to face the blasts of a winter storm. The leather upholstery of the car will not suffer the least from an extended tour if well-fitting covers of enameled oil-cloth are used. Less than two dollars' worth will protect every square inch of leather in a tonneau car. Dirt, mud and dust is readily removed by a few wipes with a cloth, or the covers, which are entirely waterproof, may be cleansed in a brook, and thus you are always sure of a clean and sanitary seat.

Besides the usual outfit of tools, spare parts, tires, etc., for making wayside repairs, an auxiliary kit is required to make camping possible and comfortable. If you intend to cover rough country, encase the bottom of the car in a detachable sheet-iron covering built in several sections. Have it fit snug and tight to prevent rattling and resist shocks. Nothing but iron will do, as you must be prepared for "roads" that are simply two deep ruts, with a stony ridge in the middle on which the car bottom will drag at intervals. You must also take into account stretches of open country, bristling with tough vegetation like sage brush, which has been known to wear to a shaving the wooden handle of a spade strapped under the car body.

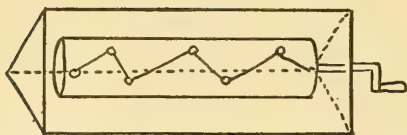
Take with you enough rope and chain to go around all four wheels. Sometimes you may need all four lengths of chain to pull the "other" car out of a dilemma. For this emergency carry detachable links to join the chain lengths into one, and use the rope as a pulling strap at either end of the chain. Thus a degree of resiliency is established sufficient to prevent both rope and chain from breaking. Carry also a small jack for lifting the car-body to admit of repairs, a spade, an axe, and in winter a wooden shovel or two. You will find them very useful when you least expect trouble. For summer camping bring along a mili-

tary canvas tent. If you roll it in the army regulation style you will be surprised to see how small a bundle it makes. Have the poles made folding, the same as the legs of a surveyor's or photographer's tripod. To provide against dampness under foot a floor covering is best made out of the kind of flexible enamelled oilcloth used for dashboards and carriages. It is absolutely waterproof, won't crack, and can be kept clean and sanitary simply by wiping. For a hamper covering, this material is also preferable. Right here let me warn you against stuffing your clothes in hamper. You can't use them if you do, without a tailor to press them, and the tailor is never there when you want your clothes. Pack your clothes in a trunk and send them ahead by rail to some point of interest on your route where you can stop over and dress a bit. Don't take along with you in the car any other or any more clothing than you need for actual travel and camping. Plenty of underwear and stockings is alike indispensable during any season, but for summer a light karki suit, with a long leather coat for cool nights, and an oilskin suit for rainy weather, is really all you need unless you wish to add overalls for doing repairs. A pneumatic mattress and an army blanket is all the bed you would want, and the outfit rolls up snug. To my mind a hammock makes a handier and more comfortable bed for summer sleeping, and where trees are wanting it may be slung inside the tent on the poles, provided these are made strong enough. But even where there are no trees, sleeping in the open in a hammock can easily be accomplished. Here is an arrangement that will accommodate three sleepers: put three hooks on the side of the automobile, one in front, one in the middle, and one in the rear. Fasten the rear ropes of the hammocks to these hooks and lead the head ropes through the tent opening and secure them around the center pole. The heads of the sleepers will be quite close together and on a higher level—affording better sleep—than the feet, which will be at least a yard apart, and thus easy getting in and out of each hammock is provided. This shows what three hooks, properly used, are good for. For winter travel you, of course, dispense with your tent in favor of the sleeping-bag. If you can't get what you want at the stores, make your own bag.

The outer covering should be waterproof. Rubber is too heavy and bulky, and unless you know of something better, I would again suggest a heavy grade of enameled oilcloth. This material will also prevent bugs and vermin from entering the bag, and, unlike rubber, does not "draw" the skin. The body of the bag can be made out of a high grade horse-blanket with an inside lining of flannel, or simply a pure flannel blanket, than which nothing is warmer. It might not be amiss to let the neck of the bag continue into a hood for the head—simply oilcloth lined with flannel. This scheme enables you to remove your cap during your sleep, and thus obviate the headache this headgear often produces in a tenderfoot, while you have all the comfort of a loose-fitting hood.

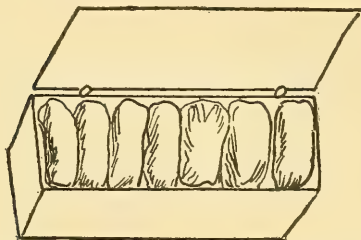
A cheap and quite efficient method of improvising a sleeping-bag on the spot is to fasten together with safety pins two pieces of enameled oilcloth, roll up in your blanket and slide in. I should think that stunt would make 10 degrees below seem a small drop to any man sleeping in the open. When I stopped at Dyrifjordur in Iceland, in 1888, I saw Fridthjof Nansen, who was then preparing to cross Greenland with a kit so simple and small that even I, who was at that time a naval cadet, questioned its efficiency. He had no fur clothes at all, but wore a thick gray woolen suit of a special weave, the jacket being double-breasted and buttoning on the side, not in front. His sleeping-bag was of the same material with a light canvas cover, which did not protect nearly as well as the oilcloth cover suggested above. "*Mine ski er mit baal*," he explained, meaning that he would use his skis so well he should need no other warmth. The automobile camper cannot depend upon exercise to keep him comfortable—hence his kit must be the heavier.

To get the proper benefit of a sleeping-bag, leave your fur garments in the car, remove your boots, and keep on only your underclothing and ordinary traveling suit, both of which should be made of wool. When you have bagged yourself in this manner, effect a change of stockings, and you will not be likely to suffer from cold feet. If a strong wind is blowing, go to work with the wooden shovel and pile up a foot of snow right in the face of the wind.



Triangular dashboard box, with isinglass pane, containing cylinder with "driving" map attached, showing a whole day's route.

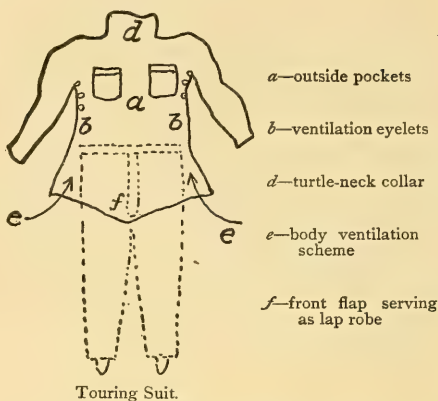
Lie down in your bag under the lee of this snow wall and you will be entirely comfortable. In fact it is warm to sleep out in the snow in this fashion, whereas canvas overhead makes you chilly, and besides it is liable to blow away or burst under the weight of snow. When you wake up in the morning, just remove the hood and rub your face and hands vigorously with the snow. This will



Proper way of packing hamper, with bundles done up in oilcloth of different color to distinguish contents.

give you splendid circulation. Leave soap alone and don't wash. In extreme cold, soap will only crack your face. To "equip" your face for the rigors of fast traveling in a freezing atmosphere, rub both face and hands with vaseline, and keep on rubbing until every pore is fed and closed. You may then wipe with a rough towel, and whatever dirt is on your face will come off in the towel, enough vaseline remaining in the pores for protection. You are now fit to jump out of the bag. Before dressing, however, wrap yourself in a blanket and skip around in the snow with bare feet for five or ten minutes. If you keep your feet going you won't feel the cold in the least, and it will give you a start of warmth and comfort that will last all day. Now slip into your fur garments and boots, and light the camp fire. With the first sip of fragrant coffee you will be quite comfortable, and at peace with all the world, even if the thermometer says thirty below.

The common kind of fur coat is not so good but what it can be improved. The open front is a mistake. It is of little use



Touring Suit.

AUTOMOBILE CAMPING OUTFIT (MINIMUM QUANTITY)

FOR THREE PERSONS IN 1200-LBS.
CAR OF 12-HORSE POWER.

INDIVIDUAL BAGGAGE FOR EACH

- 3 pairs of stockings,
- 3 changes of underwear,
- 1 toilet outfit, including soap, toothbrush, scissors, razor kit, mirror, vaseline, etc.,
- 1 karki driving suit,
- 1 light oilskin suit and Sou'wester.
- 3 yards of flexible enameled oilcloth,
- 2 pairs of shoes and 1 pair of rubber boots,
- 3 flannel outing shirts,
- 1 money belt.

BAGGAGE IN COMMON

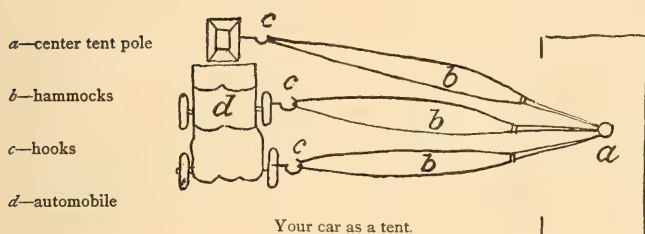
- 1 U. S. A. military tent, with detachable poles,
- 1 portable kitchen and utensils of aluminum,
- 3 hammocks with mosquito netting—blankets,
- 1 pneumatic mattress, extra wide,
- 1 gasolene stove outfit,
- 1 camera,
- 1 shotgun with ammunition,
- 1 rifle with ammunition,
- 3 revolvers with ammunition,
- 1 axe—with detachable handle,
- 1 spade with detachable handle,
- 1 handsaw,
- 2 fishing rods with tackle,
- 1 bull's-eye lantern,
- 1 complete repair kit, including car-jack,
- 1 pair binoculars,
- 1 outfit of charts and maps,
- 1 telegraph outfit and wire (also telephone outfit),
- 1 pair overalls for repair work,
- 1 collapsible bucket.

For winter touring add

- 1 fur garment for each,
- 1 sleeping bag for each,
- 1 shovel for all.

The sleeping bag substitutes the tent and the hammocks.

except to get at the inside pockets, and inside pockets are a mistake. A fur coat opening on the right side with clasps unbuttons readily with the right hand. Big pockets sewn on the outside will make un-



fastening unnecessary, except for donning and doffing the garment. Go a step further and appropriate the century-old experience of the Eskimo in building fur clothes. Dispense entirely with buttons and clasps. Shape the coat like a turtle-neck sweater. Make it loose-fitting all over, and especially over the waist. Cut it off at the hips. Make the trousers out of the same fur, with the hip-lining somewhat lower than the ordinary, so that the coat will just overlap it. This design will afford extreme mobility of body, also in the waist, where the space provided by the loose overlap of the coat will supply ventilation—a most important thing, without which any garment is unsanitary and soon ceases to yield and retain warmth. Under each armpit insert a single row of, say, four circular eyelets, and sew over them, on the inside, a strip of cheese cloth. This will prevent chills around arms and shoulders from stagnant sweat, and it will add to the wearer's comfort. Snap-buttons could, of course, be provided on the right shoulder and on the side of the neck, to make the jacket slide on easier, but it isn't necessary if only the neck is wide enough to put the head through. First insert the arms in the sleeves and then draw the jacket over your head as you would a sweater.

The Greenland Eskimo is so particular about ventilation that he leaves an open space at the waist—through which his skin shows—between the coat and the trousers, which fasten about the lower half of the loins with a strip of raw-hide.

Your portable kitchen must contain nothing at all likely to rust or tarnish. Aluminum utensils are far away the best. Nothing, however, will replace steel knives and forks, and if you wrap them in oilcloth after cleaning, they won't tarnish. Traveling in a treeless country means that you must have a gasoline stove to be replenished from your car tank, but in most in-

stances you should be able to enjoy a camp fire. For personal protection carry a revolver, and for "picket duty" bring with you a good hardy dog that you can also use in hunting; and let him sleep in the car. A shot-gun and a rifle should enable you to

bag whatever seasonable game you may locate, and an outfit of fishing-tackle will come handy even in winter, when you may have to emulate the Indian, and fish through the ice. Presuming you are a fairly good sportsman, there will be periods during such a tour when you should have no difficulty in supplying the camp with all needed provisions. In fact, the shooting and fishing end of such a trip, in conjunction with the camping feature, is the very sport that lends zest to it. You can camp on the tin-can plan, but it isn't very exciting.

The proper way to pack is one of those little side issues that most tourists do not stop to consider, and which, for this reason, causes needless worry and work. The baggage is usually stowed with no discrimination between the things needed constantly and the things wanted only occasionally. This means unpacking a lot of things you don't want; to get at what you do want, every time anything is wanted. Bags, satchels, suit-cases, etc., are useless, and take up too much room. Bundles alone are satisfactory, but labeling them won't do because you have to hunt for the label, which is liable to get torn or lost. Provide yourself with a dozen different colored pieces of oilcloth. Use white pieces for packing underclothing, black pieces for clothing, red for footwear and outerclothing. Pack your charts in yellow, your ammunition in blue, and your kitchen utensils in green, oilcloth. Divide up the other colors to distinguish the rest of your kit, and pack what you need constantly in the hamper, which had better be lined inside and outside with heavy enameled oilcloth. It is much easier to remember the contents of a bundle by color than by number or location.

Opportunities for appropriating and improving the ideas carried out by experienced voyageurs will suggest themselves to the ingenious camper.

Here is a good idea originated by an Englishman and improved upon by an American. The latter is a New York business man and known to me personally. In tramping the Alps he ran across an apparition resembling a peddler, which on close view proved to be mainly an alpenstock with strings tied to one end of it, and at the other end an English scholar of Socratic simplicity. On each string dangled a small bundle done up in paper, the total number of bundles representing his entire pack. He could readily unpack any one of these bundles, and put his hand on what he might want, without disarranging the rest of his baggage. That was his scheme. A few weeks later my American friend was fishing salmon in the Loch Lomond with a Scotchman, who considered himself weather-and-worry-proof in a triple-ply raincoat. A shower came up. The American, who was dressed in an ordinary outing suit, produced a yard and a half of enameled flexible oilcloth, and cut an aperture in the middle of it with his pocket knife. Putting his head through this aperture he had in effect the protection of a Mexican poncho. A goose-back could not shed the rain better than this oilcloth cape, which was comfortable because it hung loosely and provided ventilation. Another piece of oilcloth, the size of a handkerchief, pinned to his cap, transformed it into a waterproof headgear. He didn't look pretty, but he felt pretty good. After the shower, which left the American dry and cool, and the Scotchman wet, hot and swearing, the former suggested luncheon. The Scotchman's fare was almost as water-soaked as himself.

"Have a bite with me?" suggested the American, unclasping his belt, from which various strings depended holding small parcels wrapped in oilcloth and all marked 8:10 A. M., the hour of starting. The Scotchman, who supposed the parcels to contain only fishing requisites, was hugely elated to find in some of them a choice assortment of sandwiches as fresh and palatable as could be desired.

"Suppose we sit down," remarked the American, removing his improvised mantle, which, spread upon the wet grass, afforded a dry seat to sit on and a clean cloth to feast upon. At the price of less than thirty cents my American friend had succeeded in providing himself ingeniously with rain-

coat, rain-hat, a dry seat, a clean tablecloth, and rain-proof kit, each separate part of which could be got at without disarranging the other parts—the alpenstock scheme was out-done.

If you go out automobile camping, you will have to go out afoot shooting and fishing a bit, when it will pay you to adopt the oilcloth idea, which you will find entirely practical.

The care practised in packing your camp-kit properly is, to some degree, a waste of effort, unless at the same time, you provide for a proper distribution of the separate parcels.

For a party of three traveling in a tonneau with seating capacity for five—and this is an ideal proportion of room to occupants for just such a trip—I would suggest a handy disposal of the outfit mainly in hampers. Besides the usual arrangement over the rear wheels, an auxiliary hamper could be strapped on the outside of the tonneau door, which should contain nothing but the "emergency" wardrobe, such as oilskin clothing, rubber boots, etc. When a shower or a dust-storm springs up, the third man traveling in the tonneau simply reaches over, empties the auxiliary hamper and deals out the clothing. You avoid the irksome stop or slow-down at the very time when you may want to use all possible dispatch to gain shelter. Directly under the forward end of each side hamper is a space, in most machines of standard make, extending to the dip of the rear wheel dash, which could very well be utilized for an auxiliary hamper. An oblong pattern, measuring twelve inches wide and thirty inches long, would fit most cars of 1,200 pounds size. It should be fastened at top and bottom in a readily detachable manner, so as to permit of access to the machinery, part of which it will necessarily hide from view when in place.

Leaving one seat in the tonneau for the occupant, the other seats could be either removed and replaced with specially made hampers, or a large hamper fitting into the vacant space, and extending the height of a man's shoulder when sitting, could be placed upon two seats, leaving a double seat for the occupant and the camp dog or "mascot." This hamper should be divided vertically in three compartments to make the contents "get-able." You probably will

not be able to get just the shape of hampers you want at the stores, but any maker of wicker-ware and reed furniture—there are plenty of them in the business directory—will build you any desired pattern for a slight extra charge, if you furnish dimensions and measurements. Thus equipped, your machine will carry two regular side hampers horizontally, two auxiliaries placed vertically under them, a fifth—the “emergency” hamper—on the door, and a sixth filling half the inside tonneau space. There is enough variation in the shape of these patterns to permit of your packing your whole outfit in wickerwork and oilcloth—a decided advantage. Tent-poles, spade and shovels being detachable, you can strap them to the car body in line with the chassis rail after inserting them in cases of heavy oilcloth. The guns and fishing rods, similarly encased, go under a double strap on top of the rear-wheel hampers. There should be room on the tonneau floor for the pneumatic mattress when deflated and folded four times. The tent canvas rolls up snug in a corner, unless you travel “omnibus” style, when you may stow it on the roof. Consign your portable kitchen to the vertical hamper on the left, and your kitchen utensils, etc., to that on the right. Dispose the balance of your kit among the other hampers as already indicated.

For a trip of this kind a searchlight is almost indispensable, not only for examining the road-bed, but for the timely locating of such obstructions and dangers as cannot be detected without it. You may drive along a well-kept country road for miles without mishap, and, when you least expect it, suffer the experience of a friend of mine, whose face was horribly lashed by brushing full speed against a row of low-hanging willows. He was watching the road intently when it happened, and his lamps threw no light on the danger overhead. In some parts the farmers have the cute habit of putting up a rail or a board fence across the road as a warning in case of broken bridge ahead or similar accidents, and while the “warning” works well enough in the daytime, it becomes a menace to

night travel, as such a fence is usually not detected until you are climbing it. A searchlight will enable you to spot the fence in advance, and as you return upon your tracks, you can manipulate the flash left and right to pick out a cross-road or devious route. When two machines are doing the trip together, and cross-roads puzzle you as to the right course to follow, let one machine remain at the crossing while the other goes ahead scouting. The scout can signal “All right—come on” by three flashes of his searchlight, either by revolving it thrice in a circle, by turning it off and on, or by fanning a cap before it.

If you combine the instinct of the sportsman with the touring spirit of the automobilist, it is not at all unlikely that successful camping and hunting and fishing may take you out into the open where roads are not and the chart is a vacant space. Suppose you lose your way in the wilderness, that you have a serious breakdown, that your provisions give out, and starvation faces you. Suppose—for this has occurred more than once—that all this trouble happens under the shadow of a telegraph pole, humming with the busy talk of faraway cities. What wouldn't you give for a chance at that wire for a minute or two? Don't you think it would be just as well to carry along a small Morse instrument, and learn just enough of the code to tell the nearest operator that you are in trouble? Be a little circumspect, however, and don't do it too often, that you may not be mistaken for a “wire-tapper.” Also, don't in your hurry and worry forget to pay the tolls for your “steal” at the nearest telegraph office. While you are about it, you may as well supplement your ticker with a modern portable telephone—a miniature pattern of internal 'phone will do—for in many districts the upper wire in the farmers' fences is part of a rural telephone exchange, through which you can call up pretty nearly a whole community—from a team of horses to pull you out of a hole, to the sheriff and his posse and the doctor and his bandages, for automobiling, like all true sport, has a delightful degree of uncertainty.

AMERICA SETS THE AUTOMOBILE PACE

By H. P. BURCHELL

THE value of American automobiles sent to foreign lands approximated a trifle less than \$2,000,000 last year, while the value of English exported machines was less than half that sum.

A still more convincing contrast appears in the value of foreign cars brought into these two countries. English automobilists imported machines worth over \$8,000,000, while in our own land the importations aggregate barely \$2,000,000. The high duty undoubtedly contributes toward reducing the influx of foreign vehicles in America, but none the less, the figures clearly show that the English-made cars do not satisfy the demand, while the contrary is eminently true of those of American manufacture.

Some idea of the magnitude of automobile manufacture in this country, and the increasing popularity in motoring for pleasure, may be had when it is stated that in 1899, only fifty motor cars were owned in America, while at the present time the individual owners number fully 70,000.

The small car—that of moderate horse power—has always been characteristic of American manufacture. Foreign critics, and particularly those from France, have occasionally condemned America's so-called lack of progress in not branching out more effectually into the higher powered machines, those that may properly be termed racing cars. In this respect America has been behind France and Germany, but a marked change is now taking place, for, thanks to the stimulus given by the Vanderbilt cup race last year (1904), many leading American manufacturers are now devoting more attention to the design of powerful machines for racing purposes. There is hardly any possibility, however, that this movement will reach the extreme seen in France. It is, too, a curious coincidence that at this very time the entire automobile world should be turning to the very type of car that has been so characteristic of American manufacture. In other words, the car of the future, from present indications, seems to lie in those types possessing from twenty to thirty-five horse power. The excessive demand for cars

averaging close to one hundred horse power is practically over, except for racing. Even with the race purpose in view, America has conclusively shown that with cars from twenty to twenty-four horse power, practically as good results may be obtained in speed, as has been popularly credited to the big cars alone for so many years.

Thery, the Gordon Bennett cup winner last year, voiced this sentiment for moderate powered cars, while on his visit to America. "The popular car in France," he said, "during the coming year, will be the thirty to thirty-five horse power vehicle. The heavier cars—from sixty to one hundred horse power—are too big for general touring. Their complicated mechanism requires the most careful attention, and only on smooth, long stretches of road, can those high powered cars be used with complete satisfaction. For private ownership, the demand for these racing and semi-racing machines has been overdone and a sharp reaction is setting in. Smaller but absolutely reliable cars containing, if possible, less complicated machinery, are what the public is asking for now.

Several large foreign manufacturers have announced that their entire output during 1905 will be of moderate powered cars. In America, this tendency will not be noticed so sharply because practically all of the monsters in motoring have been of foreign make. The marked success in one of the closing track races last season of an American twenty horse power car, in defeating two of the most powerful and successful foreign cars owned here—one of sixty and the other of ninety horse power—and the success of the twenty-four horse power American car in the Vanderbilt race, was a revelation of the possibilities of the moderate powered car. The twenty horse power car weighed but eight hundred pounds, yet showed a track speed of fifty-five seconds for a mile, which is but a fraction higher than the world's track record for the high powered cars.

Touring has become a popular and delightful pastime, yet it is only in its infancy. Hundreds of owners have traveled thou-

sands of miles over good, bad and indifferent roads without advertising the fact from the house-tops or in the columns of a progressive trade paper. The cars of moderate horse power are most serviceable for this purpose. With a twenty-five to thirty-five horse power vehicle, the occupants have every reasonable assurance that the car will take them on their journey at a comfortable rate of speed and will go up hill at a pretty lively clip. The American automobilist dearly loves a car that will go up hill without acting as though it wanted to stop, like a wheezing hack horse, at every mound, to gather breath for the next stage in the ascent. A car of the horse power as indicated may always be relied upon to climb hills at a fair rate of speed, and on good stretches of road it will not be obliged to take the dust of many passing machines.

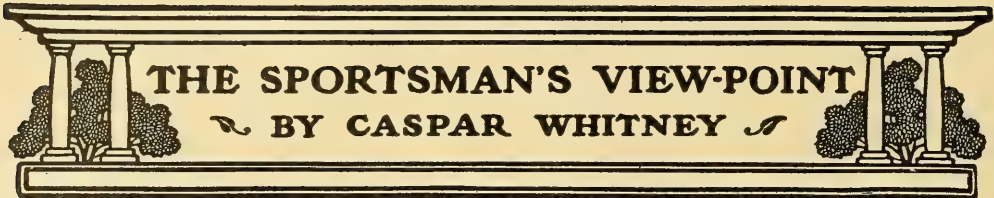
To how great an extent the national individualities of automobiles may be recognized was strikingly illustrated a short time ago by the purchase in this country of a car for use in Turkey. The purchaser of the car, a young Turk who had been educated here, was asked why he bought here instead of in Paris, as he could obtain equally as good a car there and incur less expense in shipping. His answer was that a car made for use on American roads would be far more serviceable in his own country, than a French car built chiefly for speed, as the latter sets too low on the ground for satisfactory use on ordinary and sometimes very bad roads. The heavier French machines are swung much lower to the road than the majority of American cars, which permits greater speed, and it facilitates rounding of corners at a fast pace. The lower the frame of a car is to the road, the less danger there is that it will topple over. They, when asked if the outside wheels of his car did not leave the ground while taking the corners at fast speed in the Gordon Bennett race, denied that such a thing was possible with the best French touring cars to-day.

India, toward the close of last year, made a commendable effort to ascertain the type of cars best suited for use in that country. An eight hundred mile reliability run extending over eight days was held, the purpose being to stimulate the use of automobiles for official and business purposes, and to learn what styles of cars would give the greatest satisfaction on the native roads.

The Vanderbilt Cup race was a great boon for American automobiles. It brought to this country some of the highest skilled, best racing men of Europe, besides other careful investigators, and it gave the foreign representatives a clearer idea of the magnitude of the motor car industry here.

America's prestige abroad, previous to the Vanderbilt Cup race last season, had not been very high, due to the poor showing made in international events. Consequently, America's ability to turn out, not only racing cars but substantial cars of general use, was viewed with discredit. From that fact arose the lack of seriousness that characterized the Vanderbilt race announcements until close to the time that the event was to be held. Then several prominent French racing automobilists arose to the occasion and came over, but others, of practically equal merit, remained at home. The success of the race, and the high class cars that were entered, surprised the foreigners. Here, then, was something worth looking at, if not only for racing glory, at least for the cause of French prestige, and therefore the prediction has been made from their own country that when the second Vanderbilt Cup race comes off, nearly every prominent racer in France will be on hand.

In the training of experienced chauffeurs by means of well-established schools, America is setting an influence that will undoubtedly be followed more generally in a short space of time. A chauffeur needs to be a skilled mechanic in many respects, and Sir Alfred Harmsworth was quite right when he criticized the folly of Americans in employing so many foreign automobile drivers, regardless of their ability, but simply because they came from a land where the motor car industry holds a superior position. Owners of vehicles, themselves, are acquiring a better knowledge of the mysteries of motors, engines and cylinders, and this naturally leads to the demand for highly experienced drivers of cars. There is a steady and commendable growth in all lines of automobilism, and while no one wishes America to reach the insane craze for speed at any cost, which until recently was characteristic of France, none the less national endorsement will follow upon America taking a higher place in the world of automobile activity, where her influence for reliable cars will reflect beneficially upon makers and users.



THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

OUR friends will not take offense, we feel sure, if, with Mr. Whitney absent in South America on one of his adventuresome-hunting and human-interest material gathering trips, we take this space and opportunity to say something of our magazine itself, and of what its Editor is doing to make it entertaining and of service.

OUTING is a magazine of human interest devoting itself to the outdoor world because it recognizes outdoor pursuits as one of the most colorful and interesting and serviceable expressions of human life. OUTING seeks to nourish and develop that interest for all it is worth—but for no more than it is worth. OUTING believes in the thrill of victory that comes only in honorable contest or occupation.

Mr. Whitney intends that the magazine shall be the indispensable and entertaining ally of every man and woman who has any sympathy with the outdoor expression; and the helpful friend of those desirous of putting that sympathy into practical endeavor, whether they live in town or in the country.

Therefore, the range of practical "how to do it" articles in the Editor's plans for 1905 is very wide—and cover in thorough detail every likely field of inquiry.

We intend that OUTING shall be a complete and a rational and practical all-round exponent of outdoor life. Thus we shall help you to grow flowers in your window boxes, to hunt the big game of the old and new world, to skillfully handle your horses, to properly care for your dogs, to beautify your home at the minimum expense, to safely sail a boat, to know what to grow on an acre of land and how to grow it, to make good roads and keep them good, to angle with success and pleasure, to successfully stock a stream, to profitably raise chickens, to drive an automobile and how to keep it in repair—and to play games with skill and in sportsmanly spirit. In fact—we propose that no outdoor activity or interest shall fail of being served in OUTING to the entertainment and the instruction and the benefit of our readers. In all these directions we are perfecting an organization which shall leave nothing to be desired—we are confident, for neither talent nor money nor effort is being spared. That our endeavors have not been without appreciation, we know; it will not be amiss to say here that increased business has made it recently both necessary and advisable for us to install our own plant for the composing, electrotyping, printing and binding of the magazine.

If we may, with not unbecoming pride, point to the magazine itself as an eloquent brief of the scope and intent of our plans—we shall ask that you accept it as an earnest of what we have in store in the way of virile fiction, human-interest, travel, adventure and country-living articles; and practical papers touching every form of outdoor life.

THE SCHOOL AND COLLEGE WORLD

By RALPH D. PAINE

WILL PRINCETON REVIVE HER ROWING DAYS?

PRINCETON is to have a made-to-order lake three and a half miles long, whose waters will lap the shores of her campus. This handsome scenic acquisition is the gift of Andrew Carnegie, and as a university benefaction will long be unique. It can be compared only with the bequest of Mark Twain's millionaire who left to his nephew the finest collection of echoes in the world. At an expense of nearly \$200,000, a large tract of farming land lying in a natural basin is to be cleared and dammed and ready for inundation before the end of this year. When Princeton shall enjoy this interesting sheet of water, her students will have the finest rowing facilities in this country, because the claims of boating will be at their doors.

While no plans for a revival of rowing have been announced, it is a safe prediction that the "Carnegie Lake" will swarm with working-boats and shells before many seasons have passed. The young men of Old Nassau are ardent sportsmen, finding all their pastimes within their own boundaries remote from cities, and they are out-of-doors in large numbers in all seasons. All other athletic institutions have taken to rowing because they had water to row on. Princeton first manufactures a handy course, and then thinks about rowing on it.

"A revival" of rowing among the Tigers sounds oddly in the ears of the rising generation, which has forgotten that Princeton once entered her crews in the regattas of the "Rowing Association of American Colleges." This was way back in the early seventies, and the orange and black was in the field of aquatic rivalry with such other defunct rowing interests as Brown, Amherst, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, Trinity, Williams, and the Massachusetts Agricultural College. These were the days when a round dozen college crews started off together at Saratoga, Worcester or at Springfield, a sight to make the Poughkeepsie regatta of to-day seem small potatoes. The Princeton oarsmen practiced on the canal which loafs past their classic shades, and it was rowing under heavy handicaps. It is related that when the crew wished to turn around and go home, the shell had to be lifted upon the tow-path, swung round, and put in the water again.

All the crews of those times rowed in six-oared shells without coxswains. The Princeton rowing honors were not conspicuous. In the Saratoga regatta of 1874, she finished last in a field of nine crews, and over the same course in the following year, the orange and black was tailing at the end of a procession of fourteen college boats. But Princeton men can afford to smile at these ancient records, for, in 1871, Har-

vard was beaten by Brown and the embattled farmers from the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Worse than this, Yale was trowned in 1872 by Amherst, Williams, Bowdoin, Massachusetts Agricultural and Harvard. And the dark blue was not only the last of the six boats, but was whipped by a minute and three quarters of distance. This was not only the worst crew that ever rowed for Yale, but incongruously enough, it contained the Freshman who as captain and stroke brought more prestige to Yale oarsmanship than any other man ever connected with it. His name was Robert J. Cook.

When Princeton, therefore, launches her first crew on "Carnegie Lake," she can look back on her by-gone rowing annals as worthy of comparison with the humble beginnings of Yale's great fame on the water. And when we hear of "The American Henley on the Schuylkill," as if it proclaimed a new era of interest in American rowing, it is worth recalling that the popularity of the sport among the colleges was far greater thirty years ago than it is at present, or is likely to be for many years to come.

AN INSTRUCTIVE GLIMPSE OF OXFORD

Ellis Schutt, the champion distance runner, formerly of Cornell, now a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, in writing a friend in Ithaca, has this interesting comment to make regarding an athletic system that is full of the spirit "of sport for sport's sake."

"After luncheon at one o'clock, we go out to the river, or track or football, *every one* in the college, and play at games until five, when we return and go in crowds of half a dozen to some man's rooms for tea. After tea we sit and smoke and talk over the games of the afternoon or play whist until dinner at seven thirty. After dinner one either has a bunch of men in to coffee or one goes to some other man's rooms for coffee, where we sit and chat and smoke till nine. Then we disperse and study for a bit and turn in. It is the most sociable life I could imagine, not in an effeminate fashion, but in a strong, lusty fashion, common to sport-loving, manly fellows."

Any notion lurking in the mind of Mr. Schutt that the Englishmen "take it easy" in sport when they are in the contest, was dispelled by the cross-country race between Oxford and Cambridge. Schutt finished second for Oxford, and wrote Trainer Moakley of Cornell:

"The race was awful. We don't know at home what cross-country is. We started on a seven and a half mile course in a blinding, cold rain. The first mile was in a forest path, and was done in 4.38. Then we struck the mile and a half of steep,

up-hill, plowed ground, muddy and clayey. I went up to my knees every step, and the stuff stuck to my shoes. I was dead to the world when we got to the top. From there we had two more miles of rough and ragged forest path, then a mile up a hill like the side of a house, and the last two miles on the flat. It was the hardest race I ever saw. The fences we took were like this: a fence three and a half feet high, with a ditch five feet deep, half filled with water. We jumped straight down into the water to our waists, and then clambered out all dripping. There were also barbed wire fences here and there. I was running along, blinded by the rain, and did not see one of these obstacles, and was cut quite badly across the legs. After the race we were given a dinner by the Thames Hare and Hounds. They gave me a great ovation as being the only American there, and the first Rhodes man to get 'varsity athletic honors. They made me try a speech, which I bungled. It was worse than bumping into barbed wire fences."

THE SWEEPING VOGUE OF BASKETBALL

For years gymnasium instructors and physical directors puzzled their brains how to find exercise for the winter months which might attract students to indoor work, without making it seem like drudgery. It is still a problem, but the rapid rise of basketball has done much to help toward a solution. At first looked upon with more or less contempt by the university athlete, the game was soon respected as a sport demanding the agility, wind and intelligence of a first-class branch of competition. The spread of football was no more surprising than the basketball crusade, which has achieved an intercollegiate dignity in a few seasons. No more striking proof is needed than the mid-winter trip of the Yale basketball team. These ambitious experts left New Haven on December 21st, and traveled three thousand miles, a record for an Eastern college team of any kind. They went as far south as New Orleans and then tackled the champions of the Middle West.

At Brown University, for example, "as a result of the steadily increasing interest in basketball during the past two or three years, the sport has become the most important branch of our athletics during the winter term. Although the game was introduced five years ago, its popularity has been so great that it ranks with baseball, football and track athletics, although it is not as yet recognized by the Athletic Association."

This pastime is unique in that young men play it without fear of being called effeminate, while young women in school and college fight out their championships without being called masculine. It is the only prominent and widely popular field of school and college athletic activity adapted to the physical skill of both sexes. On the

Pacific coast, as among the woman's colleges of the East, basketball is a feminine diversion. In the former territory, the young woman's league includes teams from Stanford, California and Nevada universities, Mills and the San Jose Normal School. This combination boasts a league executive board which meets annually in January to arrange the schedule of the season's games. At such leading co-educational universities as Michigan, the girls play series of class games, a pretty feature to enliven the grind of winter on the campus.

As an admirable stimulus to draw young men and women to the gymnasium, as a training ground for oarsman and baseball player, and as an interesting and varied sport, basketball deserves its high esteem. But, absurd as it sounds, the game has been already invaded by the professional coach, for the American collegian is never content to let his athletics remain a pastime, so long as there is the spur of rivalry with other teams. The college world has seen football made a species of hard labor, and baseball turned over to professional handlers, and knows that the results have been demoralizing to the spirit of play. As soon as a new branch of wholesome sport becomes established, the professional coach is sure to be in demand, and basketball will go the way of its fellow pastimes, and become a burden to the athletic finances of the colleges, with paid coaches and trainers and costly training stables.

A BLIGHTED ROSEBUD

The *Michigan Daily* reflects a wholesome view-point of athletics in remarking editorially:

"The action of the athletic board of control in declaring Ralph Rose ineligible to compete in further meets will no doubt win unanimous approval from the students of the university. The giant athlete has, by his actions, brought to Michigan undesirable notoriety that can be counter-balanced in no other way."

THE GROWTH OF INTERCOLLEGIATE FENCING

What are called "minor college sports" are impressive in the aggregate. With basketball, ice-hockey, indoor relay and track meets, gymnastic contests and fencing matches, the winter season is as furiously active as the outdoor months. Fencing had to struggle hard for a solid foothold, but at last established as an intercollegiate rivalry in the East, it reached out for converts into the Middle West. But the older experts with the foils are not as zealous missionaries as they should be, as is shown by their recent refusal to admit the Michigan team to membership in the intercollegiate association. It seems to be a fairly typical illustration of the tendency of Eastern and Western athletic interests to separate themselves in two great divisions be-

tween which there is little sympathy or community of interest.

Certainly the West is big and strong enough to "go it alone," and in this case the inhospitality of the fencing body will simply hasten the formation of a Western fencing league with its own championship organization. Mr. Frick, of the University of Pennsylvania, secretary of the Intercollegiate Fencing Association, wrote the Michigan applicants that the "action was deemed advisable because of the great difficulty of arranging a satisfactory method of competition for more than the present number of teams." But he softened the blow by suggesting that a dual meeting with the Pennsylvania might be arranged if the fencers of Ann Arbor would pay the expenses of the trip to that place.

Michigan will now cultivate friendly hostilities with the fencers of Chicago University, where the pupils keep one master busy most of the time.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN OF THE TRACK ATHLETE

The alumnus does not have to confess to many wrinkles or a scanty thatch who can remember when the winter campaign of a track athletic squad was almost wholly confined to limbering up in the gymnasium and running through the town streets. Nowadays, so high runs the spirit of competition, that the undergraduate with the speedy underpinnings is involved in a list of winter meets so formidable as to have turned the calendar round, making his spring outdoor obligations seem tame and few. Here, chosen at random, is the program laid out for the Cornell specialists from early in February on. First, they meet several Eastern colleges at the annual Boston Athletic Club carnival, including a two-mile relay race in which Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania usually enter teams. The next event is a triangular meet among the Seventy-fourth Regiment of Buffalo, Syracuse University and Cornell, which sends a complete track team for the regulation list of events.

A little later, a relay team will go to Washington to take part in the meet organized by Georgetown, in which a number of colleges have entries.

Then comes the games of the New York Athletic Club, in which Cornell last year won a four-mile relay race and made a world's record.

Nor will these indefatigable flyers overlook the games of the Greater New York Irish Athletic Club, which are a "warming up" for the contest to be held with the relay team of Michigan University, which will be held in the East.

As an extra event, a two-mile relay race is being arranged among Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania and the Seventy-fourth Regiment of Buffalo.

All these contests fill in the time until the first outdoor event, which will be the

mammoth intercollegiate and interscholastic relay racing carnival of the University of Pennsylvania.

And we old fogies used to think the "Mott Haven Games" were the whole business of the track athletic teams.

WHERE ROWING IS ATTRACTIVE

The rowing season has opened with the dogged preparation on running-path and in the tank, and the adverse conditions under which Eastern oarsmen labor through snow-bound and ice-locked winter months, must make them sigh when they hear that the crews of the Stanford University are already on the water of Lagunita. With their wonderful advantages of winter climate, the Pacific Coast universities ought to build up rowing in the forefront of their athletic activities. It is therefore cheering to learn that at Stanford rowing will have the most successful season on record. The sport is in its infancy, compared with the Eastern systems of aquatics, but it has an admirable stimulus in the person of Professor W. A. Durand, who was chairman of the faculty committee on boating while at Cornell. He has more than a theoretical knowledge, and will do the coaching this season. The Stanford squad rows in four-oared boats, and has purchased a new 'varsity shell for this year's racing, a step in advance, as previously the contests have been rowed in working-boats. A new course and boat-house are planned, and both university and freshman fours are promising in enthusiasm and material. There is no reason why a first-class boating system should not be established at a place like Stanford, where all the drudgery that makes Eastern training distasteful can be eliminated from the start.

THE STUDENT FIRE FIGHTERS

The large surplus of youthful energy rampant on every college campus finds a safety-valve in athletics, and now and then in can rushes, bowl fights and hazing. The authorities of Leland Stanford University have found a new and eminently practical outlet for this high pressure in the maintenance of a student fire department. "Running with the machine," putting out fires, and all the fuss and fury of this lively occupation are really a new branch of athletics, and bound to be popular. The students on the active list of the department live in the fire-house, which is equipped with up-to-date devices for "getting off their mark" in a hurry. At night a watchman, stationed on the ground floor, is ready to operate a switch which in case of an alarm turns on all the lights and rings a gong in the sleeping quarters of the firemen upstairs. They pile down to their stations when duty calls as if the signal had been given for a mass-on tackle. Other college duties are not neglected, for part of the building has been fitted as a study and living room, and another apartment is being fitted up as a library.

AMERICA'S PROGRESS IN AUTOMOBILING AS REVEALED BY THE SHOW

AMERICAN automobiles for Americans, was the slogan that sent its reverberations throughout the length and breadth of our land from the national automobile show in the Madison Square Garden last January. This watchword has been still further intensified in the sectional shows that have been in progress ever since that time, and whose series will not be closed until the Washington, D. C., exhibit ends early in April.

Never before have American manufacturers of motor cars been so confident of their ability to stand side by side with their foreign competitors, never have they been so sanguine of the future and never before have they met with such encouragement from the public, as was attested by the unprecedented demand this year for motor vehicles of light and moderate horse power.

From whatever view-point the late New York show, which practically sets the pace for the automobile industry of the year, may be regarded, it illustrated progress. Broadly speaking, the show demonstrated that American ingenuity and mechanical skill, combined with American automatic machinery, American labor and American factory systems, have succeeded in turning out automobiles that not only equal cars of similar horse power made abroad, but in some respects surpass them.

America's chief claim to automobile distinction within the last three or four years has been in the excellence of its light vehicles. As the demand at first was largely for easy running vehicles for use upon city and park roads, concentration focused itself upon this type of machine. With the gradual appreciation of the delights of touring in a motor car, the need of a stronger and more serviceable vehicle was felt. This led to an extensive importation of foreign cars. Home manufacturers scented the danger, and made haste to meet the competition. Prejudice against the high-powered American cars gradually wore away as their reliability was proven, and despite the popular complaints against the Vanderbilt road race last season on Long Island, the admirable showing of some of the moderate-powered cars of home manufacture assuredly did more to bring the American touring car of from 24 to 35 horse power into favor than all the trade claims could accomplish in months.

This fact was strikingly revealed in the January show. An unusual number of vehicles were displayed of 24 horse power and over. In fact, so far as advance statistics are reliable, it was reported that over fifty per cent. of the motor vehicles turned out by American firms this year will be equipped with engines of more than 20 horse power, while only twelve per cent. will be of less than 10 horse power. This illustrates the increasing popularity of the automobile.

The owner of a car to-day wants one that he may use in country touring, if necessary, and for this purpose he requires one with sufficient power to climb hills at tolerable speed. Hence the great call for the car from 24 to 35 horse power, which, when well made, is fast enough for anybody, can get to the top of any New England hill without calling for auxiliary horse power, and, with the recent advance in mechanical construction, has little if any vibration, while in carriage fittings, it possesses all the ease and comforts deemed necessary for long-distance riding.

Technical differences in construction, instead of striking novelties in the vehicles themselves, were the characteristics of the recent national show. It will hardly be necessary to specialize these cases here. All of the leading manufacturers whose machines have earned a reputation for stability showed certain features peculiar to their cars. There was nothing, however, so admittedly superior as to stamp one machine as vastly better than another, and any machine of a dozen makes was warranted to give equal satisfaction. It is simply a matter of taste now with the purchaser: some prefer an air-cooled motor instead of the customary water-cooled engine; others prefer the high-tension magneto instead of the low-tension type for ignition, and other differences in mechanical detail might readily be cited. Among these mechanical differences the increasing popularity of the air-cooled motor was one of the marked features, and its progress in the next two or three years will be watched with keen interest.

The side entrance to the car is, of course, now practically universal. This is an improvement over the rear entrance, and is copied from the French, whose superiority as leaders in the development of much that is best in the automobile must be freely acknowledged. Last year, only a few foreign cars had the side entrance. Now, no 1905 model is without it. The pressed steel frame, another lesson learned from our foreign friends, has been generally adopted, with tubular axles, wood artillery wheels and large pneumatic tires, all combining to greater ease in riding.

The prevailing style of engine is unmistakably the four-cylinder vertical type, placed under the usual bonnet in front of the car. Of 236 entire cars exhibited by nearly one hundred manufacturers in Madison Square Garden, 127 vehicles were equipped with the four-cylinder motor. Only twelve were of the two-cylinder type, eight of one-cylinder and two of six-cylinder. Nine cars had the one-cylinder horizontal engine. These 236 vehicles were divided into 207 gasoline, 20 electric and 9 steam.

The shaft drive on all but the very heavy cars, which still use the chain drive, the

wheel steer, the sliding gear transmission, in some cases operated on ball bearings, magneto ignition and the conical clutch, automatic float feed carburetors and mechanically operated inlet valves were all among the important elements of mechanism that were adopted in the best makes of cars. There is a very evident attempt to secure greater simplicity in construction, and this is now one of the most important problems that the automobile designer and engineer has to deal with. It is attracting attention abroad, for one of the complaints that many American users of foreign cars have brought against them is their complex and delicate machinery. This may not be so obvious on French roads, for it must be remembered that every country builds the cars best adapted for its needs, and on the better French roads delicate machinery is less liable to get out of order. In America, it has been stated that, outside of the cities, there are only three thousand miles of macadam road, whereas in France, the motorist has 130,000 miles of smooth road for travel and enjoyment. Strong, compact and single machinery is therefore a necessity for the future popularity of the American touring car, and the recent show illustrated this tendency toward simplicity, which eventually will result in the standardization of many of the fundamental parts of the automobile. A slight measure of success in this respect has already been observed. One American manufacturer showed his belief in the simple automobile by using only batteries for ignition and with nothing on the steering wheel except the ignition lever, the control being managed by a foot pedal. These principles were shown on all of the big touring cars made by this manufacturer, including a fifty horse power vehicle, selling for \$6,500, one of the largest and highest priced American touring cars ever made for general use. Only two or three cars of this high power were seen in the show, and while there is no great demand for them, their very presence illustrates the tendency of American manufacturers to cope with the high-powered cars of foreign make.

The day of the high-powered car for ordinary touring purposes is passing. They, the French racer who won the Gordon Bennett race last year, during his recent visit to America said that the automobile of the future would be of moderate horse power and of simpler mechanism. He stated that even in France the craze for cars of exorbitant horse power is falling off, and that touring cars of from 24 to 35 horse power are becoming the more popular types.

American cars of this type may now be obtained at prices ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,500. With the limousine top and rich upholstery, the expense may be increased to \$5,000 or \$6,000, but this additional outlay represents more luxuries in the carriage body itself than any extra superiority of the machine in reliability. A speed of from

30 to 40 miles on a level may be made in these vehicles; fast enough, surely, for the excitement of automobiling, in which the likelihood of arrest for exceeding the speed laws may form no small part.

The leading manufacturers are making no reduction in price this year. Competition is manifesting itself in stronger machines, thus insuring greater reliability than in the lines of cheapness. This policy is now meeting its reward, and indeed there is no necessity for a cut in prices when over a score of manufacturers already have orders ahead for six months for all the machines that their factories can turn out. Stability is being sought for more than cheapness, and the purchaser is not likely to haggle over a few hundred dollars, provided he has the assurance that his car will do the work he wishes it to do and will remain in running condition for more than one season.

The cheapest car in the show was a two-cylinder, 3 1-4 horse power runabout, open top, with single seat accommodating two persons, for \$375. For a child's vehicle, it was a marvel of lightness, and presented a wonderfully neat appearance, although somewhat too petite for the adult motorist. Runabouts of more compact build, and with several years of acknowledged reliability behind them, were seen from \$650 to \$950. For the latter price, an exceptionally serviceable vehicle may be secured that is as well fitted for ordinary use on country roads as the heavier touring cars.

When one considers the difference in price between the American and foreign machines, it is easy to see wherein a great part of the popularity of the home-made vehicle lies. The American manufacturer is amply protected with his tariff duty of 45 per cent. on imported automobiles, but unless he can turn out good machines, his home market is certain to be limited. The reliability of foreign cars has rapidly enhanced their importation, but yet, compared with American sales, their numbers are limited. The president of the Importers' Automobile Association, which held its own show this year for the first time, admitted that last year only 500 machines were brought to this country. They represent an enormous outlay of money, however, for their aggregate value was \$4,000,000, which, at an individual valuation of \$8,000 is not excessive with the duty. Consequently, it is easy to see, that with American cars equally as good as the foreign article for ordinary touring purposes, and cheaper by \$2,000 or more in price, the mere fashion of owning a foreign car will not confer the same distinction upon the owner in the future as has been the case in the past.

As has been stated before, every country has its individualities in the make of its cars. Hence, certain French importers are now having cars made especially adapted to American roads, being somewhat higher in the frame than the vehicles made for

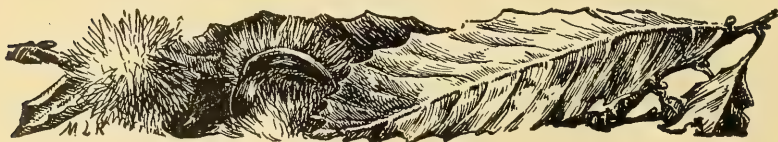
their home use. With longer stretches of good roads abroad, lower frames may be employed to better advantage than in this country. In fact, a number of French cars are being imported here now, bearing the mark, "Made for American roads."

Foreign manufacturers have taught American makers many valuable lessons, and they have been well learned. In the excellence of the material that enters into the structure of the foreign machine, the foreign cars have for several years been superior, and are yet, to some extent. In the selection of metals and their combination so as to produce the most efficient results, the foreign manufacturers have shown a care and patience that the eager American manufacturers have been somewhat slow to observe. More attention is now being given to this phase of motor car manufacture, and while two or three years ago, it was a rarity to see an American frame with the mechanism fully exposed for close scrutiny, over thirty frames of American cars were freely exhibited in the Madison Square Garden show. Sections of carburetors, clutches, transmission and engine valves, illustrating all the different operations, formed some of the most helpful and interesting exhibits of the leading manufacturers, and the care with which they were studied revealed the growing desire of American automobile users to understand the minutest mechanical details of their vehicles. In the excellence of the chassis, however, the foreigner is still in the lead, as well as in the artistic and graceful lines displayed in the carriage bodies. Great improvement in the latter respect has been noticed during the past year, and carriage builders in the United States are now beginning to study more carefully the appearance and beauty of the carriage itself.

The troublesome problem of tires seems as far from satisfactory solution as ever. The exhibition of tires, including devices for their preservation and non-skidding appliances, was very large and presented a number of interesting features, but there was nothing that came close to the point of practical solution. One of the novel de-

vices that merited so much approval as to be ordered for a large number of demonstrating cars, was a coat-of-mail covering for the tire. In this case, the tire itself is accepted as it stands, and a stout leather covering is provided to fasten upon the tire. Upon the shoe of this tire covering is a broad band of hexagonal shaped plates of steel, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, so arranged that they do not touch except where the tire comes in contact with the ground. At this point, each plate touches its neighbor, thus presenting what is claimed to be an unpuncturable exterior. This coat of mail device will add a weight of about thirty pounds to the car, if only two of these tires are used for the rear wheels, which is where the great majority of tire troubles occur. For touring purposes in rough country, the plan presents feasible possibilities, but the additional weight and the apparent likelihood of the steel plates to retard, even minutely, the speed of the car will hardly recommend this novel plan of tire preservation to the users of racing machines.

The remarkable growth of the American automobile business was revealed this year, not only by the overcrowded condition of the Madison Square Garden with complete machines and accessories, but also from the fact that the foreign agents, in order to secure proper room to show the latest models from abroad, were forced to band themselves together and hold a special show in New York. This is the first time that two shows have ever been in progress in the same city in America at the same time. Both shows were a success, and each illustrated advanced methods in the industry. The crowning feature, however, is the high standard of reliability attained by the American automobile. This merit has been accorded without question for several years to the best foreign makes, but in machines adapted for American roads, at a reasonable price and of warranted stability, the American manufacturers have now reached a high point of efficiency, and the readiness of the public to support them means a belief that home-made vehicles are now equal to the work demanded of them.



WINTER PLANS FOR SUMMER GARDENS

By C. H. GREATHOUSE

DESK and bench give little opportunity for muscular movement; so Americans are losing virile energy born of field and forest, which has been their best heritage. Exercise will bring it back, and a hour a day gardening is worth two of patent exerciser or scientific contortions of muscle against muscle. So, if some who go a-gardening this spring of 1905 come out with redder cheeks and steadier nerves rather than prize potatoes, they will not think they have labored in vain.

Crisp, fresh vegetables of your own raising, however, are not to be despised. There is a quality in not having been to market. And they are easy to have. A space not larger than the top of a dining table is room enough. In fact, most folks have too much ground. The ordinary mistake of beginners in gardening is to try to do too much. They begin wanting to grow many things before they know how properly to cultivate anything; and so fail in everything, lose interest, patience and that inward sunniness, which, answering to the outward sunshine, is the best tonic.

Why, your secret is, with your little patch of ground, that you can do anything you want to with it. You can warm it sometimes; you can water it always, and that is from a half to two-thirds of the battle. Enough radishes to supply a small family can be grown in a box two feet by three, and an abundance of tomatoes on a spot eight feet square. One or two ordinary easy-to-grow vegetables is a good start for the first season.

HOW PLANTS GROW

Plain foundation facts come first. If kept in mind and applied to plant growing in a common-sense way, they will help greatly. But, remember that differing conditions—and they always do differ—want variation of method. The late William Saunders, thirty-five years head gardener at the Department of Agriculture, warned one day that watering the grass in the hot sun would kill it, replied: "I know it will die if I don't water it." The unusual condition was that the grass was very thirsty. He knew just how much water to give, and his grass lived.

A plant is a living organism, with mouths in the air and in the ground, and a stomach stretching all the way between. Its mouths are constantly changing their position. When the plant is very young they are close together near the stem; for they are in the tender root tips and in the leaves. They stay in the root tips and leaves, but these grow away from the central collar, where growth begins; and the mouths are most numerous and most active in the tips of the roots and in the young leaves. So

the feeding points of the plant constantly tend to form the surface of two hemispheres, one above ground, and the other below. A common mistake is to try watering a larger plant by pouring a little water at its foot. Its mouths are three to ten feet away, and the water never reaches them.

WORK AND PLANS INDOORS

Tools, fertilizers and experiments go along with plans these wintry days.

If you have a city back yard, a space 15 feet wide by 18 feet long, find some way first to let all possible sunshine and pure air into it. If the sun should become too hot, a few yards of cheese-cloth, very cheap, will shade it. The wind is not likely to trouble you. Tomatoes, okra, beans, radishes, peas, potatoes, cabbage, are all easy to grow; but one, two or, at the most, three are enough for the first year. Tomatoes, okra and radishes are good garden companions. The market charges three prices when it sells only enough tomatoes for an average family; if you buy more, they spoil. Okra cannot be found in many markets, and once started, it grows vigorously. Radishes are best one hour from the soil, and can be had that way only from the home garden.

Lay out your little plot, in thought, with one or two rows of radishes 18 to 20 inches apart and long enough to allow about 3 to 5 feet for each member of the family. Two rows of okra four or five feet apart, and the length of your garden 18 feet, will supply a family of six. The remainder of the ground in tomatoes can be made to furnish more than most families use. If in doubt, omit the okra; if still in doubt, forget the tomatoes. Try radishes the first year, anyhow, no matter how much in doubt. If you fail on the first planting, you can try again in three weeks. Success is assured. Seed is cheap. And now is the time to get seed. Send for half a dozen catalogues, and look them over. They are interesting. But for okra or tomatoes, buy pretty much anybody's seed that is offered at the corner grocery. With radishes, see that the seed are large and plump.

Tools needed are a good spade, cost about \$1.50; a garden trowel, 10 cents; an iron rake, 50 to 75 cents, and a garden hose long enough to reach from your water faucet to every part of your garden easily, cost, with nozzle, etc., 10 to 15 cents per running foot, cheaper as it grows in length. A good watering can, 3 cents, does well enough, but is more work.

SOIL AND ITS MAKE-UP

Soil can be made nearly anything wanted. Formerly soil was considered all impor-

tant. Now it is claimed plants will grow very well in water without any soil. Chemical constituents of the soil were once the main consideration in so-called scientific farming. Now the mechanical condition, the texture, is given as much or more attention. A hard clay made loose and crumbly by winter's frost will grow water-melons thriftily on a sunny bank. The point is to keep the soil so the moisture drawn through its capillary spaces will reach the little mouths of the rootlets in the outside shell of the underground hemisphere previously mentioned.

To keep this soil solution of nitrates and just in the right proportions for the particular plant, other constituents in reach of the little mouths is one of the great problems of agriculture.

A good plan in preparation for improvement of a close, sticky garden soil is to secure several bushels each of humus and sand. Both can be used to make the ground loose, and the humus is probably the best thing to enrich it. Humus is completely decomposed animal or vegetable matter. In the woods the leaf mold under the present year's leaf crop is a good sample of humus; and in the thick woods is a first-rate place to get a supply of this rich earth to put heart into your ground and make things grow. Commercial fertilizers can be bought as wanted, if wanted. Much more care and skill is required in successful use of them.

If the weather will permit, spade up a part of the garden before winter closes, and watch the effect in the looseness of its texture when preparation of the seed beds comes in after the frost is gone.

SOME WINDOW EXPERIMENTS

It will be worth while to try growing at the window any kind of plants that may be convenient. Cabbages, potatoes and onions are ordinarily recommended; lettuce also is started early. It must be transplanted to make it head. But tomatoes and radishes have good points. Tomatoes must not be started very early, or they will grow too large for safe handling before time to set them in the bed. Radishes grow quickly, and if the first planting fails to come up satisfactorily within a week, another can be made. Don't be afraid to dig up two or three seeds on the third day after planting to see how they are sprouting; and dig up more if they seem to be dead.

Boxes made of lath are cheap and satisfactory for window gardens. They are made three to four laths deep, of a length to fit the window in a way suited to the maker's convenience, and 18 to 30 inches wide. Any box of the dimensions indicated will do as well if provision is made for the escape of surplus water. This can be done by boring quarter-inch holes in the

bottom, three to six to the square foot. A galvanized iron or zinc pan to set the box in is necessary to save wetting the floor. It should be an inch deep, and so adjusted as not to prevent drainage from the box. If necessary, put a pebble or small block under one corner of the box.

The nearest florist will sell enough loose rich potting earth to fill the window box; if it has been properly handled, there are no weed-seeds in it. But good earth can be procured from the woodland; if heated to 200 degrees F., all seeds in it will be killed. If no woods are near the backyard will furnish the basis. If it makes a sticky mud with no grit in it when wet and kneaded it needs sand; one part of sand to six of soil, more or less as the wet soil seems more or less close grained and clayey. For fertilizer add well rotted stable manure, or fresh manure mixed with straw thoroughly dried till the whole mass can be crumbled together in a fine homogeneous mass will do. Put one part of manure to three to five of soil.

Cover the holes in the bottom of the box so they will not fill up with earth as the water runs through. Bits of broken crockery, or flower pots, will serve for this. If turf is convenient, pieces turned grass-side down make a good first layer, and no other covering for the holes is needed. Fill the box with the enriched soil to the top, and firm down a little with a board; when the surface is about an inch from the top of the box, the soil will be close enough.

Draw little furrows lengthwise of the box an inch deep and ten to twelve inches apart, and drop in the radish seed about thirty to the foot, cover with half an inch of soil, pressed down firmly with a board or other flat surface. The object of this firming is to make sure that the moist soil is close to the seed. It must not be packed too close, and the surface must not be left hard.

If the box can be set in water to an inch from the top for two or three minutes, till the soil is moistened, but not wet, it will be well. Otherwise sprinkle carefully till the earth is thoroughly moist, but not sticky, to a depth of three inches. Sit the box by the window where the temperature will not go below 50 degrees F. Remember heat at the bottom of the box will make the plants all top. When the plants are up thin to two or three inches apart, water so as to keep the soil moist below the roots of the plants two to four inches, as they grow in size, and in three to five weeks there should be radishes for the table. There will certainly be experience for the outdoor gardening.

What kind of radish? Early red turnips, French Breakfast, Olive-shaped Scarlet.

These suggestions are for a small garden for beginners. In a general way they apply to a larger garden for beginners who have more time.

THE GAME FIELD

HOW TO OFFSET WINTER DEPLETION OF GAME

By EDWYN SANDYS

IT is no pleasant task to think of what the sure-to-arrive letters from the Bob White Grounds will contain. From a little private ground, less than two hours' run from Gotham, in fact, in one of the best parts of Long Island, I received a small box in which lay one of those brown-throated beauties to which I sometimes refer as "seed-hens." She was extremely hard, but a thawing and careful examination proved her to be in very fair flesh, which only added to my woe. Had she been reduced to skin and bones, it would not have been so bad, because a starved bird easily succumbs to a brief spell of severe weather; but here was an almost plump specimen as cold and stiff as an icicle. I'm afraid this means a serious killing-off of the birds so far as the abnormal weather has extended, which, if true, must also mean the at least temporary ruination of three-fourths of the Northern Bob White shooting.

The sole remedy, so far as I can see, lies in a prompt and judicious re-stocking, for which, of course, birds must be brought from the South. Gun clubs and individuals located near to the Good Grounds, cannot do better than meet and thoroughly discuss the situation, and make prompt arrangements for the securing of at least a limited number of birds to replace some of the many which must have perished. Remember that very few pairs of healthy Bob Whites will suffice for the re-stocking of grounds of medium area, as under average conditions, a single pair is good for from eight to near twenty young in a single season. If I could get hold of twenty birds, half of each sex, I should divide them, putting five cocks and five hens into one coop, and the remainder into a second. The coops should be placed where they would be safe from possible invasion by rats, and be well supplied with sand, water and food—the most convenient probably being small corn and wheat mixed. I have kept Bob Whites for six weeks and more in this way, and then turned them out in tip-top condition. As a receptacle for the grain, I used an old baking-pan which was filled to the brim, and not meddled with till the supply began to run low. The less fussing with the birds the better, a brief daily inspection being all that is necessary. They will eat the grain all right, and providing they are not scared by a reckless approach, they will seldom attempt to use their wings. If alarmed, they are apt to dash against the sides and top of the coop, and so injure themselves.

The very best ground upon which to re-

lease them is the place which formerly yielded the best shooting early in the season. The reason is simple enough. The partial migration of the Bob White, frequently is nothing more than a shifting from the summer to the winter quarters, and this usually takes place about the opening of the shooting season, hence it has no bearing upon the mating and nesting periods. The fact of native birds having selected certain breeding-grounds is ample warrant that the same grounds should admirably serve for the transplanted stock. In point of fact, the new birds will behave precisely as did the old, nest near, or actually in the old spots, and upon the approach of cold weather, shift to the covers favored by their predecessors. The time for releasing them is as soon as possible after the opening of gunning spring. A tested method of transporting the birds is as follows: Late in the afternoon, darken the front of the coop with a bit of old carpet, or horse-blanket, carefully place it in the rig and drive to some farm-yard near the breeding-grounds. After dark, quietly remove a couple of slats from the front of the coop, put in a double supply of grain, replace the carpet, and softly carry the coop to the best of the near-by small cover—the briery angle of a rail-fence is a first-rate place. Place the coop in the cover, then so soon as all's quiet within, carefully remove the blanket, and leave the birds to their own devices. It is unlikely that one of them will attempt to stir before sunrise. Then they will rouse, feed and presently discover they are back to the wild, and free to step forth whenever so disposed. This is exactly as it should be, for they will hang together for a period, and otherwise behave as would a bevy that had wintered on the spot. In all probability they will not wander far from the coop for some days, during which period they should not be disturbed. This plan I think is better than breaking the lot up into pairs, and releasing one pair here and there over a large area, because it is what the birds naturally do. They will fight and scatter fast enough when the pairing begins, which with southern birds, is apt to be a bit earlier than the average of the north.

The one thing better than this transplanting, is the preservation of what native birds may be left. It is to be hoped that the men on the shooting grounds will spare no effort to save even a remnant of the natives for, after all, one strong pair reared on the spot is better than twice that number brought from perhaps a great distance southward.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

By JOHN BURROUGHS

A PROPOS of the question, "Do animals think?" a correspondent, writing from Washington, says that I deny this power to the lower animals because I use the word in a too-restricted sense. He then proceeds to say that if we use the word "chin" to signify "exclusively a portion of the human face, meaning that portion which is extended *perpendicularly* downward from the mouth, we would hesitate to say that the lower animals have chins. So if we define 'laugh' as spreading the mouth in merriment we could not say that animals laugh."

I am quite ready to admit that animals think in as strict a sense as they have chins or as they laugh. A feeling of play and merriment they certainly have, but this feeling is practically entirely physical. I don't suppose an animal could appreciate a joke, or the comic, or the absurd. Man is the only animal that laughs or weeps, though tears may run from the eyes of a suffering beast. And the chin of a bird or beast is a very rudimentary affair indeed.

Take the case of the little yellow warbler when the cow-bird drops her egg into its nest—does anything like a process of thought or reflection pass in the bird's mind then? The warbler is much disturbed when she discovers the strange egg and her mate appears to share her agitation. Then after a time, and after the two have apparently considered the matter together, the mother bird proceeds to bury the egg by building another nest on top of the old one. If another cow-bird's egg is dropped in this one, she will proceed to get rid of this in the same way. This all looks very like reflection. But let us consider the matter a moment. This thing between the cow-bird and the warbler has been going on for innumerable generations. The yellow warbler seems to be the favorite host of this parasite, and something like a special instinct may have grown up in the warbler with reference to this strange egg. The bird reacts, as the psychologists say, at sight of it, then she proceeds to dispose of it in the way above described. *All yellow warblers act in the same manner*, which is the way of instinct. Now if this procedure was the result of an individual thought or calculation on the part of the birds, they would not all do the same thing; different lines of conduct would be hit upon. How much simpler and easier it would be to throw the egg out—how much more like an act of rational intelligence. So far as I know no bird does eject this parasitical egg, and no other bird besides the yellow warbler gets rid of it in the way I have described. I have seen a green-backed warbler rearing the young cow-bird.

Another correspondent is sure his dog thinks when he sits up in front of him

while he is reading, and taps him on his back or leg as a reminder that he wants that ball in his master's pocket to play with; and that his parrot thinks when, on hearing him enter the house, it begins savagely to bite its cage and to make hideous noises, all with a view to obtaining its freedom, so that it can make its way to its beloved master, and caress him and play with him. If such things indicate powers of thought, then nearly all animals think. The bee does when it goes forth from the hive in quest of honey; the big mid-summer spider does when it shakes its net to frighten you away; the mother bird does when she flutters over the ground at your feet to decoy you away from her nest, etc. But none of these acts can properly be called the result of thinking.

When a parrot takes a cracker or a crust of bread and soaks it in its cup of water before eating it, that looks much more like the result of a mental process.

MIMICRY

To what lengths this protective resemblance theory is pushed by some of its expounders! Thus, in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro there are two species of hawks that closely resemble each other, but one eats only insects and the other eats birds. Mr. Wallace thinks that the bird eater mimics the insect eater, so as to deceive the birds, which are not afraid of the latter. But if the two hawks look alike would not the birds come to regard them both as bird eaters, since one of them does eat birds? Would they not at once identify the harmless one with their real enemy and thus fear them both alike? If the latter were newcomers and vastly in the minority, then the ruse might work for awhile. But if there were ten harmless hawks around to one dangerous one, the former would quickly suffer from the character of the latter in the estimation of the birds. Birds are instinctively afraid of all hawk kind.

Wallace thinks it may be an advantage to cuckoos, a rather feeble class of birds, to resemble the hawks, but this is another matter. If the sheep could imitate the wolf its enemies might keep clear of it. Our cuckoo is a feeble and defenseless bird also, but it bears no resemblance to the hawk.

Many of these close resemblances among different species of animals, are no doubt purely accidental, or the result of the same law of variation acting under similar conditions. We have a humming-bird moth that so closely in its form and flight and manner resembles a humming bird, that if this resemblance brought it any immunity from danger, it would be set down as a clear case of mimicry. There is such a moth in England, too, where no humming bird is found.

Why should not Nature repeat herself in this way? This moth feeds upon the nectar of flowers like the humming bird, and why should it not have the humming bird's form and manner?

Then there are accidental resemblances in nature, such as the often-seen resemblance of knots of trees and of vegetables to the human form, and of a certain fungus to a part of man's anatomy. We have a fly that resembles a honey bee. In my bee-hunting days I used to call it the "mock honey bee." It would come up the wind on the scent of my bee box and hum about it precisely like a real bee. When looked at closely it resembled a drone more than a worker bee. Of course it was here before the honey bee and has been evolved quite independently of it. It feeds upon the pollen and nectar of flowers like the true bee, and is, therefore, of similar form and color. The honey bee has its enemies; the toads and tree frogs feed upon them, and the king bird captures the slow drone.

When an edible butterfly mimics an inedible or noxious one, as is frequently the case in the tropics, the mimicker is no doubt the gainer.

It makes a big difference whether the mimicker is seeking to escape from an enemy, or seeking to deceive its prey. I fail to see how, in the latter case, any disguise of form or color could be brought about.

Our shriek, at times, murders little birds and eats out their brains, and it has not the form, or the color, or the eye, of a bird of prey, and thus probably deceives its victims, but there is no reason to believe that this guise is the result of any sort of mimicry.

My son Julian furnishes me with the following account of

A WOOD DUCK'S NEST

which our hired man found last summer:

"Several times I paddled up and down past the 'Hog's Back,' before I could locate the tree that had the wood duck's nest. Many trees in the great swamp along the flooded, black stream answered the description the hired-man had given me, and it was only by chance that I found the one at last: a small swamp maple with a round hole, almost as big as a stove-pipe, about seven feet from the ground. Pulling the boat out in the fern-choked swamp, I climbed up the tree and looked in. And what a pretty sight! The mother wood duck was hovering her precious eggs, her two luminous black eyes, with their circle of white, gazing up into mine in wide alarm, her shining plumage of brown and bronze and yellowish-green reflecting back the light from the opening above. She drew back her head and defied me in a low, yet soft, hissing sound. For an hour I tried to tie or hold my camera so as to get a picture of her, but in vain. It was nearly a week before I could come back and then

the ducks were gone. Just below the Hog's Back I found both the parent ducks sitting on a log that lay across the stream and I suppose the young were there too. In the nest were some feathers the devoted mother had picked from her breast, and the skins of all the eggs.

"It has so long been a disputed question how our wood duck gets her young from the nesting tree to the water, and so many different explanations have been offered, that I now examined this nest with particular care in regard to that question. Andre, in his 'A Naturalist in the Guianas,' says the wood duck there builds in a hollow stump and forces the young ducks out, taking care that they fall in the water. A writer in *OUTING*, a year or so ago, says he has seen the young climb out by themselves. Others maintain that the old duck carries them in her bill to the water, and others that she takes them on her back. Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., watched the nest of the American Golden Eye and saw the exit of the young: the old duck sat in the water under the tree and after watching for some time to see if the coast was clear, she uttered a peculiar *squack*, whereupon all the young rushed forth and fell in a yellow stream into the water below. But the water is sometimes at a distance. Even in such cases it seems as if the young ducks jumped out. A friend of mine found a young wood duck caught by his neck in the forks of a bush under a tree where the wood ducks had their nest. For some years a wood duck has nested in the very top of a giant pepperage tree, at Slab Sides, so far from the ground that it seems impossible for the young to have jumped out. One day the mother and all her brood were found in the spring under the tree. This would look as if she certainly did not carry them, directly, at least, to the creek, which in this case was over half a mile away.

"The nest, or rather cavity, which I examined on Black Creek that day, settled one thing—in this case, at least, the mother must have helped them out, for it would have been impossible for young ducks to have climbed out by themselves. From the edge of the opening to the nest was two feet or over—so far that it was with difficulty that I was able to reach the nest, even with my arm thrust, shoulder and all, far into the hole—and for over half the distance the sides were more than perpendicular. Not only that, but they were surprisingly smooth and hard and offered no nail or bill hold for any duck. Once to the top, however, the young ducks could easily have jumped to the ground and run to the water, only a few feet away.

"The only conclusion we can draw is that the way in which young wood ducks get to the water varies with the location and form of the nest. At any rate, it is a disputed point and different observers have seen different things."

DO ANIMALS REASON?

By C. F. DEACON

[There is much discussion among our readers apropos of Mr. John Burroughs' articles on the reasoning of animals. Many, taking a directly opposite view from him, believe that animals are not governed by instinct alone. We print the following communication from among many received, as being the most clearly expressed opinion of those disagreeing with Mr. Burroughs' well-known views.]

IF we contemplate our own minds, we have an immediate cognizance of a certain flow of thoughts or feelings. But if we contemplate mind in other persons it is not so. We can only *infer* the existence and the nature of thoughts and feelings from the activities of the persons which appear to exhibit them. Similarly, wherever we find an animal able to learn by its own individual experience, we have the same right to predicate mind as existing in such an animal that we have to predicate it as existing in any human being other than ourselves. For instance, a dog has always been accustomed to eat when hungry, and food was at hand. That may be due to reflex action alone. But now suppose that the dog has been taught not to eat until he receives a certain signal; then we have exactly the same kind of evidence that the dog's actions are prompted by mind as we have that the actions of a man are so prompted. For instance, Prof. Romanes said his friend, Prof. Gerald Yeo, had a terrier which was taught to keep a morsel of food on its snout till it received the verbal signal "Paid for," when it immediately tossed the food into its mouth. Romanes thought it worth while to carry the case farther, and while the dog was expecting the signal, said "Pinafore"; the dog gave a start and very nearly threw the food off his nose, but immediately arrested the movement, evidently perceiving his mistake. This experiment was repeated many times and always with the same result. Similarly, Sir Walter Scott says of his bull terrier:

"The servant, when laying the cloth for dinner, would say to the dog, 'Camp, my good fellow, the sheriff's coming home by the ford,' or by the hill; and the dog would at once go forth to welcome his master, advancing as far and as fast as he was able in the direction indicated."

Romanes tells of a chimpanzee at the Zoological Gardens in London that had learned from its keeper the meanings of so many words and phrases that the keeper was able to explain to the animal what he wished her to do. For example, she would push a straw through any particular meshes in the net-work of her cage which he indicated by such phrases as "The one nearest your foot; now the one next the key-hole; now the one above the bar," and so on. Of course there was no pointing to the places designated, nor any order observed in the designation. The animal understood what was meant by the words alone, and this even when a particular mesh was named, by the

keeper remarking to her the accident of its having a piece of straw already hanging through it. She was also taught to count up to five, being asked for one straw, two straws and so on, without observing any order in the succession of such requests. If asked for four straws, she successively picked up three straws and put them in her mouth, then picked up the fourth straw, and handed over all the four together. Such proficiency is not attained by a civilized child for several years, and Galton tells of the Dammaras that

"each sheep must be paid for separately; thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Dammara to take two sheep and give him two sticks."

Thus it would appear that the mind of man in childhood or in savagery is not by any means so superior to that of the higher animals as is claimed by some. Such animals are speechless by reason of an anatomical accident, and not from an absence of ideas or ignorance of words; yet the faculty of understanding words in so considerable a degree brings us to the very border of the faculty of using words with an intelligent appreciation of their meaning. Now this is a fact of extraordinary significance, proving that language and thought are not confined exclusively to mankind. But, on the contrary, the higher animals share with us the capacity to understand words—and words, moreover, so definite and particular in meaning as is involved in explaining the particular mesh in a large piece of wire-netting. It would seem, therefore, that if these animals could articulate, they would employ simple words to express simple ideas. For it would not involve the exercise of any higher mental faculty to say the word "Come," than it does to pull at a dress or a coat to express the same idea; or to utter the word "Open," instead of mewing before a closed door.

The case of talking birds does not disprove this argument, for birds are lower in the psychological scale than dogs, or cats, or monkeys; nevertheless, even here the evidence is favorable. Taking first the case of proper names, it is unquestionable that many parrots know perfectly well that certain names belong to certain persons, and that the way to call these persons is to call their appropriate names. Romanes knew a parrot which used to call its mistress as intelligently as any other member of the

household; and if she went from home for a day, the bird became a positive nuisance from its incessant calling for her to come.

And in a similar way parrots often learn to correctly assign the names of other pet animals or even of inanimate objects. Darwin says:

"It is certain that some parrots connect unerringly words with things and persons with events. Admiral Sir J. Sullivan, whom I know to be a careful observer, assures me that an African parrot, long kept in his father's house, invariably called certain persons by their names. He said 'Good-morning' to every one at breakfast, and 'Good-night' to each as they left the room at night, and never reversed these salutations. He scolded violently a strange dog which came into the room through an open window, and he scolded another parrot that had gotten out of its cage and was eating apples on the kitchen table."

"Dr. Samuel Wilkes, F. R. S., said of his own parrot, which he carefully observed:

"When I enter the house he recognizes my footstep and will repeat one of my sayings. If the servants enter the room Poll will be ready with one of their expressions, and in their own tone of voice. It is clear that there is a close association in the bird's mind between certain phrases and certain persons or objects, for their presence or voice at once suggests some special word. For instance, my coachman, when coming for orders, has so often been told half-past two, that no sooner does he come to the door than Poll exclaims, 'Half-past two.' At dinner-time the parrot, having been accustomed to have savory morsels given her, I taught her to say, 'Give me a bit.' This she now constantly repeats, but only and appropriately at dinner-time. Again, being very fond of cheese, she easily picked up the word, and always asks for cheese toward the end of dinner, and at no other time."

Now this faculty of correctly using words and phrases is precisely the same as that whereby children first learn to talk; for, like the parrot, the infant learns by direct association the meanings of certain words (or sounds) as denotative of certain objects, expressive of certain desires, actions, and so on. The only difference is that in a few months after its first commencement in the child, this faculty develops into proportions far surpassing those which it presents in the bird, so that the vocabulary becomes much larger and more discriminative. If dogs and monkeys were able to talk, we have no reason to doubt that their use of words and phrases would be much more extensive and striking than that which occurs in birds. Or as Huxley observes:

"A race of dumb men, deprived of all communication with those who could speak, would be little indeed removed from the brutes. The moral and intellectual differences between them and ourselves would be practically infinite."

Commander A. Carpenter, R.N., tells us how monkeys in South Borneo eat oysters:

"The rocks at low water are covered with oysters. The monkeys select stones of the best shape for their purpose from shingle of the beach, and carry them to the low water mark, where the oysters live, which may be as far as eighty yards from the beach. This monkey has chosen the easiest way to open the rock-oyster, namely to dislocate the valves by a blow on the base of the upper one, and to break the shell over the attaching muscle."

Leroy, whose life's work was that of Ranger at Versailles, tells of crows which it is desired to shoot upon their nests, in order to destroy birds and eggs at the same time. The crows will not return to their

nests during daylight, if they see any one waiting to shoot them. If, to lull suspicion, a hut is made below the rookery and a man conceals himself in it with a gun, he waits in vain if the bird has ever before been shot at in a similar way.

"She knows that fire will issue from the cave into which she saw a man enter. To deceive this suspicious bird, the plan was hit upon of sending two men into the watch-house, one of whom passed on while the other remained; but the crow counted and kept her distance. The next day three went, and again she perceived that only two returned. In fine it was found necessary to send five or six men to the watch-house in order to put her out of her calculation."

As to the intelligence of ants, Mr. Belt says:

"A nest was made near one of our tramways, and to get to the trees the ants had to cross the rails, over which the wagons were continually passing. Every time a wagon came along a number of ants were crushed to death. They persevered in crossing for some time, but at last set to work and tunneled underneath each rail. One day I stopped up the tunnels with stones; but although great numbers carrying leaves were thus cut off from the nest, they would not cross the rails, but set to work making fresh tunnels underneath them."

Sir John Lubbock says that the bees of the genus *Osmia* arrange their cells in a row, and that the cells furthest from the entrance always contain females, while the outer cells always contain males. There is an obvious advantage in this, because the males come out a fortnight or more before the females, and it is, of course, convenient that those which have to come out first should be in the cells nearest the door. M. Fabre arranged a number of glass tubes of which the *Osmias* gladly availed themselves, and in which they proceeded to construct their cells. The tubes were so arranged that each was in two parts, an outer portion wide enough for a female cell, and an inner narrower portion just large enough for a male cell. What happened? Some of the *Osmias* shut off the narrow ends, and used only the outer and wider portion. Others built also in the narrow part of the tube, and under these circumstances, contrary to the otherwise invariable rule, the inner cells contained males. M. Fabre concludes that these privileged insects not only know the sex of the insect which will emerge from the egg they are about to lay, but that at their own will they can actually control it! Certainly a most curious and interesting result!

Darwin says that even the oyster seems to profit from experience. That oysters taken from a depth never uncovered by the sea, open their shells, lose the water within, and perish; but oysters taken from the same place and depth, if kept in reservoirs, where they are occasionally left uncovered for a short time, learn to keep their shells shut, and then live for a much longer time when taken out of the water. This is carried out on the French coast in so-called "oyster-schools." When the lesson is learned, the oysters are sent to Paris, where they arrive with closed shells and in a healthy condition.

THE DECADENCE OF THE GRAYLING

By WILLIAM C. HARRIS

IN the October issue of OUTING congratulations to the anglers of the country were extended upon the anticipated reappearance of the grayling in their former numbers in the waters of Michigan. The authority for this statement was based upon a reported large catch of these fish by an angler of Philadelphia, who fished one of the western streams of Michigan. These anticipations had no basis of justification, which will be evident from the letter of Dr. Bennett, of Boyne City, Mich., printed below, who lives close to some of the old grayling streams, and despairs of their resuscitation in any of the waters of their native State. He attributes the decrease to the ravages of the speckled trout among them, while many authorities, such as the Fish Commissioners of Michigan, as I am informed, lay the charge, first, upon the lumbering in the spring of the year, the logs scraping and destroying the spawning beds of the grayling, which is a spring-breeding fish; secondly, to the rainbow trout, which thrives in Michigan waters and grows to a large size. (I caught them eight years ago, in the Au Sable river, twelve miles above the town of Grayling, Mich., weighing three pounds.)

Although one of the best of game fishes, if not the superior of all other salmonids living in relatively small streams, the rainbow (which has been caught near Caledonia, N. Y., weighing nearly fourteen pounds), with its ravenous appetite and vigorous foraging habits, will, when put in streams with the red-spotted trout (*fontinalis*), be likely to decimate them and all other fish of relatively small size, including the delicate grayling with its tender body and non-combatant habits. Dr. Bennett writes:

"Twenty-five years ago the Jordan river was an ideal trout stream, but not a grayling was seen or caught out of it during those years, and yet those who first fished it say that in their time there was nothing but grayling, and that they began to go when the trout came, and were gone before any logging operations were begun upon the river.

"The first week in June, 1901, I spent upon the Black river, a stream some ten miles east of the Pigeon, mentioned by Mr. Harris in his article. At that time the Black was fairly alive with grayling, big and ravenous, and it required a strong effort of self-denial to keep us from catching fish for which we had no use.

"This summer (1904), about the first of June, with the same party and over the same reach of the stream—which, by the way, was about ten miles of river—I fished eight days and only saw three grayling—

one caught by myself and the other two by a man from Gaylord, Mich.—while trout were all that a man or sportsman could desire. Now during the years from 1891 to 1894, there was very little logging done upon the Black; in fact, not a tenth part as much as was done from 1895 to 1901. So, in that instance, like the one I mentioned of the Jordan, I do not see how the almost entire extinction of the grayling could be attributed to log running.

"The history of all the other trout streams, as far as I am able to learn, is the same as the two that I have mentioned. That is, the grayling was the first settler. Some years later came the trout, after whose advent the grayling soon began to be numbered with the things that were, and a catch like the one mentioned by Mr. Harris' Philadelphian would be a very rare thing, indeed, and his correspondent's assertion that there has been an increase of grayling recently in the streams of northern Michigan I do not think can be substantiated by facts."

That the status of grayling in Michigan waters might be settled authoritatively and officially, although Dr. Bennett's letter removed all doubt from my mind, correspondence with the Fish Commissioners of Michigan was commenced, and the annexed official letter from Mr. Seymour Bower, the Superintendent of Hatcheries of that State, fully corroborates the statements of Dr. Bennett:

"I beg to say, and with regret, that the grayling is almost extinct in this State; that is, the native stock. We have made quite liberal plantings of Montana grayling in the head waters of the Manistee river the past two seasons, and have reports that considerable numbers of small graylings (of that species) have been observed there, but just what the outcome will be cannot be stated just yet. We are hoping and trying to re-establish the grayling in a few of the best streams, such as the Manistee, which is now a good brook trout stream, but is free from rainbows. Where the latter are firmly entrenched, as in the Au Sable, it would be useless to undertake to make any headway with the grayling; though, as you doubtless know, this was once a famous grayling water.

"Seven or eight years ago light catches of grayling were possible in Bear creek, and the Maple and Au Sable rivers, but they are now practically, if not actually, extinct in these streams. Up to four or five years ago fairly good catches of grayling were occasionally made in the Manistee, but one would not now be at all certain of taking a single specimen there in a day's fishing under favorable conditions. From all

I can learn, I think that a catch of five grayling in one day would be a remarkably good one from the Manistee at present, and this is undoubtedly the best grayling water we have left in Michigan to-day. Two years ago last June Mr. Grant M. Morse, then State Warden, and myself, with two boats and guides, ran some eighty to one hundred miles of the Manistee, taking five days of it, and covering all of the best grayling territory. We had fairly good success with trout, but took only one grayling apiece. And we were out for grayling rather than trout. It is true that the weather conditions were not very favorable, but from our own experience and what we could learn from guides and other fishermen we concluded that the grayling was a pretty scarce article.

"It was a great mistake that the taking of grayling was not absolutely prohibited some seven or eight years ago, for a ten-year term, while a remnant remained in several streams, and when the lumbering interests had practically ceased to be a factor. I may be over pessimistic, but I cannot see a future for the grayling in this State, unless the introduction of Montana grayling proves a success. It may be a case of locking the barn after the horse is stolen, but we shall probably endeavor to have a ten-year prohibitory bill passed at the next session of our legislature."

A letter from Mr. F. B. Dickerson, President of the Michigan Fish Commission, fully corroborates the experience of Mr. Bower, the Superintendent. He writes that "only one grayling has been caught in the Au Sable for several years past, and that river was formerly a famous one for them." He also writes:

"Surely the grayling are not on the increase, unless it should develop that the Montana grayling, which have been planted in the Manistee for the last two to four years, show up well."

About twenty years ago I had an outing of a few days on the Gallatin river, at least fifteen miles above Three Rivers, Montana. The river at that time was virgin water, for I was assured by the residents that they had never known it to be fished; certainly not with artificial flies, so far from the town. As I have stated somewhere before, at the first cast of the feathers, the water seemed fairly to boil, over an area of ten feet at least, with the shouldering grayling in their eagerness of feeding. Among the rising fish were the black-spotted (cut-throat) trout and the river whitefish, the latter being the least in numbers; the three species were living, apparently, in perfect harmony, and in pools not more than fifty feet in width and one hundred in length, and in these confined waters food was evidently scarce, for the fish rose to the surface for the flies as if in a half-starved condition. No better evi-

dence could be found that the grayling of Montana will hold its own against that sturdy trout, the cut-throat, a fish, in my opinion, of more robust life than the charr-trouts of the Eastern waters.

While no doubt can exist as to the Montana grayling thriving, provided the waters suit them, in the streams of Michigan, their introduction and increase will not fill the angling void left by the disappearance of the native species, which, singularly as it may seem, charmed the senses of the angler into a less combative mood, even when in full fight on the rod, with their bodies of silver and their broad, iridescent dorsal fins, aslant and surging in desperate efforts for liberty. It cannot be questioned that there was something about this fish that caused you to do as Old Izaak bade you do with all, "to handle them as if you loved them."

It is to be regretted that President Dickerson and Mr. Bower did not tell us of the chances of success in the plant of Montana grayling in Michigan streams. Between the lines of their letters there seemed to be a doubt inferred as to the outcome of the plant. Surely "four years" since the first stocking is time sufficient to definitely settle the matter.

NOTES AND QUERIES

J. B. G. is informed that the names "Lafayettes" and "spots," as given to that delicious fish of the Croaker family, are synonymous. The name "Lafayette" was said to have been given them because they re-appeared in New York City waters in large numbers in 1834, the year of General Lafayette's second visit to this country. The name "spot," is most appropriate, owing to the pronounced dark spot or blotch just behind their gill covers.

"H" of New York City wants to know the dressing of the "Cheney" fly, so called after the lamented A. N. Cheney of the New York Fish Commission: The tag is silver; tail, a fibre of woodcock and one of green parrot; body, posterior half, lemon yellow silk wound with silver tinsel, and the anterior half, maroon chenille; hackle, yellow; wings, whole feather of duck which shades from gray at head to white in middle, and terminates with black tip; head, green silk.

Many letters continue to be received discussing "the leap of the trout," and through them, I see that I have not been sufficiently explicit in the query "Do trout leap on a slack line?" A black bass frequently, when first hooked, swims, sometimes rushes, toward the rod holder, whether he is in a boat, wading, or on the shore; the brook trout (*fontinalis*, of course) less frequently does so. Under such conditions there is naturally, a looping, at least, "a slack line," and the leap of the fish is a voluntary one. I have never seen this done

by a froun in running water, and the communications of many earnest and observant anglers has not only been a source of education to me, but encourages the belief that anglers are becoming more inclined to commune one with the other, and to help the younger craftsmen through their own practical and more extended experiences. Of such are anglers made.

WHY FISH ARE UNDERSIZED

The following letter of inquiry is of interest:

"I know of a lake in this State (Mass.) which is full of small-mouthed black bass and has been so for years, the average weight of which is about half-a-pound. The lake is full of red (?) perch, sunfish, minnows, etc., and the bass are game and numerous, taking the artificial fly freely. Now, why don't they grow bigger? There is plenty of range for them, the lake being ten miles long. In several lakes nearby the bass average is at least two pounds, and what is most strange, they have all been stocked from the lake in which the bass are small."

This is rather a remarkable condition, the like of which, in all the details, but seldom exists in such strong contrasts of weight, in waters inhabited by black bass. It is not, however, of infrequent occurrence in lakes containing brook trout (*fontinalis*), of which a striking instance occurs in Edmond's ponds in Essex county, N. Y. There are three of these, and in one of them, which was a few years ago and probably at this time, is still swarming with trout, the fish never exceed half-a-pound in weight, although their range is an extended one and their food plenty. There would seem to be but one explanation of this singular condition: The fish were dwarfed in growth by the chemical constituents of the water in which they lived, or through heredity. Seth Green, who was the earliest pioneer in commercial fish culture in America, and one of the most practical and studious observers of fish habits, when a case somewhat similar to the above was presented to him, thought the small but uniform size of the fish was owing to a scarcity of food, and recommended the planting of smelt and "sawbellies"—the latter one of the spring-hatching herrings. He believed the lake of small fish was simply overstocked with bass. The surprising increased growth of the small fish referred to by our correspondent when they were placed in adjoining lakes, is not an unusual condition, for it has been noted during many years of observation that changing the habitat of some species of fish, notably the carp, has given not only a more rapid and increased growth, but added vigor of health and greater game-ness when restrained by the rod of the angler.

CASTING FROM THE REEL.

Mr. J. Winchell Forbes, of Cincinnati, Ohio, sent me recently a very interesting

communication on the conditions existing in his home city as to the education and practices of the resident anglers, with many practical hints as to rods, tackle and the methods of using them, from which is excerpted the following on casting from the reel:

"The art of long-distance casting cannot be mastered by everyone, and that those for whom its mastery is possible, will do well not to spread themselves over too much ground, but select certain peculiarities as to tackle and method, and stick to them exclusively. I have known anglers who have grown gray in the profession, to fail utterly in learning to cast a paltry fifty feet, and then again I have known people who were able to send an ounce sinker singing through the air to a distance of a hundred, after a few trials, but who would try to lift a ten-pound fish out of the water by main force. Neglecting this fact, however, my experience has shown me that the art of long-distance casting depends upon the factors, weight of line, weight of sinker, reel action, muscle, and the faculty of using the muscle in such a manner that the impetus is given to the sinker gradually, and not abruptly. To these should be added the nature of the line, whether hard or soft, and the material and the length of the pole.

"It is usually supposed that the longer the pole, the longer the possible cast, and that idea is supported by the laws of mechanics; but as no man can give the force to the tip of a twelve-foot rod that he can to the one of six feet, the supposed advantage of increased leverage fails to count. In this locality, the six-foot pole is taking the place of all others.

"Another item which should be mentioned, is the nature and number of the line guides. The first one should be at least a half inch in throat, and placed at some distance from the reel, so as to flatten the angle at which the line enters it; the others should be in number and place, according to the particular rod; the idea being to so place them that the friction in casting will be reduced to a minimum and that when reeling in a fighting fish, the side pull on the rod will be at points which will cause it to bend symmetrically as a whole, and not at certain points only. It is an exceptional rod that will bend naturally, so as to give that velvety feeling to the wrist that is so pleasant to the angler; but the most woody ones can be improved by a proper placing of the guides.

"Long-distance casting in all three forms, is a valuable art, when its practice is confined to its proper field, at the water side; but when it is reduced to the simple question of throwing a pellet of lead at a dry-land tournament, anglers should remember that any boy can discount their best efforts with a sling-shot, and double discount them with a cheap rifle."

ADVICE TO DOG OWNERS

By JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

SINCE OUTING published a note commending the Airedale for various good qualities, with the qualification that his fighting abilities need watching, I have received a number of letters, some inquiring about Airedales, and some protesting that this terrier is not quarrelsome.

Nobody said that the Airedale is quarrelsome. Here is a point of discrimination which should be borne in mind. Some of the most harmless dogs are most bustling and seemingly quarrelsome. It happens that the breeds which do the heaviest fighting are quite as often the slowest to begin. A bulldog is likely to be a good-natured old clown. He may pass amiably through life without hurting anything, provided, always, that he is not crowded.

The Airedale is rather a quiet and sober-sided fellow, much in the habit of concentrating his friendship on one man and attending to his own business. All this goes well as long as he is not aroused. The trouble is that when a bulldog, bull terrier or Airedale does begin to fight, he does not quit until he hurts something or gets himself badly damaged.

Under many circumstances this is a supreme virtue; but, when other people have quarrelsome little dogs roaming about within the Airedale's territory, two or three of them a year are likely to be well prepared for a stay at the nearest dog hospital.

Occasionally, also, an idiotic boy, or even man, will intrude liberties which call for hostilities. A hound, setter, fox terrier or collie might take it out in barking. A bulldog or an Airedale might dismiss the loud language altogether, and make a considerable piece of live meat the spoils of war.

Every man who has kept dogs knows something of these troubles. The amateur readers of the OUTING who are inquiring about the Airedale can decide for themselves on this statement of facts. For myself, I can only repeat that, if I were not specially interested in shooting dogs, I should prefer the Airedale to any other dog friend.

Amateurs should not undertake to give many kinds of medicine to animals. When people ask me what medicine I recommend for their sick dogs, I rarely go beyond castor oil or salicylate of soda. The professional kennelman, or veterinary, ought to have charge if complicated diseases are to be treated.

A dog does not like castor oil. The best way to administer it is for one person to lift the dog's nose up, holding the jaws together tightly and pulling out the loose skin into a pouch at the corner of the mouth. Another person can pour in the dose and the dog will almost certainly swallow it if his jaws are held together.

Salicylate of soda has a sweetish taste,

and almost any dog will take it without objection if it is rolled up into a ball with damp bread. I usually give it that way, holding a small piece of meat in my hand and putting it in the dog's mouth immediately after the pill. From five to ten grains of the soda can easily be kneaded into a comparatively small ball of bread.

Speaking of fighting dogs, I might suggest the point that real fighters cannot be successfully kept together in a kennel. Here is one of the disadvantages of breeding bulldogs or Airedales on a large scale. They might go along for many months without disturbance; and then, when things break loose, the owner might discover that he had a number of badly disfigured animals.

As an illustration of having fighters in company with other dogs, I might mention the case of the famous setter, Cowley's Rodfield's Pride. This dog is one of the very few setters which are actual fighters. Within the last year he has seriously injured three other dogs, though Rose, the trainer, has been using his best endeavors to keep him in separate quarters.

As in giving medicine, so in training, the beginner does best by confining himself to one or two necessary accomplishments. Some time ago I explained that if an amateur who is training his first dog would do nothing more than teach the animal to stop at command, he would have better success than if he endeavored to follow elaborate training directions. I have been watching this point closely during the past season. Though I was already convinced, I found myself still further surprised at how good a shooting dog an animal becomes when no effort has been made to teach him anything but this one act of obedience. Except retrieving, pretty nearly everything in practical shooting bases upon this particular response to command. Pointing and backing are perfected only by experience in the field. This is true of any dog under any system of training. Nor would I at any time say that a man had a finished shooting dog when he had enforced only the habit of invariably stopping for orders. But I do say that, as amateurs go, and as everyday shooting dogs go, the man who has inculcated this habit with reliability has a more comfortable shooting dog than nine out of ten which he will run across through the country.

In getting a dog ready for a bench show, the amateur often is compelled to rely upon himself, and perhaps still oftener must do a lot of preliminary preparation, sending the dog to the professional handler only a week or so before the show.

A great many directions have been given

in the books about putting a dog into condition. Condition is valuable and necessary, but in practical exhibiting I am inclined to think that there is another quality which will carry a dog further than condition. It is carriage, style and position in the ring. Unless the condition is actually bad, the judge will make considerable allowance in the case of a really good dog; but he cannot do much with one which crouches, ties himself up and wears that woe-begone or dazed appearance which so many new dogs take into the ring.

The amateur exhibitor ought to make his dog feel easy in leading. And he should every day place the animal in proper show position and make him stand firm a few minutes.

A dog should also be accustomed to being taken around in the company of other dogs and people. I know an exhibitor who leads his dogs every day or two to the St. Louis Union Station, where the hurrying crowds and noises soon accustom them to almost anything.

Bright, merry movement and ease under handling are in the show ring at least as valuable as condition.

The man who is thinking of collies as sheep dogs or companions must begin to be careful. It is now definitely understood that the Borzoi has been used as a cross in English kennels to produce the long, narrow head at which collie extremists have been aiming. In mental quality the Borzoi is as far away from the collie as it is possible for a dog to be. The gifts and disposition of the collie must necessarily be injuriously affected by this cross.

I would not speak of this to the disadvantage of the collie except that the proof seems to be accepted by collie fanciers as unmistakable. The cross has been developed in some of the most fashionable bench show families. It shows the dangers of extreme breeding for fancy points.

I do not know that it is the business of anybody except the breeders and exhibitors as long as the merits of the collie are declared to be what the eye can see in the ring. But there are a great number of innocent people who believe that any well-bred collie is a great herder of sheep and has the other traditional virtues of the breed. It is well that they should know what is doing.

Last season a number of cases of kennel lameness or rheumatism developed in the field trial strings. The authorities have been hunting up the cause, and they begin to talk about taking care of field dogs after public heats or severe exercise. This is good, though it is twenty-five years in coming. A man who has been familiar with racehorses or greyhounds is shocked at the neglect of otherwise competent and intelligent field trial handlers. I saw last

fall a dog, which was just then being sold for \$1,250, kept standing for nearly an hour in the cold wind just after he had run a tremendous heat of two hours. After thus standing, he was put in a crate and driven four or five miles to town, without a blanket or other covering.

It is the simplest kind of common sense that after severe exercise a dog should be walked until he is cooled off. Whether a blanket is desirable in the case of a field dog I am not absolutely certain; but, at least, I think it could do no harm.

This cooling out of a dog takes work and time, and, perhaps, additional helpers; but the field dog handlers must come to it, because owners cannot afford to have a thousand-dollar dog ruined for lack of a dollar's worth of attention.

Mr. Redfield has been writing some articles on "Dynamic Development." His thesis is that puppies should be bred from old dogs which have had a long period of active work. His articles are full of interest, but I am compelled to take an entirely opposite position. In this I feel the more confident because I have just had a talk with one of the oldest and most successful Canada breeders, and he agrees with me here. Moreover, he cites the advice privately given to him some years ago by England's oldest and most respected public handler of field dogs. I am satisfied that the tremendous expenditure of force in constant public training diverts a large part of a bitch's energies from the maternal processes of nutrition, which are the basis of successful production and nursing. Unless I could not get the blood and prospects in any other way, I would not have a puppy out of a dam more than six or seven years old. Probably age, old or young, makes much less difference in the case of a sire, but I cite the fact that a remarkable proportion of high-class field dogs which have been kept in severe training for several years are more or less impotent. In other words, there seems to be, here again, a diversion of energy and a somewhat one-sided development. The case of the greyhound, Fullerton, is well known. It is not so well known that three or four of the most brilliant field dogs of the last few years are very uncertain in the stud. Nature's care for the perpetuation of a species is so effective that few animals are under any circumstances barren or impotent. These cases of unreliable sires may be only accidental, but my own inference is that the excessive exertion required in high training has a great deal to do with the cited result.

In the case of dams, I have no doubt whatever; because there it is purely a question of extra nutrition, and I practically know, from a hundred instances, that age and severe training are both agents in the absorption of energy by one function and the concurrent loss by another.

CARE OF AN AUTOMOBILE IN WINTER

By HERBERT L. TOWLE

COLD weather affects first and foremost the jacket water; or, if the car be a steamer, the water in the pipes leading to the gauges and pumps. The former, at any cost, and the latter, if possible, must be prevented from freezing. Next to the water, the lubricants are affected, and the car, which ought to run like a breeze, can hardly be pushed out of the barn, and is logy and stiff for miles before it becomes fully warmed up. Then, if one has a gasoline car, the slow rate of evaporation of gasoline at low temperature may make it difficult to start the car, or even to run it when started. And, finally, as the brittleness of all metals is increased by cold, axles, steering knuckles and springs are more likely to snap under sudden shocks in winter than in summer.

By all odds the best preventive of freezing troubles is to use an air-cooled motor. Such motors have not established their superiority in the higher powers; but for light cars, which are to be used all the year around, and especially for northern latitudes, where the chance of trouble with the water-cooled motors is considerable, it may seriously be maintained that nothing else is so satisfactory. There are two or three American makes of air-cooled motors which have won first-class reputations, and a choice should not be difficult.

A freeze in the engine water jacket means a cracked jacket wall, unless this be of copper. When a water-cooled motor is used, that disaster may be averted on the first frosty nights of winter by emptying the cooling system, being careful to let no water remain in pockets, in jacket, piping, or pump, and refilling in the morning. When this becomes too troublesome, a non-freezing solution must be employed. The best material for this purpose is calcium chloride (do not confound this with chloride of lime—bleaching powder—which is very destructive of iron and steel), a good commercial grade of which may be bought for from five to ten cents per pound. This is dissolved in water, the strength of the solution being determined by the temperature to be resisted. It is best tested by a storage battery hydrometer, which should show a density of 1.15 for temperatures above zero, Fahr., or 1.20 for 15 degrees below zero. It is most readily prepared by making a saturated solution, and diluting with from one to two parts of water—rain-water being preferred. Loss by leakage should be made up with fresh solution, and loss by evaporation with pure water. It is well to test the density occasionally, and add water or saturated solution as required. The solution should be renewed once in a while as it becomes foul. A forty per cent. solution of glycerine will freeze at about zero Fahr., but this sub-

stance rots rubber tubing and becomes foul sooner than the calcium chloride. If a test with litmus paper shows, by the paper turning red, that either the chloride or the glycerine solution is acid, it may be neutralized with a little lime. The former should never be allowed to approach the boiling point, as at or near 200 degrees F., it liberates free hydrochloric acid, which quickly ruins the radiator and other thin metal parts which it reaches.

When the cylinder oil becomes too cold to feed freely, whether from sight-feed oil cup or force pumps, or to splash in the crankcase, when that method of lubrication is used, it must be thinned with kerosene, or with gasoline if the weather is very cold, and the rate of feed increased to correspond. A lighter lubricant, if of a lower fire test, should on no account be substituted, as it will clog the valves and piston-rings and fail to lubricate. The kerosene, on the contrary, merely burns up, leaving little or no trace. Some operators prefer not to thin the oil fed to the crankcase, as it may become too thin when warmed by the motor's heat, but to feed it by a hand pump, instead of automatically. Dashboard pumps for this purpose have a three-way cock instead of check valves, so that there is no possibility of the oil failing to go where it is wanted. It is worth while, in this connection, to remember that a mechanical oiler may pump the oil that gets to it, and yet fail to suck oil from the tank if the latter and the pipes are cold.

For the gear case and the minor bearings the oil may be thinned as above, or a "cold test" oil may be used. Where grease is employed, a thinner grade must be used in cold weather, or it must be mixed with machine oil. If grease be fed to a bearing by a screw cup and a long pipe, it may get so hard as to burst the pipe when an attempt is made to feed it, unless properly reduced.

Nearly all carburetors have to have a certain amount of heat supplied to them, either by warming the air taken in or by circulating hot water or exhaust gases around the mixing chamber of the carburetor itself: but never try to warm the carburetor by a flame of any sort.

Very many of the small annoyances in starting, in regulating the oil feed, and the like, may be saved, and the comfort with which one may adjust and repair greatly promoted, by housing the machine where the temperature never reaches the freezing point. A steam coil from the house furnace, or a stove in an alcove where stray gasoline vapor will not be likely to reach it, will provide for this, and the professional or business man who expects to use his car regularly through the winter can hardly dispense with such an aid.

DEVELOPING AND DEVELOPERS

[CONTINUED]

By L. W. BROWNELL

FOR many years the most universally-used developer has been one in which the principal ingredient is pyrogallic acid, and this, despite the fact of the large number of developing agents that have of late years been placed upon the market, is still, in the hands of one who knows how to use it properly, the best all-around developer.

Its one fault is its liability to stain, not only the plates, but the fingers of the operator and anything else with which it comes in contact, and these stains are impossible to remove. With careful manipulation, however, the marks need not appear on the negative for they are caused by too strong or too warm developer, or by prolonged forcing of the development.

Right here it is well to say that a plate that has been under-exposed can never be remedied by forcing the development. The developer will bring out what there is in the negative, but beyond this it cannot go, and the only result of trying to force out more detail by prolonging the development will be either a stained or a chemically-fogged plate, or both.

In the hands of one accustomed to its use, pyro can be made to produce any quality of negative desired, and it is not difficult to acquire this necessary knowledge, but it must be by practice.

The following is an excellent formula: Solution B, sulphite of soda, 1 oz. Use 1 1-2 oz.; bromide of ammonia, 30 grains; citric acid, 1 dram; pyrogallic acid, 1 oz. Solution B, sulphite of soda, 1 oz.; carbonate of potash, 3 oz.; water, 10 oz. Use 1 dram of each solution to 2 oz. of water. It is well never to use this developer for more than two or three plates, as it weakens and discolors from repeated use and is more liable to stain. It is cheaper, in the end, to throw it away as soon as it commences to work slowly, and mix fresh, but the two stock solutions, if kept well corked, will last indefinitely.

Of all the many developers, most of which are products of coal tar, that have been placed upon the market in the past few years, metol is undoubtedly the best. It gives a soft negative, full of fine detail and delicate half tones. Is a developer that is easy to work and rapid in its action. In fact, its rapidity of action is one of its chief faults, as it gives less time for careful following of the development.

For portrait work it is, in my opinion, unexcelled, and the following formula I have found to give most excellent results: Water, 10 oz.; metol, 75 grains; sulphite of soda (crystals), 1 oz.; carbonate of soda (crystals), 1 oz. Use one part of this solution to three of water and add, if necessary, a few drops of a ten-per-cent. solution of bromide of potassium.

For landscapes and general photography, in which sharpness of detail and brilliancy

is desired, the following formula will probably be found better than the above: Water, 25 oz.; metol, 60 grains; hydrokinone, 60 grains; sulphite of soda, 2 oz.; carbonate of soda, 1-2 oz. Use one part of this solution to from two to four of water, according to whether you wish for a weak or a strong negative.

Any of the foregoing formulas can be used for tank development, but must be diluted with from twenty to thirty times the amount of water ordinarily used. For those who are sure of the exposures they have given their negatives, I should always advise this method of development as giving the most uniform and even results in the least possible time, that is, of course, when there are a number of negatives to be developed.

When starting to develop a number of negatives when we are uncertain whether they have been correctly exposed, it is always the best plan to have two graduates of developer mixed, one ordinary strength and the other about one-third strength, that is with three times the amount of water.

Start development with the weaker solution and watch carefully how the image appears. If it comes up quickly and with a flat, hazy appearance, then the plate has been over-exposed, and the weak developer must be poured off and the stronger one used, with the addition of fifteen or twenty drops of the bromide solution. Development under these conditions should be carried beyond the point where it would ordinarily be stopped in order to bring out all the details, and the negative reduced afterward if too dense. On the other hand, if the image comes up very slowly and in spots, it has been under-exposed and then the developer must be weakened still more by adding an ounce or two more of water and no bromide. By this means all the detail that is in the negative can be brought out and it can be strengthened afterwards by intensification. If the image seems to be coming up exactly as it should, and it should appear in from one-half to one minute (one soon learns to tell as quickly as the image appears whether or not it has been correctly exposed), then the weak developer can be poured off and the ordinary strength used, with the addition of no bromide, until the desired density is reached.

A negative should be thin enough to enable one to read print through any part of it, and it should print on silver paper in about five or six minutes in the sunlight. Negatives should always be well fixed and washed thoroughly, or else they will stain in time. They should be left in the fixing bath for at least several minutes after they have been, apparently, perfectly fixed, and should be washed in running water at least three-quarters of an hour.

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